Children.

Come to me, O ye children! For I hear you at your play, And the questions that perplexed me Haye vanished quite away.

Yes, open the eastern windows, That look toward the sun. Where thoughts are singing swallows And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the shine.
In your thoughts the brooklets flow.
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us, If the children were no more? We should dread the desert behind us Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest, With the light and air for food, Ere their sweet and tender juices Have been hardened in'o wood That to the world are children; Through them it feels the glow

Come to me, O ye children! And whisper in my ear What the birds and the winds are sing.ng In your sunny atmosphere. For what are all our contrivings,

When compared with your caresse And the gladness of your looks. Ye are better than all the ballads That ever were suny or said. That ever were sung or said;
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.
Longfellow

From the Catholic World. A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XXIV REVERSES.

Time flies, and criminals with every moment grow more and more at ease with themselves and the world which has not known of their crime. Unless its effects are physical and continual, and, like the ghost of Banquo, rise pale, and bloody even, at the feast, sin cannot well disturb the mental balance of the atheist and the brute man. The one has dulled all the sensibilities of nature. Nature's feebleness alone can bring to his mind with anything of pain a recollection of former The other has but to deal with He knows of no judge to hurl a sentence from the tribunal, knows no court of jurisdiction superior to his own, has no idea of an injured superior to haunt his pleasures and his rest. The world cannot know his sin. To self only is he accountable, and never, when prop-erly pampered in his education, can be found a more corrupt and partial personage. There may be present the vague fear of a sudden revealing of the secret, if there exists any evidence of the perpetrated crime. An accomplice may occasion un-easiness, and even alarm, at times. But these fears are shadowy at the most and purely accidental. There is hope of their moval and ultimate destruction. the fallen Christian the case is different. Remorse is with him an undying flame fed from the possession of faith—of faith in the existence of a God who will punish and reward, and whose judgments are sure, swift, and unavoidable. Not the depths of the sea, not the bowels of the earth, n hide him from the avenger. The corruption of the grave is no protection, for even out of its rottenness shall his sufferon sciousness be evolved, as a plant springs from such a soil to stand under the lightning of heaven. He has indeed the refuge of the great atonement. But, sin

with tears. The relief which the atheist experiences had of course been allowed to Nano, and had brought her a peace similar to the quiet of an ocean immediately after a storm. That is, the waters were troubled yet, and the wind blew, and the sun, though bright enough, had an ugly escort of dark clouds. The undertone of sorrow still continued, and would hardly cease until her death. She enjoyed comparative quiet, and could think with some degree of calmness of the old man who on s knees had cried for mercy from his uld. The pleading voice—pleading child. The pleading voice—pleading where it should have commanded—was fresh in her memory, nor was it likely that the scene which had given rise to the words would quickly fade from her mind. t gave her now no uneasiness. Her health had improved since that eventful time, in proportion as her father's had failed, and her nerves were fast resuming tailed, and her herves were last resulting their normal steadiness. Society was her judge and tribunal, and its ears would probably never be assailed with the story of her wrong-doing. Killany, for inter-est's sake, must be silent, and there was no other who might do her injury. Free from Housies of conscience, prospective mistress of a large estate, surrounded by friends and worshipping admirers, love dawned in her heart, she could often fancy herself as happy a woman as the world knew—as happy as she could reasonably expect to be with a ghastly skeleton in her

having once entered, remorse sits down at the table, and the sinner thereafter

mingles his bread with ashes and his drink

Right at this period of happy compos Right at this period of happy composure there came a doubt and a first reverse—the only means of touching her conscience as to her sin. She had often said, There is no God. These words were always on her lips of late, so frequently uttered that, with her usual quickness, she began to fear there was hypocrisy in her own belief. She was too anxious to fortify it with the form of words. She had many times made an effort to break herself of the habit. Like an irresistible self of the habit. Like an irresistible spring the words flew to her lips again and gushed out with blasphemons. gushed out with blasphemous readiness. Doubt had entered her mind by stealth, and was there in the deep soil, a tiny, unnoticed plant, with roots stuck deep and promising vigor in every part. Her secu-rity against remorse was thus broken in upon. She could never make the admission that there existed a supreme Lord of Her soul revolted at the the universe. Her soul revolted at the long train of sequences which followed from such an admission. Romish superstition and dogmatic exclusiveness, or the rigid, hollow, colorless frame of Protestantism, would then force themselves upon antism, would then force themselves upon her, and hold down in bondage the mind accustomed to wander gipsy-like through the world of speculation. She had seen and understood in a faint measure the connection of the doctrines of revelation with the existence of a God, and with her to admit the one was to admit the other. The admitting of revela-tion meant the undoing of all that she had done in the past. She shuddered

at such an alternative, and fled to culture at such an atternative, and fled to culture for refuge and certainty. Doubts are not easily shaken off, and hers was of vigorous growth. It was destined to grow until in its anguish her heart would speak out its native belief, and she would say even more readily than now she denied it, There is a God.

The first reverse came in the shape of a junior pariner of the firm over which her father had once presided. He took advan-tage of the confusion of the time to steal tage of the confusion of the time to steal over to the States with sixty thousand dollars of her property, and left a strong probability behind that, in spite of the work of detectives, he would never be discovered. This made a gap in her fortune of most unpleasant dimensions, and caused her a meditation or the old superstition of a retribution. Perhaps there existed such a thing, and the laws of nature, working like an intelligence of which man was still ignorant, might take it upon themselves to avenge any departure from themselves to avenge any departure from their rigid discipline. The sensualist, the glutton, the overworked were Nature's avengers on themselves. Why not also the undutiful child and the robber? There was a law of compensation, and the ledger of the humblest person that breathed could show as even a balance as that of the richest and most powerful. Where was to be her compensation? Was this the first entry on the credit side of nature, the defalcation of one of her own servants? It was hard to say and unpleasant to think of, and she was very fierce with anything that disturbed her peace of mind. Her doubts made her angry, her reverses made her weak. She put away both with resolution, declaring they were rapors in her sky, and a few hours of sunshine would destroy them. Her doubt was an exhalation like those which always surround the sun of truth. Her money losses were incidents which time would undo and make good to her again. It must be recorded that after this stoical view of the situation she ate heartily and

slept soundly for a short time. Killany, as her business manager, and the other trustees, received the sharpest of lectures from the lady on their remissness, and they were compelled, according to law, to supply the deficiency out of their own pockets. This was formal only, since she intended to reimburse them when she came into the estate herself. About this time she began to think of Olivia, and recalled the promise made to Sir Stanley in that young lady's regard. Strongely enough, she had forgotten it, Strongely enough, she had forgotten it, and over a week had elapsed since Sir Stanley's visit. Since that fatal day Olivia had not set foot in McDonell House —a fact which at first had given its mis-tress great uneasiness until the baronet's explanation had been made. The two weeks that had fled were short enough but she had lived years of thought in that period. It seemed to her as if she had never seen and known her friend at all, but had only dreamed of the sweet bit of virtuous beauty as she dreamed of ether-eal possibilities of culture. In spite of an effort to cast aside the feeling, she believed that something had stolen in between Olivia and her to change the current of their affections. So keen did this impres-sion become that she resolved no longer to put off a visit to her friend.

put off a visit to her friend.

Her carriage drove up to Olivia's door some days after the bombshell prepared by Mr. Quip had descended on the quiet household, and several ladies of fashion, seeing her, were astonished as if at an appar-ition. It was to be supposed that if any one knew the character of the Fullertons it was Miss McDonell, who thus outraged every principle of etiquette by calling so openly on the ostracized. They could not believe her_deliberately guilty of such boldness. There were certain limits be-yond which even a leader could not go, and no one was usually more circum-spect than Miss McDonell. The incident, not being satisfactorily accounted for, left the ladies and society in a tumult of contradiction and excitement. Nano, uning, found her friend in a very different state of mind and body from that which Sir Stanley had described. She was pale yet from the effects of her nervous suffering, but her eyes were sparkling, and her talk sparkled in unison, as became her cheery nature. She was gay under the cheery nature. She was gay inder the strange yet great intelligence which Mr. Quip had brought her. The greetings between her and Nano were about as cordial as between good acquaintances. Hand-clasp and lip-meet were not made, and it struck Nano disagreeably, though it was her own fault mostly, that for the first time Olivia omitted the offer of band and cheek. This was the enterof hand and cheek. This was the enterof nand and eneek. This was the enter-ing wedge of their estrangement. She felt herself unworthy to touch in affection the pure, stainless girl, who was so utterly unconscious of wickedness like hers. In Olivia's presence, and with Olivia's distant manner like a scroll before her eyes, she knew that a gap had come between them which would not easily, and perhaps never, be closed. This consciousness was dimly shared by her friend, who chid her innocent soul for its instinctive revulsion from one who had so lately been, and still was, her dear and admired friend. such feelings the young ladies began their

conversation. "It is so long since I saw you last," Nano said, "that I am astonished to see you so cheerful and bright. You have been so exclusive for over two weeks that I feared you were still suffering from those vaguely-hinted sorrows which, by the way, you have never explained, as you pro

"And I never will explain them now, dear Nano," answered she, with such a heartfelt sigh and such an expression of relief. "They have all fled and have left not a rack behind. But you—you are almost bright, too, for the time. You

have got over your suffering very well."
"I suffered more in the time preceding my father's departure than since," the lady said, calmly fixing her clear eyes on Olivia's questioning ones. "You know Olivia's questioning ones. "You know there never was much love lost between What little was aroused by his sick us. What little was aroused by his sickness vanished under the tortures I endured from him. Now I am free to a certain extent, though you may think my freedom has been sadly purchased."

"It was a bitter necessity. You are alone now. You have not a relative in the world." "That does not disturb me. I have

friends who will more than make up for me what I have lost."
"How can you speak so, Nano?"

"I could not speak truthfully otherwise. How is it with you and Sir Stanley, if I may be allowed to ask?"

A gentle blush overspread Olivia's face.
"It is not a fair question, Nano, but I do not deny your right to know. He is well and I am well. He has asked me to warry him and I have said. Weit of marry him, and I have said, Wait a

"When you should have said yes, plumply and honestly, if you had followed your own heart. And the surroundings were so favorable—moonlight and ice! Do not say your emotions run away with you in so cool a place."

"Rather say that I became more cautious, for I hesitated and laid down condi-

"Well, when do you intend to give the favorable word?"
"Not just yet, you may feel certain.

Perhaps—"
"I will hear no more suppositions. The answer must be an absolute 'yes' this time. You have still your secrets. I recommend open confession, which is good for the soul. For a tiny creature like you carry mind-burdens is a dangerous k. They will wear your body away and, like weeds on a grave, sprout from its corruption. Confess, my child, con-

"I do that regularly. I have no secrets from any one. My mind-troubles are known to my confessor, and from him I get more consolation that any one could

"That terrible superstition-confession!" said Nano, raising her hands in affected horror. "How can you endure its humiliation! What has become of your self-respect, Olivia, that you should submit to any one to have so absolute a power over you? I cannot understand the Catholic infatuation on this point." "Did you not say just now that open confession is good for the soul?"

"I merely quoted a saying; and besides, never could mean confession as you understand it.'

"I don't care to discuss the question. I "I don't care to discuss the question. I have said so many hard things of your likes and dislikes—that is, your doctrines and other peoples's doctrines—that I am not going to offend any more. When you have committed in your life a dark, heavy sin which you would not dare to communicate to a dearest friend even, and when its weight is pressing upon the con-science to the destruction of assured peace of mind and health of body, you may appreciate then what it is to be a Catholic and to have the rest and secrecy Catholic and to have the rest and secrety of confession at your disposal. No doubt you will consider it a very beautiful superstition, and recommend it as such to your cultured friends."

Nano winced visibly at this innocent yet suggestive reply. It touched rudely on a tender spot.

on a tender spot.
"In that case," she replied, "I would prefer to keep my secret to myself."
"And live in the constant fear that it may be discovered? A woman with a secret dread at her heart is but half a woman. There, I shall not be drawn into an argument. I shall discuss these ques-tions no more. They do you no good, and

excite me too much."
"You are like a vision when you are in

"You are like a vision when you are in earnest over a thing," said Nano watching her flushed face with admiration.
"I have never seen you in earnest over anything," said Olivia shortly.
"I keep it for my thoughts, and out of my conversations," returned the lady, and a shadow so deep settled on ber countenance that Olivia was startled.
"If you look like that, Nano, your earnest must be overwhelming."

nestness must be overwhelming."
"I beg your pardon for an inadvertence

And I must go," she said, rising abruptly, "without fulfilling my promise to a friend who believed you to be in the last stages of depression, and was anxious that I should discover the cause." "Well, thank Heaven! the depression i

gone, and its cause with it. Your errand failed of its purpose for want of an obcontradiction and excitement. Nano, un-conscious of the stir this visit was creat-ing very different "I am very glad it is so, Olivia. So long you are yourself I am content

happy."
She held out her hand with something of the old manner, and then, as if recol-lecting herself, drew it away again, and with a formal adieu left the room, leaving Olivia in a state of wonderment and pain at her inexplicable actions. Out in the carriage, away from the eyes of every one her face grew white with sudden anguish, and she clutched and tore the velvet cush-

and she cuttered and to the the vertex cash ions like one in convulsions.

"Why do I envy her," she moaned, "if not for that purity of hers which I lack, which I never had, and never will have? while the lives, oh! while her memory exists in me, so long shall I suffer these in tolerable agonies which I thought were for My God! shall I ever know ever gone.

peace again? But no, no," she added with a shudder, "there is no God."

Unhappy woman! Faith was knocking at her heart, and the sin she would not acknowledge held and barred the entrance.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The late Bishop Lyach, of Charleston, S. C., when the war commenced held about \$200,000, which had been deposited about \$200,000, which had been deposited with him by various people. During the conflict Bishop Lynch placed his zoney in Confederate securities as the safest and best investment. When the cause was lost these securities disappeared in the vortex which swept so many fortunes out of ex-Most men would have regarded this as one of the circumstances beyond their responsibility, and the debt as one their responsionly, and the decision of which they were not legally or morally bound. Not so with Bishop Lynch. He tolerated no such sophistry, but set himself earnestly to the task of paying back to the creditors the full amount of their claims, and this he had just done before he died, each creditor having received in gold the sum due. This act typifies the good Bishop's character.—San Francisco

Bright's Disease, Diabetes.

onitor.

Beware of the stuff that pretends to cure Beware of the stuff that pretends to cure these diseases or other serious Kidney, Urinary or Liver Diseases, as they only relieve for a time and make you ten times worse afterwards, but rely solely on Hop Bitters, the only remedy that will surely and permanently cure you. It destroys and removes the cause of disease so effectually that it never returns.

MICHAEL DAVITT ON HIS IMPRIS-ONMENT AT PORTLAND.

The following letter was addressed to the editor of the Standard :
Sir,—The admirable temper that has marked your language since the horrible occurrence of Saturday last convinces me occurrence of Saturday last convinces me that any reply I make to the questions you address to me in your leader of this morning will receive a fair hearing. Believing this, I would feel that I was neglecting a duty to myself, and an opportunity of vindicating, to the best of my ability, the land movement in Ireland, if I permitted your remarks of to-day to pass unanswered. For the opinion you express of the sincerity of my condemnation of the murders that have excited your just indignation, and for your belief that neither Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon nor myself would be guilty of an alliance with assassins, I am thankful, as it is in marked occurrence of Saturday last conviction with a feet of the guilty of an alliance with assassins, I am thankful, as it is in marked to greatly it controlled limit. What are the facts of Irish history? Are they not the facts of Irish history? Are they not that over and over again seditious conspiracies have been allowed to grow—nay, even have been allowed to grow—nay, even have been stimulated—in order that a certain stage of criminality should be reached by those whose actions and plans were known to the police, so that the present even the facts of Irish history? Are they not that over and over again seditious conspiracies have been allowed to grow—nay, even have been allowed to grow—nay, even have been stimulated—in order that a certain stage of criminality should be reached by those whose actions and plans were known to the police, so that the present grow should be struck at their movements with the greater celat, and the chastisement given be all the more effective from the numbers involved in that over and over occurrence of Saturday last convinces me that any reply I make to the questions you address to me in your leader of this morning will receive a fair hearing. Believing this, I would feel that I was neglecting a duty to myself, and an opportunity of vindicating, to the best of my ability, the land movement in Ireland, if I permitted your remarks of to-day to self would be guilty of an alliance with assassins, I am thankful, as it is in marked contrast with the expressions of some of your contemporaries.

I came out of Portland prison at three

came out of Fortland prison at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon last. I had been confined in solitude for fifteen months, without having, from the hour of my reception to that of my release, seen a newspaper, or even received a communication that did not pass through the hands of the governor. Yet, in face of these facts, which cannot be unknown to those who understand the rigorous discipline of who understand the rigords displane or a convict prison, you sak me to come for-ward and make a clean breast of informa-tion that would throw light upon the atrocity of last Saturday. You must have overlooked the situation in which I had been placed from the 3rd of February, 1881, to the afternoon of the day of Lord Cavendish's murder, when you implied that I, in common with Messrs. Parnell and Dillon, must possess information that would enable the assassins to be tracked. I am assured by those gentlemen—though I am assured by those gentlemen—though no such assurance is needed by anyone who knows them—that they have no such information. They could not, therefore, lend any more assistance in bringing the assassins to justice than that given in the manifesto issued in our names, and placing the murderers of Lord Cavendish in their true position as assassins of the people's cause, who had forfeited all claim to shelter or sympathy, and whose capture alone could remove the stain which their crime has left upon the character of Ireland.
You next call upon my friends and my-

self to employ our recovered liberty to give the world solid and unanswerable uarantees of the loathing with which we regard all forms of outrage, by making a freshipilgrimage through the country, and to never desist from denouncing assassina tion until these hideous crimes are exorcised from the land. I agree with cised from the faint. Tagree with you, sir, that such a pilgrimage ought to be made even now. Had it been made before, it is my firm belief that the terrible tragedy of the Phonix Park, and many another tragedy which though it has not other tragedy, which, though it has not attracted so much attention, has wrung heart-strings as bitterly, would not have oc-curred. Why have there not been such pilgrimages? Let the facts answer, so far, at least, as I am concerned. From the first initiation of the Land League I warned the Irish people against outrages as the greatest danger of the movement. When I went to America in May, 1880, whenever I spoke, from New York to San Francisco, I did my best to lay the demon of revenge which bitter memories of eviction evoke in the hearts of exiled millions. tion evoke in the hearts of exiled issuitons. On the day of my arrival in Ireland from my last lecturing tour in America, in November, 1889, in an interview pub-lished in all the Irish newspapers, I denounced violence and outrage in the strongest terms I could command. On the following day I did the same thing from the platform, and pushing on the very branches throughout the country to deal with the cutrage frenzy as the one para-mount danger which threatened the exis-

tence of the movement with destruction, the hopes of our peasantry with annihilation, and the character of our people with the stigma of assassination.

These are the facts. In verification appeal to the reports of the Irish press, of the American press, and of the Governaent shorthand writers. There is anothe fact. Ere I had completed the seventieth day of my pilgrimage I was arrested, and en, until three o'clock last Satur-

day afternoon, a period of fifteen months I have been buried in Portland Prison. Now, sir, I have answered your ques-tions. Let me put a question to you. Supposing that I, or any one else, were to start on the pilgrimage you propose, and that, after we had gone so far, news were to come to you that we had been beaten into silence with the bludgeon, or stricken down with the bullet, or cut to pieces by the knives of assassins, what would you say? Would you not say that we had been silenced by those who wished out-

rages to continue?
What, then, will you say of the no les effective manner in which I was silenced? Was it not also that outrages might con-tinue? Was it not in furtherance of an atrocious policy that murder and outrage should follow in the wake of the Land League, that Irish landlordism might be represented to the British people as bat-tling, not with justifiable reform, but with

Does this seem to you too wicked a blicy to be credited { Look at the facts. ocial savagery ! Is it not the policy that has been carried out by Mr. Forster?

I speak of myself only as an example Is it not true that my arrest was followed by the arrest in every locality of the men who were the safest and surest leaders of the populer movement—the men who most steadfastly and strongly set their faces against outrage? Is it not a fact that when they were arrested conserva-tive and prudent men were driven into silence by fear of arrest, and the guidance of an excited people smarting under the most cruel provocations was left to the secret councils of irresponsible passion?

I am not charging Mr. Forster with being a monster. Personally he is, I doubt not, an estimable gentleman; but weaknesses

which in private life are unobserved become so magnified, when he who is subject to them is made the absolute ruler of a nation, that they have the effect of crimes. Mr. Forster found in Ireland a traditional policy of government. He followed it; or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, it controlled him. What are the facts of Irish history? Are they not that over and over again seditious conpenal servitude was in consequence of having endeavoured to thwart such a policy at the time when it began, in my opinion, to show itself to all who are con-versant with Castle tactics in Ireland, and who knew the desperate position in which Irish landlordism would be placed if Eng-lish opinion could not be turned from the consideration of land reform and focussed

I was either sent back to penal servi-I was either sent back to penal servitude in pursuance of such a policy, or I was not. Mr. Forster, who, I suppose, ordered my arrest, can explain why I was struck down, without any explanation given me, or any chance afforded to defend myself against whatever charge had attenuived my arrest. Three weeks not fend myself against whatever charge had determined my arrest. Three weeks previous to that event Mr. Forster declared, in the House of Commons, in answer to a question put to him by Lord Randolph Churchill, that I had been guilty of no act in connection with my ticket of leave that would justify the Government in cancelling that decomment. celling that document. During those three weeks I was engaged almost every During those day in denouncing outrage throughout Ireland, in calling attention to undetected rriand, in caning attention to underected crime in a country having a police force of over twelve thousand, and in en-deavours to expose what I fully believed to be numbers of manufactured outrages. to be numbers of manufactured work,
If I was not arrested for this work,
If I was not arrested? If

for what was I arrested! If upon secret information of ulterior designs, why not charge me with these, and crush the founder of the Land League at crush the founder of the Land League at a blow by showing the priests and con-stitutionalists in Ireland that they relied upon a man who was leading them on to revolution instead of to a peaceful settlement of the land question. I challenge Mr. Forster, or whoever is responsible for my arrest, to come forward now and declare upon what grounds I was deprived of liberty during the past fifteen months, or allow Dublin Castle to remain under the imputation of having removed me from its path because of my stand against the policy of conniving at murder and outrage. I am constrained to make this demand now, from a conscientious belief that, had I been permitted to continue my crusade against outrage—to have levelled all the influence of the Land League against the commission of murder League against the commission of murder and the mutilation of cattle, I could have prevented numbers of crimes that now stain the name of Ireland, and have averted the horrible deed of Saturday averted the horrible deed of Saturday last. This is no vain boast. I refer Mr. Forster to my speech at Kilbrin, county Cork, a fortnight previous to my arrest, in which I predicted the accumulation of

crime that would result from his policy, and held him answerable before God for the consequences that would inevitably follow from police terrorism and coercion. I am a convicted Fenian. am. It is true that I was convicted on a false charge sworn to by a salaried per-jurer whom I had never seen ere he conthe platform, and pushing on the very pilgrimage you now propose to me, I spoke in the same way in all the four provinces of Ireland. In addition to this, I issued instructions of similar tenor to the organizers of the Land League, and I drew up, printed, and distributed circulars pointing out to the people the inevitable answer whether it is any stigment on the platform once the privilege of his intimate friend, not wish to plead that. I would not wish to plead that I would ship, and heard the foregoing account of his wonderful conversion from his own lips. Dear departed friend, Rt. Rev. Sylvester Horton Rosecrans, Bishop. The writer of these lines had once the privilege of his intimate friend-once the privilege of his wonderful conversion from his own lips. Dear departed friend, Rt. Rev. Sylvester Horton Rosecrans, Bishop. The writer of these lines had once the privilege of his intimate friend-once the privilege of his wonderful conversion from his own lips. Dear departed friend, Rt. Rev. Sylvester Horton Rosecrans, Bushop. arew up, printed, and distributed circulars pointing out to the people the inevitable consequences of revenge being allowed to supplant the moral forces which alone could win their social rights, and in the name of the Land League called upon its branches throughout the country to deal wisenderstanding and mismale relations into which the two countries have been brought by misunderstanding and misrule as man may be a griminal on one side of the Irish sea and a patriot on the other. And if it be said, as many unthinking Englishmen would say, that a Fenian is a man who wishes to burn, to blow up, to mur-der, I will not reply even to that, though

I know it to be untrue. I will only ask if it be just to hold that the man of mature age must be held to the opinions of youth. And this, at least, let me say for myself. If in the hot blood of early manhood, smarting under the cruelties and in-dignities perpetrated on my country, I saw in an appeal to force, the only means of succouring her, there has dawned upon my graver thought in the bitter solilude of a felon's cell a nobler vision—a dream of the enfranchisement and fraternization of peoples; of the conquering of hate by justice. I have suffered by their power, justice. I have suffered by their power and, as I believe, by their ignorance and prejudice, but there is in my heart to-day no sentiment of bitterness towards the English people. The gospel of the land for the people is a universal gospel, and in its triumph is involved the social regeneration of England as clearly and as fully as the social regeneration of Ireland. In the heart of whoever receives it, race bitterness and ancient hatred die away.

ness and ancient hatred die away.

Possibily this may not be understood
by you. But one word, at least, let me
say. If you would find a modus vivendi
between the English and Irish people, it easy: treat us as equals, treat us as

men.
Willingly will I go to Ireland to do
whatever I can to further the peaceful
doctrines I have always advocated, but I am confident that nothing I could do or say in Ireland would strike as effectually the fell purpose of revenge as the feeling of horror which has been sent like an electric shock through every home in Ireland by the slaughter of an innocent and inof-fensive Englishman under circumstances that have lent to the black deed ever possible attribute of atrocity. Yet, further than this, there is a word I would say. How could I or any one else protest with effect against outrages when the most brutal and irritating outrages are being committed in the name of the law, when tender ladies are sent to prison as persons of evil fame, when huts that charity has erected to shelter the unfortunate are torn down, little boys are ruthlessly shot down.

by the constabulary, and men of the highest character are still held in gaol on suspicion?—I am, sir, your obedient servant.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

HOW A STAUNCH PROTESTANT WAS

Some thirty-five years ago, a young collegian, Sylvester by name, returned home from his Protestant Alma Mater in the State of Ohio with his anti-Catholic pre-State of Ohio with his anti-Catholic pre-judices more embittered than ever by the fact that his only brother, a captain in the army, had recently embraced the Ca-tholic religion. But much as he detested and despised the captain's religion, he had the greatest love and respect for the captain himself who was universally known to be a profound thinker, a ripe scholar, and a most admirable Christian scholar, and a most admirable Christian gentleman. Although Sylvester had taken much pains to prepare his self for suc-cessfully combating the religion which had won his brother's heart and soul, he soon found that he was quite powerless to with-stand the arguments which the captain stand the arguments which the captain readily brought to bear upon each controverted point. His intellect was conquered, but his heart was as rebellious as ever. To use his own phrase, "he was convinced, but not persuaded." Firmly resolved never to join the Catholic Church, whose claims preyentheless he could no resolved never to join the Catholic Church, whose claims, nevertheless he could no longer doubt, he settled down into a sort of practical scepticism, whilst he allowed his brother to nurse the hope that he was

virtually prepared to enter "the one fold."

While in this mood, he was one day accompanying the captain in a walk, when the latter, pointing out a Catholic church which they were passing, abruptly said: "It is high time for you to put an end "It is high time for you to put an end to this dangerous procrastination of yours. Come in here, Sylvester, and get baptized." With these words the captain entered the church, and his brother mechanically followed. It was the first time in his life that Sylvester had put a foot incide a Catholic place of worship. They inside a Catholic place of worship. They soon reached an altar before which, to his soon reached an arear before which, to his surprise, shone a lighted lamp, although it was broad daylight. "Let us pray here," said the captain, "in the real Presence, for two graces—the grace of light to know the truth, and the grace of strength to follow it:" and with this he light to know the truth, and the grace of strength to follow it;" and with this he knelt down. Sylvester also knelt as a matter of courtesy to his brother but by no means to pray. He gazed for a while around at the works of art within reach of his eyes, but not being in the habit of kneeling long at any time, and feeling his knees aching, he soon turned to look at his brother, whom he found absorbed in God. The sight was too much for Sylvester. "Wretch that I am!" said he Sylvester. "Wretch that I am!" said he to himself, "while this truly good man is so earnestly interesting himself with heaven for my soul's salvation, I am as indifferent as if it were none of my business. God is everywhere, and therefore here; I too will pray for strength and light." He prayed earnestly, and so long that when he began to look for his brother he found him in a remote part of the church. Up sprung Sylvester and with agitated steps he approached the captain. "Well, Sylvester," whispered the latter, "what will you do?" "I wish to be baptized," was the prompt reply; "I hope the priest is at home. was the young man's anxiety about the state of his soul that he thought if another day was to be added to the past with-out his having been washed in the water of regeneration, he would be in danger

of legeneration, he would be in danger of losing his reason. The priest was at home and Sylvester was baptized.

Soon after he entered the College of the Propaganda, Rome, became a mode priest in due time, and in the year 1878 died a most devoted and beloved Catholic died a most devoted and beloved Catholic Bishop. The writer of these lines had once the privilege of his intimate friend-ship, and heard the foregoing account of his wonderful conversion from his

THE POPE AND THE COMETS.

More credulous and a great deal more simple hearted than ourselves, our ances-tors no doubt would have noted, as something more than a mere coincidence, the number of comets that have appeared in the heavens since Leo XIII, th in Calo" of the prophety attributed to St. Malach, has been seated on the Chair of St. Peter. Another new comet, as most of our readers will remember, was discovered from America on March 18. not unlikely to prove a bright and con-spicuous light in the heavens, some even anticipating that it may make itself visible during daylight. The time of its nearest approach to our globe, as calculated approximately from first observations, is set down for the early days of June. Few comets, about which observations have been recorded, have approached so nearly to the sun as the present one is expected to approach. Would not astrologers of old have augured that the near approach of this light in the heavens to the sun be tokened that the "Lumen in Colo" was approaching brighter times? out trusting to astrological absurdities, would it be too curious to argue that there are signs that the efforts of Leo XIII to recall the nations of the earth to their senses, are producing good fruits?- Catho lic Progress.

If Nearly Dead

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