Written for the Record.

O Silent Heart.

lent Heart! O See of deep cold rest! oce depths are stirr'd with woe, where no human eye may scan ow thy calm-clad breast.

O silent heart! O tear-stained eye! Whose springs of sorrow lie beyond ou Far in the depths that shade our lives We hear thy murmuring sigh.

O silent heart! O pulse of grief! Whose throbs are felt in brightest hour. As requiem breath creeps through the tree And wakes each slumb'ring leaf. O silent heart! O friendless hand! Touch'd by misfortune's cares, Kneel at the threshold of bright hope Ye know a better land.

O stient heart! O sea of deep cold rest! O tear-stain'd eye! O pulse of grief! The morn is cold, the noon is clad with While eve in sweetness sinks behind the

Bo shall it be O silent heart with thee, Thy day of life spann'd by the morn and eve Will fade behind the distant hills And leave its glory on the purple sea.

Nor tears nor woe shall stain the agure hue Nor wave of sorrow dim the golden light, But peace and love will form an arch on high And wed the east and west in rainbow dew Then wake fond heart ! O flower crush'd Breathe forth the perfume of each honey'd

Though Summer weave her garlands in the We hear her pulse beat e'en beneath the Chatham, Ont. THOMAS O'HAGAN.

HALF HOURS WITH THE SAINTS.

Saint Paternus.

Love of Peace.—St. Paturnus, bishop of Vannes, began and ended his days in solitude. Born in the year 490, in the district of Vannes, he passed, while still young, into Britain, to announce the Gos-pel. He there embraced the monastic life, became the superior of the monks in Wales, founded many monasteries, and afterwards proceeded to Ireland, with the aim of establishing peace among the in-habitants, who were torn by sanguinary feuda, and he was successful in his object. feuds, and he was successful in his object. Having undertaken a pilgrimage to Jerusalem with St. David of Wales, he was there consecrated bishop by the patriarch John III. On his return, Paternus was elected bishop of Vannes. A division of opinion, agitated by false brethren, having been created amongst the bishops of the province with respect to himself, he preferred retiring after having administration. preferred retiring, after having adminis-tered his diocese for some years, so as no longer to afford any ground for dissension. He withdrew to a solitude in France, and there ended his days in a holy manner towards the year 557.

MORAL REFLECTION. -The greatest sac appear less costly if we call to mind the example set by our Saviour, and His express recommendation: "Blessed are the peaceful, for they shall be called the children of God."—(Matt. v. 9)

Saint Encratida.

HOLY COMPASSION. - Encratida, a native of Portugal, fled from her paternal home in order to avoid a marriage which her in order to avoid a marriage which her father sought to force her to contract, the consequence whereof to her faith she greatly feared. Besides which, she earnestly desired to belong to God alone, and God in effect accepted the offering. Having retired to Saragossa, where she hoped to remain unknown, a violent persecution broke out there in 304. Fighteen markers broke out there in 304. Eighteen martyrs there met their death in one day in the midst of the most cruel torments. Encratida was not able to disguise her compass ion and the interest she felt for these mar tyrs. She was suspected, denounced to Dacian the prefect, who caused her to be brought before him. She avowed her faith without flinching, and reproached Dacian with his cruelty. He caused her to be treated with exceptional cruelty: she was bound to a wheel, had her sides lacerated, bound to a wheel, had her sides lacerated, and her left breast with the underlying parts torn away. Her bones were laid bare and she was thrown into a dungeon, where after a few days she resigned her soul to God.

Heaven seemed to be laid bare. Of course to the same.

She told me she prayed as she never had done in all her life, believing that at the hearty cry there before the whole multitude. He said to me one nice thing. "I dare not be absent for an hour." he said to me one nice thing.

MORAL REFLECTION.—Amongst other virtues, the Apostle St. Peter specially urges upon Christians "to have compassion one with another, being lovers of the brotherhood and merciful,"—(1 Pet. iii,

Saint Stephen.

DISINTERESTEDNESS.—St. Stephen, the founder and third abbot of Citeaux, is remarkable for many reasons, but chiefly on account of that evangelical disinterest-edness which excited the admiration of his contemporaries. A disciple of the God who had sent forth His apostles without who had sent forth his apostices without provisions, without scrip or staff, he relied upon Him under every conjuncture. "What stores are needful," he would say, "to those to whom a roof of thatch, a garment of coarse stuff, a little bread, and water from the brook are sufficient?" He loved to gather round him the shepherds of the neighbouring parts, to instruct them, and he afterwards often gave them all there was in the monastery. On a certain occasion when one of his monks had brought home an abundant alms, he inuired whence it came, and on learning that the benefactor was not very reputable he had the whole of it distributed on the Whenever he himself collected ms, he at once shared the proceeds with the poor. That Providence on whom he ever relied always came to his assistance. The holy abbot died in the year 1134.

MORAL REFLECTION .- "Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you," saith our Saviour.—(Matt. vi. 33.)

Mr. R. A. Harrison, Chemist and Druggist, Dunnville, Ont., writes: 1"I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure for Dyspepsia, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Biliousness and Conrimples on the race, billottes and Colines tipation—such cases having come under my personal observation." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas st.

Try Ayer's Pills and be cured. Misery is a mild word to describe the mischief to

body and mind caused by habitual con-stipation. The regular use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills in mild doses will restore

the torpid viscera to healthy action.

The well known drug firm of Ormand & Walsh, Peterboro, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is one of their "standard summer medicines, and has a Extract of Wild Strawberry is one of their "standard summer medicines, and has a good sale." An unfailing remedy for all forms of Bowel Complaint.

The Catholic Church has trebled its churches in Great Britain and increased its membership two and a half fold in the last fort many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

MRS. CARLYLE AND FATHER

(Extract from a letter of Jane Weish Carlyle Now let me tell you something which you will perhaps think questionable, a piece of hero-worship that I have been after. My youthful enthusiasm, as John Sterling calls it, is not extinct then, as I had supposed, but must certainly be immortal. Only think of its blazing up for Father Matthew! You know I have always had the greatest reverence for that for Father Matthew! You know! have always had the greatest reverence for that priest, and when I heard he was in London, attainable to me, I felt that I must see him, shake him by the hand and tell him I loved him considerably. I was expressing my wish to see him to Robertson the night he brought the ballad collector, and he told me it could be gratified quite easily. Mrs. Hall had offered him a note of introduction to Father Matthew and easily. Mrs. hail had obered min a note of introduction to Father Matthew and she would be pleased to include my name in it. "Fix my time, then. He was administering the pledge all day long in the Commercial Road." I fixed next even-

five and we rambled off in an omnibus all the way to Mile End, that hitherto for me unimaginable goal! Then there was still unimaginable goal! Then there was still a good way to walk, the place, the "new lodging," was a large piece of waste ground boarded off from the Commercial Road for a Catholic cemetery. I found "my youthful enthusiasm" rising higher and higher as I got on the ground and saw the thousands of people all hushed into awful silence with not a single exception that I saw—the only religious meeting I ever saw in Cockneyland which had not plenty of scoffers hanging on its outskirts. The crowd were all in front of a narrow scaffold from which an American captain was then haranging it, and Father Matthew stood beside him, so good and simple-looking! Of course we went to one end where there were no steps or other visible means of access, and handed up our letter of introduction to a policeman; he took it and returned prespoliceman; he took it and returned presently saying that Father Matthew was coming. And he came and reached his hand down to me and I grasped it, but the boards were higher than my head and it seemed our communication must stop there. But I have told you that I was in a moment of enthusiasm. I felt the need of getting closer to that good man. I saw a bit of rope hanging in the form of a festoon from the end of the boards, I put my foot on it, held still by Father Matthew's hand, seized the ends of the boards with the other, and in some, to myself (up to this moment) incompremyself (up to this moment) incompre-hensible way, flung myself horizontally on the scaffold at Father Matthew's feet. He uttered a scream, for he thought (I suppose) I must fall back, but not at all, I jumped to my feet, shook hands with him and said—what? God only knows. He made me sit down on the only chair a memory then he took was been all the said. moment, then he took me by the hand as if I had been a little girl and led me to the front of the

were to come and me away he might never

muster determination perhaps to come again in all his life, and there would be a

leave with him in rememberance of me, and having bethought me of a pretty memorandum-book in my reticule, I drew

the thing admirably. He seemed to understand what it all meant quite well, inarticulate though I was. He would not

ive me a common medal but took a little

lver one from the neck of a young man

and led me to the front of the scaffold to see him administer the pledge. From a hundred to two hundred took it, and all the tragedies and theatrical representations I ever saw melted into one could not have given me such emotion as that scene did. There were faces both of men and women that will haunt me while I live face exhibiting such conme while I live; faces exhibiting such con-centrated wretchedness, making, you would have said, its last deadly struggle with the have said, its last deadly struggle with the powers of darkness. There was one man in particular with his baby in his arms, and a young girl that seemed of the "unfortunate" sort that gave me an insight into the lot of humanity that I still wanted.

And in the face of Father Matthe;; when one looks from them to him, the mercy of Heaven seemed to be laid bare. Of course I cried but I longed to lay my head down.

She told me she prayed as she never had

just as well now as nine days hence. He knows we are going to pray through the period, and it is as easy for Him to answer in advance. It all depends on my own faith. I was turning sick and needed to get

> In the agony of terror the Princess hastened to her daughter, whom she found standing erect, as she had not done for standing erect, as sine had not done for nearly two years. Emotion took all strength from her. She sank into a chair by the door, unable to articulate a word, while Micheline advanced to her mother saying: "Mamma, let us thank God, for

but found themselves forced to accept the entire cure. A process verbal was drawn up with all the usual French formalities signed by the surgeons and deposited in some public office.

My acquaintance with the family began about two years after these events; Micheline was then as bright and gay as possible, in perfect health and spirits, an active walker by day, visiting her friends and going about among the poor, and in the evening dearly loving a little dancing. From time to time I hear of her, and her health continues unimpaired.

This incident was so widely known in Paris at the time that it is not an indiscretion to give the names of the persons concerned, and I enclose my card to authen-

Mr. H. F. MacCarthy, Chemist, Ottawa, writes: "I have been dispensing and jobbing Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda for the past two years, and consider that there is no better preparation of the same kind in the market. It is very palatable, and for chronic coughs it has no equal." oncerned, and I enclose my card to authen-

MEALY'S UNANSWERABLE LOGIC.

The Story of the Daughter of a Polisi Princess in Paris.

CURED BY FAITH.

So much is now said about the faith cures that I have thought it would not be So much is now said about the faith cures that I have thought it would not be inopportune to give you an account of one I received from the lips of the person most deeply interested. I passed the winter of 1865-67 in Paris, and was a great deal in the Polish set. I attended the weekly soirces of the Princess Julie Czetwertijuska, a widow with two daughters. These girls were unaffected, full of life and sweetness, intensely devoted to their religious duties, and very fond of dancing. The soirces were intimate gatherings, almost entirely composed of their compatriots, with an occasional sprinkling of strangers. On one occasion, a lady present, in speaking to me of these daughters alluded to one as "la petite du miracle" (the young girl of the miracle).

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.
"Oh, you know the miracle of healing performed on Micheline. I do not remember the particulars, but her mother will tell you the whole story. It made a great noise in Paris at the time it happened."

Robertson accordingly called for me at

pened."
Of course I sought an early opportunity to talk on the subject to both the Princess Julie and Micheline, and received a min-ute account of the whole affair. Some of the details have escaped my memory, but the leading facts remain distinctly im-

About three or four years previous Micheline was at school in Paris. In running out of a door she fell and hurt her knee. She said nothing about it, either to her teachers or her mother, and the other pupils paid no attention to it. She went about as usual for some time without complaining, until the pain caused her to limp very badly. An examination by a doctor showed that the knee was greatly swelled and inflamed. Absolute quiet was ordered. But the trouble increased. She was taken home and distinguished surgeons held several consultations. Her sufferings were in-tense. Various modes of treatment were tried, and the doctors, after several months, informed the Princess Julia that the disease was a chronic one without hope

of improvement or cure.

One of these experiments, and, as it proved, the final one, was fastening poor little Micheline in a sort of iron cradle, which kept the whole lower part of her body absolutely motionless. Iron bars reached from her waist down below her feet, with transverse bars behind and at the sides. In front was a strong webbing which could be uncorded when desired. This cording was only touched by the doctor, who at stated intervals undid it to examine the knee and to allow changes of dress. Her young companions constantly sat with her, cheering the long, sad hours of her imprisonment. The bility of recovery was often discussed at last it was discovered that the skill of

the best Paris surgeons was at fault.

"Well, if your doctors can do nothing for you, Micheline, let us turn to God, and see if He will not help you," said one of the girls.

And thereupon these pious young creatures decided upon a "Novena"—nine days' special prayer for a desired object. The girls were to go at a stated hour each day to the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, while the invalid, in her dreary iron cage at home, was to join them in

I was turning sick and needed to get out of the thing, but in the act of leaving him—never to see him again through all time, most probably—feeling him to be the best man of modern times (you excepted) I had another moment of youthful enthusiasm which you will hold up your hands and eyes at. Did I take the pledge then? No, but I would, though, if I had not feared it would be put in the newspapers. No, not that, but I drew him aside, having considered if I had any ring on, any handkerchief, anything that I could leave with him in rememberance of me, With all the powers of her nature she made a fervent act of faith, and in an instant after she was cured. Pain had left her, strength had returned. On a small table by the bedside was the work-basket of the waid who habitually sat with her of the maid who habitually sat with her, but who chanced to be absent at that moment. She reached out, took the scissors, and was in the act of cutting away the webbing when the attendant returned and saw the sick girl about to extricate herself from the iron frame. Alarmed, and believing this could only be fever or insanity, she rushed out of the room to call the Princess Julie, exclaiming, "Oh, Madame la Princesse, pray come at once to Madamoiselle Micheline; she has gone memorandum-book in my reticule, I drew him aside and put it in his hand and bade him keep it for my sake, and asked him to give me one of his medals to keep for his. And all this in tears and in the utmost agitation! Had you any idea that your wife was still such a fool? I am sure I had not. The Father got through the thing admirably. He seemed to crazy.

He has cured me." silver one from the neck of a young man who had just taken the pledge for example's sake, telling him he would get him another presently, and then laid the medal into my hand with a solemn blessing. I could not speak for excitement all the way home. When I went to bed I could not sleep, the pale faces I had seen haunted me, and Father Matthew's smile, and even next morning I could not anyhow subside The doctors were immediately sum moned and found that not only could their patient stand and walk like any othe young girl, but all traces of disease had disappeared, and the knee had returned to its normal healthy condition. They declared their inability to explain the matter but found themselves forced to accept the next morning I could not anyhow subside into my normal state until I had sat down and written Father Matthew a long letter

-accompanying it with your "Past and Present!" Now, dear, if you are ready to beat me for a distracted gomeril I cannot help it. All that it was put into my heart to do Ich konnte nicht anders. Mr. H. F. MacCarthy, Chemist, Ottawa,

The following, which is substantially Mr. T. M. Healy's reply to Gladstone's appeal for "peace and good will," will speak for itself. Seldom is the plain truth put in such unanswerable shape, and those who protested against its "violence" have a poor conception of the real nature of the struggle which is going on, or the kind of speech it calls for:

Mr. Healy said he did not think it would be suitable that that debate should close without two or three words from him in answer to the speech of the Prime Minister (hear, hear.) There was no member of that House had a greater respect for the Prime Minister than he had (hear, hear, from the Irish members.) He thought that in his relations with Irish members, though they might differ from the Prime Minister, they could not help entertaining a feeling of respect for his personal character and admiration for his extraordinary genius and for the touching power of his genius and for the touching power of his oratory—oratory by the power of which he was cable to carry his supporters with him in any direction he liked any moment he pleased (hear, hear.) Of course the Irish members were a very small band of men in that house—men uneducated in its affairs and when

of men in that house—men uneduca-ted in its affairs, and when the Prime Minister chose to avail of an occasion of that kind to make a speech that would be reported through-out the press of the country, he was abler in regard to them, if he might say so, "to make the worse appear the better reason" (Irish cheers). The Prime Minisreason" (Irish cheers). The Prime Minister was not there; he was not cognisant of the facts when he addressed the house, and his feeling appeal to peace and goodwill was no prore germane to the discussion than if one man knocking down another had said to the man on the ground, "little children love one another" (Irish cheers). Appeal to christian sentiments were all very well, but they had nothing to say to the issues between them; they had nothing to say to the fact; figures, allegations, and contentions of the figures, allegations, and contentions of the figures, allegations, and contentions of the character which they brought forward (Irish cheers). The Prime Minister told them to use language in the House which would not create prejudice in the country. But why did not the Prime Minister appeal to the English newspapers to observe similar sentiments? (Irish cheers) observe similar sentiments ? (Irish cheers)
It was rather late in the day now for
these speeches (Irish cheers). It was
rather late in the day now, when every
form of insult and calumny was heaped
upon the Irish members. Would the Prime
Minister instruct the Home Secretary,
who now sat besides him (Irish cheers)—
would he instruct the President of the
Conveil who wort to Sheidel to make Council, who went to Sheffield to make speeches, barbaric speeches regarding Irish members (Irish cheers)—would he instruct these right, hon, friends of his to cease the utterances of the calumnies and misrepre-sentation which they had been using (Irish sentation which they had been using (Irish cheers), for, so long as they had the thorn thrust into their side, so long as the cancer was eating into their vitals, so long should Prime Ministers continue to hear expressions in that house grating on their feelings and the feelings of the majority (loud Irish cheers). The sooner the fact was recognized the better, that a state of war existed between Eugland and Ireland (Irish cheers). It was not physical, because the people could not give their feelings physical effect, but it would be physical if the people of Ireland could carry out that war (Irish cheers). The right hon, mem-ber for Bradford, who was now in his place, should admit the truth of that statement (Mr. Forster dissented). If not, then why should thousands of armed soldiers and police be garrisoning the country (hear, hear, hear). He merely stated the state of feeling in Ireland was such that the people would break out in open revolution

A Two-Minute Sermon to Young Ladies.

Ladies—caged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks; pale pets of the parlor, who vegetate in unhealthy atmosphere, like the potato germinating in a dark cellar—why do you not go into the open air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your steps and vigor to your elasticity to your steps and vigor to your frame. Take exercise; run up a hill on a wager, and down again for fuu; roam the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditch-es, wade the brooks, and after a day of exhilarating exercise and unrestrained liberty, go home with an appetite acquired by healthy enjoyment. The beautiful and blooming young lady—rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frock, command a ing, mend her own frock, command a regiment of pots and knives, and be a lady when required, is a girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But your pining, screwed-up, wasp-wasted, doll-dressed, consumptive mortgaged, music-murdering, and novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want less The truth is, my dear girls, you want less fashionable restraint and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlor; more exercise and less mock Loosen your waist strings and breathe pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed.

BEER DRINKING.

Views of a German Paper.

Recent statistics, based on the last cen-sus, show that in Milwaukee, where there is more beer made and drank than in any other city of equal size in the United States, there are twice as many suicides as States, there are twice as many suicides as in any other city of like population. This fact leads the *Shaats-Zeitung* to discuss the subject. It assumes that in all the cities of the country the Germans are, in proportion to their numbers, twice as well represented among the suicides as any proportion to their numbers, twice as weny represented among the suicides as any other people, and the excessive use of beer is assigned as the cause. "There is no doubt," says the Staats-Zeitung, "that the moderate use of beer brightens up and cheers men, but there is also no doubt that too much beer stupifies and demorphism the dripker, and if its use is peralizes the drinker, and, if its use is per-sisted in, makes him melancholy and weak-minded. It is apt to result in cer-tain attacks of melancholia, which come weak-minded. It is apt to result in certain attacks of melancholia, which come upon the beer-toper, and in which he bewails himself and his fate, pities himself as a wrotched being and finally lets his

heavy head and his weeping eyes sink languidly on the table." Nevertheless, it considers beer a beverage of exceeding virtue in comparison with spirituous liquors, which, it contends, "transforms man into a bloodthirsty wild beast and a righter of the law"." violator of the laws."

A Steamer in the Niagara Whirlpool.

In the year 1846 a small steamer was built in the eddy just above the railway suspension bridge to run up to the Falls. She was very appropriately named The Maid of the Mist. Her engine was tather weak, but she safely accomplished the trip. As, however, she took passengers aboard only from the Canada side, she did little more than pay expenses. In 1854 a larger, better boat, with a more powerful engine, the new Maid of the Mist, was put on the route, and many thousands of persons made this most exciting and impressive tour under the Falls. The admiration which the visitor felt as he passed quietly along under the American Fall was changed into awe when he began to feel the mighty pulse of the great deep just below the tower; then swung around into the white foam directly in front of the Horse-shoe and saw the sky of waters falling towards him. And he seemed to be lifted on wings as he sailed swiftly dewn on the flying stream through a baptism of spray. To many persons there was a faccination about it that induced them to make the trip every time they had an expectivity to de So. to make the trip every time they had an

was a facination about it that induced them to make the trip every time they had an opportunity to do so.

Owing to some change in her appointments, which confined her to the Canadian shore for the reception of passengers, she became unprofitable. Her owner, having decided to leave the place, wished to sell her as she lay at her dock. This he could not do, but he had an offer of something more than half of her cost if he would deliver her at Niagara, opposite the Fort. Tais he decided to dc, after consultat on with Robinson, who had acted as her captain and pilot on her trips under the Falls. The boat required for her navigation an engineer, who also acted as a fireman, and a pilot. On her pleasure trips she had a clerk in addition to these. Mr. Robinson agreed to act as pilot for the fearful voyage, and the engineer, Mr. Jones, consented to go with him. to act as pilot for the fearful voyage, and the engineer, Mr. Jones, consented to go with him. A courageous machinist, Mr. McIntyre, volunteered to share the risk with them. They put her in complete trim, removing from deck and hold all superfluous articles. Notice was given of the time for starting, and a large number of people assembled to see the fearful plunge, no one expecting to see either hoat of people assembled to see the fearful plunge, no one expecting to see either boat or crew again, after they should leave the dock. This dock, as has been before stated, was just above the railway suspension bridge, at the place where she was built, and where she was laid up in the winter; that, too, being the only place where she could lie without danger of being crushed by the ice. Twenty rods below this eddy the water plunges sharply down into the head of the crooked, tunniltuous rapid which we have before noticed as reaching from the bridge to the Whirlpool. At the Whirlpool the danger of being drawn under was most to be apprehended; in the Rapids, of being turned over or knocked to pieces. From the Whirlpool to Lewiston is one wild, turbulent rash and whirl of water without a square foot of smooth surface in the whole square foot of smooth surface in the whole distance.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of

About three o'clock in the aftermon of June 15, 1861, the engineer took his place in the hold, and knowing that their fluting would be short at the longest, and might be only the preface to a swift destruction, set his steam valve at the proper gauge, and awaited—not without anxiety—the tick-ling signal that should start them on their flying voyage. McIntyre joined Robinson at the wheel on the upper dock, Self-possessed, and with the calmness which results from undoubting courage and confidence. sessed, and with the calmness which results from undoubting courage and confidence, yet with the humility which recogniz's all possibilities, with downcast eyes and firm hands, Robinson took his place at the wheel and pulled the starting bell. With a shriek from her whistle and a white puff from her escape pipe to take leave as it were, of the multitude gathered on the shores and on the bridge, the boat ran up the eddy a short distance, then swung around to the right, cleared the smooth water, and shot like an arrow into the rapid under the bridge. She arrow into the rapid under the bridge. She took the outside curve of the rapid, and when a third of the way down it a jet of water struck against her rudder, a column dashed up under her starboard side, heeled her over, carried away her smoke stack, started her overhang on that side, threw Robinson flat on his back, and thrust Mc-Intyre against her starboard wheelhouse with such force as to break it through. Every eye was fixed, every tongue was silent, and every looker-on breathed freet as she emerged from the fearful baptism, shook her wounded sides, slid into the Whirlpool, and for a moment rode again on an even keel. Robinson rose at once, seized the helm, set her to the right of the large pot in the pool, then turned her directly arrow into the rapid under the bridge. She pot in the pool, then turned her directly through the neck of it. Thence, after re-ceiving another drenching from its combing waves, she dashed on without further accident to the quiet bosom of the river below

dent to the quiet become of the river below Lewiston.

Thus was accomplished the most remarkable and perilous voyage ever made by men. To look at the boat and the navigation she was to undertake no one would have predicted for it any other than a fatal termination. The boat was seventy-two feet long, with seventeen feet breadth of beam and eight feet depth of hold, and carried an engine of a hundred horse power. In conversation with Robinson after the voyage, he stated that the greater part of it was like what he had always imagined must be the what he had always imagined must be the swift sailing of a large bird in a downward flight; that when the accident occurred the boat seemed to be struck from all directions at once; that she trembled like a fiddlestring boat seemed to be struck from all directions at once; that she trembled like a fidlestring and felt as if she would crumble away and drop into atoms; that both he and McIntyre were holding to the wheel with all their strength, but produced no more effect than if they had been two flies; that he had no fear of striking the rocks, for he knew that the strongest auction must be in the deepest channel, and that the boat must remain in that. Finding that McIntyre was somewhat bewildered by excitement or by his fall, as he rolled up by his side but did not rise, he quietly put his foot on his breast to keep him from rolling round the deck, and thus finished the voyage.

The effect of this trip upon Robinson was decidedly marked. To it, as he lived but a few years afterward, his death was commonly attributed. But this was incorrect, since the disease which terminated his life was contracted at New Orleans at a latter day. "He was," said Mrs. Robinson to the writer, "twenty years older when he came home that day than when he went out." He sank into his chair like a person overcome with weariness. He decided to abandon the water, and advised his sons to venture no more about the Rapids. Both his manner and appearance were changed.

power so mighty that its impress was samped on his features and on his mind, Through a slightly opened door he had seen a vision which awed and subdued him. He

From "Niagara: Its History and Geo-

Evil of Card Playing.

A Western young man, who shared with his father a love of card playing, won \$100 off the old gentleman one night and left home next morning for New York. He had not been there many days before he was astounded by seeing his own name in the city papers and learning that he had savagely attacked his father with a poker, inflicting probably fatal injuries, knocked his mother senseless, and fied from justice. It happened thus:—The morning he left home a neighbor had mentioned the fact that he had beaten his father at poker the prebeaten his father at poker the previous evening. An old lady, hard of hearing, carried off to a neighboring town the report that the young man had beaten his father with a poker and run away to

Make a Beginning.

Remember in all things that if you do not begin you will never come to an end.
The first weed pulled up in the garden,
the first seed in the ground, the first dollar
put in the saving bank, and the first mile put in the saving bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling on his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered if, instead of putting off his resolution of industry and amendment, he had only made a beginning!

We refer the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Benziger in another column. The books mentioned should be in every Catholic household in

Monied Aristocracy.

It is interesting to look back of the fin-It is interesting to look back of the fin-ery which wealth has put on the backs of the women at the watering places, to see how the money has been obtained. "Do you see that lady in the white ottoman silk?" a correspondent was asked. "The one with the shapely figure?" he respon-ded. "Yes, that's the one; but her shape always seems to me like a certain buttle of always seems to me like a certain bottle of bitters." "Why?" "Because her father's fortune came from the manufacture of constituent of cocktails. Over vonder, in a dainty mull, is the wife of a face pow-der; going down the hallway are the two daughters of a cough syrup, and the swell who drove past a few minutes ago in a dog-cart tandom was the son of a pill."

M. A. St. Mars, St. Boniface, Manitoba, writes: Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is a public benefit. It has done wonders here, and has cured myself of a bad cold in one day. Can be relied upon to remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else

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If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood and sweetest breath, health, and comfort.

In short, they cure all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels. Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?



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