Written for the Record.

IN A SCANDINAVIAN TEMPLE.

A. D. 800.

The sun in its splendor descended over the
desolate Norland,
And in its bright glory transfigured appeared all the country's wild features.
The turbulent rivers rejoiced as they rushed
on their way to the ocean.
And like to a gem fitly set gleamed out the
rude city of Upsal.

There, in a circle of oaks, amidst which it
towered majestic,
Arose the great temple, the pride of the
warlike and fierce Scandinavian;
Without it was wood, but within it glistened with gold pure and dazzling;
The wall and the ceiling was gold, a circular mass of rich metal.

Round the wall were the statues of idols
adored by the Swede and Norwegian;
There smiled the beautiful Balder, the son
of the conqueror Odin,
And engraved on his column were runes
which to death gave the dear gift of living.
There frowned the fierce Niord, the lord of
the air and the earth, fire and water;
The warrior Tyre who gave victory and help
to the brave in the battle;
Brage, wise and solemn, the prince of the
poets and patron of singers;
Helmdall whose teeth were of gold, and
whose eyes watched the portals of Heaven
Who could hear the grass grow in the field,
and the dew as it fell on the flowers;
Hoder, the sightless, and Vidar, the silent
and strong and bold Vali;
Uller on flying skates balanced, the feathered and fatal bow poising;
Torsete, the peacemaker, completed the
circle of Gods. The Godesses
Were sculptured alar on the roof in forms
sedate and gigantic—
There Saga sat throned in her dwelling, the
lofty and grand, of Suarbeck;
There Etra, the Godess of healing, appeared
culling herbs of the forest;
Gefione, Godess of chastity, stood closely
veiled, a pure vestal;
Next, drawn by cats in a chariot, was Freya,
the glory of Sitheod—
Of beauty sublime and enchanting, she
dwelt in the Eden. Folvanga
But wept tears of gold on the earth as she
followed the faithless God Order.
Love, hope and vengeance, and happiness
each had its fanciful deity.

But Odin, the father of ages, where is his
effigy honored?
A door in the wall of the temple led to a
more sacred chamber.
Where Odin, serene and majestic, stood on
his throne, his sword holding,
And Thor, crowned with stars and strength
girdled, grasped his huge hammer and
sceptre,
While Queen Frigga, lofty and lovely, looked on her reverent subjects.
Altars of iron before them stood for the fire
and the victim,
Whose blood crimsoned altar and idol, a
sacrifice useless and cruel.

Up in the dome of the roof was sculptured a
marvellous city,
Where all the Gods met in council, deciding
the fate of poor mortals.
There 'rose the great ash, Ydrasil, whose
branches spread over the world;
At its foot were the destinies three—the
Present, the Past and the Future—
And the deep fount of time passed away in
which lay the spirits of wisdom.
The roots of the vast tree extended, one
thro' the Gods' royal city,
One to the forest of iron, far off, where dwelt
sorcerers cruel,
And giants, and wolves which howled ever as
they followed the sun and pale Luna;
The third root grew down thro' the earth,
till it reached the mine worlds of Hella,
And there it was gnawed evermore by the
terrible serpent, Nidhoger.
There stood the nine dreadful gates of that
prison abode of the hopeless.
And dimly revealed were the horrors within—poisoned showers were raining
On beings who writhed in pain; hideous
serpents were coiling among them,
And vultures and harpies were feeding on
bodies, all mangled, yet deathless.
There, Hella, pale queen of those realms, sat
on her gloomy throne, frowning;
Her gate was a precipice, grief was her hall,
and her table
Was hunger and thirst, and her couch was
all sickness and torment.
Her guests were all prisoners, chained evermore in her dungeons;
Her music was weeping and groaning, and
cursing and howling.
Deep in the caverns of Hell was fettered
grim Loke, the accuser;
But he shall one day be unchained—then
woe! to the children of Aske.*
For Loke shall accuse them to Odin, who,
raging, shall send fire devouring
The earth, and deep gloom, like a grave's, to
blot out the sun and the planets.
But lo! from the wreck of the spheres shall
arise a new beautiful world,
Called Gimle, with palaces golden, where
children of Aske and Embla†
Shall dwell and be happy forever in Edens
of glory and rapture.

One who had grown old and gray about this
magnificent temple
Lay on his death-bed expiring—a priest of
the great Thor and Odin.
And as on the clear stars of midnight he
fixed his last look, faintly uttered:
"I never yet learned what God it was formed those bright constellations.
But to him, whoever He be, and Him only,
I commend my spirit."
—*Adam. †Eve.

Lowe, P. Q. E. C. M.

How to Keep off Cannibals.

Sometimes a good case is ruined by proving too much. This was illustrated the other day in Chicago.

At a meeting of ministers, the Rev. Mr. Ayers read a long paper, in which he argued that the coming Christian would not use tobacco. He made many strong points and impressed his audience. Unfortunately, he said, in conclusion, that even cannibals had sense enough not to eat tobacconized flesh. They never devoured smokers and chewers.

When the climax was reached a smile rippled over the upturned faces of the ministers. Finally one of the brethren took the matter up. He said that he had been in doubt until he heard the story about the cannibals. If it was a man's duty in times of peace to prepare for war, it was just as much his duty to guard himself against cannibals. The exigencies of missionary work or business might at any time require a man to visit Africa or Patagonia. He would run the risk of falling in with cannibals. If the tobacco habit would save him from being eaten, it might also save his life. Perhaps the savage would not think it worth while to kill a man who was worthless as an article of food. As a matter of precaution, therefore, he thought it would be wise to stick to tobacco.

The meeting broke up in hilarious disorder. Brother Ayers walked off by himself. The others remained behind to light their cigars. They were resolved to lose no time in heading off the cannibals.

The Far Reaching

Perfume of a good name heralds the claim that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure, certain, and painless remedy for corns. Fifty imitations prove it to be the best. At druggists.

Fatal Attacks

Among the most prevalent fatal and sudden attacks of diseases, are those incident to the summer and fall, such as Cholera Morbus, Bilious Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc., that often proves fatal in a few hours. That ever reliable remedy Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, should be at hand, for use in emergency.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

FROM WASHINGTON.

A LITERARY PANORAMA.

In this great metropolis which hundreds of thousands of strangers visit in the course of a year, it must be true that special attractions are afforded, and numerous objects of interest presented to draw hither such large numbers. In this limited article I do not intend to compile anything in the way of a guide to visitors nor to enter into any elaborate description of the city nor specially into details of objects, but simply to take a cursory glance over the Yankee capital, describing in brief, together with some facts relating thereto, what appears to be more especially important among the sights and scenes of this most brilliant place.

Washington is justly called "the city of magnificent distances," and for the one who may ascend to the capital dome to view the surroundings no more splendid sight is presented in the wide, wide world of cities than the numerous avenues stretching away far into the distance in an order and arrangement unsurpassed. Radiating from the marble centre to the northwest and southeast for miles is the great "Pennsylvania Avenue," broad and beautiful in its democratic simplicity. Along this line of avenue, and in close proximity, from Capitol Hill ninety feet above the Potomac River level to the historic Georgetown in the extreme northwest, where is situated the famous Catholic university, are distributed many of the grand buildings of the commonwealth. Among the first to catch the eye to be seen, judged and enjoyed and meet the appreciation of the highest taste, is the National Capitol, one of the loftiest, largest, costliest and grandest of the world's edifices. Its history dates back to 1793, in which year President Washington laid the corner-stone of the original building. It was constructed of sandstone under the direction of Hoban, an Irishman, Hallett a Frenchman and Thornton an Englishman. The wings to the north and south were added later, being completed in 1811. In Aug., 1814, the wings were partially destroyed by the British, but were afterwards rebuilt. Charles Bulfinch, a Boston architect, finally completed the original building in 1827, which cost over two millions and a half of dollars and required thirty seven years of labor. Walter, an architect, began the marble wings in 1851, and on July 4th, of that year, the corner-stone was laid with impressive ceremonies, Webster delivering the oration; they were finished in 1867. The dome of the Capitol was originally constructed of wood but was replaced by an iron structure weighing 9,000,000 pounds. A bronze statue of Freedom, modeled by Crawford, nineteen and a half feet high and weighing 15,000 pounds, surmounts the dome. The entire length of the building is about 750 feet and the greatest depth 324 feet; the building covers an area of over 150,000 square feet. The height is about 300 feet and the estimated cost for the entire structure and surroundings is in the neighborhood of 15,000,000 of dollars. The interior contains many celebrated works of art, among which are the historical paintings, Brumidis frescoeings and the famous bronze doors together with the marble statuary. Further on in the "Uptown" district, situated in a reservation comprising eighty acres, is the Executive Mansion, commonly called the "White House," amidst a most beautiful scene of landscape gardens surrounded by playing fountains, conservatories bursting with blooming flowers and delightful walks. The snowy walls, hallowed with the names of a century's Presidents, stand in their stately grandeur. This building is the work of James Hoban, a Dublin Irishman, copied after the Duke of Leinster's palace in Ireland. It is built of freestone and its dimensions are 170 feet in length by 86 in width. It is two stories high, crowned by a balustrade. The front is adorned by a portico of eight Ionic columns and the rear by a semicircle collonade of six. The "White House" was the first public building erected in Washington. It was destroyed by the English, but afterwards restored by the same architect. The first president who lived in the "White House" was John Adams, who entered in 1800. It has cost the country a considerable amount of money to erect and maintain this building, probably close to $1,500,000. Of late years there is much talk of erecting a suburban residence for the President, but Congress has not acted upon the proposition as yet. One of the first objects to meet the gaze of a stranger in Washington is that giant cenotaph, standing like a monolith in its majestic sublimity, rearing its proud head and piercing the very clouds at an attitude of 555 feet, as somebody has said:

"Towering above all other monuments as he, the immortal Washington, towered above other men."

It is constructed of marble, in the form of an obelisk. The corner stone was laid July 4th, 1848, nearly forty years ago, and completed in December, 1884. The work has been under the supervision of an Irishman, Col. Casey, and Master Mechanic McLaughlin. It has cost over a million of dollars, and weighs 80,000 tons; the base is 55 feet square. The words "Laus Deo" are written upon the face of aluminum point crowning the cone. A bit of history connected with this monument, and which, no doubt, will be of interest to Catholics, is recalled.

Among the many blocks of marble sent by nations *et al*, for insertion in the monument was one from Pius IX., which was popularly known as the "Pope's Stone." It was a block of variegated marble taken from the "Temple of Peace" bearing the inscription "Rome to America." The story runs that a preacher named Weichample of Baltimore, during know-nothing times, worked up a spirit of opposition through prejudice to the donation, saying it should have no place in the monument. On the night of March 5th, 1854, a party of masked men broke open the place where it was kept and seizing it dashed it to fragments, throwing its pieces into the Potomac. A reward offered did not secure it and until quite recently what were supposed to be its fragments fished from the water were sold in the form of ornaments in the city.

The State War and Navy Departments occupy one superb and commodious structure built in the Italian Renaissance style. Ancient and modern ideas of architecture blend harmoniously in this magnificent edifice. It was constructed of Virginia granite at a cost of $5,000,000, and of its kind probably has no equal in the world.

The Treasury Department, where "Uncle Sam" stores his tons of gold and silver and through whose channels of business flow millions upon millions of dollars annually, is a rare building of large dimensions. It is built in the Ionic order and cost 6,000,000 of dollars. Thirty beautiful columns grace the western front after the style of Minerva Pallas in Athens.

The Patent Office and the Post Office Department, the former of freestone and the latter of marble, were built at a combined cost of about five millions of dollars. In the Patent Office are upwards of 200,000 models showing the vast field which has been cultivated by the ingenious American mind and a degree of mechanical skill unequalled in the history of the world. Modest and unassuming in style, yet vast in proportions, it is less ornate than its sister building, the Post Office Department, situated in an adjoining section.

The Bureau of Printing and Engraving is a very interesting and instructive place, where one may witness the process of manufacturing the currency of the country from the engraver's plate to the crisp new bill, also the government printing office, the largest in the world, where an army of typos are employed and from whence issue the voluminous reports of the various departments printed and bound. The Smithsonian Institute and National Museum are situated in the same section, a tract of fifty acres laid out in groves, walks and drives; 5,000 varieties of trees and shrubs flourish on the soil. The Smithsonian is built in the Norman style of architecture, the material being red sandstone. It cost about one half million of dollars and was founded by James Smithson, an Englishman. The building is now used for scientific research and investigation, and it figures but little as a repository of curiosities since the National Museum was constructed. This latter building, like the newly built U. S. Pension Office, is a huge brick concern, and though worthy of mention as novelties in their peculiar construction can be classed by no means as among the finest. However, they are very large in size and admirably adapted to the purposes for which they were built. L'Enfant, the French engineer who planned the city, left numerous reservations apart from the more extensive ones which surround the public buildings, and these, filled with flowers and foliage, statuary and fountains, greet the eye at every turn.

Though the cost of these many edifices has been great, sometimes bordering on extravagance, still when we consider the beauty of design, the net quality of materials and the skill displayed in their construction we cannot help saying in our humble judgment that the returns have been more gratifying than the losses disheartening, and that what has been done was well done, worthy of the great nation whose departments they represent, and that in the remote centuries to come they will live as monuments illustrative of the grandeur, talent, and prowess of the American republic; no monuments of antiquity have left a deeper or more lasting impression than these will in future ages, for none others are built upon the corner stone of liberty.

The population of Washington is about 180,000. Probably one-third is composed of colored people and of these quite a large number are Catholics. In one portion of the city a Catholic church has been erected by these people, St. Augustine's, in which a very respectable and intelligent congregation worship. It is constantly attended by the elite of the city, who go there to listen to the rendering of sacred music by one of the best choirs in the city. Another church for colored people is badly needed, and its erection is talked of at no distant day.

Washington has many fine Catholic churches as well as Catholic institutions, educational and charitable. Georgetown college, one of the foremost in the country, is located on a beautiful site overlooking the Potomac. It is nearly a hundred years since it was founded by the Jesuits, but the great work to which Catholics look forward is the new Catholic University, which is rapidly springing into being. Altogether the conclusion one must come to after a careful study of Washington, is that it is the product of master minds, a city embellished by the works of architects, linniers, and sculptors whose beauties are not fleeting but permanent, whose course is not retarding but constantly accelerating, whose losses in one way are overcome by its acquaintances, in another the place towards which all Americans turn their eyes as towards the mecca of their race and upon which they gaze with a feeling of just pride.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarred from eating these tempting fruits, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

A Speedy Cure

As a speedy cure for Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Colic, Cramps, Sick Stomach, Canker of the Stomach and Bowels, and all forms of Summer Complaints, there is no remedy more reliable than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Dealers who sell it, and those who buy it are on mutual grounds in confidence of its merits.

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions.

Mrs. Mary Thompson, of Toronto, was afflicted with tape worm, 8 feet of which was removed by one bottle of Dr. Low's Worm Syrup.

Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap is highly recommended for all humors and skin diseases.

RAT PORTAGE.

MISSION BY REV. FATHERS LECOMTE AND MCCARTHY—CONFIRMATION BY HIS GRACE—PRESENTATION FROM THE C. T. A. SOCIETY.

North West Review.

The past week has been one of great interest to the Roman Catholic population of this place. The Rev. Father Lecomte assisted by the Rev. Father McCarthy preached the mission during the jubilee. It was a source of great pleasure to our beloved pastor, the Rev. Father Beaudin, to see so many flocking to the church to obtain the benefits thereof. The great number who received Holy Communion at the different Masses attested to the zeal of the missionaries.

His Grace Archbishop Tache was with us on Sunday and administered Confirmation to a number of children. His Grace celebrated High Mass, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Beaudin and Marcoux. After Mass the congregation assembled outside the church when the following address was read by Mr. James Slavin. His Grace replied in a very feeling manner thanking the people for their kindness to him, stating it gave him great pleasure to meet so many of his flock at this place, assuring them of his great interest in their spiritual and temporal welfare, regretting that owing to urgent business he could not stop long with us, that it give him much pleasure to see a Temperance Society in the congregation as he himself had been a temperance man for the last 42 years and would urge those not yet members of the C. T. A. Society to enroll themselves under its banners for the welfare of their health as well as their souls.

His Grace then held a levee to which all were admitted alike, a striking feature being the affable manner in which he received the attentions of all irrespective of position. CITIZEN.

To His Grace Alexander A. Tache, Archbishop of St. Boniface.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE—On this the occasion of the fourth visit of our cherished and revered Archbishop with feelings of affection and filial attachments we the Members of the C. T. A. Society and on behalf of the whole Catholic Congregation humbly beg to approach Your Grace, extend to you a welcome greeting and deposit at your feet, the just tribute of our reverence and respect.

Having in many instances experienced the effects of your paternal solicitude; knowing as we do the deep interest you always take in the welfare of the flocks intrusted to your care, in this part of your diocese, we have the assurance that it will be a source of pleasure to your Grace to hear that the Mission so ably and so eloquently preached by Rev. Father Lecomte, assisted by Rev. Father McCarthy was faithfully attended by the majority of the parishioners.

Words are inadequate to express the heart felt gratitude we owe to the Rev. Fathers for the zeal with which they have labored for our salvation during the past few days. In return we beg to offer Your Grace our most sincere thanks for sending in our midst such worthy Missionaries.

As Your Grace is already aware, our worthy Pastor, Rev. Father Beaudin, who by his avidity for our spiritual and temporal welfare daily endears himself to all of us, by him and with Your Graces sanction a C. T. A. Society was formed which though as yet in its infancy is rapidly increasing and we hope that ere long all the Catholics of this parish shall swell the ranks of our Society.

As our Congregation has greatly augmented since Your last visit and will likely continue so, we may in the near future call your Grace's attention towards the building of a new church as we eagerly look forward to the day when we will be able to convert our present little chapel into a residence for a religious Community for the education of our children.

In concluding please accept our best wishes for Your Grace's health and happiness and in return we humbly crave Your blessing.

Signed on behalf of the C. T. A. Society. JOHN SHORT,
JAS. SLAVIN.

Signed on behalf of the Congregation.
A. D. MCDONALD,
ANGUS MCKINNON.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, and Hay Fever.

A NEW TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever, are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. Out of two thousand patients treated during the past six months fully ninety per cent. have been cured. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. In fact this is the only treatment which can possibly effect a permanent cure, and sufferers from catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever should at once correspond with Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King street, Toronto, Canada, who have the sole control of this new remedy, and who send a pamphlet explaining this new treatment, free on receipt of stamp.—*Scientific American.*

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

In Good Repute

James McMurdock, writing from Kinsale; says: "B. B. B. as a remedy for diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, has an excellent reputation in this locality. I have used it, and speak from experience, as well as observation. It is the only medicine I want, and I advise others afflicted to try it."

Freeman's Worm Powders are agreeable to take, and expel all kinds of worms from children or adults.

Forewarned

of danger by the condition of your blood, as shown in pimples, blotches, boils, or discolorations of the skin; or by a feeling of languor, induced, perhaps, by inactivity of the stomach, liver, and kidneys, you should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will renew and invigorate your blood, and cause the vital organs to properly perform their functions. If you suffer from

Rheumatism,

or Neuralgia, a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will relieve and cure you. Alice Kendall, 218 Tremont st., Boston, Mass., writes: "I have been troubled with Neuralgia, pain in the side, and weakness, and have found greater relief from Ayer's Sarsaparilla than from any other remedy." J. C. Tolman, 336 Merrimack st., Lowell, Mass., writes: "In no other remedy have I ever found such a happy relief from Rheumatism as in

Forearmed

with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, there need be no fear of Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Catarrh, Liver troubles, or any of the diseases arising from Scrofulous taints in the blood. Geo. Garwood, Big Springs, Ohio, writes: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been used in my family for a number of years. I was a constant sufferer from

Dyspepsia,

but Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a permanent cure. Seven years ago my wife was troubled with Goitre: two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured her, and she has never had any return of the disease. I regard this preparation as the best medicine in use for the blood." B. Barnard Wair, 75 Adams st., Lynn, Mass., writes: "For many years I suffered terribly from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Scrofula. Almost hopeless, I took Ayer's Sar-

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

saparilla." It instils new life into the blood, and imparts vitality and strength. Being highly concentrated, it is the most economical blood purifier.

and am a well man to-day." Be sure and get Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most thorough and effective blood purifier. The best is the cheapest.

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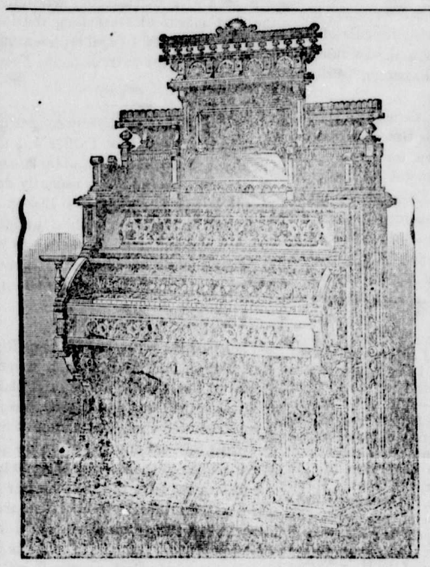

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They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

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Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.
FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS,
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☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street London, they are spurious.*

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TO THE CLERGY.

The Clergy of Western Ontario will, we feel assured, be glad to learn that **WILSON BROS.**, General Grocers, of London, have now in stock a large quantity of **Sicilian Wine,** whose purity and genuineness for Sacramental use is attested by a certificate signed by the Rector and Prefect of Studies of the Diocesan Seminary of Marsala. We have ourselves seen the original of the certificate, and can testify to its authenticity. The Clergy of Western Ontario are cordially invited to send for samples of this truly superior wine for altar use.

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Wicks for Sanctuary Lamps

F. MEAGER'S EIGHT-DAY WICKS, for Sanctuary Lamps, burn a week with out interference. Post free, $1 a box, which lasts a year. Dollar notes are accepted.
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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES

By the Paulist Fathers.

Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.
(Feast of the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin.)

"Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother."—St. John, xix., 23.

A month ago Holy Church placed before us for our contemplation the triumphant entry of the Mother of Jesus into heaven, and invited us on the great Feast of the Assumption to glory in our Blessed Lady's triumph and rejoice in her joy. To day Holy Church places before us for our contemplation the sorrows of the Mother of Jesus and invites us to mourn over her sufferings and sorrow in her sorrows. One is the feast of hope, the other the feast of faith; one is of heaven, the other is of earth. And our Blessed Lady's sorrows, being of earth, come close to us and teach us a practical lesson—sojourners as we are in a vale of tears.

Sorrow is in very truth the monarch of this lower world, and sooner or later every soul is sure to feel the touch of his sceptre. There is nothing that men find so difficult to understand and account for as the mighty vale of sorrow that rises up from generation to generation throughout the whole wide sea of mortal life, and extends to its most distant shores. What is the reason of all this suffering that exists in the world around us? is a question that has been asked day after day and year after year, and century after century, since the first human tear fell upon the unconscious earth. And the attempt to solve the enigma of mankind has founded schools of philosophy and philanthropy and systems of religion and methods of life from the dawn of human history and before it to the present hour. Yet the reason of sorrow, though it has escaped the search of mankind, is not far to seek—it is sin, and sin is everywhere. On any other theory than the religious one of the probation and Fall of man this present existence is a dark and hopeless riddle. But even Christians, to whom this explanation is the first lesson of their faith, seem to lose sight of it in their practical views of life. We have not the heart to meet the stern truth face to face and recognize that our life in this world is not a season of joy but rather of sorrow—that we are not here to loiter through the light of a long summer day, but to endure and to labor in darkness and storm. And this is the great lesson of the feast of to-day.

Picture the Mother of Jesus in her early childhood, when, a fair vision of innocence, she rested in the arms of St. Ann; behold her growing up a spotless flower in the Temple of God; contemplate her in the tranquil purity and beauty of her girlhood and the bright hopes it inspired. And then behold her, a Virgin Mother, sword-pierced in the Temple, a fugitive in a foreign land, a distracted pilgrim seeking her lost Son, the mother of a persecuted, betrayed and convicted man, the saddest follower in that sad procession to Calvary, meeting her Son face to face on His way to death, standing by His gibbet, the witness of His ignominy, the sharer of His suffering, the partner in His sorrows, the sentinel by His cross, the mourner over His bier, the guardian of His tomb, and learn from her that suffering is the portion of all who follow faithfully in the footsteps of our Lord Jesus Christ and secure His salvation. For "Unless you take up the Cross and follow Me you cannot be My disciple."

AN IRISH HEROINE.

The following interesting incident is related in *United Ireland*, and as it will no doubt prove interesting to our readers we reproduce it here. Mr. O'Brien, the editor of *United Ireland*, was the defeated candidate referred to:

"A slight and yet heroic incident of the South Tyrone election deserves not to die. Upon the evening of the declaration of the poll the defeated candidate was driving back to Dungannon with his true-hearted companions in arms, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Leamy, and Dr. Tanner, the sharers in all the thrilling chances of the campaign. Word of the defeat had been telegraphed before them over hill and dale. As they approached one cosy Orangeman's dwelling by the roadside, with roses clambering about the portico and gaudy beds of Orange lilies flaming all around the house, they perceived the crimson flags of triumph waving from the flagstaffs and the entire Orange household drawn up by the roadside in front to receive them—an old man standing on a chair to give emphasis to his demonstration, the guid wife and her daughters bedecked with Orange colors, the young men of the family and the laborers with that hard, grim, black-visaged to h—— with your scowl, which is the Orange storm signal. As the brake passed, the old man threw up his arms, the women waved their Orange handkerchiefs, the men burst into their harsh, bilious tempest of "Noo Hum' Recool!" "Noo O Brien!" Suddenly a poor barefooted girl of about eighteen, evidently the maid-servant of the family, who had been standing silently apart in the background, could brook it no longer. Her Celtic blood was up. She rushed furiously through the men, pitching them aside like nine-pins, and pulling a white handkerchief from her bosom, waved it with both arms on high, and with all the force of her lungs and heart shouted: "Home Rule for ever!" "O'Brien forever!" She had risked everything in the very midst of the enemy's camp. Her whole soul was in the cry, and as she stood there in the center of the road, glowing with passion, as she waved her white signal wildly, the astounded Orangemen fell into a blank and deadly silence, and their Orange handkerchiefs fell limp while the shouts of "Home Rule forever!" echoed down the road. There was not a dry eye in the brake for some minutes afterwards. It was one of those things that are worth losing an election to witness. One need only have seen that poor Irish girl pour out her fearless heart alone there among her black-muzzled masters to understand the spirit that sent King William's veterans reeling back through the breach in Limerick's wall.