



From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. "DA."

TAKING CARE ON HIM.

"I'm goin' wi' my da, to tak' care on him." The tiny speaker was a true type of a pretty Larkshire lass...

At a glance, one could see that the other occupant of the "front place" of the cottage was a collier, and the little girl's father.

In some respects James Daws ranked amongst the worst of his class. In dog-racing, pigeon-flying, and boozing with his mates in the tap-room, he sought recreation for his leisure hours, and found pleasure in little else.

Lizzy had managed to array herself in an old red cape; and bravely struggling with the strings of a battered hat through which the yellow curls had already made their way...

"I'm feart o' no one," muttered the man testily, and this time he turned deliberately away. "Not to meet, mates," he repeated as he went.

The following week passed on as usual, bringing Saturday night as usual, bringing Saturday night as usual, bringing Saturday night as usual...

The three sat down to their tea, the wife with a lightened heart, and the child chatting merrily. But as soon as it was finished, Jim lit his pipe and prepared to go out.

Poor Margaret did not often upbraid him when he had "had a drop," lessons enforced by a fist as heavy as her "measter's" were quickly learnt...

garts! An' then," she added in a doubtful tone, "Sister says as there is noan." And she hid her face away from the darkness on her father's shoulder.

Daws saw at once how Lizzy had misunderstood her mother's meaning, and he was both ashamed and angry. His wife had "made a fool" on him with his own child!

Should he take her home? What had brought him there at all? Nothing but habit. The child was shivering; through her worn shoes and stockings he could feel how cold her little limbs had grown.

"Hullo, Jim Daws! come in, an' hev a pint!" cried one lusty voice. "Aye, come in wi' thee," echoed another, seeing him hesitate.

"I'm feart o' no one," muttered the man testily, and this time he turned deliberately away. "Not to meet, mates," he repeated as he went.

When, after the "tucking up" and good-night kiss, Marjory returned to the kitchen, she found Jim sitting as she had left him, smoking reflectively and in silence.

The first step was taken; and though there were many slips in the upward path, still, from that night, James Daws gradually became a changed man.

His old comrades, finding their jeers disregarded, dropped off, and he began to make friends of another stamp. One of these, who was about to become a Catholic, went for instruction at stated times to the priest's house; and Daws, wishing to know something about his wife's religion, but too proud to ask her himself, soon began to accompany him.

It was useless now to think of going without her; more useless still to attempt the old way with her, after his recent experience. Daws made a poor feat of looking through the window, while he considered the matter over.

Consciousness returned at last, but the fever had done its work; Lizzy gradually grew weaker. One evening, while the mother was out, Daws, wearied out by grief and watching, fell asleep. He soon awoke again with a start, to find Lizzy gazing earnestly at him.

The poor father for a moment could not answer. Then, with an effort, "Th'll be happy ther, my las," he said, simply, drawing largely on his new store of knowledge to console his dying child.

"But oh," she sighed, after a moment, the old thought returning, "Whoe'll tak' care on yo, da, if yo'r little lass goes up ther?"

James Daws dimly felt that the situation had suddenly become very embarrassing. Awkwardly enough, he laid his hand on the curly head, and to his own amazement, felt the tears start to his eyes as he said, faltering accents—"God'll give me wings too, wait He?"

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word sank deeply into his mind. Only when the weary wandering brain perplexed itself over some half forgotten lesson, and the unfinished sentence was feverishly repeated over and over again, the poor fellow, to whom a book was an unmeaning blank would groan aloud, in his inability to help his poor lassie out of her trouble.

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CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE FEVERISHNESS OF THE HEART.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster continued his course of Lenten sermons at High Mass on Sunday at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, when there was a numerous congregation present. Taking for his text the 9th verse of the 17th chapter of the prophet Jeremiah:

"The heart is perverse above all things and unsearchable; who can know it?" the Cardinal proceeded to say: "We have already dwelt on self-knowledge, and self-knowledge has a parasite and that is self-deceit. This is a very unpalatable and very disgusting subject, but nevertheless one that is very necessary for those who desire to know themselves. Let us therefore think for a little while on this point to-day. Self-knowledge grows gradually; it does not come as a flash of lightning, but rather increases like the light of day.

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few who really know themselves, and the best knowledge we possess of ourselves is very poor compared with that which we might know and which we ought to know.

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Written for the Catholic Record. IN MEMORIAM

Of Very Rev. J. H. Tabaret, O.M.I., D.D.

BY A FORMER PUPIL. O, saintly man, successor true Of Jesus' blest apostles' band, True bearer of the "tidings glad," To his our fair Canadian land.

He entered here a Samuel vowed, To temple service ever blest; With "holiness unto the Lord," Plainly marked within his breast.

Northward now! Do M. stand about, And with his sons and daughters, Those savage laws and men more savage, Their faithful hearts are true as steel.

To those poor dusky sons alone Our hero's soul was not confined, Another cause around his heart, By firmness bold he never wined.

Yes, men of science, men of will, With men of virtue—firm in truth; To lead her in her glory days, To train the fruitful hearts of youth.

Though faintest garlands deck the shrine, May I not add this wreath of mine, Sincere, although in worth the least, Ah, saddest, truest, and most true.

Notice by letter (returning the paper) not to take his paper out of the office, and to state the reasons for its not being responsible to the publisher for past continuance, he must pay all arrears until payment is made, and take the whole amount whether it is called the office or not. There can be no discontinuance until the payment is made.

Horford's Acid Phosphate ADMIRABLE RESULTS IN FEV... Dr. J. R. Ryan, St. Louis, Mo. "I invariably prescribe it in fevers in convalescence from wasting and tending diseases, with admirable results. I find it a tonic to an unfeeling condition of the genital organs."

MAY 1, 1886.

IN MEMORIAM

Written for the Catholic Record. OF VERY REV. F. H. TABARET, O. M. I., D. D.

BY A FORMER PUPIL. O, saintly man, successor true...

Northward now! De Morn shouted... These savage Irishmen more savage...

To face the world as Christ's Apostles... To go with crucifix in hand...

To teach those savage tribes who worship... To a great spirit, it is true...

To those poor dusky son's alone... O words who succeed him now...

Though fairest garlands deck the shrine... May I not add this wreath of praise...

Newspaper Law. 1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter...

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SOUVENIRS OF GOOD FRIDAY IN JERUSALEM

BY A CANADIAN PILGRIM, 1884.

7TH STATION. From the sixth to the seventh station...

In the time of our Lord here was, according to many writers, the Gate of Judgment...

At the seventh station the Via Dolorosa is intersected by a transversal street...

Here the women of Jerusalem came to sympathize with Christ and weep on seeing Him...

THE STATION. The way Jesus went from the eighth to the ninth station is not more than fifty yards...

Our route lay through narrow dark passages running now to the right, now to the left...

10TH STATION. The tenth and following stations are made in the church of the Holy Sepulchre...

About six feet from the tenth station and just at the foot of the altar of the crucifixion...

alter of the Death of Christ. Under this altar there is a large silver plate with an opening in the center...

Between the altars of the Crucifixion and the death of Christ is the altar of the Stabat Mater...

Descending the stairs of Calvary we repaired to the Tomb of Christ under the great Cupola of the Basilica...

REVIVALISTS. N. Y. Freeman's Journal. The two new evangelists who are having much vogue in parts of the West...

It is singular that while the men of Jerusalem were betraying Jesus and crucifying Him...

It is always of dancing and card-playing that these evangelists preach. The surface lapses, the possible occasion of sin...

Both dancing and card-playing may lead to sin. And the Freeman's Journal cannot be accused of leniency with regard to rousing dancing...

In the face of the boast that the American people have become educated to a high degree by cheap literature...

liger foreigner would form of the minds of the large class of Americans fed on the Jones Small "spiritual" food...

Whoever wishes to keep abreast of the current history of the times in the United States finds great assistance in the preaching of the Protestant ministers...

A LOST ARGUMENT. Catholic Review. It has not occurred to many that the success of the Irish Parliamentary party...

It is not a church of a church which of the congregation is largely made up of capitalists, while careful to avoid reference...

It was a good argument, and our Protestant brethren, they of the cultured mind and they of the backwoods...

It is true that there is a dangerous atheistic element in the United States, and that a part of that element is foreign born...

It is gradually beginning to dawn upon the Protestant American mind that the old preference must be set aside...

Those who endure the torturing pangs of neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and similar painful complaints...

You have lost the argument, which God has gained. Years ago—a decade perhaps—this pretty argument was dropped by those who saw the coming of doom...

"FOREIGN ELEMENT" WITHOUT AN "ENLIGHTENED CONSCIENCE." Catholic Review. Whoever wishes to keep abreast of the current history of the times in the United States...

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. Terence V. Powderly, Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor...

Fair Illustrated. The patter of little feet on my office floor, and a glad voice exclaiming: "Papa, I've come to school you home!"

THE NAME OF JESUS. Profane swearing seems to be as much a part of everyday life as the use of the language itself.

THE THIN CANNOT GAIN IN WEIGHT if they are troubled with dyspepsia, because the food is not converted into the due proportion of nourishing blood...

A Severe Trial. Those who endure the torturing pangs of neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and similar painful complaints...

THE HERCULEAN FLUSH, pale-hollow cheeks and precarious appetite, indicate worms. Freeman's Worm Powders will quickly and effectually remove them.







Unbelief.

There is no unbelief: Whoever plants a seed beneath the soil, And waits for it to push up the old, He trusts in God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

This little sentence should be written on every heart and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practiced not only in every household, but throughout the world.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES

By the Faithful Fathers.

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

PALM SUNDAY.

"Think diligently upon Him that endured such opposition from sinners against Himself."—Heb. xii.

The week which we this Sunday enter upon, my dear brethren, is called Holy Week; and of all the many sacred seasons which the Church has set apart, this is by far the most solemn and sacred.

Now, what is the truth which these services have for their object to impress upon our minds? No other than that fundamental distinctive truth—the passion and death of Christ, its reason and effects.

And, first, as to those who are in the habit of going so frequently to the Sacraments, who understand their great value and find in these means of grace their chief consolation in the midst of the troubles and cares which surround them.

But there are many who neglect the sacraments, who come to them but seldom, perhaps only to their Easter Communion; perhaps not even to that.

What is to be thought of those who act in this way? Certainly, they are not keen and intelligent; they may be, or fancy themselves to be, in lower matters which are nearer to them and fall beneath their senses—in money getting in trade, in art, in literature—such men show but little sense and understanding about things which are of real importance and value.

I wish I could conclude without alluding to another class which, though I trust it is not numerous, yet does exist, I mean those who do not neglect the sacraments, but those who do worse—who profane them. Those who make bad confessions, who conceal mortal sins, who have no sorrow for their sins and no purpose of amendment, who make the infinite mercy and goodness of God a snare—what shall I say of them?

Use the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

Did you ever go out in the morning with a heart so depressed and saddened that a pall seemed to spread all over the world? But on meeting some friend who spoke cheerily for a minute or two, if only upon indifferent matters, you have felt yourself wonderfully lightened.

Each family should be supplied with books and each household should, as far as their ability will allow, procure a family library. There is no estimating the value of a few well-selected books.

Good books, a taste for reading, will keep the children at home and make them happy in the family circle, when otherwise they will be straying off hunting society, looking for something to engage the mind and satisfy the cravings of a hungry intellect.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly the sweetest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, and little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled.

An Italian Bishop, who had endured much persecution with a calm, unruffled temper, was asked how he attained such a mastery over himself.

The surest way to success in life is that of persistent and thorough work. Speculators who make money rapidly, generally lose it with equal rapidity.

Use the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

was the first man in the yard in the morning and was the last man to leave it at night. With his own hand he drew the model of every vessel built therein; wrote in a book every specification of the building, and marked on the frame the place for every stick of timber.

It is better for you, says Thackeray, to pass an evening once or twice in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's songs by heart, than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a theatre.

Never lean your back against anything that is cold. Never begin to journey until breakfast is eaten. Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold air.

Break up a cold or cough or its ill results there is no better remedy than Hagar's Pectoral Balsam.

In a recent letter to R. W. Dowson, of Deloraine, Ont., he states that he has recovered from the worst form of Dyspepsia, after suffering for fifteen years; and when a medical doctor pronounced him incurable, he tried Bardoek Blood Bitters, six bottles of which restored his health.

Harry Ricardo, of Toronto, certifies to the benefits received from the use of Hagar's Yellow Oil as a cure for rheumatism and deafness, his joints with these combined troubles being a severe one.

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tenders for work," will be received until noon on Tuesday, the 4th day of May next, for the following works:—

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CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION—The regular meetings of London Branch No. 4 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, will be held on the first and third Thursday of every month.

IRISH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY The regular monthly meeting of the Irish Benevolent Society will be held on Friday evening, 12th inst., at their rooms, Masonic Temple, at 7.30.

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