

SAVED FROM THE SEA.

An Interesting Episode in the Life of Patrick Egan, Late Treasurer of the Land League.

From The Chicago Herald. "I recognized a face in your streets yesterday," said an Americanized Frenchman to a Herald writer. "There are a few cities in which one is sure to see the same faces—Paris, London, New York and Chicago. You come across gentlemen and ladies in the four with no likelihood of meeting them elsewhere. They are the cosmopolitan cities of the world.

"But I was going to say," the Frenchman went on, "that the face I saw yesterday was one I had good reason to remember. I was in Paris last summer, and, like the most of those who are not tied down here, I ran out of it to a watering place when the atmosphere became too intolerable—for Paris, like New York, is frightfully hot after the dead heat fastness on its tall buildings and dry pavements. The place I went to was a little resort on the coast of Normandy, where the long arm of land runs narrow into the sea. It has a beautiful name; it would be very impolite to mention it in English. Did you ever hear of Petit d'Enfer? No! So I stopped at a quaint little inn called Hotel Petit d'Enfer, and it was not at all suggestive of the locality alluded to. On the contrary, the delicious sea breeze rippled over its dainty table linen, and the garcon had to be careful lest the dish in his hand should be knocked out of the hazardous equilibrium at which he poised it jauntily over his head. Out on the water, tossing vivaciously on the breakers, you could see the white fleet of pleasure boats, craft of all kinds imaginable, floating like feathers, and with strong glass, the islands rose from the bosom of the deep—Alderney and Guernsey. The bathing is delightful there, and many families flock to it from the entire country. Of course, the majority are from Paris.

"I bathed one day, with no little annoyance from the undertow, which, at times, is so strong as to endanger life, and was walking on the beach with two other friends. The surf was full of boisterous people, young and old, children and bonnys, and their gawdy was unbounded. The children in France feel no especial restraint under any circumstances. They are not drilled into the decorum of sergeants as they have laid their pinafores off, as is the case with well brought up infants in America. The French children are kept in the nursery and romp into health; or go out with the bonne, who does not attempt to give them society manners and unchild them, as it were. In this country, they are let run all over the works, and they are the apartments of the entire family, and of course they must be straight-jacketed. The tiny wads of humanity that were playing hide-and-go-seek in the breakers that day were as pink as cupids and as fat; roly-poly midgets that laughed merrily enough to spread the infection over the gravest of the gathering. Suddenly above the chorus of innocent pleasure a shrill cry arose; then another and another; and in an instant the air was rent with shouts of terror and a clamor for ropes and volunteers. At the bathing places in Normandy none of the life-saving precautions are observed which are universal in other parts of the globe. There are no buoys, no ropes extending out into the deep water, no life-boats to rescue those whom recklessness of the undertow may carry out. All eyes were riveted on two struggling forms whose long hair floated dismally on the soapy suds as they were being carried swiftly to sea, beyond the possibility of self-help. The cowardly attendants, who were paid for protecting the inexperienced and the weak, stood stolidly on the sand, arms folded, shaking their craven heads even when men thrust purses under their mean little noses.

"Suddenly two forms dashed into the waves and gallantly swam toward the fast disappearing women. They were men, and they were strong; they willily cleaved the water with their strong arms; and saw the wife of one clutch two little children to her breast, and suppress the agony that rose to her lips. She began to pray, in fervent English, with a slight Irish accent. The other woman was weeping aloud hysterically, for one of the drowning victims was her daughter, a pretty Swiss fraulein that I had seen accompanying the aged lady towards the bathing houses. Who the second victim was I could not learn, except that she was Spanish and was accompanied by a maid who fainted as her mistress went out of reach. The swimmers swam as only men can who are resolved to succeed on their errand and come back to those who are dear to them. But what a fight they had with the sea. The huge waves met them with terrific force and hurled them back like autumn leaves down a mountain side. Up to the pinnacle of some huge wave they would mount again to its depths disappear, while the crowd on shore caught their breath, and only breathed again when the two valiant fellows rose once more to breast and conquer the sea. Now they are near the women—now the unfortunate, benumbed and helpless, are swept away from them as if with demon fingers. On they go, rising, sinking, plunging, dashing the thick, gray foam away from their faces and out of their almost blinded eyes, and a second time they clutch the women. They hold limp fingers like vises, and with a few magnificent strokes, turn the breakers as the Russians did the Balkan, and now they are coming in. Great God, did we not cheer! At last they reach the sand, and many are ready to relieve them of their dripping burdens. The Spanish lady was resuscitated easily. The young Swiss girl was all but dead, and in a short time expired. She had sunk twice before the gallant rescuer reached her.

"The lady, who had clasped her two little ones and begun praying as the swimmers went out, ran into the arms of one of the two men, who, the brine salting his entire body, lavished kisses on her and the children. They quickly went into the hotel. I saw the man on the street yesterday, none the worse for the splendid risk he took for a pair of strangers, of whom, in all probability, he knew absolutely nothing. But a woman in danger moves the heart of a man as no other motive can. I did not appreciate before how small in stature he is, for I tell you I thought him a giant that day. It was

Patrick Egan, late treasurer of the Land League, now visiting with friends, I understand, in Chicago. He was residing in Paris then, having voluntarily given up his elegant home in Dublin to protect the funds from falling into the hands of the British Government. He had run over to Normandy to give his wife and children a taste of salt air and a plunge in the sea. He is an expert swimmer. If he had not left Dublin in 1881, the very day he did, the money sent over from this country to keep the life in the famishing peasants and exchequer for nothing, ruins the British people in Ireland better than famine, since it carries off the peasantry and lets the farms be turned over to the cattle.

"I believe Egan has not stated what ship he came across on. I should not be surprised, from his prowess in water that day, if he swam the whole way."

FLIGHT OF A SACRED HOST.

A Hunter, Hanging over Eternity on a Mountain, Visited by the Blessed Host.

New Orleans Morning Star.

On the highest of the Silberberg (silver) mountains in Tyrol, there is a large rock, shaped like a table, which overhangs a deep gulf, and on the rock there stands a large cross, called the "miraculous cross." Its legend is as follows:

A long time ago, when there were still large numbers of deer in the mountains, Guntz, a hunter, came one day into the hut of a poor woman living with her daughter Efflam at the foot of the mountain. He was very poor and he could no longer hunt the deer on account of fever, which caused his limbs to tremble. As he was hungry he asked for bread, and the old woman replied:

"Boy, I have only my daughter Efflam's share left; she will soon be back from the fields, where she is watching sheep for other people." At this moment a sweet voice was heard at the open door, saying: "Mother, I have just returned." And the young girl Efflam entered, poorly clad, but crowned with her golden curls. She crossed the room to get her bread, and having broken it, she presented a salt of it to the hunter, saying: "I give it to you with a good heart." Guntz, after taking the bread, sick as he was, climbed the mountain, saying: "Lord grant that I may gain enough to pay for that piece of bread, given to me with a good heart."

This time he met with success in hunting; he took the deer he had killed on his shoulders, sold it, and with the proceeds purchased a beautiful bouquet of flowers. He offered it to the old woman saying: "I dare not speak to your child Efflam, but I am inspired with the thought of asking you to give her to me as a wife, and thus Efflam and Guntz, by the good priest who had baptized them both. Thus they were made happy and they loved each other with all the purity of pious souls. Guntz recovered his strength, and all alone, he supported his old mother and young wife, and the good priest who had no longer any means of living.

The fever, which was then raging, had desolated the castle of princes and ravished the houses of the laborers. The people were all moving away from that part of the country. Efflam's old mother died from the effects of weeping over these misfortunes.

Then Guntz said: "Let us go far away where there is no war." Efflam was willing, but the priest refused, saying: "When my children come back here they must find their father." And Efflam said to Guntz: "Let us not leave him; for what could he do all alone?"

On Sundays, since the old mother had been laid in the grave, there were only three persons in the church; the priest, who said Mass, and Guntz and Efflam to hear it. At the Communion the couple knelt together at the altar; and when they had gone back to their places, the Father preached them a sermon full of tears, which their tears listened to.

One Sunday Guntz came to Mass alone and all alone he received Holy Communion. A slow sickness had seized Efflam, and she had no longer strength to go to church.

On the following Sunday no one came. After Mass, the priest took the ciborium, and carried it to the hut of Guntz, where Efflam lay dying. The priest expected to find Guntz kneeling by the bedside; but Efflam was alone. Where then was he?

"Father, I had a longing for some milk, and Guntz went out before daylight to get me some." It was true, and at the very moment when our Lord was coming to visit Efflam in the hut, Guntz was pursuing the deer on the top of the mountain. "Fear nothing," said he to the deer, without knowing that he was talking, "give only a drop of thy milk for her who was all my joy on earth." And raising his eyes to heaven, he added: "O Jesus! O Jesus! O Virgin Mother! Do not, I beg you, leave me in the house where she soon will be no more; grant that we may go together, with the Sacred Host on our lips, to meet again in never ending happiness!"

Guntz was running on the level rock where now stands the large black cross. On it there was snow which after thawing the day before had become hardened by the morning frost. Just as he was going to lay hold of the deer, she leaped away, and his foot slipped. He fell over the table of the rock, and had just time enough to catch hold of the edge with both hands; he thus remained suspended over the precipice. In this position he could see the steeples of the church and the window of his little hut. "O Jesus!" thought he, "Thou hast heard me; I am going first, I thank Thee; but dearest Lord, who will bring me, away up here, the Sacred Host, my Viaticum!"

Below, the priest had prepared everything for the last communion of Efflam. When the prayers were over, Efflam, with an angelic smile, opened her pale lips and received the Divine Viaticum. At that moment she raised her eyes towards the mountain. She uttered a loud cry! The mountain was bright with the rays of the sun. If Guntz could see the hut, he could also be seen from the hut. Efflam, with an effort sat up in the bed, and raised up to God her icy-cold hands. "O sweetest Jesus!" she cried, "he is going to die without Thee! O dearest Saviour! go to him as Thou hast come to me!"

At these words the good priest ran out, for he had also looked up, and had become aware of Guntz's dangerous position; but he would not have the tenth part of the time necessary to climb up the mountain. He rushed to the door, and in doing so one of the Sacred Hosts got out of the ciborium. Efflam perceived it. "Glorify to the Father! glory be to the Son! glory be to the Holy Ghost!" said she, with fervent joy. The priest was in great trouble; he was looking for the Host on the ground, and could not find it.

The Host did not go down, but it went up. Our dear Lord was going where Guntz's heart was sending Him, where Efflam's heart was calling Him. The Host, raised up by a mysterious breeze, was flying upward. It fitted in the air, as a flake of snow towards the north. "We praise Thee, O Jesus!" said the priest, following with his eyes the motion of the White Host. "O Lord, we confess Thee!" murmured Efflam falling back on her couch, dead for joy. And away up, away above, Guntz, sitting out, opening his mouth to receive the Bread of Angels: "O Eternal Father, the whole universe worships Thee?"

His hands let go their hold, and when the priest climbed up, found him lying at the foot of the precipice, as if he had softly lain down to sleep on the grass. The priest carried away the body, and buried his two beloved children in one grave. Later, with his own hands, he erected the black cross which is still called the miraculous cross.

"Mickey" Sheridan as a Devil.

Years and years ago there walked into Judge Sheward's printing office in the little town of Somerset, Ohio, a ragged but bright and mischievous looking boy. He walked boldly up to the Judge and said:

"I want to learn to be a printer in your office."

"You want to be a devil, do you?" inquired the Judge.

"Well, they say I am a devil at home, but I don't care what you call me. I can get a chance to learn to be a printer."

"What is your name my son?"

"My name is 'Mickey' Sheridan."

"All right," said the Judge, "I will try you."

The Judge took "Mickey" out into the composing room and turned him over to the foreman. Time rolled on and "Mickey" learned rapidly, but was a terror to everybody in the office. There was no mischief that could be thought of that "Mickey" was not up to. He was eternally playing tricks on everybody in the office, even the Judge.

After he had been in the office for two years the Judge concluded to put him in school. He had been in school more than two months when the teacher sent him home with a note to his father and his Judge that he was too bad for any use; that he was the terror of the whole school; that he kept every other scholar from learning.

The Judge and "Mickey's" father called on the teacher and begged him to take "Mickey" back. The teacher said to them that if he came back he would treat him well, but he would be pleased if he would stay away—he was too bad for any purpose.

"Mickey" went back, however, and from there to West Point. Now more do you suppose, gentle reader, "Mickey" Sheridan was! Who do you suppose he is? The Critic will tell you. He is Lieutenant-General Phil Sheridan, the General of the United States Army upon the retirement of General Sherman.—Washington Critic.

Gossip Rebuked.

An exchange gives an incident that may prove a suggestion to all of us.

One day the conversation at dinner in a family well known to the writer turned upon a lady who was so unfortunate as to have incurred the dislike of certain members of the household because of some peculiarities. After several had expressed their views in no gentle terms, the married sister added:

"I can't endure her, and I believe I will not return her call if she comes here again."

Her husband who had hitherto remained silent, replied:

"She will not trouble you again, my dear, as she died an hour ago."

"You don't mean it! Surely you are only teasing us for our uncharitableness."

"She is really dead. I learned it on my way to dinner."

Overwhelmed with shame, the little girl realized for the first time the solemnity of such sinful conversation. Let us take warning and speak of these about us as we will wish we had done when "Death sweeps their faults with heavy hand As sweeps the snow the trampled sand."

"Become Sound and Well."

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.: Dear Sir—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good.

Yours truly, THOMAS J. METTIVIN, Hatcher's Station, Ga.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats," 15c.

As a superb hair dressing and renovator Ayer's Hair Vigor is universally commended. It eradicates scurf and dandruff, cures all eruptions and itching of the scalp, promotes the renewed growth of the hair, and surely prevents its falling or turning gray.

Mr. H. McCaw, Custom House, Toronto, writes: "My wife was troubled with Dyspepsia and Rheumatism for a long time; she tried many different medicines, but did not get any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure." She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for years. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

Thousands upon Thousands

Of dollars have been spent in advertising the celebrated Burdock Blood Bitters, but this fact accounts only in part for its enormous sale. Its success is made it what it is—the best blood medicine ever devised by man.

PURGATORY.

Why Protestantism Excluded the Books of the Machabees.

Some of our Church of England neighbors are beginning to find out that the Catholic Church was, after all, in the right about their being a Purgatory, but while they practically accept the Catholic doctrine on the subject yet they at the same time try to make themselves and others believe that there is in the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory something which justified the so-called Reformers in rejecting it. If the subject were not of too grave a nature to be made fun of, there would be something very amusing in the assurance with which a small number of Anglicans give out as doctrines of the Church of England what all the world knows to be mere private opinions of their own which the Church of England barely tolerates. Their attempts to claim for their sect the true doctrine of Purgatory are as ridiculous as those which Mr. Olcott makes to credit Buddhism with true geography and astronomy, while all the world knows that Buddhism has irrevocably committed itself to a cosmogony which modern science proves to be preposterously false. How ever much a few Anglicans may now try to make out that their sect has always approved of prayers for the dead, that sect stands so irreverently committed to the condemnation of the practice as Buddhism does to the denial of the sphericity of the earth and of the heliocentric solar system.

Many Protestants ignorantly imagine that the reason why the so-called reformers rejected the doctrine of Purgatory was because it could not be found in Scripture, but the truth is that the Reformation people, on the contrary, first denied Purgatory and the correlative doctrine of prayers for the dead, and then excluded from the Bible the Books of Machabees for too plainly proving the doctrine which they denied. The real reasons why the first Protestants denied the existence of Purgatory was not because they could not see it in the Bible had they had a mind to see it there but because it was inconsistent with their doctrine of justification of faith alone. The following quotation from Dr. Moehler will show that this is no mere gratuitous assertion of our own:

"To these principles of the Catholic Church Protestants oppose but mere empty negations, and a dead criticism. In the first place, as regards Purgatory, Luther, at the outset, denied the doctrine, as little as that of prayers for the dead. But, as soon as he obtained a clear apprehension of his own theory of justification, he recognized the necessity of giving way here likewise to the spirit of negation. In the Smalcald Articles, composed by him, he expressed himself in the strongest manner against the doctrines of Purgatory, and characterizes it as a diabolical invention. Calvin also, with the most furious violence, declares against this dogma, and the syncretical writings of his party coincide with him on this subject. At the same time with the clearest conviction, they avow the motive which incited them on to this violent opposition, and disguise not the feeling that the adoption, or even the toleration of the doctrines of Purgatory in their religious system, would admit a principle destructive to the whole."

So long as Protestants held the doctrine of justification by faith alone, which meant in other words that there could be no sin except unbelief, they made it a matter of necessity to deny the existence of Purgatory, because if there were no sin except unbelief they could obviously be no room for purification of the soul after death. As the Protestant heresiarchs had been Catholics, they were better logicians than their modern disciples generally are, and that they did not end in blank infidelity was only because they did not live long enough to perceive that the denial of one article of the Catholic faith necessarily leads on to the denial of the whole. All modern Protestants having practically abandoned the impious doctrine of justification by faith alone, as it was held by their early masters, there is now no reason why they should not go back to the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory; but if they have intelligence enough to perceive this, they have not the candor to acknowledge it.

Hence the attempt of some Anglican ministers to credit their sect with the doctrine of Purgatory, and at the same time to make out that their doctrine on the subject, is something different from the Catholic one. We do not long ago reproduced an article by the "Auriferus" of Ireland, Dr. Murray, of Maynooth, and it is not necessary to repeat what was therein so plainly set forth. Purgatory simply means a place of purification, and it will have been seen from the article referred to that all that the Catholic Church has ever defined as that of the whole. Purgatory and that the souls there detained are assisted by the prayers of the living. Whether it be situated in the centre of the earth or in another planet; what sort of a place it is, and whether it be any particular place at all, are matters about which the Church has never defined anything, so that, if prayers for the dead are admitted, there is in the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, so far at least as the authoritative and infallible definitions of the Church are concerned, really nothing to deny. Protestant ministers can therefore approve of prayers for the dead and at the same time profess to hold a doctrine on Purgatory different from the Roman one, only by either confounding with articles of the Catholic faith the mere individual opinions of Catholic theologians, or what is more likely—by attributing to the Catholic Church doctrines which are neither articles of the faith nor theological opinions, but only the unfounded inventions of Protestants.—Ceylon Catholic Messenger.

IS ASSASSINATION WAR?

From the New York World.

Mr. Lowell has been rather officiously than officially informing an English corporation with which he has dined that Americans do not believe that "assassination is war, or that dynamite is the raw material of policy." The latter part of this saying is somewhat dark, but the purpose of the American Minister was plainly enough to express disapproval of homicide in Ireland and of explosions in England as means of political agitation. And it is by no means certain that his countrymen will go with him in this proposition.

If one country gained another by the sword six hundred years ago, and has made so little progress in conciliating it since that it holds it by the sword to-day; if the conquerors despised the conquered and the conquered detested and loathed the conquerors; if the conquerors paid so little attention to the wishes or opinion of the conquered that they took special measures to prevent the representatives of the conquered from even making known to the legislature of the conquerors what those wishes and opinions were—would anybody pretend that the connection between these two countries could be to the advantage of either? Would anybody imagine that the conquered people were to blame for the selfishness and their conquerors, or that it was the fault of the conquerors in such a state of facts and of feeling on which side the blame lay? The presumption, it must be admitted, as to the origin of the discontent of the conquered is rather against the conqueror.

Now this is precisely the condition of Ireland. The whole Irish people abhor the British connection and long to be free from it. They have no chance against the conquerors in open war, but a smothered war has been the immemorial condition of things between them. When a general insurrection is hopeless, assassination is the only mode of warfare possible. To deny the right of a people who consider themselves oppressed to resort to "outrages" is to say that when an oppressed people are weak in numbers as it is unable to take the field they must submit to what they regard as oppression or trust to the ameliorating influences of time and peaceable agitation.

To Irishmen it is a mere mockery to talk of time and peaceable agitation. Ireland has been trying time and peaceable agitation, varied by outrages, for five or six hundred years, and hates England as much as ever. Not a single concession has been won from England during all these centuries by Irish appeals to English sense of justice. Whatever concessions have been made have been extorted by outrages, and so have not had any effect in allaying Irish discontent or in mitigating Irish hatred of England. This lesson of history has been faithfully learned by Irish agitators, that if they want anything from England their readiest way to get it is by killing Englishmen, or hounding the cattle of Englishmen, or in some other way destroying the property and disquieting the lives of Englishmen.

THE BOOK AGENTS.

How One of the Profession Took all the Courage out of a Bandit.

Brown, Jones and Robinson, three of as good fellows as ever melted the heart of a country trader to the merry music of the plaint choir, sat one evening last week in the smoking compartment of a chair car on the E. and T. H. Western railroad. With them was a tall, thin, dyspeptic man with sandy hair, dressed in a rusty suit of black. Nature had endowed him with long legs and his tailor with short pants. His coat collar was rich enough in accumulated grease to keep a soap factory going for a month. His mouth was of brass and his check as hard as last year's cider. He was a book agent. Already had he gobbled up the drummers for a "Life of Christ" and a "Pocket Encyclopedia" of 215 numbers when suddenly a real Jesse James—like a train bandit—opened the door and stood pistol in hand, before the quartet.

Brown's soul sank into the heels of his boots. Beads of perspiration, big as snow balls, stood on Jones' classic brow, while his hair lifted his hat two solid inches from the crown of his head. Robinson murmured the first verse of "Ever of Thee I'm fondly dreaming," and thought he was praying. But the book agent bounded from his seat with a glad smile and a "How do, stranger! Delighted to see you. Do let me show you my superb bonanza of domestic peace and happiness to every householder who is fortunate enough to possess one. These hundred pages of elegant letter press, printed on toned paper and embellished with fine steel engravings and official map of the state. A carefully compiled correct topographical and historical—"

"Shut up!" roared the bandit. "Shut up! You bet it will and fasten itself with a double-action brass clasp—my invention—and with its simplicity of design and beauty of construction, worth half the price of the book. Given away, sir; literally given away, for \$3 in boards or \$4.50 in morocco with bevelled edges."

"If yer say—"

"I do say it, sir. Look at this exquisite title page with a vignette portrait of the gifted author. Here you see a genealogical abstract chart, in which you can write the names of your illustrious ancestors and beloved family—births, marriages, deaths and—"

"Stop!" shrieked the bandit, as the agent grasped him by the buttonhole.

"You may well say, 'stop' sir; I've said enough to make you ache to possess the beautiful volume, but I haven't yet begun to—"

"Sit down!" the robber roared in a voice that made the puffs of the engine sound like the sighs of a sick zephyr and loosened all the joints of Jones' limbs.

"Biographical sketches of eminent men, glowing obituary, with an original poem on death, agricultural statistics, tables of mortality, valuable notes on immigration, trade report, and all the geological—"

"Lemme see, or I'll blow the roof of yer head off," shrieked the robber, as he wrested himself from the agent's grasp and dropped off the rear of the car into the gathering gloom of the coming night.

Then Robinson drew from his pocket his faithful revolver and looked big. Jones rolled his sleeves up and asked where the villain was gone to. Brown fished from under the spittoon a roll of bills and hoped that they didn't think he'd been scared. But the agent sank wearily to his seat and for the first time in all that long journey was silent for nearly four consecutive minutes.

Anecdote of Sheridan.

Sheridan and Kelly were one day in earnest conversation close to the gate of the path which was then open to the public, leading across the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, from King street to Henrietta street, when Mr. Holloway, who was a creditor of Sheridan's to a considerable amount, came up to them on horseback, and accosted Sheridan in a tone of something more like anger than sorrow, and complained that he never could get admittance when he called, vowing vengeance against the infernal Swiss, Monsieur Erasmus, if he did not let him in the next time he went to Hertford street.

Holloway was really in a passion. Sheridan knew that he was vain of his judgment in horseflesh, and without taking any notice of the violence of his manner, burst into an exclamation upon the beauty of the horse which he rode—he struck the right chord.

"Why," said Holloway, "I think I may say there never was a prettier creature than this. You were speaking to me, when I last saw you, about a horse for Mrs. Sheridan; now this would be a treasure for a lady."

"Does she canter well?" asked Sheridan.

"Beautifully," replied Holloway.

"If that's the case, Holloway," said Sheridan, "I really should not mind stretching a point for him. Will you have the kindness to let me see his paces?"

"To be sure," said the lawyer; and putting himself into a graceful attitude, he threw his nag into a canter along the market.

The moment his back was turned, Sheridan wished Kelly good morning, and went off through the churchyard where no horse could follow, into Bedford street laughing immoderately, as, indeed, did several of the standers-by. The only person not entertained by this practical joke was Mr. Holloway.

Dr. W. Armstrong, Toronto, writes: "I have been using Northrop & Lyman's E.ulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda for Chronic Bronchitis with the best result. I believe it is the best Emulsion in the market. Having tested the different kinds, I unhesitatingly give it the preference when prescribing for my consumptive patients, or for Throat and Lung affections.

Headache.

Headache is one of those distressing complaints that depends upon nervous irritation, bad circulation, or a disordered state of the stomach, liver, bowels, etc. The editor and proprietor of the Canada Presbyterian was cured after years of suffering with headache, and now testifies to the virtue of Burdock Blood Bitters.

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Now this is precisely the condition of Ireland. The whole Irish people abhor the British connection and long to be free from it. They have no chance against the conquerors in open war, but a smothered war has been the immemorial condition of things between them. When a general insurrection is hopeless, assassination is the only mode of warfare possible. To deny the right of a people who consider themselves oppressed to resort to "outrages" is to say that when an oppressed people are weak in numbers as it is unable to take the field they must submit to what they regard as oppression or trust to the ameliorating influences of time and peaceable agitation.

To Irishmen it is a mere mockery to talk of time and peaceable agitation. Ireland has been trying time and peaceable agitation, varied by outrages, for five or six hundred years, and hates England as much as ever. Not a single concession has been won from England during all these centuries by Irish appeals to English sense of justice. Whatever concessions have been made have been extorted by outrages, and so have not had any effect in allaying Irish discontent or in mitigating Irish hatred of England. This lesson of history has been faithfully learned by Irish agitators, that if they want anything from England their readiest way to get it is by killing Englishmen, or hounding the cattle of Englishmen, or in some other way destroying the property and disquieting the lives of Englishmen.

Hence the attempt of some Anglican ministers to credit their sect with the doctrine of Purgatory, and at the same time to make out that their doctrine on the subject, is something different from the Catholic one. We do not long ago reproduced an article by the "Auriferus" of Ireland, Dr. Murray, of Maynooth, and it is not necessary to repeat what was therein so plainly set forth. Purgatory simply means a place of purification, and it will have been seen from the article referred to that all that the Catholic Church has ever defined as that of the whole. Purgatory and that the souls there detained are assisted by the prayers of the living. Whether it be situated in the centre of the earth or in another planet; what sort of a place it is, and whether it be any particular place at all, are matters about which the Church has never defined anything, so that, if prayers for the dead are admitted, there is in the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, so far at least as the authoritative and infallible definitions of the Church are concerned, really nothing to deny. Protestant ministers can therefore approve of prayers for the dead and at the same time profess to hold a doctrine on Purgatory different from the Roman one, only by either confounding with articles of the Catholic faith the mere individual opinions of Catholic theologians, or what is more likely—by attributing to the Catholic Church doctrines which are neither articles of the faith nor theological opinions, but only the unfounded inventions of Protestants.—Ceylon Catholic Messenger.

THE BOOK AGENTS.

How One of the Profession Took all the Courage out of a Bandit.

Brown, Jones and Robinson, three of as good fellows as ever melted the heart of a country trader to the merry music of the plaint choir, sat one evening last week in the smoking compartment of a chair car on the E. and T. H. Western railroad. With them was a tall, thin, dyspeptic man with sandy hair, dressed in a rusty suit of black. Nature had endowed him with long legs and his tailor with short pants. His coat collar was rich enough in accumulated grease to keep a soap factory going for a month. His mouth was of brass and his check as hard as last year's cider. He was a book agent. Already had he gobbled up the drummers for a "Life of Christ" and a "Pocket Encyclopedia" of 215 numbers when suddenly a real Jesse James—like a train bandit—opened the door and stood pistol in hand, before the quartet.

Brown's soul sank into the heels of his boots. Beads of perspiration, big as snow balls, stood on Jones' classic brow, while his hair lifted his hat two solid inches from the crown of his head. Robinson murmured the first verse of "Ever of Thee I'm fondly dreaming," and thought he was praying. But the book agent bounded from his seat with a glad smile and a "How do, stranger! Delighted to see you. Do let me show you my superb bonanza of domestic peace and happiness to every householder who is fortunate enough to possess one. These hundred pages of elegant letter press, printed on toned paper and embellished with fine steel engravings and official map of the state. A carefully compiled correct topographical and historical—"

"Shut up!" roared the bandit. "Shut up! You bet it will and fasten itself with a double-action brass clasp—my invention—and with its simplicity of design and beauty of construction, worth half the price of the book. Given away, sir; literally given away, for \$3 in boards or \$4.50 in morocco with bevelled edges."

"If yer say—"

"I do say it, sir. Look at this exquisite title page with a vignette portrait of the gifted author. Here you see a genealogical abstract chart, in which you can write the names of your illustrious ancestors and beloved family—births, marriages, deaths and—"