

Sunday Reading.

What is it all?

What is it all when all is told. This ceaseless toiling for fame or gold. The fleeting joy or bitter tears? We are only here a few short years. Nothing our own but the silent past. Loving or hating, nothing can last. Each pathway leads to the silent fold. Oh! What is it all when all is told? What is it all? A grassy mound, Where day or night there is never a sound Save the soft low moan of the passing breeze As it lovingly rustles the silent trees. Or a thoughtful friend with whispered prayer, May sometimes break the gloom and cold, Then hurry away from the gloom and cold, Oh! What is it all when all is told? What is it all?—Just passing through— A cross for me and a cross for you. Ours seem heavy while others light, But God in the end maketh all things right, He 'Temper the wind' with such loving care, Knows the burden that each can bear Then changes life's gray into heavenly gold. Ah! That is all when all is told. Catholic Record.

HUMBLE FAITHFULNESS.

"Thou hast been faithful over a few things." What a world this would be if we were all as faithful in the little things of life as this one, of whom Jean Ingelow tells the following tender story:

It was on one of the Orkney Islands, far beyond the north of Scotland. On the coast of this Island there stood out a rock called the Lonely Rock, very dangerous to navigators.

One night, long ago, there sat in a fisherman's hut ashore a young girl, toiling at her spinning wheel, looking out upon the dark and driving clouds, and listening anxiously to the winds and sea.

At last the morning came; and one boat which should have been riding on the waves, was missing. It was her father's boat, and half a mile from the cottage her father's body was found, washed upon the shore. He had been wrecked against the Lonely Rock.

That was more than fifty years ago. The girl watched her father's body according to the custom of the people, till it was laid in the grave; then she laid down and slept. When the night came, she arose and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fisherman, and a guide. All night long she sat by the candle, trimmed it when it flickered down, and spun.

As many hanks of yarn as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one hank over for her night candle. And from that time, to the telling of this story—for fifty years, through youth, maturity, into old age—she has turned night into day. And in the snow-storms of winter, in the serene calm of summer, through driving mists descriptive moonlight and solemn darkness that northern harbor has never once been without the light of that small candle. However far the fisherman might be standing out to sea, he had only to bear down straight for that lighted window and he was sure of a safe entrance into the harbor. And so for all these fifty years that tiny light, flaming thus out of devotion and self-sacrifice, has helped and cheered and saved.

Surely, this was finding chance for service in an humble place; this was lowliness glorified by faithfulness: surely the smile of Heaven must have followed along the beams of that poor candle, glimmering from that humble window, as they went wandering forth to bless and guide the fishermen tossing in their little boats upon the sea.

A MOSAIC.

How we May Make the Most of a Spare Moment or two During the day.

Here is a pretty story, author and original publication unknown. We find it credited to the ever-mysterious "Exchange" in a New York paper.

Some years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking works of art—works that were valued at thousands of dollars.

In his workshop was a poor little boy, whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quite little fellow, and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly: "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?"

"Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them."

Day after day, then, the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side and throwing others away. He was a faithful

little servant, and so year after year went by and found him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a store-room little used, and in looking around came upon a piece of work carefully hid behind the rubbish. He brought it to light, and to his surprise found a noble work of art nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

"What great artist could have hidden his work in my studio?"

At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep flush dyed his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here?"

"Oh, master," faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away."

The child with an artist soul had gathered up the fragments, and patiently, lovingly, wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying about and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God,

PERSEVERE.

How Two Old Stories May Teach us a Needful Virtue.

The old story of King Bruce and the spider and the older fable of the mouse that cut the cable are calculated to teach us the virtue of perseverance, for it is not simply one virtue, but many; no one ever became saintly without persevering in goodness; no one ever succeeded in acquiring vast knowledge, great wealth or anything else that may be acquired in this world without keeping unwaveringly to the line of action which leads to successful results.

Like cautiousness, perseverance is very distasteful to the young. In the impulsive age many things are begun without thinking and as thoughtlessly left unfinished. Anything worth beginning should be worth the trouble of completing. The old lines, "If you try and don't succeed, try, try again," are rendered by the modern advertiser into modern American-English thus, "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success." The principle is precisely the same and dear old Try-try-again is much easier to remember.

"Beware of saying 'I can't,'" sings Eliza Cook. Perhaps the reason why so many young folks lack the virtues of perseverance is that it seems so easy to say 'I give up!' But is it so easy? Giving up implies discouragement, and if there is anything harder than discouragement the world has not yet found it out. It is only the very weak-brained or the very lazy who are easily discouraged. And the weak and the lazy do not have a very good time of it on this busy planet, mind you!

Now, dear young reader, writes somebody in the Catholic Standard and Times, what is easy about giving up beyond the ease of a moment? What do you give up? Sanctity, wisdom, knowledge, perhaps, every bit of help towards heaven, every bit of help upon earth. Is it easy to give up all these? The devil may whisper, Yes, but your angel will tell you, No. What is a little bit of indolence now to a life of hardship here and a possibility of an eternity of punishment hereafter? For just as surely as we are ignorant when we give up learning, so do we grow sinful when we give up trying to be good. There is no half-way plan. "Not good" is bad, "not learned" is ignorant, "not wise" is foolish, "not happy" is miserable. And "not persevering" turns into every one of these undesirable conditions.

When the impulse to give up trying rises, trample upon it. If your object is good, determine to persevere in it to the end. Had Columbus turned back from the Canary Islands he would not have discovered America. If Edison had not persevered in his studies he might still be selling newspapers. Persevere; be not ashamed because your efforts are small or because you think your work may not be great. It may be greater than you imagine.

"You admire this tower of granite, weathering the hurts of so many ages," writes Emerson "Yet a little waving hand built this huge wall, and that which builds is better than that which is built." Persevere; build the wall of your life as strong and as beautiful as your efforts can make it. With Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior,"

Look forward, persevering to the last From well to better, daily self-surpassed.

WHAT THEY MEAN.

Something About Three Long and Excellent Words.

There are three rather long words, which may be used as pegs on which to hang reflections of their own, or points round which ideas may cluster. One is development. If you cut an apple through the circumference, as you cut an orange, you will see in clear outline around the starlike center made by the seeds the shape of the blossom.

The fruit has grown from the flower, and the flower's shape is in the heart of the fruit. The fruit is developed little by little through summer days and winter days, but the flower gave it the start. Take the little thought and use it, and if you have a gift of grace,—a taste for housekeeping, cooking, sewing, painting or reading,—develop it by use and study and taking pains.

My next long word is responsibility. It means, as we all know, the answering when we are called, answering to our own names. The responsible person can be trusted. Not long ago, in New York city, a fire broke out in the upper stories of a great apartment house. Two young women, one a young lady visiting the family in a certain home on the sixth floor of the house; the other a maid in the same home, were confronted suddenly with black volumes of smoke red to tongues of flame, and no way of escape but by the iron ladder that hung along the side of the house. There were two little children there and some valuable papers, and though the young women could not save anything, they took the children and the papers down the fire-escape with calmness and courage. They were responsible.

My last word is consecration. It is a very sacred word, and I leave you to wind your own sweet fancies around it. We must be consecrated to the best possible ideal, we must fill every day with noble work.

A Lesson of Contentment.

She was just a poor old negro woman, so lame that she had to use a cane, and very shabbily dressed. Her shoes were full of holes, and were protected by rubbers in quite as bad a condition. A man's old crush hat covered her head and a forlorn and battered coat reached her heels. She entered one of the large stores just in front of me, and, when she was roughly ordered out, though she was only admiring the pretty things and had not asked for help, went quietly and without a word.

A few minutes after I came upon her looking into a big show window full of silver and cut glass.

"Lots of pretty things in the window, aren't there?" I said, coming up close to her.

She turned her wrinkled old face to mine and said, in her low Southern tones:

"Lots of pretty things, darlin' but it costs a heap to buy 'em; but it don't cost nothin' to look at 'em, does it?"

With a bright smile and giving me a cheery nod, she limped slowly off.

Gems of Thought.

Personal appearance at first attracts the greater attention, but personal character produces the most lasting impression. While dress and manners are to be duly cultivated our chief concern should be to so feel and act that we may make the deepest, most vital, and most beneficial effect upon all with whom we come in contact.

Many wait until the hand of death is almost clasped upon them before they consider their duty to God. Salvation is the work of a lifetime and should not be allotted but a few moments in this life, as many are wont to give it. Riches and worldly gain are matters of but few years, while salvation is for eternity.

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"Messrs. T. Milburn & Co.:

"Gentlemen,—I have nothing but good words for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Never before have I publicly endorsed a medicine, and the only reason I do so now is because both my wife and myself have been cured of nervous troubles, and I think it only right that I should give my experience for the benefit of others.

"My business causes a great strain on the nerve forces; and for some time prior to February last I was so nervous that my muscles twitched, and I was so restless at night that I could hardly sleep. Two boxes

of these valuable pills cured me, removing every indication of nerve weakness—and, what is still more to the point, the cure has proved to be a lasting one!

"My wife, who has suffered with weak action of the heart, nervousness and lack of strength for some time, knowing that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills had cured me, started taking them also. The effect was remarkable! She has had no heart trouble since; they have strengthened her nerves, built up her system and made her strong and well again.

"I have frequently recommended these pills to my patrons who were suffering from heart and nerve troubles. Many have used them, and in all cases they have been entirely satisfactory.

"I remain yours truly,

"E. J. O'BRIEN."

We have proved it time and again through the published testimony of hundreds of reputable citizens of Canada, that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills not only cure such complaints as those with which Prof. O'Brien and his wife were afflicted, but, in addition, are indicated in such diseases as weak, palpitating, irregular beating hearts, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, spinal trouble, twitching, starting, etc. They positively cure faint spells and dizziness, dyspepsia, anemia, female troubles, after effects of la grippe and general debility. They build up the health and strength after serious illness, enrich the blood and infuse new nerve energy into weak, worn-out systems.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are sold by all druggists at 50c. a box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, or sent by mail on receipt of price. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

God only looks to pure, and not to full hands.

In bringing up a child think of its old age.

When God puts a burden upon us. He puts His hand underneath so that the burden may not be too heavy.

Singers, Clergymen, Politicians.

The well-known comedy singers, Fostell & Emmett, say: "Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the most wonderful medicine we have ever heard of or used, especially for people in our profession, who are troubled with sore throat, hoarseness, tonsillitis and catarrh. Myself and wife are troubled with tonsillitis and catarrh. We have tried everything we know of, but found nothing to equal Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for quick action and permanent cure." Fifty Members of Parliament and leading ministers of the Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Roman Catholic Churches have testified over their own signatures to the effectiveness of this wonderful remedy.

A Circulating Library for the Blind.

What is perhaps the strangest library in the world is situated in a private house on one of the quietest thoroughfares of Hampstead. At No. 114 Belsize road there is a lending library for the blind, the only institution of its kind, which caters for the entire sightless population of Great Britain and Ireland. Founded sixteen years ago by a blind lady, Miss Arnold, as a private library for the use of a few afflicted people, there rapidly grew up a demand for its benefits all over the country. It now numbers over 3,500 volumes, has a membership of 500 readers, and its books circulate as far as the north of Scotland in the one direction and the Channel Islands in the other. The shelves are piled with large folio volumes. Some idea of the space it requires may be gathered from the fact that the bible, translated into Dr. Moon's

system, fills no less than sixty-two volumes.

The books which the sightless borrow do not differ materially from those which circulate among ordinary readers. They read mostly novels, but there is a steady call for Shakespeare, Carlyle, Green's "History of England" and the "History of Our Own Times." But, just as at any other library, there is a constant demand for the newest books. The latest additions are Nansen's "Farthest North" and "Sixty Years a Queen," and both are immensely popular.—London Mail.

There are three times as many muscles in the tail of the cat as there are in the human hands and wrists.



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