A star and a rosebud white, In the evening twilight gray. The earliest blossom of the night, The latest of the day. One in the darkness finding light, One, lost for aye.

Matoax P. O., Amelia Co., Virginia.

THE FIRST SISTERS OF CHARITY

Donahoe's Magazine. When we see in our city streets a Sister of Charity dressed in her simple bluishgrey and overshadowed by the large, white-winged linen cornette, we are looking at a French peasant costume of two hundred years ago; and the first few peas hundred years ago; and the first few peasant girls who came to Panis from their pasture-watching, from their spinning, wheels, their lace-making, their work in the thatched huts and in the fields, and asked instead not only to serve but to be the very servants of the poor, are repre-sented now by a multitude of more than twenty thousand spread to the ends of the earth, and doing a work of charity whose extent and worth is beyond all human calculation. In order of time as well as ir numbers they rank first in the service of the poor; and how many religious orders have followed their initiative, we may judge from the statistics of France of late years; for in that one country in 1878, at the outbreak of hostility to the Church, there were no less than two hundred thou sand nums devoting their lives to the suf

fering and the poor. Numbers tell but little here. If we multiply them beyond the grasp of thought, by thinking of the further extent of Orders of Mercy throughout the rest of of Orders of Mercy throughout the rest of the world; if we multiply again by glanc-ing back at the long succession through these two centuries and more; we are only going through that process of self-delu-sion, which we fall into when numbers are beyond our conception and become words with no impression contained in them—such as the numbers stated but not underwhen all attempts at imagining are done, still there is before us the immeasurable future peopled with the active orders of charity ministering to the poor, each system receiving continually the fresh influx of new members and of youthful energy. It is only because the Sisters of Charity are best known to the world that their very name has become suggestive of sympathy; the Sister of Charity has become the type of compassion. What volumes of praise for the spirit of all the Catholic Orders of Mercy are implied in this one fact! And if the manner in which help and comfort are given can add without limit to the value of service, where are our numbers now, and who can measure the worth of the first step that was taken to lead out into the whole world's haunts of suffering this numberless and endles army of consolation? In going back to the origin of the Sisters of Charity we are about to look at the initiative in this boundless work of human compassion and divine love. That origin could not have been more humble and simple than it was. It has three characteristics that are not without their suggestive side. First, the movement began through individual effort at a time of such broadcast calamity, such a dead level of misery, that any human foresight would have said iadividual effort would be utterly thrown away. Secondly, the foundress, Louise de Marillac, accom-plished a work that deserves to be counted an immense public service—a benefaction to the world and to all time; and yet she was of the most gentle minded, the most delicately sensitive type of womanhood, always in the back-ground, always hidden, even now unknown—the Christian picture of the valient womand the property of the p of the valiant woman, and the very reverse of the world's type of an active public benefactress, the proverbial "woman with a mission." Thirdly, the whole work was a gradual and an unconscious one, without any previous resolve, without any design, with no idea of what was being accomplished; and yet those who had the labor had also the reward of seeing it completed. Every one familiar with the char-Vincent de Paul will readily understand how this great foundation was an unplanned work; it was one of the many examples of what in his own words was went to call his anxiety not to hurry and tumble over what God was working out. And as Louise de Marillac, or as she is oftener called by her marriage name, Mademoiselle Le Gras, was for ne tly forty years the friend and willing helper of the great apostle of the poor, it is easy to see how his spirit came to be hers, and how she labored as he did, without solicitude, without ambition, only doing with earnest hands the work that opportunity east in her way.

When we have glanced at these three

espects of the origin of the Sisters of Charity we shall have a mere outline of a wonderful work that Vincent de Paul counted as directly divine. And have said that it arose through inalways counted as directly divine. dividual effort at a time when anyone would have thought such efforts were lost would have thought such chors were lost like drops in an ocean of misery. The place and time will be suggested to us if we make the Paris of to-day dwindle and change into the city of between two and three centuries ago; and if to place a background to the latter part of our story we ground to the latter part of our story we gather a few suggestions of the sufferings inflicted on the French people by the war of the Fronde. The whole history of the foundation may be matched side by side with English events, by noting that Louise de Marillac was born in 1591—that is, when Elizabeth's anti-Catholic laws were being worked in full fury at Tyborn. were being worked in full fury at Tyburn; were being worked in full fury at Tyburn; and the death of the foundress occurred in 1660, about two months before that day of May when Charles II. landed. In the September of the same year, in Paris, a priest died, at an age half-way between eighty and ninety; with bright intelligence to the last, and promising with his dying breath that God who had begun the work, which he humbly disclaimed, would also

of the life of charity, and the day

The Paris of our times is more than

The Paris of our times is more than seven times larger than it was then. Northward of the Seine the old walls made their half-circle where now is the innermost circle of boulevards; beyond the river the loop of walls was still more narrowed, and there one suburb surrounded the Abbey of St. Germain, and another in the opposite direction clung round the little tributary of the Seine as far southward as the present site of the far southward as the present site of the Boulevard St. Marcel, thus enclosing the old Porte St. Victor in the town. All Boulevard St. Marcel, thus enclosing the old Porte St. Victor in the town. All round the circuit of the walls the faubourgs were thrown out, like clustered villages leading into the gates. Such were then those faubourgs, now buried deep round the heart of the great city—St. Honore, Montmartre, St. Denis and St. Martin. The two last named had merged in one, ending in the monastery of St. Lezare, where we shall find St. Vincent and his .priests during his later years. Pessing on still eastward, there was the Faubourg du Temple, and farther yet, Passing on still eastward, there was the Faubourg du Temple, and farther yet, close to the rounded towers and loopholed walls of the Bastile, there was another gateway with its faubourg branching out from it, that of St. Antoine. Tracts of cultivated ground filled the expanse between these faubourgs, and even within the walls there were broad spaces of open garden ground, such as the lands of Ste. Catherine. Paris had, of course, its Louvre even then, partly palace and partly even then, partly palace and partly armory, and its Tuilleries, the old chateau in the midst of quaint luxurious gardens dating from the time of Francis I., and farther up the river, on the site known now only by the Theatre Chatelet, with old Grand Chatelet, with its cluster of round pointed towers, looked down upon the water, and upon its oldest bridges leading towards Notre Dame, and its crowd of boats moored along the shore lines. The islands had been but little built over, except the principal island, where the double towers of the cathedral and the high roofs of the Hotel Dieu looked out over a close labyrinth of lanes. Two parallel lines of streets, continued beyond the river, traversed the whole city, in what may be roughly called a north to south direction. They are now represented by the Rue St. Martin taken with the Rue St. Jacques, and by the line of the Boulevard de Sebastopol and that of St. Michael beyond the river. The old street that traversed the ground where the demolition was made for the Sebastopol boulevard, after swerving at last a little more directly northward, passed under its gateway and out into the Faubourg St. Denis, where we shall find Mdle. Le Gras passing her later years in a house facing the monastery of St. Lazare. A former residence astery of St. Lazare. A former residence of hers was at La Chapelle; it was then in the open country, but like many another village it has long ago been merged in the spreading city, and the railways of the north-east are bringing the traffic of our days into the modern capital, where Mdle. Le Gras once managed her country homestead and taught the children of the vil-lage. To fix the period before our mind we may note that she had nearly completed her nineteenth year when Henry IV. was assassinated by Ravaillac; that she was was assassinated by Ravaillac; that she was married in her twenty-third year to Antoine Le Gras, who had held the office of secretary to the queen, Marie de Medicis; that nearly thirteen years after her wido whood began, at the end of the year that had seen the Duke of Buckingham's suite dazzling all Paris when he came to bing away Henriette Marie to be the queen of Forland; that the Grand the queen of Eogland; that the Grand Monarque became the boy-king of France the year after the first Sisters of Charity had taken their first tows; that the war of the Fronde broke out from the widespread enmity against the line of favorite ministers that culminated in Mazzrin, at a time when the first Sisters of Charity were doing their full work, but without formal approbation as a religious society, and that already at that time the health of the foundress was so broken that her pale and fragile looks made her prolonged life a mystery; and, lastly, we may notice that though the Fronde had formally ended in 1653, the evils it had wrought were still rife, when this frail life, that had seemed so weak and labored so strongly, came at last to an end in 1660. The miseries that flooded the land in the war of the Fronde were only the sudden and tenfold increase of an already existing state of disorder and wretchedness. France was divided into no less than seventy thousand fiefs and arriere fiefs, and while the peasantry with their labor and their cottages, belonged almost absolutely, life and roof, to the lords of the land, a system of taxation, infinitely varied but everywhere extremely hard, kept the rural classes in discontent and hopeless poverty. The poorest found relief at the chateaux and the monasteries; even non-Catholic writers admit that of the two the monasteries administered their charity more wisely, while that of the chateaux was likely to increase the sense of servi-tude. Broad tracts of the country were densely wooded, and besides the local laws to reduce the cottager's yearly store in favor of his master, there were other laws to keep him from preserving his harvest from the wild animals that abounded on the fringes of the forest lands; so that whether in favor of lord or of beast, the law seemed never to protect the men that called a field their own. Pestilence was constantly sweeping over the country. In 1631 the plague broke out, and spread through the whole of France; and when we hear of its increased virulence five years after, it is not because it had come afresh, but because it had never gone. At that time there was a law, made by Isaac Lafemas, of Champagne, ordering that any mendicant showing the least symptoms of contagious disease, should at once declare his ailment under penalty of being shot dead. Liable to be shot if he went abroad as a danger, the destitute man of the seventeenth century was clearly in that case on a level with the dog of the nineteenth. It is true there existed, in all the great towns, hospitals where the sick poor could be received; but they were in-sufficient at the best of times, and over-

hear even of one living man thus impris-oned among a group of the dead. When the first efforts were made to arrange a better service in the hospitals, we must not imagine that the ladies of Paris and the Filles de Charite, acting as their ser-vants, entered anything like the bright, airy, and well-ordered wards that we think of when we hear of a hospital now. But it was not only the hospital that were But it was not only the hospitals that were in disorder, the very streets were in a state of disorder and danger that can hardly be realized. The streets of the capital from nightfall till dawn were in profound dark-

ness. It was only two winters after the time we are considering, in 1662, that car-riers of torches and lanterns were commissioned by law to be stationed at the Palais de Justice, the Louvre, and the open street corners of the city, to be hired by the hour from the patent-owners who had bought their right from the State. Among bought their right from the State. Among the rich, carriages of the immense, lumbering, glass and gilt kind were coming into vogue; there had been very few at the beginning of the century; and the passage of these huge carriages, with their following of lacqueys, made increased disorder. We hear, for instance, how in a narrow street near the Louvre, the carriges of the Prince de Conti and of the Comte de Soi-sons one luckless day knocked together, and the blows exknocked together, and the blows ex-changed by the two retinues did not settle the quarrel, for the collision was avenged next day in a street battle between seven or eight hundred men Daylight disorder was nothing compared the dangers of the absolute nightly darkness, when every man (through the custom of the time, till they were forbid-den in 1660) carried pistols, sword or poniard, and beggars went in armed group or bands—the highwaymen of the less frequented streets. When on the one side was the courtly life of wealth, and on the ther, at untraversed distance, the squalor of poverty, it is no wonder that vice and of poverty, it is no wonder that vice and poverty, violence and beggary, became associated in one contempt by the classes who were never forced by circumstances to get a nearer view. In the atmosphere of the Court, to be a servant was to be a soulless chattel; to be poor was to be con-temptible; and seen from that distance poverty was a loathsome, social pestil-ence, and mendicancy a system with crime and violence lurking behind it. To turn to a page of the book before us, the reason of this prejudice may be seen in the state of the worst quarters of Paris. As the biographer of Mdle. Le Gras tells

"Although its population had hardly yet risen beyond seven hundred thousand, it counted at that time no less than forty thousand poor of the begging and vaga-bond classes. Wandering in the streets, often asking alms with a sword at their side, stealing what they failed to get honestly, these wretched men only too fre-quently schemed to attract attention by pretended infirmities, and came even to the foot of the altar to trouble those who knelt there. At night they shrank away into what were known as the "Cours de Miracle," filthy and infectious dens of which nothing in our day can give any idea. The greatest of these clusters of courts—to which all the rest were more or ess alike—had its entrance from the Rue Neuve-Saint-Sauveur in the district of St. Denis, and extended between the culde sac of l'Etoile and the Rue de Damiette and the Rue des Forges. To get in there one had first to go through a labyrinth of horrible streets, miry, narrow and of ill-repute; then to go down a crookedly winding descent that led out into a sort of square, where one saw standing in a great niche a symbolic statue of God the Father, stolen no doubt from some church, and itations sunken below the level of the ground. Each of these contained more than fifty families crowded together;

Such was the state of life in many parts of Paris until the founding of the Hospital General by St. Vince t de Paul through the instrumentality of the Duch ess d'Aiguillon. Such it was at the time of the Fronde, unreclaimed and deemed irreclaimable; and it was the home for the oor at St. Laurent, where the Sisters of

Charity undertook the work, that suggested the idea of the Hospital General and began the first attempt at reclamation. As we have said, at the time of the Fronds no such charity existed; and when the war swept in upon the city a vast increase of population, the "Cours de Miracle" were till brimful of squalor and vice. TO BE CONTINUED.

Solid Comfort.

Every one likes to take solid comfort and it may be enjoyed by everyone who keeps Kidney-Wort in the house and takes a few doses at the first symptoms of an attack of Malaria, Rheumatism, Blinnwass, Laundies or any affection of the iousness, Jaundice or any affection of the Liver, Kidneys or Bowels. It is a purely vegetable compound of roots, leaves and berries known to have special value in kidney troubles. Added to these are remedies acting directly on the Liver and Bowels. It removes the cause of disease and fortifies the system against new attacks.

are two concomitants of biliousness remedied by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Heart-burn, which harasses the dyspeptic after meals, and all the perplexing and changeful symptoms of established indigestion, are dispersed by this salutary corrective tonic and celebrated blood purifier.—

families from Halifax, New Brunswick, and even Newfoundland. They fix their

them, men, women, and children, together with all the domestic animals that one can think of. The way they make their Retreat is really admirable. No one leaves the island without making a good confession, and devoutly receiving the Blessed Eucharist, and not unfrequently a dozen or so of young people are married at the end of the mission.

Communion day is entirely consecrated to God. Having finished the ordinary

As for costly ornaments there are none: dozen or so of young people are married at the end of the mission.

at the end of the mission.

Communion day is entirely consecrated to God. Having finished the ordinary acts of thanksgiving the communicants make a profound bow to the Altar, and then march off in silence, to the highest point of the island where an immense wooden cross was long ago erected. There they pray for a while on bended knees, thanking God for His goodness towards them, in suffering death on the cross for them, in suffering death on the cross for their redemption. They do no work on Communion day, but give themselves up to prayer and meditation. It will be interesting to the readers of

The Aurora to learn something about the early history of the Micmacs of Cape Breton, as well as that of their Mission on Indian Island. They have no documents Indian Island, particularly on the Sunday of any importance in their hands, so that within the Octave of St. Ann. Last Sunof any importance in their hands, so that within the Octave of St. Ann. Last Sundawn by tradition. It is even hard to say by what chance the Indians came to Cape Breton. Their small canoes could never have ridden over the mighty waves of the Atlantic. It is more probable that having reached the North of Asia they passed over Behring Strait and descended to spread themselves over the length and and many guns filled the air for miles to spread themselves over the length and and many guns filled the air for miles to spread themselves over the length and breadth of the Continent. In Cape Breton they have received extensive tracts of land, called 'Indian Reserves' which, if they could all be induced to cultivate, would make them the happiest of people. In addition to this they receive yearly supplies of seeds, &c., from the Government. Some of the Indians have excelent haves on well cultivated forms and lent houses, on well cultivated farms, and all, if less tenacious of the ancient customs of their tribe, might be more or less at

culture rises in some instances nearly to a level with that of their pale-face neigh-About the year 1735 a French priest named Fr. Maillard came from Canada to teach the Indians the way to God. He may be truly called the Apostle of the Micmacs of Cape Breton. He made sac-rifices for them which show him to have been the devoted Servant who does every thing for the glory of his heavenly Master He built a church on Indian Island, which, however, at the time of the taking of Louisburg in 1758, was burnt to ashe By digging the ground a little near the present building, it is not hard to turn up the cinders of that modest little church. The Indians, as you know, were trouble some during the early days of the settle ment of Nova Scotia. When the little church on the island was destroyed, Fr. Maillard was probably captured with the Indians and taken to Halifax a prisoner. Others say that he fled thither with as

their ease. They have good schools in

operation, and, indeed, their intellectual

island where they always managed to have a new church built, as soon as the old one became unfit for service. What they stood most in need of, was a resident priest, and indeed the bar examples shown them at times by their pale faced brethren made that want felt all the more. Yet

many of the Indians as he could control

held sacred by the Micmacs of Cape

name of Fr. Maillard will ever be

upon his neighbors' property. They listen to their chief as to a voice from heaven,

is, had gone to the trouble of asking any one of the Indians of Eskasoni, for exam-ple, about the mission given on the island, the New York Century Magazine might have another story perhaps to tell. That American gentleman might be taught probably that absolution from sin is not probably that absolutions at all an article like lager beer, which fills the market at certain seasons of the year. It is a wonder that Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin did not go so far as to say that absolutions become cheaper when sold en gros near the end of the mission to clear stock. The next time he feels for a trip through Cape Breton I would advise him not to go too Breton I would advise him not to go too Gound themselves alone at the City Hall. Bereton I would advise him not to go too near Whycocomagh, Middle River, or Eskasoni, lest the red man scent him, and give him, if not absolution, at least some government was dead or had fled—guards temporal punishment for the lie he has

dared to utter. I venture to say that in all Nova Scotia.

better than plague-pits, though we may hope the example at Rouen was the worst, where, on the same bed of contagion, seven or eight sick lay together, and we hear even of one living man thus imprisoned among a group of the dead. When the same plague pits are the dead of the dead when the same plague pits and the simprisoned among a group of the dead. When the same plague pits a same plague pits, though we same satisfact by Rev. John McDougall, the zealous pastor of Red Islands. After the death of Father Courteau, the Indians were entrusted to Father McDougall, in passing through the Bras d'Or Lake In passing through the Bras d'Or Lake one is surprised perhaps to see a Catholic church alone on a small island not very far from St. Peters. It belongs to the Indians of Cape Breton, who meet there once a year to make a spiritual retreat. On the 26th July, the feast of St. Ann, the patron Saint of the Indians are either already on the island or swiftly tending towards it, in their fast boats. The canoe is only a thing of the past.

At times their ranks are swelled by families from Halifax, New Brudswick, and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices for the spiritual and even temporal processors, has made enormous sacrifices. and even Newfoundland. They fix their camps, which they carry with them, on the edges of the island all around, and it is nice to see that pretty little temporary Indian Village. language, and such was his success that he could at last speak to them quite fluently in pure Micmac. In 1876 Father Mc-Indian Village.

There they are, the whole crowd of Dougall built the present church on the island—a very pretty structure sixty feet long, with a fine vestry. The Indians themselves contributed no less than one thousand eight hundred dollars towards the funds. The balance was the result

> it is only a poor Indian Mission church. There is, however, a fine statue of St. Ann represented in the act of teaching the Blessed Virgin. On the front of the tabernacle of the very neat Altar may be seen in bold figures 1717. The Altar Stone too is not without a history. The Indians say it was accidently found long ago at Malagawatch by a Canadian missionary, who presented it to them for the use of their mother church. It appears that a church must have existed, some time or other, near where that stone was

discovered.

It is well worth while to pay a visit to

around.

The procession, which commenced at 1.30

p. m., was most imposing. I will not at-tempt to describe it.

Ere this letter will be in print, the poor Indians will have bade farewell to their island, and although all are full of hopes, many will never perhaps see it again. No matter; the living will be back again next year, and the old programme will be carried out as usual as long as there remains any trace of the poor Indian. They all leave the mission with pious resolves, and their prayers no doubt are fervent. just on the point of parting they march off to the Cross I spoke of above, and there prostrate, give thanks to God once more for His goodness towards them.

A HANDFUL OF HEROES.

FEW PRIESTS THE SOLE SURVIVORS OF

New York Mail and Express. This is not by any means the first time hat the South of France has been visited by a serious epidemic—indeed the cholera of 1884 dwindles into insignificance when compared with the plague of 1720, which swept off 13,000 of the 20,000 inhabitants of Toulon, and slew every other resident of Marseilles. The infection was carried to the latter city by a Cypriote vessel on the 25th of May; on the 8th of June several deaths occurred among the laborers on the docks, and next day a young man and his sister were attacked and died. means of Warner's Safe Cure. This great
The chief magistrate of the city then was
remedy, I am happy to state, has restored the Marquis of Pilles, and the Aldermen were M. M. Moustier, Estelle, Audimar and

mastered.
But on the 221 of July the pestilence

became terrible. It was complicated by fears of famine, labor no longer finding employment, and the peasants refusing they remained ever attached to the Church, and I think it is pretty hard to find an Indian to-day in Nova Scotia who is not a Catholic.

They are more moral too, perhaps, than the white man would be if he should find himself in similar circumstances. Even when pressed by hunger it is almost a thing unknown for an Indian to encroach when pressed by hunger it is almost a thing unknown for an Indian to encroach when pressed by hunger it is almost a thing unknown for an Indian to encroach when pressed by hunger it is almost a thing unknown for an Indian to encroach when pressed by hunger it is almost a thing unknown for an Indian to encroach when pressed by hunger it is almost a thing unknown for an Indian to encroach when pressed by hunger it is almost a thing unknown for an Indian to encroach when the very churches were closed, and bands of stavying men tottered through the deserted streets, clamoring for bread out the walls, where all day long the courageous aldermen stood, the torrid sun courageous aldermen stood, the torrid sun upon his neighbors' property. They listen to their chief as to a voice from heaven, and thus submissive to his commands, they live in the greatest piety and harmony. They learn with the greatest of care their Christian doctrine, or at least as much of it as can be reasonably exceed the command of the dead were paid lifteen livres a day, no man could be found to wield the mony. They learn with the greatest of care their Christian doctrine, or at least as no man could be found to where the much of it as can be reasonably exacted long hooks with which the corpses were dragged forth, and galley slaves had were dragged forth, and galley slaves had to be pressed into the service. They worked under armed guards, for unless watched closely, they would rob the dwellings of the dead, stupefy themselves with liquoz and wantonly smash the deathcarts, which there were no artisans to repair or to replace. Gang after gang died off like flies, till, at the end of August, when the deaths had risen to 900,

police, clerks, servants. They remained alone at their posts until, at last, the fury of the plague was expended, and the sur-viving remnant of the population strag-gled back to reward the saviors of the city breath that God who had begun the work, which he hunably disclaimed, would also finish it. He died who had been the sanctifier of the priesthood of France, the apostle of the poor; "Monsieur Vincent," bowerished that they had not even sufficient at the years of pestilence, so important that they had not even sufficient at the years of pestilence, so important that they had not even sufficient at the years of pestilence, so important that they had not even sufficient as the was called, had seemed during his fifty years in Paris a character inseparable from it, a part of its life that could not some day be gone. And truly his work has never passed away; it has become to

places of the plague, carrying alms to the places of the plague, carrying alms to the living and consoling the dying with the sacrament, or listening to confessions breathed from lips baked and blackened with the fatal fever. The contagion spared him as it did his lay co-laborers, but when, on All-Saints' Day (the 1st of November), he, barefooted and with the cord of penitence around his neck, led through the city a procession of melancholy thanksgiving for the abatement of the plague, scarcely a handful of priests followed in his footsteps. The others had been swept away into the great ocean of nameless heroes.

A NATIONAL FAMINE.

WILL IT EVER OCCUR ?-THE WONDERFUL THE BREAD PROBLEM.

A National famine would cause the greatest disaster, and there are many who believe it will eventually occur. Still the diversities of climate, the richness of soil and the character of the country seems to proclaim the impossibility of such a calamity. But without such aids as machinery furnishes the grass and grain of the country could not be secured. With all the machinery at their disposal and the employment of every man that can be hired for such work, our farmers in the great grain growing sections of the country almost always fail to secure their entire crop in the best possible order, simply because sufficient help cannot be secured. Take away the harvesting machinery and the farm labor of the machinery and the farm labor of the country could scarcely care for more than a twentieth of the present average yearly crop. As a consequence fewer acres would be planted, the lesser yield would enhance the price of grain, and bread would reach a figure beyond the means of the laboring

classes—in fact, become a luxury. Manufacturers of harvesting machinery have, therefore, benefited, not only the farmer by enabling him to reap more acres of grain than he otherwise could, but all other classes through the cheapening of grain (and consequently of bread) as a result of the vast quantity produced,

There is no man in America who has
contributed more to this result that Mr. C. D. Dewey, president of the Johnston Harvester company, of Batavia, N. Y. Through his energy and ability the har-vesting of grain by means of his wonder-ful machines has become almost an exact

science, and in the accomplishment of this purpose Mr. Dewey has been an indefati-gable worker. Indeed for an extended period he was so closely confined to his duties that he scarcely took time for pro-per rest or recreation. While in the very midst of these great labors he observed a peculiar sensation about the head which id not leave him and which he attributed did not leave him and which he attributed to the strain of business. He also noticed that his appetite was fickle and his sleep broken, but he did not anticipate the terrible troubles which were before him and like nearly every man who is prosecu-ting a great work his interest in the undertaking overcame all thoughts of self. But the physical difficulties which were slight at first, kept increasing. The little pains grew to agonies; the minor symptoms to serious calamities until at last he broke down completely and was confined to his bed for mere than two months. At that time his condition was deplorable. His mind was in a nearly comatose state and his body perfectly helpless. During the entire period he did not move a pillow's length, so great was his exhaustion.

It would indeed be difficult to imagine

a more helpless position than that in which Mr. Dewey then was. And yet to-day he is a picture of health and attends to his duties constantly. When asked how this had been accomplished he made answer as so many thousands of others have : than fifty families crowded tegether; which gives us for this one court five hundred families and at least three thousand inhabitants—a hideous population, without religion or law, without scrament or morality, always in revolt against the Church and in rebellion against society—is a Bossuet said, "a godless people among the people of God, men dead even before death—reduced to the life of beasts—a least in silence his time the poor Indians suffered by the Micmaes of Cape were M. M. Moustier, Estelle, Audimar and biewer M. Moustier, Estelle, Audimar and merly had. It is not surprising, therefore, Dieude—heroes all, as the event was to demonstrate. M. Moustier at once re-inmost that I consider it a most valuable medi-dead and the pest-stricken outside of the walls, together with the other inmates of the infected gwelling, and programment or inmoved the dead and the pest-stricken outside of the walls, together with the other inmates of the infected gwelling, and programment or inmoved the dead and the pest-stricken outside of the walls, together with the other inmates of the infected gwelling, and programment or inmates of the infected gwelling, and programment or inmoved the dead and the pest-stricken outside of the walls, together with the other inmates of the infected gwelling, and programment or inmates of the infected gwelling, and programment or inmates of the event was to demonstrate. M. Moustier, Estelle, Audimarand me to nearly the health and vigor I for-merly had. It is not surprising, therefore, end of all such taxations is sickness, pain and death. Fortunate is the one who finds the means of escape from this terrible established a foothold in a squalid quarter ending before it is too late. More fortuof the city, and the mortality speedily nate is the one who avoids its final stages by overcoming the first symptoms while they are yet in their beginnings and by such means as have been shown to be

How to Become Happy.

efficient and pure.

Many young persons are ever thinking over some new way of adding to their pleasures. They always look for more "fun," more joy. Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care and very unbappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of a wilderness. "Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy. Without making a reply, the wise man led the king making a reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path, till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which rock, had built her nest. "Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?" "Doubt-less," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger." "Then imitate the bird," said the wise man; "build thy home in beaven, and thou shalt have peace and

Higher Prices for Butter.

All dairymen who use Wells, Richardson Co's. improved Butter Color, agree that it increases the value of butter cents a pound. It is pure and harmless, convenient for instant use, has no taste or odor, and gives a clear, golden richness to the butter. It is the very best butter color obtainable, and is not expensive. In every state in the Union the demand for it is increasing. for it is increasing.

Mr. R. A. Harrison, Chemist and Druggist, Dunnville, Ont., writes : "I can with gist, Dunnville, Ont., writes: "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Ly-mau's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspep-tic Cure for Dyspepsia, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Biliousness and Constipation—such cases having come under my personal observation." Sold by Harkness and Co., Druggists, Dundas-Street SEPT. 6, 18 TITUS: A !

In the history of a certain Christian and his wife, whethree children, two whom from their trained up to serv the days of persec remained faithful auffer many torme Now it happen ruled over that k

name of Christian that the severest forced against th Christian Faith. that they refused gion, he comman and resolved in gain him over to to death. When Titus wa peror, the latter se that a decree has kingdom for ever gion which I prof which I adore, an

to obey this cor Titus answered your imperial co King in Heaven well as mine, an both bound to ob mand that we v no thing, not eve you threaten me mine to be unfait The Emperor l home for the pres

shall see how vai Early next modispatched from peror has sent me your youngest because yesterday commands; and cruel death." The poor fath him when he he my boy!" he become of you? to remain faith

sure to be infliched, my child!

But the boy sayou have often ne to serve Hin if I persevere fa will take me to here will be sho with God forever At these word old man's cheek derly, he said: " of Jesus Christ. care. Fight brai for His sake. W in that kingdom

Two days afte other messengers his son had been had refused to that if he himsel to the royal com was to go with th the same fate as The poor fathe than the former yield. "No, my dearly as I love Thee still more. fice even her rat Thee. Go deare ter, "do not be a ings which will

happiness. God The child was She refused, an the same puni Not many day

sacrifice to our

lost two of vo refuse now to o Simon, your or the Emperor, has treated the The afflicted the image of prayed for streetrial. "O Fath Thou knowes children, and he them for Thee Lord! May T Then, turning him for the las boy, you know sister and you have laid dow prove unfaith now safe with are beckoning them. Go the self to be a afraid of death nal life; your pot fear the ty

know it. Go manfully." Simon answ often said to C than offend Hi to prove the Nothing could this news, the Christ." Ha knees at his fa blessing, dear pray for me." up and joyful hands of those

him. Titus, thus dren, turned Like himself of God, and maternal hear children to th hesitate for a of the Mach them to die, husband in children," she wants to take