

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

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 no knowledge 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.

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 belief.

at such an alternative, 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 partner of the firm over which her father had once presided. He took advantage 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.

Killany, as her business manager, and the other trustees, received the sharpest of lectures from the lady on their likeness 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.

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 apparition. It was to be supposed that if any one knew the character of the sweet Olivia, she would not be so gaily dressed.

Hand-clasp and lip-meet were made, and it struck Nano disconcertedly, though it was her own fault mostly, that for the first time Olivia omitted the offer of hand and cheek. This was the entering wedge of their estrangement. She felt herself unworthy to touch in affection the pure, stainless girl, who was so utterly unconscious of wickedness like her.

"And I never will explain them now, dear Nano," answered she, with such a heart-felt 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 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 married, him, and I have said, Wait a little."

"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."

"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 than any one could give."

"You are like a vision when you are in earnest over anything," said Olivia shortly. "I keep it for my thoughts, and out of my coherences," returned the lady, and she went on to settle on her countenance that Olivia was startled.

"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?" My remorse is personal, and mine her memory, while she, so long shall I suffer these intolerable agonies which I thought were forever gone. My God! shall I ever know peace again? But no, no," she added with a shudder, "there is no God."

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 IMPRISONMENT 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 that any reply I make to the questions you address to me in your leader of this morning will receive a fair hearing.

I came out of Portland 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.

You next call upon my friends and myself to employ our recovered liberty to give the world solid and unswerving guarantees of the loathing with which we regard all forms of outrage, by making a fresh pilgrimage through the country, and denouncing the heinous crimes as exercised from the land.

I am a convicted Fenian. Very well, I am. It is true that I was convicted on a false charge sworn to by a salaried perjurer whom I had never seen ere he confronted me in the dock of Newgate; but I do not wish to plead that. I would only ask fair-minded Englishmen to read a few chapters of Irish history, to put themselves in imagination in the place of the son of an evicted Irish peasant, and to answer whether it is any stigma to an Irishman that he has been a Fenian?

These are the facts. In verification I appeal to the reports of the Irish press, of the American press, and of the Government shorthand writers. There is another fact. Ere I had completed the seventeenth year of my pilgrimage I was arrested, and since then, until three o'clock last Saturday afternoon, a period of fifteen months, I have been confined in Portland Prison.

Now, sir, I have answered your questions. 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 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 outrages to continue?

What, then, will you say of the no less effective manner in which I was silenced? Was it not also that outrages might continue? 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 battling, not with justifiable reform, but with social savagery?

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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 the 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 that over and over again seditious conspiracies 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 blow should be struck at their movements with the greater effect, and the chastisement given be all the more effective from the numbers involved in the revolutionary design?

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 charge against me, and 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 document.

I am assured by those gentlemen—though I do not know 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 peace, and whose capture alone could remove the stain which their crime has left upon the character of Ireland.

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

HOW A STAUNCH PROTESTANT WAS CONVERTED.

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 prejudices more embittered than ever by the fact that his only brother, a captain in the army, had recently embraced the Catholic 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 gentleman.

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 to this dangerous prostration 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 earnestly and sincerely attended a Catholic place of worship. They soon reached an altar 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 knelt down. Sylvester also knelt as he 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 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."

Soon after he entered the college of the Propaganda, Rome, became a model priest in due time, and in the year 1875 died a most devoted and beloved Catholic Bishop. The writer of these lines had once the privilege of his intimate friendship, and heard the foregoing account of his wonderful conversion from his own lips. He departed friend, Rt. Rev. Sylvester Hart Rosser, was discovered from America on March 3. It is not unlikely to prove a bright and conspicuous 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 argued that the near approach of this light in the heavens to the sun betokened that the "Lumen in Caelo" was approaching brighter times? And without 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?—Catholic Progress.

THE POPE AND THE COMETS.

More credulous and a great deal more simple hearted than ourselves, our ancestors 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, the "Lumen in Caelo" of the prophecy 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 3. It is not unlikely to prove a bright and conspicuous 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 argued that the near approach of this light in the heavens to the sun betokened that the "Lumen in Caelo" was approaching brighter times? And without 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?—Catholic Progress.

If Nearly Dead

after taking some highly purified up stuff, with long testimonies, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Liver Complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides it is the best family medicine on earth.

Nervous debility is a result of indiscretion in the mode of living. Heed nature's unerring laws and take Burdock Blood Bitters, the Great Systemic Renovator and Blood, Liver and Kidney regulator and tonic. Sample bottles ten cents. At the approach of spring great attention should be given to purify the system engorged with foul humors during the winter. Burdock Blood Bitters is Nature's own purifying and regulating tonic.