

For The Catholic Record.

Acrostic.

Sweet, fond heart! and art thou weeping  
In the vale of beauty fair?  
Sorrow's light art thou keeping  
Tearful art thou at the altar?

FATHER TOM BURKE, O.P., ON PRAYER.

The famous Dominican orator, Father Thomas Burke, has recently been visiting Liverpool, where, besides preaching two sermons, he gave a lecture on music, part of which has already appeared in these columns.

Father Burke preached in St. Francis Xavier's Church on Sunday last week at both the morning and evening services. Father Burke took for his text, "My dove in the clove of the rock, in the hollow places of the earth, show thy face, let Thy voice sound in my ears, for Thy voice is sweet and Thy face comely."

These words, he said, were taken from the second chapter of the Canticle of Canticles, and they expressed the Divine purposes, and the love of Jesus Christ for His holy Spouse, the Catholic Church.

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prayer. "Ask, and you shall receive; seek, and you shall find; and unless we ask we shall not receive, and unless we seek we shall not find. Thus God has provided us with prayer; no grace comes without it; and without grace there is no virtue here, and no assured token of life hereafter. And, therefore, we all depend upon prayer, and, therefore, the Redeemer of the world began as a man by teaching the people to pray. We read that the first sermon of our Lord was on prayer; he taught His hearers to pray, and He prayed Himself. And, in addition, He raised prayer to the rigorous obligation of a commandment. There was no commandment in the Scripture more emphatically pronounced than this commandment for all men to pray: "Watch, that ye fall not into temptation." We should, individually, take this lesson home to ourselves. If there were anyone listening to him that day who lived without prayer, without communicating with God, without the thought of God, spent the long hours of the day in...

A THOUSAND PURSUITS AND FOLLIES. he would say to such a one: "Unless you learn to pray and practice prayer, you can have no hope of saving your soul, and of securing your eternity with God." As if contemplating and foreseeing that mankind would neglect prayer, our Divine Lord put this prayer on the lips of His Church, and seemed to indicate that, "no matter who forgets me; let thy voice sound in my ears." And, therefore, we find that this Catholic Church, persecuted in almost every land, driven from her sanctuaries, restricted in her jurisdiction, contradicted in her preachings and teachings, her religious Orders driven hither and thither as the very scum of the earth, in fulfillment of Him who said, "They shall cast out your very name for my sake"—in the midst of all this, this great Church that is constantly baptizing, instructing, converting, sending out missionaries and martyrs, attending on the sick, following in to the grave and beyond the grave; in the midst of all this, this hard-working Catholic Church is at prayer, morn, noon and night. Her choirs, and monks, and nuns fulfil this duty in the solemn praise of the Divine office. Who can tell how much evil has been driven from the world by this perpetual prayer that never dies on the lips of the Spouse of Christ, the Catholic Church! Who can tell how many lives are saved, how many dangers averted, how many souls kept in purity, HOW MANY SHAFTS OF DIVINE ANGER TURNED ASIDE by the agency of prayer which the Church ever upheld between her children and the wrath of God? When, nearly 1500 years ago, the saint whom God sent to evangelize Ireland announced to our forefathers the Divine faith, the country received that faith willingly, unreservedly; and before his death the land of young Catholic Ireland was covered with Irish monasticism, and the Divine voice of praise sounded forth from the hearts and lips of the monks and nuns of the Irish race. Having again narrated the practice of 500 monks perpetually kept singing the praises of God, as mentioned in his lecture the night or so previously, the preacher went on to describe the days of penal persecution, and showed, in thrilling language, how the Irish, amid sufferings and death, faithfully, manfully, preserved and upheld the faith. And what, he asked, sustained them? Twenty years ago he remembered going to an unfrequented part of the west of Ireland, and one day he walked through a little secluded village, the cabins in which were almost unfit for the habitation of men. It was a summer eve, every door was open, and as he passed through the village he heard a humming sound proceeding from every single house; every single family was engaged at the same time in reciting the holy rosary. They did they lift and harmonize their voices, they did they extol the praises of God, and thus did they make, IN THE WRETCHEDNESS OF THEIR CABINS, a temple worthy of the living God, because they sanctified them by the voice of prayer. Yes, it was prayer that was the secret of Ireland's deliverance, her faith-to-day, and that same spirit, transmitted from mother to child, from generation, to generation, and handed on to her sons to the utmost ends of the earth, made the Irish nation a nation of apostles, of saints, and of martyrs. Meantime, when all law and persecuting enactment relaxed its grasp somewhat, and Catholicism was allowed a little freedom, and industry began once again, with a faith undying, to cover the land with churches and monasteries; and the last of these was that which is now being erected—the Church of the Dominican Order at Tallaght, about six miles from Dublin. At the foot of the hills, which go on increasing in grandeur and beauty until they are lost to view, there is a place most ancient in Ireland's history. More than one thousand years ago a monastery of Irish monks was founded here, and another voice of melody was added to the perpetual praise of God in the land. For several hundred years these Irish Catholic monks lived here; then it passed into the hands of monks of the Benedictine order; and after them, about the fourteenth century, a Catholic Archbishop made it a palace for himself; but he did not enjoy it long, for the Reformation came, and the Tallaght Palace was taken possession of by the first Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, taken along with the other property of the Irish Catholics. This place, sanctified by ages of mortification, holiness, and prayer, was doomed to become the dwelling-place of a Protestant Archbishop, at a time when those terrible penal laws were causing the loss of the lives and blood of thousands of the Irish people. But, behold how wonderful are the ways of God! Irish Catholicity had declared the faith, and about the time that the great power of England was to compel by law that THERE SHOULD BE NO CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND, this place passed into the hands of the Dominican friars; they got hold of the spot sanctified by so many centuries of prayer and the blood of so many martyrs, and they again erected the cross in the place where the upstart of Irish Protestantism had been planted. There, of the very site that that once holy palace, and on the holy spot, almost stone for stone, had the Dominicans laid the foundation of their church. It was not a parochial church; it was a church that would be occupied by sanctuary and choir, where the

members of the Dominican Order would assemble and sing the praises of God to the solemn tones of Gregorian melody. In other words, Ireland's voice was revived, and, perhaps, this was the only church in Ireland in which night services would take place of the seven famous churches of Glendalough. He asked them, then, today, to help him to build this church. They might reply—Why did he not stay at home, and seek what he wanted there? To that he answered—Ireland would not forget us for our charity, for to-day he had scarcely the heart to ask at home for any help. There were many troubles in the land, many cries of starvation; the heart of Ireland was weary and sorrowful, and he, who loved her, would fain let her rest awhile until her dormant prosperity came upon her; then would he ask fearlessly of those whom he never appealed to in vain on behalf of the Church. He asked them, then, in the name of...

THE ORDER WHOSE NAME HE WORE—that Order which for three hundred years had existed in Ireland—he asked them to be generous. And when he told them that, in the reign of Elizabeth, the Dominican Order gave to the Church of God and the Irish people martyrs at the rate of nineteen priests every year, and at the end of ten years only a hundred and fifty remained; that the others were gone—had poured out their Irish blood for God—when he told them this, surely he had claim upon their generous Catholic sympathies. And to-day he was glad to recall these sad but salutary recollections of the past, for it was good for Ireland, no people with such a history could forget them; but would read and remember them with feelings of a just pride. And all the more joyously did he recall these recollections in that beautiful hour of the children of the great St. Ignatius, in Scotland, and Ireland, and England, in America—in every place where he had been—the Jesuit fathers had always been heart and hand with him; and with more than a brother's love did he love them, and with a gratitude deeper than words could express did he pray to God to strengthen and sustain in her cause the great Society of Jesus—the right arm of his Church. He left the cause of the holy spot of Tallaght in the hands of his hearers, and whatever their charity might be, it would be reserved for the choir of Tallaght, and their names would be recorded day and night for centuries in the praises to God, for gratitude was the highest obligation of the Catholic Church.

The Catholic Sunday. The true spirit of the Sunday is Christian joyousness; and this leads us to understand why those who wish to enjoy Sunday, but have a false apprehension of its true character, should be solicitous to encourage sensuous enjoyment. There was something eminently beautiful in that suggestion of the resurrection which our Lord's day of the resurrection was to distinguish the weekly festival. We have necessarily put aside much of that spirit. Joy and innocence go together; nor is it possible that in the year 1888 we can have the exquisitely simple spirit of the early Christians. Yet the very word "Eucharist" implies joy, as an American writer has well expressed it, "the Service of the Mass is in itself one of the joys of life, a joy for mercy, gives insensibly into a pean of joy." It is to give people a foretaste of heaven that the Church bids them to keep the Christian Sunday; and suggest the rebellion of the sixteenth century swept the true spirit of the feast from almost all the Anglican spirit of its first intention as completely as the armies of Babylon swept Jerusalem of the spirit of the Law, there is still in Catholic churches and in most Catholic countries the apprehension of the true spirit of the Christian Sunday, which is in England a black fast-day, and which, in America, from Maine to Connecticut, was a dismal howling and grinning of hypocrisy, has never penetrated those countries which have had the happiness of Catholic teaching, and which know that Sunday is a feast of Christian joy.

One Experience from Many. I have been sick and miserable so long and had casual my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah! Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—The Mother.

N. McRae, Wytheville, writes: "I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; it is used for colic, sore throat, croup, &c., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds, and bruises."

First Rate Evidence. "Often unable to attend business, being subject to serious disorder of the kidneys. After a long siege of sickness, tried Burdock Blood Bitters and was relieved by half a bottle." Mr. B. Turner, of Rochester, N. Y., takes the pains to write.

ROUGH ON RATS. Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, &c., vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

My Mother. Has been using your Burdock Blood Bitters as a liver remedy, and finds them very efficacious. Chas. L. Ainsworth, 41 Vance Block, Indianapolis, Ind.

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

The Historical Question Reviewed by Archbishop Gibbons.

What about the massacre of St. Bartholomew? I have no words strong enough to express my detestation of that inhuman slaughter. It is true that the number of its victims has been grossly exaggerated by partisan writers, but that is no extenuation of the crime itself. But I most emphatically assert that the Church had no act or part in this atrocious butchery, except to deplore the event and weep over its unhappy victims. Here are the facts briefly presented:

1. In the reign of Charles IX. of France, the Huguenots were a formidable power and a seditious element in that country. They were under the leadership of Admiral Coligny, who was plotting the overthrow of the ruling monarch. The French King, instigated by his mother Catherine de Medici, and fearing the influence of Coligny, whom he regarded as an aspirant to the throne, compassed his assassination, as well as that of his followers in Paris, Aug. 14, 1572. This deed of violence was followed by an indiscriminate massacre of the French capital, and other cities of France, by an incendiary populace, who are easily aroused, but not easily appeased.

2. Religion had nothing to do with the massacre. Coligny and his fellow Huguenots were slain not on account of their creed, but exclusively on account of their alleged treasonable designs. If they had nothing but their Protestant faith to render them odious to King Charles, they would never have been molested, for neither did Charles or his mother ever manifest any special aversion to Protestantism, unless when it threatened the throne.

3. Immediately after the massacre, Charles dispatched an envoy extraordinary to each of the courts of Europe, conveying the startling intelligence that the King and royal family had narrowly escaped from a horrible conspiracy, and that its authors had been detected and summarily punished. The envoys, in their narration, carefully suppressed any allusion to the indiscriminate massacre which had taken place, but announced the event in the following words: "On that memorable night, by the destruction of a few seditious men the King had been delivered from immediate danger of death, and the realm from the perpetual terror of civil war."

Pope Gregory XIII., to whom also an envoy was sent, acting on this garbled information, ordered a Te Deum to be sung, and a commemorative medal to be struck off in thanksgiving to God, not for the massacre, of which he was utterly ignorant, but for the preservation of the French King from an untimely and violent death, and of the French nation from the horrors of a civil war.

Sismondi, a Protestant historian, tells us that the Pope's nuncio in Paris was purposely kept in ignorance of the designs of Charles and Ranke, in his "History of the Civil Wars," informs us that Charles and his mother suddenly left Paris in order to avoid an interview with the Pope's legate, who arrived soon after the massacre; their guilty conscience fearing, no doubt, a rebuke from the messenger of the Vicar of Christ, from whom the real facts had not been concealed.

4. It is scarcely necessary to vindicate the innocence of the Bishops and clergy of France in this transaction, as no author how hostile soever to the Church, has ever, to my knowledge, accused them of any complicity in the heinous massacre. On the contrary, they used their best efforts in arresting the progress of the assassins, in preventing the bloodshed, and in protecting the lives of the fugitives. More than three hundred Calvinists were sheltered from the assassins by taking refuge in the house of the Archbishop of Lyons. The Bishops of Lisle, Bordeaux, and other cities rendered similar protection to those who sought safety in their homes.

Thus we see that the Church slept in tranquil ignorance of the stormy scene until she was aroused to a knowledge of the tempest by the sudden uproar it created. And like her Divine Spouse on the troubled waters, she presents herself only to say to them: "Peace, be still."

A Touch of Nature.

To a soldier, far away from home, there is no more touching sight than that of a baby in its mother's arms. While on their way to Gettysburg, our troops were marching by night through a village, over whose gateways hung lighted lanterns, while young girls shed tears as they watched the brothers of other women march on to possible death. A scene of the march is thus described by the author of "Bullet and Shell."

Stopping for a moment at the gate of a dwelling, I noticed a young mother leaning over it with a chubby child in her arms. Above the woman's head swung a couple of stable lanterns, their light falling upon her face. The child was crouching with delight at the strange pageant as it watched the armed host pass on.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Jim Manners, one of my men, as he dropped the butt of his musket on the ground, and peered wistfully into the faces of the mother and her child.

"I beg pardon, but may I kiss that baby of yours? I've got one just like him at home; at least he was when I last saw him, two years ago."

The mother, a sympathetic tear rolling down her blooming cheek, silently held out the child. Jim pressed his unshaven face to its infant's, smiling lips for a moment, and then wistfully said: "God bless you, ma'am for that!" Poor Jim Manners! He never saw his boy again in life. A bullet laid him low the next day, as we made our first charge.—Catholic Mirror.

Many ladies admire gray hair—on some other person. But few care to try its effect on their own charms. Nor need they, since Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents the hair from turning gray, and restores gray hair to its original color. It cleanses the scalp, prevents the formation of dandruff, and wonderfully stimulates the growth of the hair.

Conventual Life.

In view of the many stories circulated about escaped nuns and other absurd rumors in regard to convents, we (Catholic Mirror) publish a synopsis of a recent discourse by Right Rev. J. J. Kain, of Wheeling, West Virginia, taken from the Wheeling Register.

The lecture was exclusively descriptive in its character, and, to those to whom convent life has been a sealed book, intensely interesting. In the first place, the Bishop said convents were not established at random. Only by direct authority of the Church can a regular series of laws and rules for its government. It is a common and mistaken idea to suppose a person can rush right into a convent, or that a convent invites everyone to enter. On the contrary, admission is a privilege accorded to a chosen few and under certain prescribed circumstances. An applicant for admission is made, and if the applicant be a suitable person she becomes a postulante, and must enter a long term of probation. It must be decided, as well whether she will be in perfect harmony and accord with the institution, as whether, at the final moment, the entry will be so satisfactory to herself as to be longed for with a spiritual earnestness. The Bishop, or some ecclesiastic deputed by him, examines her moral and spiritual condition in the beginning, and should the result be satisfactory, she begins her term of probation. When it is concluded, she is either rejected, or, if accepted, ready to become a novice. In the latter case, she must be admitted only by a vote of the community. Directed by the prayer and guided by conscience, the Sisters deposit their ballots, and, if the result be favorable, she enters her novitiate and is permitted to wear the habit of a novice. Then begins the great trial. The majority of novices enter the world, and only the minority enter the Sisterhood, showing the return to be very thorough. The very worst aspect and the severest trials are shown the novice, in accordance with a maxim that even antedates St. Benedict himself. Under the water the true disposition develops itself. The novice learns to lose thought of self and turn her whole soul to God. Her disposition must be cheerful and happy, and not even the egotism of sorrow must be carried within the convent walls. At the conclusion of the term of probation, which may be months or a year, as the case may be, the novice becomes ready for the final entry. She may still turn back, or her mistress, or novices may decide against her admission. If she is prepared for entrance, another vote is taken, and if accepted, she is permitted to make the vows which raise her from earth and consummate her nuptials with Christ. She enters the convent, knowing from her novitiate exactly what is expected of her and what she must do. She vows obedience to the rule of the community, knowing what the rule are; and, in this respect, how different is she from the earthly bride, who vows affection and obedience to laws she has no knowledge of.

The Bishop likened a convent to a republic, wherein the Sisters had those rights we hold so dear—universal suffrage and the vote by ballot. The power and duties of the Mother Superior were explained and the method of election was described in an interesting way. It is done by ballot. The vote of the Superior is limited to three years, and after two successive terms she is ineligible to another, as an interregnum must come. They do not believe in a third term. Some days before the election an ecclesiastic is sent by the Bishop to the convent to make a pretty goodly number of the last place in the rank, and usually the last place, so that no influence of position will be felt in the election to take place. On the day of the choice the Bishop takes charge and conducts the balloting. The members of the community each vote for the Sister whom they conscientiously believe most worthy to govern them, and the ballots are duly cast. Each Sister has a list of those eligible, as a certain residence in the community is sometimes made necessary by the rules. When the ballots are all deposited, they are counted on separate tally sheets, and if a majority has been cast for one person she is the Superior. If there be no majority a second ballot is taken and the lowest dropped. In this way the choice finally narrows down to two. In case of a tie, the election is decided by lot, and the one chosen must serve, as it is a matter of solemn duty. She is given the proper vows and enters upon the discharge of her duties.

Facts Worth Knowing. That salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk. That cold rain water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabrics. That fish may be sealed much earlier by first dipping them in boiling water for a minute. That fresh meat, beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool air over night. That milk which has changed may be sweetened or rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda. That boiling starch is much improved by addition of sperm, or salt, or both, or a little lemon arabic dissolved. That a tablespoonful of turpentine, boiled with your white clothes, will greatly aid the whitening process. That kerosene will soften your boots and shoes that have been hardened by water and will render them pliable as new. That clear boiling water will remove tea stains; pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric. That salt will curdle new milk, hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared. That blue-ointment and kerosene, mixed in equal proportion and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing bug-ditto for a bug house. That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat-irons as clean and as smooth as new. The lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot rub them first with the wax rag, then scour them with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

A FATHER'S DEVOTION. He Watches His Daughter's Corpse for Months, and Refuses to Have the Remains Interred. HARTFORD, CONN., April 19.—Some time before last Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Brewer lost a beloved daughter 16 years of age. So attached was the father to the daughter that he would not permit her remains to be interred, and for all these months the body has remained in their parlor. A Hartford undertaker goes to the house of death frequently, and applies preservatives. Every night, after midnight hour, Mr. Brewer gets up, dresses himself, and sits with the corpse the rest of the night. He addresses the inanimate form with words of endearing affection, and speaks tenderly to it as though his daughter heard his words. When daylight creeps into the room he goes out and again seeks his bed and finishes his sleep. Neighbors have tried in vain to induce him to consent to the burial of his daughter. His wife has suffered greatly by her husband's strange conduct, but nothing that she could say would induce him to part with the body. But he has now at last consented that a vault be built in his doorway, which, by his express orders, is to be made easily accessible, so that he can still hold nightly communion with the object of his affection. The explanation of the strange affair is that when the girl was on her dying-bed she expressed a dread of being put into the ground, and the father told her that she should not be. When the vault is built the remains can be removed, and the dying girl's wish respected, and the father's promise kept.

How a Yankee Skipper Celebrated St. Patrick's Day. Once upon a time Captain R. S. Osborn, now the pacifically disposed editor of the Nautical Gazette, commanded a Yankee ship that was anchored in Dublin bay on St. Patrick's day in the morning. From Dublin town was wafted over the water the usual strains and patriotic shouts of the "ruble Oriah" and "sheel-bratin' the day." The captain must have tumbled out of bed in a sympathetic mood that morning, for he rattanaged the signal locker until he found a great piece of green bunting and then pointed on it a most dazzling harp in yellow ochre, and felt much like to run up his colors and speak and felt much like to run up his colors.

It was only a little while afterward, and before the yellow harp had dried in the breeze, that a boat fell from the davits of a neighboring British man-of-war and steered for the American. The stiff and starchy lieutenant in her stern sheets was recovered on board with all due courtesy, and after a brief interchange of naval conventionalities said: "I must request you to haul down the flag."

"I want to know," said the American commander. "Aye, sir, you a'ven't h'any crown here, I don't you know?" "Oh, well, it's all well 'ix that," was the captain's highly satisfactory answer; and the Britisher was ushered over the side with all due courtesy. The green flag came down, and the captain artistically painted a little yellow crown above the harp and hauled her up again. His boat was manned again, and the lieutenant, more stiff and starchy than ever, came over the side once more. "I thought I told you to pull down that flag."

"Did you?" "Aye, sir," said the lieutenant, getting red as a turkey's comb. "Well, I'll like to know, but really, now, I can't," said Captain Osborn. "Well, then, I'll haul it down for you" was the irate reply. "You badam!" answered the captain, inquiring the name of a beautiful village in the Golden State to the Englishman, and adding, "If you do you'll get hurt."

"Well, why don't you have a crown on it?" asked the English tar. "There is one; can't you see it?" said the captain. "The lieutenant by screwing a single eyeclass in his starboard light and battering down the port one, managed to deery the crown emblem. 'Well but that is such a little one compared with the harp' he said.

Just about the proportions of my regards for the crown and the harp the way I feel this morning," said the captain. The lieutenant gave up in disgust. The next morning the Dublin papers devoted several "sticks" each to the Yankee skipper, and every boy in Mick in Dublin that had enough coin of the realm left to buy a quart of poteen, and charter a gunboat came off to give the Yankee who defied the British navy a nip of the "raal crathur."—New York Truth.

Be Brief. Long visits, long stories, long exhortations, and long prayers, seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. Learn to condense, abridge, and intensify. We can endure many an ache, an ill, if it is soon over; while even pleasures grow insipid and intolerable if they are protracted beyond the limits of reason and convenience. Learn to be brief. Lay off branches; stick to the main fact in your case. If you pray, ask for what you would really like to get through; if you speak, tell your message and hold your tongue; boil down two words into one, and three into two. Learn to be brief.

"Dragging Pains." Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir:—My wife had suffered with "female weakness" for nearly three years. At times she could hardly move. She had "Favorite Prescription" advertised, but supposed like most patent medicines it did not amount to anything, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made her sick at first, but it began to show its effect in a market improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc., A. J. HUYCK, Deposit, N. Y.

An Excellent Report. Hon. Jos. G. Goodridge, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:—"I cannot express myself in sufficiently praiseworthy terms of Burdock Blood Bitters which I have used for the past two years with good benefit."