

SLAVE.

Man's Mission.

Human lives are silent teaching. Be they earnest, mild, and true. Noble deeds are silent preaching. From the consecrated Few. Post-Prisist their anthems singing. Hero-sword on corset tinging. When Truth's banner is unfurled; youthful preachers, genius good, pouring forth the souls uplifted. Till their preaching stirs the world;

Each must work as God has given. Hero hand and poet's pen: Work is duty while we live in hate. Gentle spirits, lowly kneeling. To the Throne of Heaven's King—stronger nature, culminating. In great acts incarnating. What another can butling.

Pure and meek-eyed as an angel, We must strive—must agonize; We must preach the salutary evangel. Ere we claim the saintly prize. Work for all, for Heaven is holy. We fall on knees, and bow our heads. When, like Heaven's arch above, Blend our souls in one embolism. And the social duties of our lives. Sounds the perfect chord of love.

Life is combat, life is striving, Like a scythed chariot driving. Through an army of the living. Deeper sorrow, scorn, and trial Will but teach us self-denial; Like the alchemists of old time, Pass the ore through cleansing fire. If our spirits would aspire To be God's refined gold.

We are struggling in the morning With the spirit of the living. But we trample on it scornfully. Lo! the eastern sky is bright. We must watch, we must be waking; Soon, like Memnon's statue waking. With the sunrise into song. We shall raise our voices to Heaven, Chant a hymn for conquest gained. Seize the palm, norched the wound.

We must bend our thoughts to earnest. We would strike the idols down; With a purpose of our own. Take the Cross, and wait the Crown. Sufferings human life allow. Sufferings lead to God's Valhalla. Mockly bear, but nobly try. Like a man with conquest glowing. So to love, and work, and die!

THE KING OF ASHANTI.

A Catholic Priest Pays a Visit to the Sable Monarch.

The Rev. A. Moreau, missionary at Elmina, on the Gold Coast, sends us a letter containing an account of his recent visit to Coomassie, the capital of Ashanti. Father Moreau visited Coomassie for the purpose of seeing if it were possible to establish a mission there. The following description of the place and its inhabitants will be found of much interest:

St. JOSEPH'S MISSION, ELMINA (GOLD COAST), WEST AFRICA, June 16, 1882.

The first idea of going to Ashanti came to me last year, when Prince Bookyji was in Elmina to settle with the governor the difficulty occasioned by the golden axe. He used to come and see us often, and I tried to get on good terms with him. He arrived once when I had a singing practice with our school boys. He sat down, listened quietly, and at the end of the practice he asked me to play something for him on the harmonium. Black people are so very fond of music. Before we parted I told him I wished to visit Coomassie, and asked him if the king would see me or order my head to be cut off. "The king," he said, "will be very glad to see you, and be sure of it, will not hurt you." This was last year in July, and I only waited for an opportunity to go.

It was not before the 12th of last April that I could leave Elmina. The following are a few extracts from my daily notes: The distance from Elmina to Coomassie via Cape Coast is 126 miles. For reasons independent of my will I had to travel slowly, and took nine days to get distance.

HOSPITALITY is practiced here as I think it is nowhere else. There is no hotel where you can get your mid-day meal or put up for the night. But you can go anywhere. You choose the best house in the village, you take possession of it, and make it your own. The owner will, if necessary, take away their few things, supply you with water, wood, cooking utensils, and leave you the unmolested master of the place. Of course, one has to dash them something before leaving. As you are a white man, they expect something from you. If you pay a visit to the chief of the village, he will accept you to some palm wine, a very treasured present if one is thirsty and tired. Truly, they are not so bad after all. Whenever I went to sleep in a village I inquired if there was any one sick. In a short time I had about me dozens of people. Some aperient medicine and some ointment for the sores were merely what was required, and I soon got the fame of a great doctor. Once, however, my reputation was damaged. A man of about fifty came to me to have

SOME MEDICINE FOR HIS EYE. He lost it, he told me, in Apollonia, during the war of '74, and would like very much to see with both eyes, like other people. "I have no medicine for that," I said. "God only could give you back your eyes." "Well," he said, "may God help me," and he went away. On my way back those who saw me did not fail to come and thank me. One old woman came and asked me to accept as a present four eggs and about a dozen bananas she was bringing on a wooden plate. I should not omit to speak of Adansi Hill, the only elevated hill on the road. I made its height 455 meters above the level of the sea. It is called by the natives Kusbia Bepe (Kusbia Hill) because it stands close to a village of that name. It was about eight A. M. when I came to the foot of that hill. It stood nearly perpendicular in front of me, and the road, straight up, reminded me of Jacob's Ladder, at St. Helena. During the Ashanti expedition a road winding round about the hill had been cut through the forest, but all traces of it have now disappeared. I summoned all my courage, and began to climb up with the help of a staff. Many a time I stopped to look at the way I had made and the way I had yet to make. At last I arrived at the top. For a while all was forest and large, high trees. I could not see any more than when I was on the plain—that is nothing at all. But all at once I came to a place where the forest had been cut down and the trees burnt,

to make a plantation. The opening was towards the northwest. I could see very little, and yet

THE SCENE WAS VERY GRAND. Nearer to me, some hundred feet below, was the forest, but further on the top of the trees was covered with a thick fog, which was balanced by the morning breeze. It looked like the sea when it is calm, and had that oily appearance, showing by a swell on its surface the direction of the undercurrents. My carriers, mostly fishermen, could not help noticing the likeness, and exclaimed, "Oh! it is just like the sea."

Whilst sitting there for a breath of fresh air, I saw a man coming by us. I noticed that he had none of the features of Ashanti or Tanti men. I asked him how far it was, "From Coomassie," he said, "it takes three months to go there. We cross first very high mountains (I recognized the Kong Mountains), then, later on a very large river we come in twenty days to Guri. The country," he said, also, "is very rich in gold, there are sheep, cows, horses, everywhere, and we get plenty of guns." "But how did you ever come to the coast?" I said. "I was very young. My beard had not come yet, and now it is grey. My village was at war with another village. I was wounded in the fight and carried away a prisoner. THEY SOLD ME, SOLD ME, SOLD ME! until I arrived by the side of the great water (he meant the sea). So I came to Elmina." But the place was too cold (18 degrees centigrade) to remain there any longer. The two Guri men shook hands once more, and we went the other side of the hill to Kusbia.

The next day I was close to Coomassie, and there he had to wait for a messenger for the King before we could enter his capital. I forgot to mention that I made the journey with a French trader of Elmina. On the 23d of April, by two P. M., we arrived at the house prepared for us at Coomassie, and made ourselves ready for the public reception. As we came out one chief was there to show us the way. Our carriers were formed into procession, and we went through a long, tortuous street. Thousands of people were in two lines on our passage. It was composed mostly of women and children, curious to see the white men. The men were on duty with their respective chiefs.

We came up that street to a very large square; it is the market-place, called Elibiabi. It was literally covered with people; the King and his people, the chiefs and their people, and a crowd of lookers-on; the official part formed an immense semi-circle, with the King in the centre, who began to pass before them. Every chief had his retinue about him greater or smaller, according to his rank, and each one had it disposed also in a semi-circle. It left a free access to the chief, who was sitting on a chair under his umbrella, whilst his people were sitting on the ground. We passed before the first half, and then the second half, and then the third half, and went to shake hands with every chief. All along the line the horns were sounding and the drums beating.

WE CAME TO THE KING. He was on a kind of platform made purposely for such receptions. He was sitting on a beautiful armchair; over his head were about a dozen large umbrellas, and all around him was an immense crowd of people, with swords, guns, drums, horns, fans, horses' tails, etc., etc. A narrow passage led to him. I was afraid I trod on many toes as I was passing. We took off our hats and saluted him. He proffered his hand and shook it. His crown was simply a piece of green paper, with three rows of golden paper, having nearly the shape of a Bishop's mitre. From his neck hung two heavy necklaces, one made of silver, the other of gold. His arms, from the wrist to the elbow, were covered with bracelets, wrought gold, and above the elbow they were made of very large nuggets tied together. Every one of his fingers was, to the very tips, covered with gold rings. He had on a silk cloth of the country, all embroidered with silk of different colors, and sandals richly ornamented with gold. His head, which he shaves, is large and round; his eyes are large and bright, and his whole of his countenance rather pleasing. He is short and a little inclined to corpulence, and does not look to be more than forty. He passed rapidly before the other half of the semi-circle, and yet the whole proceedings lasted more than two hours.

We were then led to the extreme part of the same square. Chairs were there prepared for us, and we sat with our carriers and a large crowd around us. A new affair began. In their turn. THE KING AND HIS CHIEFS CAME TO PASS BEFORE US. The opportunity was better to see and examine them in detail. They came one by one with their retinue. Some were small chiefs, with a few men only. Others were great chiefs and had a lot of attendants with umbrellas, drums, horns, swords and guns. I noticed in particular the Chief of War, *Kooka doro*. He is a tall, strong man, and had, perhaps, a hundred men about him, with guns on their shoulders. They walked four in a row, and looked to be rather small soldiers. Fetish-men rank with the chiefs. We passed before two of them; they refused to shake hands with me, and when they came to salute us they simply waved their hands to us and passed on. They were accompanied by what I assume to be novices or apprentices of their own dark art, forty or fifty young men, all dressed alike, and all dancing in the most extravagant manner. When Prince Bookyji came, we all stood up. He not only shook hands with us, but embraced us in African fashion, by pressing us on his bosom. It is a great mark of affection. You must know that he has married the King's mother, and is, in Ashanti, something like the premier. At a greater noise of

THE HORNS AND DRUMS AND THE SHOUTS OF THE CROWD.

I recognized that the King was coming. In front of him walked some hundred people, men and boys, carrying on their heads the King's things—his chairs, native stools, brass pans, china jugs, earthen pots, silver plate, all dishes, lamps of all sorts, keys, etc., etc., and a lot of furniture of every description. Two things were particularly interesting, they were a regal chair of black ebony and studded with silver nails, and the keys. Big or small, there were, perhaps, 2,000. In fact, there was the load of two men. The immediate explanation which his subjects draw at the sight of so many keys is that the King must be very rich. I dare say it is the reason of their exhibition, for some seemed very rusty and old-fashioned. His body-guard came next. It was composed of forty or fifty men, who are said to be

THE PUBLIC EXECUTIONERS. Their very appearance was enough to show what they are. They dress like other people, but they shave the forepart of their head, and at the back hang their long, uncombed hair. Their face is horrible, more so when they dance and whirl their swords in a frightful manner. The King was coming. He was sitting in his hammock, a kind of osier basket covered with a fine limpery, and carried by eight stalwart fellows. At the sound of the music the whole crowd was dancing and shouting. There was a cloud of dust all around the King. He seemed to enjoy the sight, he was smiling at the crowd, and saluting with the hand. As he arrived, the palm-leaf fans were going to and fro. The noise of innumerable drums and horns, and the shouts of the crowd were something awful, and the whole of the scene impossible to describe. It was grand, extraordinary, savage. There was a moment's silence as the King came to us. We stood up. He took my hand, kept it long in his, and all the crowd around shouted again, oh! oh! oh! at the same time.

HE PERFORMED BEFORE US A WAR DANCE, having first a sword in his hand and then a gun, ornamented with gold, and was going away with his soldiers who were about two hundred men in cloth of the country, and with a good number on their shoulders. The defile of all the King's people lasted more than one hour. Other chiefs were in the rear. They went through the same forms. The last of all had only two attendants and one drum. Some misfortune must have happened to the unfortunate instrument, for there were two big holes in it, and it could hardly be heard, although beaten vigorously. The war was over for that day, it was 6.30 P. M., and every one felt very tired. My private interview with the King took place a few days later.

THE PLACE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

Near the place of the Crucifixion on Mount Calvary, to the right of the spot where the cross was erected, there is a large cleft in the rock, which, a constant tradition asserts, was produced by the earthquake which occurred, as the Gospel relates, at the moment of the death of our Divine Redeemer. It is covered with a plate of silver, which cannot be naturally explained by science. Hence, some of them have been brought to the true faith by means of it. Addition relates of a deist who, whilst travelling through Palestine, endeavored to travel the phenomenon into ridicule. With these dispositions he went to see the fissure. But when he examined it closely with the scrutiny of a naturalist, he found that the cleft was corresponded with the veins which distinguished them, and it would have been in the weakest points. I have observed that rocks which have been raised up by earthquakes are not like this. Everything is different; the rock is divided into layers in a strange and supernatural manner. Therefore, I see plainly and demonstratively that this is the pure effect of a miracle which neither art nor nature can produce. Hence, I thank God for having conducted me here to contemplate this monument of His wonderful power, a monument which places beyond doubt the divinity of Jesus Christ.—Ave Maria.

What Physicians Say.

SAN LEANDRO, Cal., January 6, 1877. Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—Have employed your "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" in my practice for the last four years. I now use no other alterative or cathartic medicines, all chronic derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels. I know of nothing that equals them. J. A. MILLER, M. D. The torture endured from kidney disease is relieved and the disease cured by the Day Kidney Pad. Cures all disease of the urinary organs. By druggists or mail, 82 Children's (Cure bed-wetting), No. 50, DAY KIDNEY PAD CO., Buffalo, N. Y. "It is a great art to do the right thing at the right time." It is a great blessing to have a protective duty to perform in purchasing a package of Kidney-Wort. It invigorates these organs and by its cathartic and diuretic effect, cleanses the whole system of all bad humors.

JESUIT MISSIONS IN THE EAST.

There is more than one Eastern Question, and Catholics just now are turning their eyes towards Egypt and the adjacent countries not only because of the great English interests which are at stake there, but because the first steps have been taken in a movement which is of the first importance to the progress of the Catholic Church. The special interest taken by the Holy Father in the Eastern missions is sufficiently proved by the recent elevation of an Armenian to the Cardinalate; and the remarkable movement in the direction of reunion with the Church which is on foot amongst the separated Christians in Turkey in Asia seems to open a new field for zealous missionary labor. The expulsion of the society of Jesus from France has providentially put into the hands of the Vicar of Christ a number of skilled and willing missionaries, just at the time when they were most wanted, and the disgraceful tyranny of the atheistical government of France is likely to prove the cause of a new departure in the propagation of the Faith which they would fain overthrow. There are, however, difficulties of the most serious character, and the operations of the Society have been long and arduous. We are only too willing to follow so good a lead and add some information to that supplied by our Protestant contemporary. Beyrout, the most important town on the coast, is the seat of the college erected by Leo XIII. into a University, where Catholics of the various Oriental Rites, Copts, Greeks, Maronites, Syrians, Armenians may receive a liberal and thorough education, while escaping the seductions of the Protestant schools. To the University are attached the large and small seminaries of the Maronites and the Apostolic school where boys of all nationalities are prepared and educated for the life and labor of Eastern missionaries. There is a fine printing press, with type for the production of books in more than eight Eastern languages, and a staff of sixty employees under the direction of eight members of the Society. This grand institution owes its existence to the devotion of a Syrian lay brother who served an apprenticeship at the Protestant printing establishment, and "spoiled the Egyptian" by learning there all that they had to teach, afterwards completing his education in the trade in London and Paris. Damascus, the city of so many memories—of St. Paul and St. Damiene, and centuries ago a fresh centre of missionary life. Funds alone are wanting for the conversion of the house once occupied by St. John into a church. Aleppo, like Damascus, one of the largest cities in Syria, and an old station of the Society, has now a house, church and schools for boys and girls. Zahle, beautifully situated amid the valleys of Mount Lebanon, has been watered by martyrs' blood, Father Billot and four lay brothers having been massacred there by the Druses in 1850. Thanks to the sacrifice, the Mission of Zahle has become a centre of Catholic education for the provinces of Lebanon and Bekkain, the seat of a Bishop, and centres from which the surrounding country is evangelized, while at Ghayir, besides a mission and native schools, there is the Noviciate and Juniorate of the Society. The Juniors, or young students, have taken their first vows, and are there completing the courses of the University at Beyrout. In Egypt Leo XIII. has commanded the Society to gather up the fragments of the venerable Coptic Church, of which so large a portion is lost in schism. Twelve youths, children of poor parents, have been brought together, and in addition to their religious education are learning Latin, Greek, and Arabic to fit them for their ministry. Every Sunday they frequent the Coptic Cathedral, and are initiated into the elaborate ritual, of which neither the ceremonies nor the chant are to be found in any book, but are handed down by oral tradition. Those who have witnessed the solemn initiation of Epiphany will remember how strange and intricate it appeared. What fate is reserved to this rising Seminary in the midst of Moslem fanaticism who can predict? When we last heard of them they were busy at their study of the Fathers, were firm at their post of danger. The piety already give promise of much fruit. The poverty of the Coptic Copts, who only number in all some five thousand, and spread over the villages and towns of Upper Egypt, makes it hard for them to support their clergy, and their churches are in sad want of repair. The European civilization has raised the price of living in Cairo, that, spite of the simple diet and clothing of the seminarians, they cannot be supported for less than £40 a year for each student. In Armenia, whose Christian population and ancient civilization have existed so much interest and sympathy of the founders and others mission have the merit of being opened as centres of light to a long-suffering and faithful Church. The persecution to which they have quickened their fervor, and nowhere do more devout resolute and laborers of the desert missionaries. Schools have been opened, and the Schismatics come in numbers to hear the preaching of the truth, and assist at Catholic services. Protestant education holds great temptations to a nation devoted as are the Armenians to commerce; but they are warmly attached to the practices of the Church, which they have preserved through centuries of schism.

Such is the field which the noble Society of Jesus has found for the exercise of its unrivaled missionary and educational power; and the importance of the enterprise, in view of the possibilities which lie before the Eastern countries which they have occupied, when civilization shall have regained and enlarged its do-

minion, it is difficult to overstate. The cause is certainly one which should enlist Catholic sympathy and support, and it should be remembered that for the means entirely dependent on the charity of their brethren in Europe. To seek the aid of English Catholics, at a moment of pressing need, Father de Mzoyer, Procurator of the Eastern Missions, is now visiting England and Ireland. We feel sure that his appeals will meet with the ready and generous response which they deserve.—Liverpool Times.

HOW SOULS ARE CURED.

Translated for The "Ave Maria," from a new series of "Patristic" sermons. I know few words harder to the heart of a priest than the words "I cannot!" uttered coldly by a soul of whom God asks a sacrifice. It may be a sacrifice of the will, necessary to accept a position, or a manner of living which threatens our taste, or destroys our projects of self-love. "I cannot!" the soul answers. Then again, it may be a sacrifice of the heart, the renunciation of an affection already culpable, or about to become so, and which charms and allures. "I cannot!" the soul answers. Oh, with a soul which resists like this, and reaches double bolts with the cold, icy words, "I cannot!" what is to be done? Yet its salvation is at stake; and it does not see poor blind one! where it is being led by this disobedience to a superior who has a right to command, or by this sensual affection which gradually destroys the candor and reserve which make it so beautiful in the eyes of the angels.

One day a young girl, kneeling in the confessional before a priest, continued in sensible to the earnest words of her spiritual father, who begged her to sacrifice a guilty affection. There was the beginning of a struggle in her conscience, but she Syrian said, with the words, "I cannot!" "My child," said the priest, "be frank: is it I cannot, or I will not?" Silence. "Tell me, my child, have you the courage to say to me and to say to the good God, 'I will not'?" "Grace began to do its work; the young girl, more moved than she would appear, could hardly restrain her tears. "Oh! I wish I could! I wish to, Father, but I cannot!" "My child, will you do what I am going to ask you in the name of our Blessed Lord, or rather, what Jesus Christ asked through me?" "Father—?" "Say simply yes or no." "Yes, Father." "Then, go before the Blessed Sacrament, and holding your beads in your hand repeat these words slowly, enunciating each syllable: 'The good God, my Master and my Father, wishes me to renounce this affection which leads to my ruin, and I say that I cannot but in reality I will not.' These words, which you feel are true, repeat slowly twenty times at least on your beads, pausing each time a few seconds; then, with the same slowness, repeat twenty times more these other words: 'My God, who canst do all things, have pity on me! do not punish me! and give me the will, the strength and the means to renounce what displeases Thee.' As between the first words, pause a few seconds each time after you have uttered them. Then, twenty times more, still more slowly, say: 'My God, who hast been so long calling me, awaiting me, urging me, and whom I ever resist! my God, pardon me the pain I give Thy heart, and make me do Thy will.' As the end of this third invocation, ask the Holy Sovereign, O my Mother, and making the Sign of the Cross, as if receiving God's blessing, quietly retire. During all the week let this be your morning and evening meditation. Go now, my child, God bless you!" Before the end of the week the poor child returned with a sore, but generous heart. "Father," she said, unconscious that she was repeating the words of the Apostle conquered by grace, "Father, will you that I do?" She was told her duty, and she did it.

O Priests of Jesus Christ! let us remember the sweet, gentle, but strong and penetrating power of submissive, humble prayer. Let us remember that about the Holy Eucharist is a divine atmosphere formed of graces infinitely powerful to first, soften, then penetrate, and finally transform souls. Send thither your sick almost hopeless souls, as physicians send their remedies are useless.

Yes, dear souls who cannot overcome your habits, who have not the strength to be resigned, to submit, to accept what is sent to you, go to Jesus in the Eucharist gently pour out your heart to Him in a short prayer, or prayer of Jesus, drop by drop, penetrate your soul. The continual dropping of water upon a stone always tells upon it in the end, and it is worn away.

A SUGGESTION TO PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES IN MEXICO.

Freeman's Journal. Mexico is a favorite field for the Evangelical denominations. Cabinet organs, chronos, and every article of clothing have been eagerly received by certain of the natives of that benighted region, who naturally feel inclined to embrace a religion which supplies them with the necessities of life exacting only that they accept the Bible, which by the way, does not inconvenience them. Some of the Mexican are quick to believe that a church which gives them creature comfort deserves consideration. But when Bibles only are supplied to the benighted, the Mexican soon skips back into his old errors. The Evangelicals have over-stocked the market with Bibles; a half dozen will not buy a good drink of *aguardiente*. Mr. Carlos Enrique Butler has also made charges, which he now withdraws in the following ambiguous terms: "The undersigned hereby certifies that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, the Rev. Messrs. A. P. Keil, Chas. W. Drees, S. W. Silbert, W. M. Patterson, J. Milton Greene, W. W. Butler, and B. W. Macdonnell are as honorable, truthful and Christian gentlemen as the clergyman, officers, and members of the 'Mexican Branch' with whom he is acquainted." Mr. Carlos Enrique Butler—the Carlos and Enrique assumed to give the "Protestant movement" a Spanish and national tone—is a presbyter of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Diocese of Pennsylvania. It is plain that the missionaries of the various sects in Mexico have no high opinion of one another; and Mr. Carlos Enrique Butler simply testifies that one is as good as the other. "He is," he adds, "of the opinion that what is called the 'Mexican Branch of the Catholic Church' is due more to other causes than to the solicitations of agents of other denominations."

Mr. Carlos Enrique Butler, in exonerating his brethren from the charge of having little and no regard for the souls of the "Mexican Branch," was eagerly seized by the Presbyterians. It is plain that the missionaries of the various sects in Mexico have no high opinion of one another; and Mr. Carlos Enrique Butler simply testifies that one is as good as the other. "He is," he adds, "of the opinion that what is called the 'Mexican Branch of the Catholic Church' is due more to other causes than to the solicitations of agents of other denominations."

The battle between the "Mexican Branch" and the poaching missionaries will not cease until the Mexican Government, which it seems, wants to keep the missionaries in the country, stocks the "convert" coral. If the Mexican Government would provide enough "converts" to go round and make a good showing in the missionary reports, peace would reign among the brethren. A system of marks might be invented, by which the Episcopalians and Presbyterians would know their own. Any imitation of the Methodist brand by the Baptists ought to be visited by heavy legal penalties; and registering everything received by the "convert," there would be little danger that the benighted Mexican would, in his avarice, permit himself to be "converted" more than once. Missionaries capable of the actions charged and countercharged by Bishop Riley, Mr. Carlos Enrique Butler and the others, would not hesitate to rub off the orthodox brand and put on one of their own. But this might be guarded against, if the Government would allow each missionary a fixed number of "converts." The surplus number of Freemasons on the lookout for offices in the Mexican Republic might be drawn on, if the position of "convert" implied even a small and sure salary. If the Mexican Government expect to keep Protestant ministers in the country, it must furnish them with eligible subjects for "conversion."

The immense supply of Bibles and tracts in Mexico has brought the price of paper so low that the "Word" as interpreted by King James. Some further inducements must be offered to frugal Mexican families, anxious to escape from the erroneous doctrine that American "notions," chronos, and striped stockings, are not gifts of the Holy Ghost. If the missionaries in Mexico had not been unambiguously named by Mr. Carlos Enrique Butler, a system of brands would prevent them from re-converting each other's cattle. As it is, the Government must provide "converts" of fixed colors, or the supply of Sabbath-school money will cease and Protestantism perish in Mexico!

Kit Carson's Wife.

There are few instances of devotion that prove the existence of love in a higher degree than that given by Kit Carson's wife to her brave and manly lover. While mining in the West he married an Indian girl, with whom he lived very happily. When he was taken ill, a long way from home, word was sent to his wife, who mounted a fleet mustang pony and travelled hundreds of miles to reach him. Night and day she continued her journey, resting only for a few hours on the open prairie, lying on her wonderful little steed as soon as she could gather up her forces anew. She forded rivers, she scaled rocky passes, she waded through morasses, and finally arrived just alive to find her husband better. But the exposure and exhaustion killed her. She was seized with a fever, and died within a brief space in her husband's arms. The shock killed Kit Carson, the rugged miner; he broke a blood vessel, and both are buried in one grave.

Feathers, ribbons, velvet can all be colored to match that new hat by using the Diamond Dyes. 10 cents for any color.

HOW SOULS ARE CURED.

Translated for The "Ave Maria," from a new series of "Patristic" sermons. I know few words harder to the heart of a priest than the words "I cannot!" uttered coldly by a soul of whom God asks a sacrifice. It may be a sacrifice of the will, necessary to accept a position, or a manner of living which threatens our taste, or destroys our projects of self-love. "I cannot!" the soul answers. Then again, it may be a sacrifice of the heart, the renunciation of an affection already culpable, or about to become so, and which charms and allures. "I cannot!" the soul answers. Oh, with a soul which resists like this, and reaches double bolts with the cold, icy words, "I cannot!" what is to be done? Yet its salvation is at stake; and it does not see poor blind one! where it is being led by this disobedience to a superior who has a right to command, or by this sensual affection which gradually destroys the candor and reserve which make it so beautiful in the eyes of the angels.

One day a young girl, kneeling in the confessional before a priest, continued in sensible to the earnest words of her spiritual father, who begged her to sacrifice a guilty affection. There was the beginning of a struggle in her conscience, but she Syrian said, with the words, "I cannot!" "My child," said the priest, "be frank: is it I cannot, or I will not?" Silence. "Tell me, my child, have you the courage to say to me and to say to the good God, 'I will not'?" "Grace began to do its work; the young girl, more moved than she would appear, could hardly restrain her tears. "Oh! I wish I could! I wish to, Father, but I cannot!" "My child, will you do what I am going to ask you in the name of our Blessed Lord, or rather, what Jesus Christ asked through me?" "Father—?" "Say simply yes or no." "Yes, Father." "Then, go before the Blessed Sacrament, and holding your beads in your hand repeat these words slowly, enunciating each syllable: 'The good God, my Master and my Father, wishes me to renounce this affection which leads to my ruin, and I say that I cannot but in reality I will not.' These words, which you feel are true, repeat slowly twenty times at least on your beads, pausing each time a few seconds; then, with the same slowness, repeat twenty times more these other words: 'My God, who canst do all things, have pity on me! do not punish me! and give me the will, the strength and the means to renounce what displeases Thee.' As between the first words, pause a few seconds each time after you have uttered them. Then, twenty times more, still more slowly, say: 'My God, who hast been so long calling me, awaiting me, urging me, and whom I ever resist! my God, pardon me the pain I give Thy heart, and make me do Thy will.' As the end of this third invocation, ask the Holy Sovereign, O my Mother, and making the Sign of the Cross, as if receiving God's blessing, quietly retire. During all the week let this be your morning and evening meditation. Go now, my child, God bless you!" Before the end of the week the poor child returned with a sore, but generous heart. "Father," she said, unconscious that she was repeating the words of the Apostle conquered by grace, "Father, will you that I do?" She was told her duty, and she did it.

O Priests of Jesus Christ! let us remember the sweet, gentle, but strong and penetrating power of submissive, humble prayer. Let us remember that about the Holy Eucharist is a divine atmosphere formed of graces infinitely powerful to first, soften, then penetrate, and finally transform souls. Send thither your sick almost hopeless souls, as physicians send their remedies are useless.

Yes, dear souls who cannot overcome your habits, who have not the strength to be resigned, to submit, to accept what is sent to you, go to Jesus in the Eucharist gently pour out your heart to Him in a short prayer, or prayer of Jesus, drop by drop, penetrate your soul. The continual dropping of water upon a stone always tells upon it in the end, and it is worn away.

Kit Carson's Wife.

There are few instances of devotion that prove the existence of love in a higher degree than that given by Kit Carson's wife to her brave and manly lover. While mining in the West he married an Indian girl, with whom he lived very happily. When he was taken ill, a long way from home, word was sent to his wife, who mounted a fleet mustang pony and travelled hundreds of miles to reach him. Night and day she continued her journey, resting only for a few hours on the open prairie, lying on her wonderful little steed as soon as she could gather up her forces anew. She forded rivers, she scaled rocky passes, she waded through morasses, and finally arrived just alive to find her husband better. But the exposure and exhaustion killed her. She was seized with a fever, and died within a brief space in her husband's arms. The shock killed Kit Carson, the rugged miner; he broke a blood vessel, and both are buried in one grave.

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