

Margaret's Prayer.

(From the German of Goethe.)

BY PATRICK TAYLOR.

Thy gracious countenance upon my pain!
Thou lookest up to where Thy Son is slain
Thou seest the Father
Thy and sighs gather
And bear aloft Thy sorrow and His pain!

Where'er I go, what sorrow,
What weep, what woe and sorrow,
Within my bosom aches!
Alone, and all in weeping,
I am weeping, weeping, weeping;
The heart within me breaks.

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FAITH, THE STAFF OF THE CHRISTIAN.

The goodness of Almighty God was never more admirably set forth than in His incarnation. He takes upon Himself our poor and enfeebled nature, with all its crosses and sufferings, and gives us in return all His graces, all His support, all His strength. This is very manifest if we consider for a moment what they do for us. Let us take the initial grace of all, for instance the grace of faith. How wonderful this is, not only in itself, but in the mode of its conveyance, and in its dwelling in the hearts of men. Without it it is impossible to please God. Our good as an infused virtue. When the soul of the unconscious child is brought to the font at baptism, it is regenerated and made capable of that for which our first parents were made—eternal joy. We more appreciate this initial grace of God in a country like this, where seeing so many millions who are without it. We are constantly reminded of that great gift of faith, when we see excellent people, far better than ourselves very often, nevertheless, born, so to speak, blind in the spiritual order. How great, then, is this gift of faith, because God is Law, and whatever He does follows law. How difficult to comprehend why it is that one is born of Catholic parents, and brought to the font, and receives the infused gift of faith, while another, who is not in the possession of that gift, is under the arduous necessity of searching, heart and conscience, to work out for herself these conclusions. Look at Saul, thundering down to Damascus with letters from the high priest to persecute the Christians whom he should find there. Then, all at once, there came the light of faith to him. He is thrown down upon the ground, and he, the fierce and proud soldier, going upon the errand of persecution, and, if possible, extermination of the Catholic faith, rises up, trembling, bodily blind, but with his soul full of the light of faith, humbly calling out, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me do?" That is the contrast between him who has and him who has not faith. The Sacraments of God's grace are the full power of God, and that we often, living as we do in an atmosphere so called by the unbeliever which dominates in this land, are apt to fall into a kind of torpor with regard to the grace of the Sacraments. People sometimes seem to think that going to confession is a kind of exercise for very good people, but confession is the open fountain in the temple of God for the healing of the soul, and it is because we are not good that we ought to go to confession, and to go very often, because the conscience loses its acute perception of wrong if we do not take an account of ourselves. People would sometimes tell him that their faith, but the fact is, that the faith of Confirmation is five years, and the reason is very manifest. It is the pouring forth of God's holy spirit to make them strong soldiers of Christ. People have a sort of Protestant idea that they must have a wide or profound knowledge of theology before they can be confirmed. Rightly. Which is it better to allow the devil, the world and the flesh to take possession of the soul, and then turn these out, or to take such measures as they may, under God, for preventing their entry? If there are fruits of the redemption of the world through the Incarnation of our Lord, and if these immense treasures of divine grace are so freely given to us, and are laid up in the treasury of God's Church, what must be the source from which they flow, and with what a wonderful abode of divine goodness, mercy, love and knowledge must that Sacred Heart of Jesus be filled. —Bishop of Emmus.

THE DOOM OF IRISH INFORMERS.

The fate of Bailey, who was murdered in Skipper's Alley, Dublin, in the latter end of 1887, should have been a warning to the police protection when his services were no longer required. This Bailey gave information to the authorities which enabled them to make one of the most extensive seizures of arms and ammunition ever achieved by the British police. Twenty-five rifles, ten revolvers, 12,000 rounds of ammunition, an immense store of dynamite, fulminate of mercury, detonating caps and gunpowder fell into their hands through Bailey's instrumentality. How did the Government reward him? After a fortnight's imprisonment, he was sent to London, a generosity which would have lessened the British exchequer by about \$5. The wretched man begged to be sent out to some distant colony, pleading that his life would be in as much jeopardy in London as in Dublin. The representative of the Crown in Ireland could not dream of becoming responsible for such an extravagance. Bailey was turned adrift. His landlord would not let him back into his miserable tenement. His employer would not give him another family into the workhouse. Even there the paupers turned against him and rendered his existence so unendurable that he ventured into the outer world again with the desperate resolve to beg or steal as much as would take him out of the country. Three days after his body was discovered in Skipper's Alley, and two bullets in his head told from what quarter his death sentence had come. No clue has ever been found to justify an arrest for the crime.

Other Irish informers, too, have been uniformly foredoomed from the moment they appeared in the witness box to tender evidence against their former friends. Pierce Nagle was the first traitor of importance in the Fenian ranks. To his revelations were due the convictions of the staff of the *Irish People* newspaper, and the first sentence of the Irish revolutionaries brotherhood—Luby, O'Leary, Kickham, O'Donovan Rossa and the rest. After his nefarious work had been accomplished, he disappeared, and for eleven years nothing was heard of him. But the vengeance and hatred of an Irish conspirator is everlasting, and in 1876 (eleven years after his treachery) it overtook Pierce Nagle. One cold, gray autumn morning his corpse was found under a London railway arch, and a huge cheese knife driven through the back and pene-

trating the heart told that he had not died from natural causes.

Warner, the Cork informer, who was the first to reveal the existence of the seditious spirit in the army, was attacked a year or so subsequently in Clontarf. He was severely wounded, but did not die then, and his assailant, who was taken on the spot, got off with twenty years' penal servitude. Warner's wounds hastened his death and added to the agony of his last moments.

That Dreadful Doctor.

He warns us in eating, he warns us in drinking. He warns us in reading, and writing, and he warns us in dancing, foot race, eight-oar, and in taking champagne and canoeing. He warns us in wearing red socks and sham-pooling. He warns us in dealing in our snug country. He warns us of fever—in mineral waters. He warns us of everything mortal may do.

Duties of Daily Life.

Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercises of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers; to endure neglect when we feel we deserve attention, and ingratitude where we are expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way and whom he has provided for the trial of our virtue, these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better preparation for the more difficult and more important duties of life. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will or contradicts our humor—is this habitual acquiescence in the will of God, the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or afflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.

News that People Like to Hear.

There is a kind of news that honest people particularly like to hear. It is news of the failure of men who make "corners" in oil, in land, in money, in anything, to know that men who force the hard-working widows to pay five cents a gallon more for their oil than they ought to pay, lose their ill-gotten millions in the click of the telegraph. It pleases the toiling laborer and the patient mechanic, to see in the morning papers the names of the swindlers who have been forcing up flour a dollar a barrel, have been broken on the wheel of fortune, and lie all about the "street" limp and sprawling. It pleases them well. We call these speculative gentry by the name of "corners" in oil, in land, in money, in anything, to know that men who force the hard-working widows to pay five cents a gallon more for their oil than they ought to pay, lose their ill-gotten millions in the click of the telegraph. It pleases the toiling laborer and the patient mechanic, to see in the morning papers the names of the swindlers who have been forcing up flour a dollar a barrel, have been broken on the wheel of fortune, and lie all about the "street" limp and sprawling. It pleases them well. We call these speculative gentry by the name of "corners" in oil, in land, in money, in anything, to know that men who force the hard-working widows to pay five cents a gallon more for their oil than they ought to pay, lose their ill-gotten millions in the click of the telegraph.

Postal Notes.

It is only two weeks before the public of the United States will have the new postal notes, the limit of their preparation being September 3. They will prove to be a great convenience, as the sender can transmit any sum from one cent to five dollars. The New York Tribune illustrates the advantages of the new arrangement by stating that "a lady living out of town who wants to send \$3.79 to a drygoods store in New York will hand that sum, and 3 cents fee, to the postmaster. He will give her an order with the figure three punched in the dollar column, the figure seven in the column of cents. This is simple and easy, and offers no chance for fraud."

P. J. Puppy, druggist, of Newbury, writes: "Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is just the thing for Summer Sickness. I sold out my stock three times last summer. There was a good demand for it." Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is infallible for Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach and Bowel Complaint.

Enthusiasm is one of the most powerful engines of success. When you do a thing do it with a vim. Do it with your might. Put your whole soul into it. Stamp it with your own personality. Be active, be energetic, be enthusiastic and faithful. Truly will you accomplish your object. Truly has Emerson said: "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

PREMONITIONS OF APPROACHING DANGER.

In the shape of digestive weakness, lassitude, inactivity of the kidneys, pains in the region of the liver and shoulder blades, mental depression coupled with headache, furred tongue, vertigo, should not be disregarded. Use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and avert the peril to health. It removes all impurities and gives tone to the whole system. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas street.

OSCAR WILDE'S LECTURE.

VIEWS OF THE ARTISTE ON HIS WANDERINGS IN AMERICA.

The London News reports the lecture delivered by Mr. Oscar Wilde, called "Impressions of America." "Stating that he had very little useful information to give, he described his first experience of the interview, 'the literary pirate of the States,' who sprang on board in the midst of a storm of New York, and asked his opinion of America. Not having seen it, he found it easy to give an unbiased opinion, which was very favorable as far as it went. Now it was more difficult. The first thing that struck him on landing was the prosperity of the people and the absence of rags. He saw millions of chimney-pot hats, but no rags. The second thing was that everyone seemed to be in a hurry, and this made him think it could not be a country of great romance, for romance was difficult where it was a vital necessity to catch a train. The beautiful he found where the Americans had the least striven for, in their great bridges and the perfectly beautiful use of the electric light.

IN THE CARS.

"The travelling, when one gets into a Pullman car, was the perfection of luxury, but had no more privacy than if one sat in an arm chair at the Hamilton street corner of Piccadilly. Boys ran up and down selling literature, good and bad, and everything one could eat or not eat, but what harrowed his feelings most acutely was to see a pirated copy of his own poems selling for ten cents. He got out of this edition of his work, but the boy said he got some, and seemed to think that settled the question. He had never been called 'Stranger,' but had received the title of 'Captain' and 'Colonel,' the latter in Texas, but he had