God be with thee! friends may fail thee, Treachery thy bosom rend; God be with thee! when assail thee Heartless foe, or faithless friend. God be with thee! youth and beauty Pass like dew at early day; God be with thee! love and duty Guard thy path, and guide thy way.

God be with thee! vice may snare thee, Death and sorrow wring thy heart; God be with thee! pardon, spare thee, Strength from Heaven to thee impart

God be with thee! guide and bless thee, Lead thee where such comforts dwell; God be with thee! earth caress thee, Heaven receive thee—fare thee well!

THE DEATH AND LETTERS D'ARCY MeGEE.

By the Editor in Irish Monthly. There is a certain fitness in opening our reventeenth yearly volume with a further contribution to that department of Irish literature in which the kindness of some distinguished friends has enabled this Magazine to do really important work. Periodicals of much greater dignity might be proud of the privilege of being the first to give to the world O'Connell's youthful diary and a vast number of letters addressed to him by Cobbett, Jeremy Bentham, Brougham, and other distinguished men; or, again, of publishing, for the first time, many interesting letters of Thomas Davis and other brilliant and patriotic Irishmen.

One of the most variously endowed There is a certain fitness in openin

One of the most variously endowed members of the Young Ireland Party was Thomas D'Arcy McGee. His friend, the Rev. C. P. Mechan, has been good enough to place in our hands the last letters which he wrote just before his death. We have he wrote just before his death. We have already printed rome of his correspond-ence in our 'Second Batch of Young Ire-land Letters," which we are surprised to find appeared so far back as September, heroes: the heading of the present paper on McGee confines us to his Death and Letters. But it may be well to prefix a few dates and facts from his life.

The first date, that of his birth, was April 13th, 1825 His mother was the daughter of a Dublin bookseller named Morgan; his father was in the coast-guard service, and, at the time of his birth, was stationed at Carlingford—the John Cashel Hoep. We suspect that to the place of his birth McGee owes the surname prefixed to his patronymic : for Carlingford was then the home of the has not yet ceased to mourn the too early death of a valued member of this old Carlingford family, a man of great ability Caringford family, a man or great solity and great public spirit, Thomas D'Arcy Hoey, brother of the publicist mentioned in the preceding sentence. Probably, however, the latter was not drawn into the sphere of The Nation through any connection with the older Nation writer who had the same birthplace : for, when D'Arcy McGee was eight years old, his parents removed from Carlingford to Wexford. He was always, after he had once learned his letters, an insatiable reader; and his insatiable reading was his

His seventeeth year found him in th United States; and on the Fourth of July, 1842, he made his debut as an orator at a gathering of his countrymen. Before he was nineteen he was practically editor of the Boston Pilot. The fame of his Repeal speeches travelled back across his Repeal speeches travelled back across the Atlantic, and O'Connell referred to them as "the inspired utterances of a young exiled Irish boy in America." He accepted an offer from the conductors of Freeman's Journal; but he was not long in Dublin before he transfered his allegiance to Gavan Duffy, and the more allegiance to Gavan Duffy, and the more congenial Nation. When the '48 rising took place, he was in Scotland. Crossing over to Ireland, he was concealed for some time by Dr. Edward Maginn, the elequent young Bishop of Derry, and telequent young Bishop of Derry, and the disguise of a you ought to be.

"For the past four months I have been related to the middle of what seemed certain to be a long and distinguished you ought to be.

"For the past four months I have been dead in an instant by the hand of an analysis." send you what appears. In Ireland I send you what appears. In Ireland I send you what appears. In Ireland I struct you will be at length appreciated as priest. The letters which we have published, about page 490 of our eleventh volume, refer to his journalistic work as the founder of the New York Nation. Finally he settled in Canada and earned there the only name that Mr. Alfred Webb gives him—not journalist, or poet, or historian, though he was all three—but simply "Thomas D'Arcy McGee, statesman." The letters, hishears now to be printed for the first D'Arcy McGee, statesman." The letters, which are now to be printed for the first time, lead on to his death.
"Toe Flight of the Earls" is not only a

fine subject, but a fine name for a book. I wonder that Father Meehan did not give this as a first quotable name to the great work which bears the title, "The Fate and Fortunes of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and of Rory O'Donnell, Earl of Tryconnell; their Flight from Ireland, their Vicissitudes abroad, and their Death in Exile." The dedication to Lord O'Hagan (then "the Right Honorable Thomas O'Hagan, one of the Judges of Her Majesty's Court of Common Pleas in Ireland") is dated December, 1867. The book reached D'Arcy McGee in February, and was welcomed by the following "Montreal, Feb. 27, 1868.

"MY DEAR MEEHAN-Your book has reached me at last, and after nearly three days' steady reading, the first cover to cover. I cannot tell you the fascination I found in its pages; it is a tregedy, but a most noble and heroic one. Although I was sorry to part with Cahir O Doherty, who turns out to be a moor tool, still one is compensated by noor tool, still one is compensated by head's should be 'blent' in one of the middle stanzas. I hope this fall to issue a column of ballads at New York. What days' steady reading, I have gone through great Hugh might have broken his spirit, and near my lays are lamentations. It could not well be otherwise in this age with an Irish bard, if I am worthy to be unworthy of his great place in history; but, thank God, there is nothing of the ... "You will be glad to know that for now

of a clansman of Tyrone a year or two after their flight—when there still was daily hope and nightly prayer for their return. You may do as you please with

"James Duff's has done his part nobly, "James Duffy has done his part nobly, not only as to the typography, but those admirable portraits. How I wish you you may be so cheered on as to take up Owen Roe! What an admirable sequel it would make to this volume, which, save and except Prendergast's. I hold to be far and away the most valuable contribution to our historical literature for many tion to our historical literature for many a long day. If you never put pen to paper again, you may rest your renown on this book: it will send your name down to posterity with the heroes whose closing scenes it so plously records.

"Now for my boon: when you have another edition, credit in a footnote the quotation on page x, Preface—'McGee—Lines on the death of R. D. Williams,' I

Lines on the death of R. D. Williams.' I have the vanity to desire to furnish you with at least one footnote.

"I hope you got the Tablet matter I sent two or three mails ago.

"I am very sorry for O'Sullivan, but I told him years ago he was going too far in the Fenian direction. I hope it will not lead to the suppression of the Nation "I recast the verses so as to express the state of Ulster feeling 'after the flight.'

"Yours very truly,

"T. D. McGee,

"Rev. C. P. Meehan, M. R. I. A.,

"Rev. C. P. Meehan, M. R. I. A., Dublin."

The lines quoted in Father Meeban's preface, and which McGee wishes very properly to be linked with his own name as their author, are these, referring no doubt to the Young Ireland Party:

They were a band of brethren, richly graced With all that most exaits the sous of men—Youth, courage, honor, genius, wit well placed—
When shall we see their parallels again? The very flower and fruitage of their age, Destined for Duty's cross or Glory's page.

Of this same band of Young Irelander Of this same band of Young Irelanders the account given in a recent important publication, "Two Centuries of Irish History," édited by James Bryce, M. P., concludes with the following remark:—"In other countries many of their number proved that they had talents, which a wise administration would have known how to conciliate or to use for the service of the State at home." This observation appplies with special force to T. D. McGee.

The Tallet applying of in his letter was

The Tablet spoken of in his letter was the New York Tablet; and the articles no doubt, were reviews of Father Meehan's book, which had reached New York somewhat earlier. We should have given the following letter first, according

to its date:- Montreal, Feb. 8th, 1868. "My DEAR MEEHAN-So the great book is out, though I have not yet seen it. It has reached New York (as I learn from the enclosed capital article, by my dear and gifted friend, Mrs Sadlier,) and I have written for a Dublin copy—if it is to be had. You will also perceive that an American edition is already announced. In a paper on the tombs of the Irish at Rome, some months ago, I gave you a

Messrs. ____ and ___ have been of late trying their best to slander my private late trying their best to slander my private life in order to injure my public usefulness. You will meet this slander in society and put your foot on it wherever it turns out. Though I was not, until last year, a testotaler, I never could have done the things I have done, or surmounted the obstacles I did overcome in

this country, if I had been the wretched thing these unscrupulous gentlemen, stig matize me as being. Of course with my temperament I must have enemies, but I feel that I should outlive the malice, if

"Rev. C. P. Meehan, Dublin.

"My wife and the girls are all well-the former desires her special remem

brance to you.

"Although I left my napoleous at St.
Isldore's, I never got the photographs as promised, except the very poor one I took with me of Wadding and Colgan in the Library."

Two months later he writes a letter which he marks private, but it is all to his credit, and that is now twenty years ago :-

"Ottawa, April 6th, 1868. "MY DEAR FATHER MEEHAN-Your very kind note reached me day before vesterday, and our mail goes out to-day You will see in the Catholic World Mit-chel's article, and as soon as the New York edition reaches me I will write a newspaper notice and publish it either here paper notice and publish it either here
or at Montreal, which you shall have by
Mayday (I hope) Next week we have
a few days' recess from Parliamentary
labor, and I will try my hand at a ballad

sidering the obsequiousness of that age, say you to this title: 'Celt Ballads and which even Bacon and Raleigh bent to, I Funeral Songs'? You know I am an old keener, and half my lays are lamentations

kind—and these closing scenes are really nearly twelve months I have been a firm among the fairest and worthiest of his teetotaler, and with God's blessing I while life. The picture of the old man, intend to remain so for life. I also attend to other and more sacred duties—monthly —this strictly for your own comfort. I sword of Balla-ua buildh by his bedside, is want data for an article on Michael for the Catholic World, and if I thought there had but passed when the Dirge was any similar office to Ferguson's to be appropriate for the keener himse they are supposed to speak the sentiments made to me by imperial statesmen of both

parties had anything in them. Can you put me on the track of serving, or trying to serve, that giftel old friend of both of us?

both of us?

"I send you a copy of a letter I wrote by this mail to Lord Mayo. It may serve Ireland to make it public. If you prefer to give it to The Nation, do so; or to any daily Dublin paper, with some such paragraph, by way of preface, as the enclosed slip, marked (A). I think I have earned the right to speak with authority on the Camadian view of Irish misrule, and I have endeavoured to do so plainly and to the ndeavoured to do so plainly and to the

urpose.
"Is it not ad—this insane neg'est of our native literature, by this disintegrated generation? James Duffy slone is doing more for us and our descendants, single-handed, than all your magnates. May God bless him, and lighten the load of life

"If the publication of my letter to Lord Mayo can be so timed as to bit the re-sumption of the Irish question in Parlia-

ment, all the better.

"Believe me, my dear friend,

"Yours always truly,

"T. D. McGEE.

"Rev. Father Meehan, Dablin:

"My eldest girl (living), now seventeen, and a good student, has this week announced to me her intention to join the order to which she has been ducated—one native to me her intention to join the order in which she has been educated—our native (Teaching) Order of N. D. de Congregation. If it turns out a true vocation, God forbid that I should demur, nor even if our only other child, a sister, should share her

The letter we have just printed, ending with an expression of his readiness to consecrate both his daughters to God's pecial service in the religious state, wa he last that D'Arcy McGee ever wrote He was a vigorous, energetic, ambitious man of forty, looking forward to practically another forty years of life, with very many plans for the future; but in reality the remnant of his life was to be counted not by years but by hours. Twenty years before, the Irish Confederation organized a meeting in the Music Hall of Belfast, which was somewhat disturbed by the bull dogs of Hercules street. But fine speeches at any rate appeared in the next number of *The Nation*, and among them T. D. McGee'e, from which a small boy of T. D. McCree's, from winca small boy of that remote date picked up only this phrase:— "To-morrow is the old man's hope, but the young man's promise." The phrase rackled in his memory, and long afterward, exploring the volumes of The Nation which William Elliot Hudeon devant small boy examined with interest the report of the Belfast meeting, and was pleased to find that his remembrance of McGee's words was quite accurate. And so the old moral of the uncertainty of human life and the instability of human things was, on a certain twenty first of June, feast of St. Aloysius, at Clongowes, In the County Kildare, enforced, in the College chapel, in some such terms as

"Many years ago an eloquent young Irishman said in a public speech: 'To-morrow is the old man's hope, but the young man's promise.' A fine, striking purase it seemed to me at the time, and it alone out of many columns of eloquent phrases has lived in my memory ever since. A striking sentiment, but it has the disadvantage of being false. It is false that to morrow is the young man's faise that to morrow is the young man's promise, for no one has promised to morrow to the youngest amongst you. The only One who could make and keep such a promise has, on the contrary, expressly warned us to be always ready, for that we know not the day nor the hour, and death will come like a thick in the pinkt. death will come like a thief in the night death will come like a thief in the night at the hour that he is least expected. Nay, the very man who uttered the sentence I have quoted was himself an appalling proof of the uncertainty of life. It was Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who, after the failure of the Young Ireland Movement in 1848, emigrated to America, and raised himself, before his fortieth park to the himself position in

assassin."

The last letter we have given was written on the 6th of April. Palm Sunday, in 1868, fell on April 5. D'Arcy McGee received Holy Communion on that morning, and he had taken care to fulfil his "Easter Duty" before leaving home for his parliamentary duties. In Holy Week, three years before, President Lincoln had been assassinated in a Washington theatre, Mr. McGee had come from his home in Montreal, of which he was one of the representatives in the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada at Ottawa, the seat of the federal legislature, in the foundation of which he had had the most prominent part. After teat last letter was written, he "went down to the House" (probably Ottawa copies the idioms of Westmins ter) and took part in the discussions, he little dreamed for the last time. They broke up at two hours after midnight. Mr. McGee walked down the street with parted a few yards from the door of the house at which he boarded. While opening the door, he was shot through the neck from behind and died almost instantly. The murderer was caught and hanged. He was the mere tool of secret societies which McGee had bit-terly denounced ever since he had writ ten in a public letter to Thomas Francis Meagher, not very long after his Ameri began, even before coming from the United States to Canada: "It is the highest duty of a Catholic man to go over cheerfully, heartily, and at once. to the side of Christendom, to the Cath-olic side—and to resist with all his might the conspirators who, under the stelen

Christian institutions.' In the letter written a few hours be keener, and said that half of his tays were lamentations. His very last poem was an elegy an the death of his friend Laurence Devany. More than once the line

"Nought can avail him now but prayer" The Month's Mind of this good Irisbman had but passed when the Dirge became appropriate for the keener himself :-

Jealous of Death, she guards them still. The dearest friend will turn away
And leave the clay to keep the clay—
Ever and ever She will stay.
Miscrere Domine:

When for us sinners at our need
That Mother's voice is raised to nlead,
The frontier hosts of heaven take need.
Miserere Domini

Mother of Love! Mother of Fear And holy Hope and Wisdom dear! Behold we bring thy suppliant here. Miserere Do

His flaming heart is still for aye That neid fast by thy clemency— Oh! look on him with loving eye. Miserere

Well may they grieve who laid him there. Where shall they find his equal? Where? Nought can avail him now but prayer. Miserere Domine!

Friend of my soul, farewell to thee, Thy truth, thy trust, thy entvairy! As thine, so may my last end bs. Miserer Domine!

These triplets were published in the New York Tablet of March 28, just a week before the sudden, but, as we are happily assured, the not unprovided death, in his forty thirty year, of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. O Lord, have mercy!

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

IMPOSSIBLE.

werner, the great German dramatist, at the age of forty-five became a Catholic, and afterward a priest. His writings prove that he regarded the faith as the chief blessing of his life, and that he clung to it as the anchor of his soul. In reply to a rumor, that he intended Werner, the great German dramatist clung to it as the anchor of the sound reply to a rumor that he intended returning to Protestantism, he said; "It is as impossible that a soul in bliss should return into the grave, as that a man who like me, atter a life of error and search, has found the priceless jewel of truth, should, I will not say give up the same, but hesitate to sacrifice for it blood and life."

TOO MUCH TOP.

A farmer once planted some potatoes on a piece of ground not properly prepared. The tops grew thickly, with branches long and green, spreading around and covering the ground. But when one of the farmer's sons went one day with his hoe to dig potatoes for dinner, he found that the plants had "run to top." The potatoes were about the size of marbles, and "few in a bill."

When we see a young person making great outward show and conceited ex-libition of himself, smoking, talking largely, dressing vulgarly, reading trash, working little and trifling much, we may be quite sure that such a person is "running to top," and will not be apt to add much to the world's store of good ness, wealth, wit or wisdom. He will ever remain a "small potato.

HAPPY MARRIAGES. Why is it that the world hears so uch about unhappy marriages and so little about happy ones? Is it not merely from the fact that the untoward things of life are generally brought into disagreeable prominence? Whenever troubles arise and sorrows and perplexi ties invade, men count the passing moments as Robinson Crusoe counted the lagging days of exile by notches on his stick. Of such the daily press has no list; all the newspapers in the land could not contain even their initials. But whenever occur losses, accidents and crimes, forthwith they are trumpted all over the land. And so it is with unhappy marriages. Divorces, separation and desertion are noised abroad through a morbid and greedy curiosity, while the a morbid and greedy curiosity, while the tens of happy marital relations go unheralded. And the superficial observer, noting the first and not the last, is apt to spend his breath in declaiming against the prevalence of domestic intelicity.

Do these croakers and cynics demand

shows the absurdity of such expectation also shows that there is more sunshine than storm, more light than darkness ond than evil. The marriag conoclasts who forget there is no place in the universe where duty and attrac tion do not sometimes clash.

THE TREE OF THE CROSS. There is a pretty legend connected with the tree of which the Cross of our Saviour was formed. On Adam's death, three seeds from the Tree of Life were allowed by the Archangel to be place under Adam, which grew into a cedar, a cypress, and a pine, in the Vale of Hebron. Of these were formed the udder of the ark, and the rod with which Moses smote the rook. cut down one of the trees, and fashiorted it into a beam for his temple; on the despoilment of which it was thrown into the Pool of Bethsada, and at the time of the Crucifixion flusted up, and was selected by the high-priest for the Cross, When discovered by the Empress, St. Helena, she despatched one portion to Constantinople, where it was set upon a live."

Charley," said my guardian, turning his face away for a moment, "how do you marble nillar in the works." marble pillar in the market. The other was kept at Jerusalem, in a "copher of silver." She also found the inscription, which was brought to Rome, and de posited in the Basilica of Santa Croce. vbere it was hidden in Valentinian lest it should be stolen by the Goths; but it was seen in or about 570 by Antoninus, Martyr, after whose time it disappeared, to be discovered again built up in an arch near the roof, be discovered enclosed in a leaden box, on the cover born!" said the child, glancing at the face of which these words were engraved:

Bue est titulus vera Crucis—"This is the title of the true Cross." It was found to be a little board about a band's at home and did cleaning, and nursing, to be a little board about a band's at home and did cleaning, and numering, breath and a half, much decayed covered and washing, for a long time before I became to go out And that's how I know I have not became the same of with a partially legible inscription in Latin and Greek, the writing being trom right to left, Hebrew fashion. A line of writing has been broken off the "As often as I can," said trom right to left, Hebrew fashion. A line of writing has been broken off the upper parts, but portions of a few letters upper parts, but portions of a few letters in her eyes and smiling, "because of earn-size main, may have been the He." remain may have been the He-

THE ROSARY OF VOLNEY. Voiney, the distinguished French said Charley. "Mrs Blinder comes up philosopher, suthor, and traveller, who died in the early part of the present century, was one of the most noted

scoffers of the modern school of false philosophy. He wrote several works which are a compound of impiety and revolting cynicism; in these he calls prayer a depravity of morals; faith and hope, the virtues of dupes; and charity, an absurdity. After the Reign of Terror in France, Volney went to the United States, where he lived for more than two years. It was during his residence in that country that the following striking incident in his life to k place:

He was sailing one day with some friends along the coast of Chesapeake Bay. The wind rose suddenly, and the little yacht, which bore some notorious unbelievers of the Old World and the

little yacht, which bore some notorious unbelievers of the Old World and the New, was twenty times at the point of going down. Everyone began to pray, and Volney prayed like the rest; the famous philosopher was even seen with a rosary in his hands, and he recited "Hail Marys" as long as the danger

approached him and said, with a sneer:
"Sir, to whom have you been addressing
prayers, and what sort of a thing were
you passing through your fingers?" As
Volney remained dumb, one of his
friends remarked in French: "A man may be a philosopher and unbeliever in

msy be a philosopher and unbeliever in his library, but not in a tempest."

Learned philosopher and ignorant peasant are alike human, and human nature is pretty much the same all the world over. While life goes smoothly, it is easy enough to lisp blasphemies, and say, "There is no God;" but when calamity comes, let it take what shape it will tempest disease or gorrow—then it will—tempest, disease, or sorrow—then the would be blasphemer is inclined to think that there is a God, or, at any

A STORY OF TWO POPES. At the opening of the jubilee in 1775 there was a splendid procession got up in the little town of Osimo, near Loretto, in which all the pupils of the college and seminaries took part. The rich silver chandeliers which accompanied seminarists about fifteen years of age, and whose names were Della Genga and Castiglione; both were of noble and illustrious families. I know not what was the cause, but the two acolytes began to quarrel, and, carried away by their gan to quarrer, and, carried away by their anger, passed from words to blows, and for want of arms they used their chande-liers. Notwithstanding the promptitude with which they were separated, poor Della Genga received a blow which dis-

Fifty years afterwards, at the jubilee in 1825, Della Fenga—who had become Pope under the celebrated and venerable name of Leo XII —came down from the Vatican, surrounded by the whole Roman Court, to preside at the opening of the Porte Sainte. This is the name of one of the doors in the Basilica of St. Peter's, which is always walled up except during a jubilee year. The Pope having received from the Cardinal Grand Penitencier a from the Cardinal Grand Penitencier a silver hammer, struck the first blow on the wail of the gate, which was after-wards levelled to the ground, and thus gave the signal for the opening of the holy year of jubilee.

Castiglone, having become bishop and cardinal, was promoted to the office of Grand Penitencier of the Roman Caurch.

Grand Penitencier of the Roman Church, and as such the honor of presenting the Pope with the silver jubilee hammer belonged to him. In giving it back Leo XII. said in a whisper, and with a know-

ing smile:
"Monsieur le Cardinal, fifty years ago Monsieur le Carolina, inty years ago, you offered me another silver instrument, but not in such a graceful manner." "I remember it, Most Holy Father,"

"I remember it, Most Holy Father," replied the Cardinal, a little embarnassed; "and I hope your Holiness has long ago pardoned me."

Four years later, after, alas! a too short reign, X!I died, and Cardinal Castiglione, as Plus VIII, succeeded him.

The public witness of the procession and quarrel in 1775 would have been very much astonished indeed if he could have foreseen the future. Those who should never despair of doing so.

THE ORPHANS. "Look at this! For God's sake look at

It was a thing to look at. The three children close together, and two of them relying solely on the third; and the third so young, and yet with an air of age and steadiness that sat so strangely on the

childish figure
"Cha-l-y, Charley!" said my guardian.
"How old are you?"

"Over thirteen, sir," replied the child.
"O! What a great age," said my guar
dian. "What a great age, Charley." I cannot describe the tenderness with which he spoke to her, half playfully, yet all the more compassionately and mourn

'And do you live slone here with these babies, Charley ? said my guardian.
"Yes sir," returned the child, looking
up into his face with perfect confidence,

"And how do you live, Charley? O "Since father died, sir, I've gone out to

work. I'm out washing to day 'God help you, Charley, you are not tall enough to reach the tub." Said my guardian "In pattens I am, sir," she said quickly

"I've got a high pair as belonged to mother."

"And when did mother die? Poor

mother !" "Mother died just after Emma was

ing sixpences and shillings."
"And do you always lock the babies up "To keep 'em safe, sir, don't you see?" sometimes, and perhaps I can run in sometimes; and they can play, you

know, and Tom ain't afraid of being locked up, are you, Tom?"
"No.o!" said Tom, stoutly.
"When it comes on dark, the lamps are lighted down in the court, and they show up here quite bright—almost quite bright. Don't they, Tom?"
"Yes, Charley," said Tom, "almost quite bright,"
"Then he's as good as gold," said the little creature—O! in such a motherly.

"Then he's as good as gold," said the little creature—O! in such a motherly, womanly way! "And when Emma's tired he puts her to bed. And when he's tired he goes to bed himself. And when I come home and light the candle, and has a bit of supper, he sits up again and has it with me. Don't you. Ton " and has a bit of supper, no sits up again and has it with me. Don't you, Tom?"
"O yes Charley," said Tom, "that I do!
"And either in this glimpse of the pleasure of his life or in gratitude and love for Charley, who was all in all to him, he laid his face among the scanty folds of her frock, and passed from laughing into

crying.

It was the first time since our entry that a tear had been shed among these children. The little orphan girl had spoken of their father and their mother, as if all that sorrow were subdued by the as if all that sorrow were subdued by the necessity of taking courage, and by her childish importance in being able to work, and by her bustling, busy way. But now, when Tom cried, although she sat quite tranquil, looking quietly at us, and did not, by any movement disturb a hair of the bread of either of her little abairs. Leave were allent tears fall down. charges, I saw two silent tears fall down her tace.—Dickens' Bleak House, Chap 15.

Croup, whooping cough, sore throat, sudden cold, and the lung troubles peculiar to children, are easily controlled by promptly administering Ayer's Cherry This remedy is safe to take and certain in its action.

"Did n't Know 't was Loaded"

May do for a stupid boy's excuse; but what can be said for the parent who sees his child languishing daily and fails to recognize the want of a tonic and blood-purifier? Formerly, a course of bitters, or sulphur and molasses, was the rule in well-regulated families; but no all intelligent households keep Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is at once pleasan to the taste, and the most searching and effective blood medicine ever discovered.

effective blood medicine ever discovered.

Nathan S. Cleveland, 27 E. Canton st.,
Boston, writes: "My daughter, now 21
years old, was in perfect health until a
year ago when she began to complain of
fatigue, headache, debility, dizziness,
indigestion, and loss of appetite. I concluded that all her complaints originated
in impure blood, and induced her to take
Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine soon
restored her blood-making organs to
healthy action, and in due time reëstablished her former health. I find Ayer's
Sarsaparilla a most valuable remedy for
the 'assitude and debility incident to
spring time."

J. Castright, Brooklyn Power Co.,

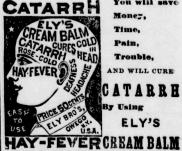
J. Castright, Brooklyn Power Co. J. Castright, Brooklyn Fower Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "As a Spring Medicine, I find a splendid substitute for the old-time compounds in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, with a few doses of Ayer's Pills. After their use, I feel fresher and stronger to go through the summer."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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The trial was ended All clad in his arms The godliest knigh The face that shone The king looked on And said: "He is r prise" To himself he thoug I will surely die, or So from the palace There was trouble a

FEBRUA

Someth

day;
A child had strayed
Into the woodland
"Help!" criea the n
"Help me, sir koig!
The hungry wolves
Help me to bring m He shook her hand
"Alas! poor mothe
Fome meaner successme Equire or var
There are mighty
right;

I keep my sword fo I am sad at heart fo But I ride in haste One wintry night that blind old man by "Now, good sir ka On the sightless with the wind blows colled me, I pray, it "Nay," said the kr I ride in haste to de

So on he rode in hi
His sword all keen
"Laugh with us—
"Crowd,
"Oh, weep!" wat
bowed.
"Help us!" the we
But for joy, nor gr
And the years rol
dim, And he died-and

He missed the goo He missed the ble Seeking some glor His eyes to all hu He that is faithful Is bidden to sit at

NEWS FR

Our Irish obitu ceived with feel! for many years College in Roma Ireland, made pu lege, and Unive green, Dublin. An inquest we tal, Dublin, on t Bennett, who street on Decem

The Pall Mall be a likelihe velopment in th an aburdan niently near to ment of the greatly the dem low quaries has sorts of macada cally no limit. On Jan. 3, B. great rejoicing Golden Jubilee

parisbioners we

tleman and pre

On New Ye ereux was insu ford, for 1889. On Dec. 31 police, accomp bailiffs and em called Ballyru Boss, where so out. The land Charles Totter London, and th landlord is a the place was Government v 21st. two police each, for ass

42:30 o'clock bands, Kilken dences of Mr. Mayor, and th John Covle. ary kind, and quietly. Mr. Edwar sculptor of Ca for America, Kickham, la Tipperary, ha

On Monday

O'Brien, M. o'clock train Broadstone and several t the day, the of which he he presumed When he re station to c part of the Mr. O'Brien. people, and Longford w ever. They fight up to

> The deat took place 13th of Nov will be, to a source of sh and sgreeal

Circulars