"Ambrosiam late ross tune quoque spargit Cum flat aut multo languida sole jacet."

Sound not suit watto tanguidz sole;

Behold you towering cliff rock,
Its rugged brow the tempest's shock
slace time began defying.

Personnet to selse dawn's roay light,
And last to yield the treasure bright,
When golden day is dying.

In vain the lighting's lurid glare;
Is vain the thunders shake the air
About its sullen brow;
When first Autora's heavenly smile
Lit up young earth, that rocky pile
Appeared the same as now.

On you lone crag whose splintered head Uwr hangs the sea in stlent dread,
A royal flower grew,
Dared to innaie the chilly air,
That wreaths those groomy fragments ba
And sip the ice-cold dew.
Another nestled at its base,
In perfect modesty and grace;
Two stater germs were they;
One choose you high and rocky strep.
The other down where zeply re sweep
And mingle with the spray.

III "Thou'rt mine thou dizzy height," one said "Then I shall proudy grow, With beaven shine above my head, And all the world below."

'I'll rest me here," the other sighed,
"Hid from this cold world's gaze,
And view the never resting tide,
Type of man": fick'e ways,"

Boreas from the cold, cold North.
With envy moved, one night steals forth
And robes the rocks in snow:
His work is done-the lone cliff: pride
Tu-morrow's breze shall scatter wide—
Then fails to cert he low.
But 'ere his all-destroying breath
Cenid blast the lovely gem beneath,
His wrath was changed to dew—
Like friendship stears—fell on that flower,
Infrasing courage, hope and power,
Tu face the sun snew.
Eury' angenial, tey breath
Detignt in even Virtue's death.

Twas ever thus—the height of Fame Stree time began has been the same. The same rough way to treat: The same hibernal blast is there: Winged with shefts of dark despair And by destruction led. Ye' aiding those who toli below, Io vanguishing their greatest foe. PERCY A. GAHAN.

## THE GOLDEN CROSS

By M. R. S.

About the beginning of the late war, a man bent on weighty business, bearing important despatches and a large sum of money about his person, found himself belated at night in one of the wildest and most thinly-populated parts of a Southern

He was in the heart of a dens wood, and not far from a deadly and treacherous swamp. To lie down to rest would have been simply suicide; yet he was worn with fatigue, and no habitation appeared in sight. Dismounting, he led his horse by the bridle and tried in vain to discover by the sense of touch the road he should follow.
"I must find some shelter for the

night," he said. "The people hereabouts have not a very good reputa-I do fear swamp fever and scorpions. I'll call; there may be some one within hearing." On this he sent up a shout that proved his lungs to b in good condition, and followed it by another and another. After this third he paused and listened. A faint moment more there appeared among the trees the figure of an old man who held a lantern in one hand and shaded his eyes with the other.

"Who is that?" cried this personage; "one of the boys?" "A stranger," said the traveller.
"I'm lost in this confounded place.

Can you tell me where I can get "Who are you, and where do you

come from ? "I come from farther north; trav

elling on business; my name is Hogan, I can pay for anything I ask, and shall be thankful, too."
"All right. Come along. My house ain't far off." And turning he tottered away into the darkness.

The traveller put his hand upon the pistol at his belt and followed A few steps forward, and amid a dense mass of foliage they made their way to the door of a hut. Within, a fire burnt upon a rude Over it a girl crouched, idly looking into the embers.

"That's my darter," said the old man, "we're all alone here, and it's a poor place, and you're welcome. Walk in; I'll see your horse is cared

The girl looked up sharply, and looked down again with a flush on her face. The old man drew a broken chair toward the bleze and

lit a pine torch. A fire is comfortable these damp nights if it is warm," he said. "Make some coffee and ash cake for us, Nan nie. The gentleman's hungry, no

"I confess I am," said Hogan, tak ing the proffered chair. "And I do not know what I should have done to-night without your hospitality." Meanwhile the girl, a handsom

creature of seventeen, lezily prepared a meal. She moved slowly, but she did not do her work badly. The coffee smelt well, and the ash-cake

When it was done, she sat apart and watched the men as they ate, and listened to the old man's questions and the stranger's answers. Afterwards she spread upon the floor

a bed of straw and a blanket, and glided out of the room.
"I hope you'll sleep well," said the

"Good night, sir." "Good night," said Hogan, but he hought at the same time-

"You seem to be a very hospitable old gentleman, but you have the face of a rascal."

Throwing off his coat, he stretched himself upon the bed, and in five minutes found himself fast sinking into slumber. The pine torch flick-ered on the wall, the embers died out in the grate, when suddenly a hand rested on his arm and a voice whispered in his ear—
"Stranger, I've got something to

tell you."
Hogan started up. The girl knelt beside him, with her finger on her

"Get up," she said, "and put on your coat. The sooner you are off the better. The old man lied when he said I was his daughter; he has gone for the boys. He said to me just now, 'I've found out his business. He must have plenty of money with him.' And I know what that means. There will be four of them here in half an hour, and you are a

dead man if you don't go now."

Hogan started to his feet. Stitched in his belt were several thousand dollars, and he remembered that he had chattered away most indis-creetly, fancying the old man would no more than he choose to

"I'm a fool," he muttered, starting to his feet. "This is no silly jest, girl?"

"God's truth," said the girl. "I've seen sights that would make you move faster than you're doing now if you had seen them. There—get your horse and come. I'll show you which way to take. They'll kill me if they suspect me; but I reckon I'il ward them off. Come."

As in a dream Hogan followed her. She led him by the hand through thick woods until they came to a wide opening.
"Mount," she said, "and ride that

"Mount," she said, "and ride that way. Make all the speed you can. I've done all I can to save your life,

Jack Hogan."
"God bless you!" said he. "You know my name, I see. If the time should ever come when I can do as

much for you, I will."

"Perhaps," she said doubtfully."

"You have saved my life, child!"
he said, as he mounted his horse. "It is a debt a man don't forget in a hurry—listen! I swear that if I can ever do anything for you I will-! swear on this." He drew a little golden cross from his breast and kissed it. "Keep it to remind me of the oath if I should forget it," he said, and put it into her hand. Then as a man rides for his life he rode away and reached his destination

Two years from that night Cap-tain Jack Hogan sat alone in his tent writing a letter home. There was some one at home who waited for these letters anxiously, and who wore them fondly in Thoughts of her softened the soldier's heart. Glad, indeed would be have been to leave war and all its cruel scenes for home and peace—home and her. Half the sentence in which he told her so was written, when his servant's voice sounded in his ear.

"Beg pardon, captain. There's girl outside. Can she see you?" "A girl!" said the captain. "Yes; send her in. Some poor, starving creature, I suppose, for orders for

rations. And then he started to his feet and stood amazed and silent; for the fig-ure that glided in was that of the girl who had saved his life two years ago that night. She, for her part, drew from her bosom a little gold cross and held it towards him.

"Do you remember your oath?" He answered "I do." "Then save my Dan's life as

saved yours two years ago.'
"Your Dan?" he asked. "Yes. Dan Barton. He is to

shot to-morrow."

Dan Barton, the spy, lay well

far away. It was Capguarded not far away. It was Captain Hogan who had detected him. On the morrow his life would pay the

'And he is your Dan, poor girl?' said Captain Hogan. "Sit down ; try to be calm. Do you not understand that it is out of my power to save

the sentry, who saluted and let him pass. Hulf an hour after the sentry light of truth is thus brought to dawn saw him pass out, well muffled in his that I chall be happy to see him again."

cloak. He was seen afterwards by several other sentries, who wondered why a man who might sleep did

It was dawn. At sunrise they had brought the spy out to be shot—a large muscular man with black hair. A bandage was about his eyes and his hands were bound behind him. He kept his head down, striving, it seemed, to hide his face.
"I didn't think he was so hand-

some when I saw him before," said one officer to another. He looked like a sneak, I thought. Who is he "I don't know," said the other.

"Some one I have seen certainly." Meanwhile the men who were to put an end to the spy'slife formed into line. The chaplain read the prayer for the occasion. The order was

For a moment the air was filled with smoke; then it lifted. A man lay upon his face before them, dead. It was Jack Hogan. He had kept his oath.

had fled the camp, dressed in his uniform the night before. He had paid for his life with his life at last. New York Daily News.

## A PROTESTANT MINISTER'S OBSER-VATIONS.

sectarian preachers—the Catholic Church has far outgrown even its most inveterate and influential enemies among the secta, and now that it has assumed vast proportions in this part of the Christian world, prejudice against it has in a great measure been obliterated, and even Protestant preachers themselves are among those who bear witness to the falsity of the fundamental charges which their anti-Catholic ancestors brought against the Church of G.d.

A non-Catholic minister who manipu lates one of the multitudinous sects by which the world is made sorrowful has given his experience concerning

has given his experience concerning Catholics and the Bible during his long catalogs and the Bible during his long residence in Europe, and as there may be a few backwoods bigots still left who harbor the opinion that European Catholics are not permitted to read the Bible, we print the voluntary evidence of this evangelical individual so that the readers of the Mondor may be able to undeceive buch prej diced people—should any of hem happen to exist in any community

Here is what this candid Protestant dergyman says on this subject, and his pinious should close forever the mouths of those who calumniously charge the Catholic Church with withholding the

Catholic Church with withholding the sacred Scriptures from her children?
"I have resided for some years in Roman Catholic countries, and made many observations as to the state of their religious principles and practices. In the was quite convinced of the truth of Belgium, in the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, in France, and Italy, the Roman Catholic versions of the Holy Scriptures may be easily obtained. The was admitted into the Church. On the

and in my opinion, perfectly right. Were I on the continent again I would never give away any other than an authorized Catholic translation of the Bible, as I should much prefer it to the multilated

should much prefer it to the multilated Protestant versions.

"The Protestant versions of the Bible are to my certain knowledge circulated abroad with political and revolutionary designs. One of the most bitter infidels I have ever known said he would cordially co-operate in the circulation of the Bible in I——, as he believed it would tend to subvert the existing political system.

"It was about the beginning of the present century that the Italian translation of the whole Bible by Antonio Martini,

Protestant mind, and we will hall it as a happy omen that this Protestant preacher has so clearly set forth the truth on a subject which has been more constantly falsified than almost any other custom of Catholic Church. Thus—one by one—the props are being knocked from under Protestant projudice and men of many nations are beginning to see that Catholicity is not the foul and forbidding infamy which frauds and fanatics would try to make it.—San Francisco Monitor.

## A CONVERSION BY THE BLESSED

That Jesus Carist does admit His serrants on earth to co-operate with Him in the great work of saving souls is an admitted fact. He also employs His servants in heaven—His angels and saints—as co operators in the same work. Those blessed ones who are nearest to Him by rasem of their more availed. Him, by reason of their more exalted holiness, are those who share most fully with Him in all which He is ceaselessly with Him in all which He is ceaselessly doing for the salvation of souls. There is one who stands alone in her pre-eminent proximity to Jesus; who has done for Jesus more than all saints and angels together have done for Him; for whom Jesus has wrought greater wonders than for any or all of them combined. She was His chosen sacciate in service and was His chosen associate in saving souls in Bethlehem, in Nazareth, on Calvary, and is such now in heaven. She was and is such now in heaven. She was not His associate in preaching or in working miracles, but she was ever united to Him in praying and in suffering for the salvation of all men. For thirty long years before apostle or disciple came to Him to be formed to the great ministry of saving souls in co operation Fifty years ago almost nine out of every ten non-Oatholics in America actually believed that Catholics were sternly prohibited—under pain of eternal damnation—from reading the Bible. But this calumny has generally received its quietty in consequence of intelligence having replaced prejudice in the Protestant mind, as well as from the fact that millions of Protestants have emancipated themselves from the serfdom of secretarian preachers, who purposely implanted prejudice in the mind of non Catholic youth in order at the mind of non Catholic Church!

But—despite the despicable schemes of secretarian preachers—the Catholic Church is far outgrown even its most inveterate and inflaential enemies among the secta, and inflaential e still. Such is Mary now in heaven. God is ever employing her in doing a mother's work for souls. The soul, even as the body, needs the mother's kindly fostering care. In the infsncy of its life it needs the mother. It needs the mother's continued action still through the varying stages of its passages upon earth, amidst its trials, and its sorrows, and its dangers, and when it stumbles and falls, and is bruised and wounded. Oh, how great its consolation at such times to open the eye of faith and behold in Mary a Mother—a Mother full of tenderness and sympathy, and also full of power! It is the privilege of God's priests to echo the words of Jesus into the ears of souls, and to say to them what He Himself said to John: "Behold thy Mother." What priest is there who has not been a witness of wonders wrought through

een a witness of wonders wrought through out of many similar instances as an illustration of these remarks:

During a Mission which was being given by the Oblates of Mary in one of the largest manufacturing towns in England, a lady presented herself to the writer for instruction in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, in view of becoming a Catholic. He found that she had been attending the exercises of the Mission, and that she was quite convinced of the truth of

circulation and reading of this edition is authorized and recommended by the colesiastical authorities. I have in my possession an Italian Testament which I purchased without the slightest difficulty at Milan. A friend, who was desirous of presenting a prisoner in the juil at Lender of the Protestant versions of the governor to do so. 'Certainly,' he replied; 'it is a book which I read daily.''

The Pope and Catholic clergy do indeed prohibit and discourage the circulation of the Protestant versions of the Bible; and in doing so they are perfectly consistent, and in my opinion, perfectly right. Were ought to employ in order, if possible, to secure for him a share in her own happiness of being a Catholic. He recommended her to invoke on her husband's behalf the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. He also said that he would be appy to have an interview with him. happy to have an interview with him. Acting upon the counsel given to her, this good lady knelt before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, where she remained that day for hours, praying for the conversion of her husband. The writer, who witnessed her fervor on that occasion, felt that God would not refuse to hear prayers that were offered to Him with such expressions by this devoted woman. to be calm. Do you not understand that it is out of my power to save him?"

"No," she answered, "I understand you do not mean to keep your oath."

"You mistake me, If I could I would,"

"You mistake me, If I could I would,"

"You mistake me, If I could I would,"

"Perhaps I can," he said. "If I can I will."

"Perhaps I can," he said. "If I can I will."

"You promise?" she cried.

"I will keep my oath," said he. She knelt and kissed his hand. He drew it from her.

"There are no thanks to be given for the keeping of an oath," said he. Then she departed.

When she was gone he tore to pieces the letter he had written. Wrote on another page those words:

"My Darling,—When you rend these lines I shall be dead, It is very hard to leave you Remember poor "Jack Hogax."

"I must see this spy," he said to the sentry, who saluted and let him the sentry, who saluted and let him the sentry, who saluted and let him the sentry man and sentre said: of making more minute investigations." It is indeed a happy day when the latain translation of the whole Bible by Antonio Martin, Archbishop of Florence was published, together with valuable notes with a congratulatory note from the Pope, in which the perusal of the Holy Scriptures was strongly and devoutly recommended. This may be obtained in any bookseller's shop in Italy one seid to me: 'I read the Holy Scriptures was strongly and devoutly recommended. This may be obtained in any bookseller's shop in Italy one seid to me: 'I read the Holy Scriptures was trongly and devoutly recommended. This may be obtained in any bookseller's shop in Italy one seid to me: 'I read the Holy Scriptures was trongly and devoutly recommended. The order is may be obtained in any bookseller's shop in Italy one seid to me: 'I read the Holy Scriptures was trongly and the writer, in the secrics by our will educated. He commenced the conversation by saying to the writer: "You work out an interview between her husband to the writer, in the secrity of the scripture was the brought where it is an the Holy Scrip

That day she knelt once more for hours before the Lady altar in earnest prayer for her husband's conversion. In the evening of the same day the writer received a second visit from the young man. "I come," he said, "to apologize for the abruptness of my manner last evening, but I do not retract any of my sentiments with regard to religion." The writer, addressing him, said: "I have learned that in your boyhood you were at school in a Catholic him, said: "I have learned that in your boyhood you were at school in a Catholic college. You there must have heard of the Blessed Virgin." "Oh, yes," he replied, "and I remember when we wanted any particular favor from what you call God, we used to ask her to obtain it for us, and what we used to pray to her for used to come to pass, but that was all chance." "No, it was not all chance," the writer said, "but it was the real granting by Almighty God of favors asked through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, God wishing thereby to instill into your young heart devotion to her." When the writer had been called to see this gentleman that evening, he was preparing to invest a devout person with the scapular of the Immaculate Conception. He had the scapular in his hand during the interview. Feeling it was useless to argue further with in his hand during the interview. Feeling it was useless to argue further with this avowed young atheist, and remembering how earnestly his wife had been praying to our Lady for him, he felt moved to ask the young man, as a personal favor, to allow him to put him under the protection of the Blessed Virgin by placing the scapular of the Immaculate Conception upon his neck. The latter replied: "Though it would appear to be a sacrifice of my principles to permit you to do so, yet as you ask it as a favor, I will not ob-ject." The scapular of the Immacureturned to visit the writer, and as he entered his first words were: "Now I come of my own free accord to make a good confession." It was not by halves that divine grace accomplished the work of his conversion; in the instant it banished all doubts from his mind, and gave to him the disposition of a true believer, without the invention of a single word of controversy or discussion. At the same time it awakened in his heart the sentiments of a true penitent. He himself was convinced that he added to the thing the sentiments of a true penitent. At the same time it awakened in his heart the sentiments of a true penitent. He himself was convinced that he had received all those favors through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. In the last interview the writer had with him, he repeatedly used these words, whilst tears of contrition rolled down his sentiments. whilst tears of contrition rolled down his manly countenance: "It is to her"— meaning the Blessed Virgin—"I owe it. It is to her I owe my conversion." On the occasion of that last interview he begged of the writer to introduce him to the local priest, as he wished to place himself in his hands and under his direction to give such assistances. himself in his nanos and under his direc-tion, to give such assistance as a layman might give in connection with the ser-vices of the Church. He desired partic-ularly to be allowed to teach catechism ularly to be allowed to teach catechism lessons to children, in view of making reparation for all the impious words he had spoken against religion. ("Sketches of the Life of Mgr. DeMazenod, Bishop of Marseilles and Founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate," by Rev. Robert Cooke, O. M. I. Vol. II.)

An Endless Hell. BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

A century ago the God of Christianity was called a God of mere benevolence. That could not long be maintained, first, because he was a God of the Old Testa-ment as well as of the New, and next and specially because the New Testa-ment opened upon the woe thrice uttered by the Judge Himself, the woe unquenchably denounced upon the transgressors. But the instinct of modern civilization denies the very idea of such a doom in the face of a progressive future. Yet consider—is there not now as an undeniable fact, a vast aggregate of intense weary pain, bodily and mental as an undeniable fact, a vast aggregate of intense weary pain, bodily and mental, which has existed through an untold length of centuries all round the earth? Consider only the long pain and anguish which are the ordinary accompaniments of death. Supposing manhood has lasted many thousand years, the suffering has lasted just as long; there has been no interval of rest. But you will say it has an end, and is comparatively brief, to each mortal man: then you mean to say that your objection to future suffering would cease were it only for a thousand years and not forever? Considering what is told to us of the punishment of Dives, would that alleviation really content you? I do not believe it; you would not be satisfied with the curtailment of such punishment even to a hunment of such punishment even to a hun dred years, nay, not to twenty, not to a dozen. In spite of the word of Scripture dozen. In spite of the word of Scripture your imagination would carry you away, you would shrink from the idea of a course of suffering altogether; death, indeed, you could not deny, but "after death the judgment" and a trial before it, would cease to be a reality to you. It is a subject beyond you; it is not duration which you revolt from, but rather the pain. Indeed, are we sure that long duration intensifies pain? We have no positive notion of suffering in relation to duration. Punishment is not, therefore, infinite, because it has no end. What alone we know about eternity is negaalone we know about eternity is negatively, that there is no future when it will be otherwise. All that is necessary for us to be told is that the state of good and evil is irreversible.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

SPECIFIJ VIRTUES IN DYSPEPSIA. Dr. A. JENKINS, Great Falls, N. H says: "I can testify to its seemingly almost specific virtues in cases of dyspep-sia, nervousness and morbid vigilance or wakefulness."

Cure for Sore Throat.

A prompt and efficient remedy for sore throat as well as croup, asthma, pain in the side, ear ache, deatness and many other common and painful complaints, is found in Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

That day she knelt once more for hours THE SUBLIME MISSION OF ST.

CHURCH, BROOKLYN,

To St. Joseph was given the sublime

To St. Joseph was given the sublime mission of announcing Jesus Christ, and bearing testimony of His divinity before men. To Joseph, Christ was intrusted, that he might rear Him up and watch over Him from His infancy. John was the precursor of our Redeemer, and Joseph was His adopted father, being the spouse of the Blessed Virgin.

We know nothing of St. Joseph except what the Holy Ghost has been pleased to communicate to us in the inspired writings. He descended in a right line from the greatest kings of Judea and the most illustrious of the ancient patriarchs. But he has far grander titles than those conferred by birth or lineage—his transcendent vir ues, and, above all, his fifth and his humility. This faith and humility manifested themselves in him from the earliest moment of the union that he had contracted with her who was chosen to be the Mother of God. This same Joseph was a poor carpenter who worked at his trade, although he descended from the royal house of David. This man was not a common Jew. He was wholly apart from that by re son of the semi divinity with which he had been invested.

When Mary was about to give to the world the heaven sent Child who was to save mankind, by delivering us from the servitude of sin, Augustus Cæ ar published an edict ordaining a census of the inhabitants of all the countries then subject to the R man empire. According to this

ants of all the countries then subject to the R man empire. According to this edict, every person was to be registered in his own town. Joseph, in obedience to the imperial mandate, set out immediately from the city of Nezvreth; and, as he was of the house of David, he went to Bethlemen, the city of David, in Judea, to be there enrolled with Marry his seques God premitted. or David, in Judea, to be there enrolled with Mary his spouse. God permitted that they should not find a lodging in the inn, then crowded with people who had come to be registered, and they were consequently obliged to seek shelter in a sort of cavern that served for a stable. Such

them
Although he descended from the ancient Although he descended from the ancient kings of Judea, he was fully satisfied with the lowly condition of his life—a condition despised by the rich and the great—and his only ambition was to supply, by the lator of his hands, the common wants of the Holy Family. His life teaches us the grandness of labor—aye, its dignity—and teaches likewise some very applicable lessons on humility. St. Joseph was humble, notwithstanding that he was the saviour of man, by reason of keeping the Infant from Herod's hands. We ought to be humble; not hypocritically so, which be humble; not hypocritically so, which consists only in words and in a mere show of our own debasement. Value not yourself either for your riches, rank, beauty, or qualifications. The pride one takes in these things is mean and foolish. It is a sure mark of a weak and voin mind. Never value yourself for your talents, ingenuity, wit, or learning; these are the gifts of God, and you insult Him when you seek your own glory in His

You offer a greater insult to God when You offer a greater insuit to Gou when you value yourself for your virtue, inasmuch as it is no merit of yours. To boast of it is to destroy it. To believe that we are virtuous is to be destitute of the chief virtue, which is humility. You pride yourself on some qualifications You pride yourself on some qualification which you think you possess, while the same time you have reason to trem-ble at the sight of virtue which you do

not possess.

Be humble towards God, in considera-Be humble towards God, in consideration of His incomprehensible greatness, before whom you are as nothing. Humble yourself before His power. Regard not those exterior objects which surround you. The wealth that you possess, the splendid dress which adorns you, the beauty of which you are so vain, those friends who flatter you, that office and renutation which raise you above and reputation which raise you above others—all that is not of yourself; it does

others—all that is not of yourself; it does not come from you; nor will it make you a better or more honest man.

Far be it from you to seek applause; rather hide yourself in your confusion and think much more upon bewailing your miseries, your nothingness and your sins than seeking the vain applause of the world. Be humble, therefore, in all things, placing your trust in the mercy of the heavenly Father.—Baltimore Mirror.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure

COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES In General Debility, Emaciation, Consump. tion and Wasting in Children, Is a most valuable food and medicine. It

creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system and builds up the body. It is prepared in a palatable form prescribed universally by Physicians. Take no other.

A Heavy Burden.

Mr George Russell, of Aurora, Ont., says he was a great sufferer from a running sore of the worst description, which baffled the best medical skill, and his lite was a burden. He was cured by B. B. B., to his great joy and the surprise of his friends.

of his friends.

Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine. My customers say they never used anything so effectual. Good results immediately follow its use. I know its value from personal experience, having been troubled for 9 or 10 years with Dyspepsia, and since using it digestion goes on without that depressing feeling so well known to dyspeptics. I have no hesitation in recommending it in any case of Iudigestion, Constipation, Heartburn, or troubles arising from a disordered stomach."

As Sweet as Honey is Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, yet sure to destroy and expel worms.

JUNE 5

A primrose from at The gift an Irish A withered leaf at The old sweet fra

How well I know to The tangled foliage Of hazel branches Save where caressis A me.lowed light

The modest violet p A cowslip here, or l Through glen and g

How fair the lands Of wood and mea To where the white The pulseless bose Here in the soft spr The village childr Or twined fresh flow'rs, To crown the Vir

And here, oft when Was crimsoned b Sweet blossom, bes You're welcome a For pleasant memo Of dear old Irelan

The haunts of bygo Again I hear the Thanks, thanks, fa This primrose fro -Cork Examiner,

THE SECO WM. O'BRIEN'

Mr. Gladstone, moved the second lating to the futu land was followe Hartington, who ] hoist. Mr. Glads to say, was compl Marquis of Hart contrary, singular; Wm. O'Brien the speech, like a N striking a cluster lets, scattered ever foes to the winds. of the hon. memb taken from the Du

Mr. Wm. O'Bri

with loud Irish che

are disposed to a the opposition of manly and a stra (hear, hear). To

perament it seems sions such as he se

occur; but we ca much the same kin

anxiety weighed us in reference to oth cheers), even so rextension of the bers in this house, that his doubts not prevail even w prevent the passing now admit, the he that there is a sip century as to whice and terrors just a raised (hear, hear) is this-will any n even the noble ma here and declare reforms which so they were being pa that any of these pealed (cheers). I the noble marquis irritating topics th We are determin and putting an en-an end, to this acc Irish and the Engli If trouble and ex it is not on our sid lie (Irish cheers). responsibility on (Irish cheers). T quoted what the layears ago, and he ately, I believe) from the property of the comparatively repeople were not p towards English r but they were said (Irish and Ministe we were to go dig the past we migh retort even more up unpleasant m After all, where is end? I think I c for the others wh

that the noble m may spare the hou for one admit un of this new great measure a zon, that I wo rule in Ireland I must candidly se was that my abilit my power in the ingly limited (Iris The question after and what we did and what we do rather what the Ir say if by a free vo often of gentlem (cheers). There is of feeling up to the two countries we could be. Why, Ireland is the reas his bill, and I say at present the gre the bill; and it w bill if it should su feeling, and in rethe present ranco