

The Angels.

[This charming poem, which so well defines the spirit of the great picture, is written by a sister, Miss Lacey, and published in a distinctly Protestant publication, the Boston Congregationalist.]

What heart can linger in a hush like this,
And say that earth is all? A trace of bliss
Lingers even in the subtle and the cold;
The atmosphere is as the peace of God.

A dew of worship rises from the ground;
The tender light is tremulous with sound
From beyond the sunset, far within
The Holy Place no foot of man may win.

The peasant boy hath turned his face away
From the soul-searching glances of the day;
But the ball's pleading melody he hears,
And friendly shadows veil his half-shed tears.

The maiden bows in chaste radiant
warm.
Virgins in every robe of her form;
Her heavenly robes with tints of heaven are
bright.
She hath no thought that is not born of
light.

Listen! Within that throb of far-off sound
A presence lights it; earth is holy ground!
God's voice is audible in this calm air;
It is His spirit makes the world aware.

Ah! wondrous touch of penetrative art,
That fuses life, with every moment part,
In glory of the utterable whole!
Thanks, painter! for a picture with a soul!

MOONDYNE.
BOOK SECOND.
THE SANDALWOOD TRADE.

By JOHN BOYD O'REILLY.

IX.

MR. WYVILLE.

At the hotel, Sheridan found a note from Lord Somers, requesting him, if it was possible, to call upon him that afternoon. Half an hour later, he and the Colonial Secretary were riding together toward the West End.

"By the way, Mr. Sheridan," said Lord Somers, "there is a gentleman in London I want you to meet, who knows a great deal about the Australian Colonies, and especially about the West. He is our chief adviser on the proposed reform of the Penal System."

"Indeed!" said Sheridan, interested at once. "This is the second time to-day, I surmise, that I have heard of him. Is his name Wyville?"

"Yes; do you know him?"

"No," answered Sheridan; "I have never heard of him. Sir Joshua Hobbs does not like his reformatory ideas—which incline me to think Mr. Wyville must be a superior man."

Lord Somers laughed. "Sir Joshua Hobbs is, indeed, a strong conservative," he said; "but my own views are completely antagonistic to each other."

"You admire Mr. Wyville, my Lord?" asked Sheridan.

"Thoroughly," answered Lord Somers. "He is a most remarkable man—a man of exalted principles and extraordinary power. His information is astonishing, and what he speaks about he knows absolutely. I fancy he has lived a long time in the colonies, for he is enormously wealthy."

"Is he an old man?" asked Sheridan.

"No, I don't think he can be forty—certainly not more—but a person of so much force, and with a manner so impressive, that really one forgets to think of his age. He is altogether a notable man—and I may say, in confidence, that even the Prime Minister has more than once consulted him with advantage on Colonial affairs."

"You interest me exceedingly," said Sheridan. "Such men are not common in Australia."

"We are beginning to think otherwise," laughed the Secretary. "Australians seem to learn everything without newspapers. I remember, when Mr. Wyville first appeared here, some years ago, he might have dropped from the moon, so oblivious was he of the doings of the European world."

"Why, he had never heard of the Crimean War," said the Secretary; "and when I mentioned the Indian Mutiny to him, one day, he gravely stared, and asked: 'What mutiny?' Are you so utterly removed from civility—from news, is your bush?"

"Well, Mr. Wyville must certainly have had the minimum of society," responded Will; "we usually get a report, however vague, of what your civilization is doing."

"I shall we call on Mr. Wyville?" asked Lord Somers; "he lives in Grosvenor street."

"I shall be delighted to meet him," said Sheridan; "and a few minutes afterward they stopped before a large and handsome mansion."

Mr. Wyville was at home. A colored servant showed the gentlemen into a rich reception room, in which Sheridan's quick eye noted many Australian features of decoration.

The colored servant seemed a negro of the common African type to the superficial eye of Lord Somers. But there was an air of freedom about him, an upright-ness in the setting of his head on the neck and shoulders, the effect being heightened by the black hair, that stood straight out like a banner and very soft brush, which at once attracted the attention of Sheridan.

"Australian?" he thought, half aloud; "is it possible that a bushman may be trained in this way?"

He smiled at the absurdity of the thought; but was struck once more by the man's air as he turned to the door.

"Mr. Wyville," said Sheridan, "is a common name among bushmen, 'you have known,' or 'you belong to the Vase?'"

The black man turned as if a shot had struck him, and stared at the gentlemen, not knowing which had spoken.

"Nago mial wan gur Vase?" repeated Mr. Sheridan.

"Tial long nago Vase! Gnah ha lech!" answered the man, the look of amazement slowly changing to one of deep pleasure and curiosity. ("My mouth knows the Vase! That is good!")

"By Jove!" said a pleasant voice from a window recess in the room; "please ask what was the prince's name in his own country."

There came from the recess a handsome

well-set man, who greeted Lord Somers in a familiar manner.

"O, my dear Hamerton," said the Secretary, "I have great pleasure in making you acquainted with another Australian gentleman, whom you will find as interesting as Mr. Wyville."

The gentleman bowed. Sheridan liked him from the first look. An aristocrat, stamped; with a broad open forehead, clear, honest eyes, a firm mouth and jaw, and a manner above trifles, and careless of form.

"Mr. Hamerton is a priest of the new order," said Lord Somers to Sheridan in mock earnest; "he is a journalist and book-maker—hungry for novelty as an epeure."

The black man had remained in the room, staccato, his eyes fixed on Sheridan's face.

"Mr. Sheridan, will you please ask his royal name?" said Hamerton.

"Nagras, Jil," he answered.

"Nagras, Jil," said Sheridan, "is a native of the Vase country?"

"Is this really a language, with even an approach to regular formation, or the local gibberish of incoherent tribes?" asked Lord Somers.

"I have not studied it," answered Mr. Sheridan; "but it certainly is not a mere local dialect. The same things have the same names all over the continent, with only a slight difference between the Swan River and Sydney—two thousand miles apart."

"How did you guess this man's particular nativity?" asked Hamerton.

"I have lived at the Vase many years," said Sheridan, "and have grown familiar with the people. I believe the Vase natives are the most superior tribe in Australia."

"You are right, sir," said a deep voice behind them; "the Vase people are the parent stock of Australia."

"Mr. Wyville!" said both Lord Somers and Hamerton, with sudden gravity and respect.

Sheridan turned, and met the eyes of him who had spoken—deep, searching eyes that held him strongly for a moment, then passed quietly to another direction.

Never, among all the men he had known, had Sheridan seen such a man as this. The head, with all its features, the eye, the voice, the whole body, were cast in one mould of superb massiveness and beauty. There was no point of difference or weakness. Among a million, this man would not have more than a passing superiority, but he would have successfully walked through the opening crowd to the front place, and have taken it without a word. Before him now stood three men, not less likely of any in London to be easily impressed—a young and brilliant statesman, a pompous pretender, and a bold independent worker; and each of these felt the same strange presence of a power and a principle to be respected.

Nature, circumstance, and cultivation had evidently united to create in this man a majestic individuality. He did not pose or pretend, but spoke straight the thing he meant to say; yet every movement and word suggested a reserve of strength that had almost a mysterious calmness and beauty.

He was dressed in such a way that one would have been unable to detect other-wise. Dress was forgotten in the man. But he wore a short walking or shooting coat, of strong dark cloth. The strength and roughness of the cloth were seen, rather than the style, for it seemed appropriate that so strongly powerful a man should be strong of clad.

His face was bronzed to the darkness of a Greek's. His voice, as he spoke on entering the room, came easily from his lips, yet with a deep resonance that was pleasant to hear, suggesting a possible tenderness of heart that would make the soul a voice in absolutely perfect accord with the striking face and physique.

"Mr. Sheridan," he said, holding out his hand, which the other took with a feeling of rare pleasure; "we should not feel a formal introduction. We are both from the far country, where formality is unknown; and I have been quite intimate with your plans and progress there for several years."

Sheridan could hardly stammer a reply, he was so profoundly astounded. He could not see the wild nature of the Australian life, and wonder how it could have contained or developed this important man.

"You have studied with some effect," continued Mr. Wyville with a smile, "I have learned the language and discovered the superiority of the Vase tribes."

"My life for nine years has been passed among them," answered Sheridan; "but the possibility of training them to European manners I should not have thought possible."

"Oh, civilization is only skin deep," said Mr. Wyville, pleasantly. "The germ of social law is not very extensive; and a little skill, practised with kindness and attention, will soon enable one to run over all the keys."

"You really think it possible, Mr. Wyville," asked Lord Somers, "to transform the average savage into an obedient footman?"

"Yes, my Lord, I know it is possible—and I have seen stranger things accomplished with little difficulty. Refinement and graceful intercourse, even according to civilized rules, are quite in keeping with the natural character. We assume that to be savage which is contrary to our habit; but this is no proof of inferiority. Degraded civilization is brutal, indeed; but the natural or savage life is not."

"Then," said Mr. Hamerton, "why can't we put all our savages in Australia through your civilizing process, and do away with savagery at one stroke?"

"Why not begin at home?" quietly asked Mr. Wyville.

"But you haven't thought of that?" and Hamerton lapsed into listening, with a shrug.

"Have you actually civilized your savage servant?" asked Lord Somers.

"I don't think I quite know your meaning, my Lord," answered Mr. Wyville.

"All my people are Australians, taken from the bush. I am well served, and honest; and I have no gossips in my household, for no one in Europe can speak to my people—except Mr. Sheridan here," he added smiling.

"But how have you changed the nature of the bushmen?" asked Lord Somers, very much interested.

"I haven't changed it; my men are bushmen still. I have attempted no change whatever—and that is the secret of my success. It is true, I have asked Nagras Jil and the others to wear some warm cloth round their bodies while we live in this cold climate; to open the door when the bell rings; and to drive slowly and carefully in a week or two. This has been learned easily in a week or two. The bushmen are natural horsemen, trained in one hand, and the women, or at least the collie-women with their carriages, I assure you. Then again, my men, being savages, never lie and never steal."

"But is not this actual civilization?" asked Lord Somers.

"I really don't know," said Mr. Wyville.

"Ha, ha," chuckled Hamerton. "I really think it is!"

"Yes, you may laugh, Hamerton; but I think it is very interesting," said Lord Somers, "I have your relative any of their savages, Mr. Wyville?"

"I think they have kept all their natural customs which people in England call savage ways. They eat and sleep in their own fashion—I do not see any reason for imposing my way upon them, if they prefer their own. I don't see how better, except as pleases me. They even keep their familiar implements, if they please."

"What, for instance?" asked Lord Somers.

"My Wyville touched a bell. Nagras Jil appeared at the door."

"Yanga dan na womma," said Mr. Wyville.

The Australian disappeared, and in a few moments returned to the door, holding three or four long and slender spears in one hand, and the womma, or throwing stick in the other.

Lord Somers and Mr. Hamerton examined the weapons with great interest, vainly trying to draw a word from the observant Australian; while Mr. Wyville took Mr. Sheridan aside and conversed with him for several minutes.

On taking their leave, Mr. Wyville gave Sheridan a cordial invitation to come and see him soon, as he had much to say to him.

"You will find me at home almost always," he said.

"And if Mr. Wyville is absent, you will certainly find Mr. Hamerton," said Lord Somers, jokingly.

Before they parted, Lord Somers informed Mr. Sheridan that Hamerton was a wealthy gentleman, who had refused to adopt his reformatory ideas, and had decided to own his own livelihood, making a yearly division of the profits of his estate among his farmers and tenants. This had earned him quite another kind of title amongst the upper classes; but he had gone on working his own way, and had already won for himself an honorable name as an author.

"Hamerton is a Republican now," said Lord Somers, after a pause; "he was a Radical in the University."

Mr. Sheridan remarked that he seemed disposed to agree with Mr. Wyville's opinions.

"Yes," the Secretary said, "he has been much attracted to this remarkable man—more so than to any one he has ever known." Lord Somers also mentioned that the Government was about to introduce a sweeping reform of the entire Penal System, at home and abroad, and that the assistance of Mr. Wyville had been deemed of the utmost importance.

"He has already reformed our system at the Andaman Islands, the Penal Colony for India," said the Secretary; "but the Australian colonies offer a profound problem. If possible, we are bound, he says, to use the convicts not merely as slaves, preparing the way for civilized life, but to transform them gradually into a healthy and happy population."

"Very sound," Sheridan admitted, "and a grand undertaking," responded Sheridan, "and it is a terribly need. But Mr. Wyville is an uncommon mind. I trust his views will be largely heeded by the Government."

THE UPAS-TREE.

In a few days, as soon as he could do so without apparent haste, Will Sheridan visited Millbank again, and was escorted by a warder to the governor's office, where he was graciously received by that dignitary.

"Very good," said the governor; "but the charter a large merchant vessel, and fit her up for the voyage. The *Hongkong*, which will sail in April, is now lying at Portland, under preparation."

"The convicts to be transported you select from those who are best conducted, do you not?" asked Sheridan.

"No," said the governor, "only the women. These are the healthiest and best among their class; because they are soon released in Australia, and get married to liberated men, or go to service in settlers' houses. But the men who go to Australia are the opposite—they are the worst criminals of Great Britain. They are first selected for their sentence; men imprisoned for life, or for twenty years, are sure to go. Next we take them for re-convicts; we want to send away from our professional criminals as possible. Then we make up the number with strong young fellows, who have never been in prison before, but who are able to do a good deal of hard work."

"I presume the Australian authorities would like to have the liberty, and encourage them to become settlers?" said Sheridan inquiringly.

"Quite the contrary," answered the governor, very gravely, as if he, subordinate though he was, could see the wrong of the system. "These men, who should be punished lightest, have the heaviest burden in Australia. The professionals escape hard tasks, by knowing how; and these poor fellows, being strong, and ignorant of the rules, are pushed into the quarry gang, which you have heard, is filled with them. Very rarely, indeed, does a really dangerous criminal get heavy

punishment in prison. As a rule, the worst characters outside are the best in prison."

"It is a bad system," said Sheridan.

"Does Mr. Wyville's plan propose a reform?"

"Mr. Wyville," said the old governor, walking toward the door, which he closed, then, sinking his voice almost to a whisper, "Mr. Wyville is a man and a Christian, sir. I have heard him say that the true penal law should be filled with the spirit of Christ, and that our present code had none of it. He is going to change the whole machinery. He knows more about humanity and reform than a regiment of your K O's."

The bluff old major mopped his face with his large handkerchief. He was excited.

"Pardon me, Mr. Sheridan," he continued, "I speak too quickly against my superiors, perhaps. But I don't do it often; and I think you Australian gentlemen are a good deal of influence in making the new law."

"You know Mr. Wyville intimately, Major?" asked Sheridan.

"I have known him for five years, sir," answered the governor; "since first he visited this prison, on an order from Lord Palmerston. He has done more good to convicts in that time than all the men in Britain—I'm free to say that," added the major, emphatically. "Four years ago, I called his attention to an extraordinary case among our female convicts—the very person you saw the other day. She had never spoken, and had her hair shaved for five years after she came here. Mr. Wyville took an interest in her, and he has changed the whole manner of her life."

"By great means?" asked Sheridan, profoundly interested.

"Means?" repeated the governor, again resorting to his self-like handkerchief; "it was done in his own way—unlike any other man's way. That poor girl's life was saved from insanity and despair, by what you think was a poor little flower—a little common flower he went and pulled in my garden, down there."

Sheridan was about to hear the story of this strange event, when a low knock came to the door. The governor opened it, and a lady, dressed in black, with snowy head-dresses. They were Sisters of Mercy, who attended the female school and hospital. They had come for their ward keys, without which it was impossible to pass through the pentagons, each ward or passage being guarded by a key.

The governor treated the ladies with respect and courtesy. He handed them their keys with a knightly bow, and, as they retired, he bowed again, and waited until they had reached the end of the passage before he closed the door. Sheridan, who was as gratified and surprised as much surprised at seeing all this.

The governor turned to him with a radiant face. "God bless them!" he said, earnestly; "they may believe in the Pope of Rome, but it doesn't prevent them spending their lives for the love of God."

"Are they constant attendants in the prison?" asked Sheridan.

"Yes; they might as well be penal convicts, for all they see of the outside world. It was through these ladies, and the little flower I spoke of, that Mr. Wyville did his work for the poor girl."

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TO BE CONTINUED.

Tried and True.

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Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

he was little given to curiosity. "Those ladies," he thought, "are certainly Australian natives, and yet it seems absurd to believe. But then, it is no stranger than everything connected with this remarkable man."

At Mr. Wyville's he found Lord Somers, who had bought a copy of Sir Joshua Hobbs' new Prison Bill, and as the vast majority of the religiously inclined seamen of the Catholic way of thinking, the Navy Department has encouraged the establishment of searooms and altars on their own territory. The most notable two are the receiving ship *Vermont* and the war ship *Philadelphia*. The *Philadelphia* is in the dry dock and has a regular Catholic chapel, the Rev. Father Charles N. Parks, a bright and brainy young priest, who is doing excellent work among the jack tars.

The services last Sunday were held on the gun deck of the *Vermont* and Chaplain Parks officiated. Almost the first visitor of the day is a plump little old lady who begs with tears in her eyes that you will not put her name in the paper. For forty years she has been coming here in rain and shine, in no storm and blizzard, to help her boys, as she calls the sailors. She kept to their religious vows and to see that the altar is properly arranged. She often came when there was no priest to celebrate Mass, but now she rejoices with exceeding great joy that it can be celebrated with regularity, even when the hearted Father Darlow, of the nearby St. Ann's Church, who has so often filled the gap, is unable to be present.

With eager hands she goes to the store-room and brings out the sacred utensils and sees that they are properly bestowed, to help her boys, as she calls the sailors. She kept to their religious vows and to see that the altar is properly arranged. She often came when there was no priest to celebrate Mass, but now she rejoices with exceeding great joy that it can be celebrated with regularity, even when the hearted Father Darlow, of the nearby St. Ann's Church, who has so often filled the gap, is unable to be present.

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CATHOLIC SAILORS WITH UNCLE SAM.

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A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

The greatest frequency with which pale, yellow and enfeebled girls are met now a days is cause for genuine alarm. The young girls of the present generation are not the healthy, robust, sturdy maidens of mothers and grandmothers were before them. Their complexion is pale and sallow or waxy in appearance, and they are the victims of heart palpitation, ringing noises in the head, cold hands and feet, often fainting spells, racking headaches, backaches, shortness of breath, and other distressing symptoms. All these broken chorals or ailments—or in other words a watery or impoverished condition of the blood, which is thus unable to perform its normal functions, are unless speedily checked with this medicinal Sarsaparilla, organic richness to the blood corpuscles, and a new and early grave is the inevitable result. Is not this prospect sufficient to cause the gravest alarm?

Is there any of your daughters suffering from any of the symptoms indicated above, or from any of the irregularities mentioned in a critical period in their lives? If they are, as you value their lives do not delay in procuring a remedy that will save them. Delays in such cases are not only dangerous, but positively fatal.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is a remedy compounded, approved, and tested by such cases. These pills are not a patent medicine, but a remedy prepared with the greatest care from the formula of an experienced physician, who has used it for years in his daily practice with unvarying success. These pills are especially rich in those constituents which stimulate the blood and give it that rich color necessary to preserve health and life. They are in all cases a never failing blood-builder and nerve tonic, acting upon the system in a natural manner and restoring health and strength to all who suffer from the watery or deprived condition of the blood, or from any of those weaknesses peculiar to females. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of order (50 cents a box) by addressing, Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Delays are dangerous; do not neglect cold in the head or it will certainly result in catarrh. Nasal Eucalypti relieves cold in the head from the first application. Sold everywhere.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

DURSTON'S

Richard Durston, a rich and powerful man, was the subject of a burglary of old mids. He the time when the door was forced open and he was taken upon him. In other words, he was a very courageous man. He felt nervous about the burglary, but he was not. On the plucky as the average burglar and a suit made.

Durston, as you some house on a He has always held burglaries are effective treasury of servan- tress, kept bachelor's house, and he was a very old woman—a kind family. As he grew club he has managed favorably without house for men and be in league with the very shocking was examined the door- lock was not a breach in the Durston's library in a back room. The very deaf, as the said he had a son of his bed. This current through the no jockey up stairs. This process in the Durston's rheumatism was a part of the Durston's library. He found it was not a slipper in their wood fire was crack- Jeanette of Wilkes- Durston's wife. Durston's wife was in a very pleasant to the Durston's wife. Durston's wife was in a very pleasant to the Durston's wife.

HOW MASS IS SAID ON BOARD AMERICAN MEN OF WAR.

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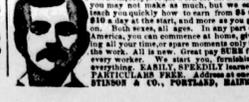
In any case relief will be had from the first few doses.

C. A. Livingston, Plattville, Ont. says: I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism.

M. A. St. Mars, St. Boniface, Manitoba, writes: Dr. Thomas' Electric 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.

Skin Diseases are most annoying because so noticeable. Dr. Lewis' Sulphur Soap heals and cleanses the skin.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.



Richard Durston, a rich and powerful man, was the subject of a burglary of old mids. He the time when the door was forced open and he was taken upon him. In other words, he was a very courageous man. He felt nervous about the burglary, but he was not. On the plucky as the average burglar and a suit made.

Durston, as you some house on a He has always held burglaries are effective treasury of servan- tress, kept bachelor's house, and he was a very old woman—a kind family. As he grew club he has managed favorably without house for men and be in league with the very shocking was examined the door- lock was not a breach in the Durston's library in a back room. The very deaf, as the said he had a son of his bed. This current through the no jockey up stairs. This process in the Durston's rheumatism was a part of the Durston's library. He found it was not a slipper in their wood fire was crack- Jeanette of Wilkes- Durston's wife. Durston's wife was in a very pleasant to the Durston's wife. Durston's wife was in a very pleasant to the Durston's wife.