

A MERRY HEART.

It will have a merry heart,
If we ever short we stay;
There's wisdom in a merry heart,
Whatever the world may say.

IRELAND'S GREAT DEAD.

A TWILIGHT RAMBLE IN GLASNEVIN.
The Tombs and Graves of Cardinals
Cullen and McCabe, of Dr. Cahill
and Others.

Among the dead box with a
dozen or more in my brain
I followed the guide by a narrow crooked path in the
glade by the main entrance. A few
stragglers were visible, possibly bent on
the same errand as myself, to do Glas-
nevin. One of them was in the posture
of prayer over some half-forgotten grave,
when the guide, pointing to the vanished days, when the
dead beneath his knees was waned and
the dead heart pulsed. It was a
pretty picture: old age in the dusky
twilight of the ragged weed-grown grave,
supplicating for the friend who had long
since gone to the land from whence no
stranger returns. It was a picture almost
foreign to our land, but one that was
capable of producing the holiest emo-
tions. "Here," said the guide, "is the
grave of Cardinal Cullen, the next one is
that of his successor Cardinal McCabe.
It is getting so dark that you will get a
premonition of the present Archbishop." The last
sentence was spoken with a peculiar jerk
of the mouth, and a knowing shake of
the head, made us rather inquisitive as
to the good man's distinctions. "Why?"
I asked my inquisitive friend. "Because,"
said the guide, "I have struck a de-
termined attitude, they were all their
days, but the present man is all their
days." The phraseology is a common
one in every part of Ireland
and equivalent to master. We were
indisposed to question the verdict of
one whose ordinary occupation had
brought him into such close knowledge
of the distinguished dead.

It was whose patriotism was born with
him, a man of many parts we were
told that Cardinal Cullen and
McCabe could by no means be classed
as uneducated. They may not have
gone into the stormy arena of Irish
politics and by pen and tongue incited
the people to a futile resistance. They
did not, they remained and by a wise
provision gave their countrymen a
less than patient, a gift they curiously
value. Ireland had not in their time
known the admirable lesson of unity
taught later by a gifted but unfortunate
man until that lesson was the ugly
known it was useless to put in the
market the panacea for Ireland's ills.
They were champions of the best type,
who did not believe much in the priest
in politics. Whether they were right
or wrong belongs to the future. Their
monuments are simple but erected in
good taste, and add to the charms of
Glasnevin. Another grave in full view
of mine is that of the gifted Dr. Cahill,
dignified orator, a man rarely gifted.
He was a character to be loved, one of
those that are truly monastic in their
nature. Had he had proper time to
prepare and the facilities to acquire
knowledge he might have easily ranked
as the first papal orator of his times.
He inclined to the solitary habits of
the student, lecturing here and there,
talking day and night, finding little
rest for the big brain of the generous
dignitary could not stand the strain. In a
few years he had died among

THE TALENTS OF HIS COUNTRY.
Who had hung on his words with rapture,
Following their sufferings and longings
with a listening to the magic of his voice.
His fondest wish was to have a grave in
his native land, a place of resting under
the green sward and daisies. Let it be
said with pleasure that the exiles from
their native land contributed to carry
out his dying wish. From the land that
he had so often eulogized as a haven of
rest to his weary home-seeking country-
men, kind hands and loving hearts rever-
ently bore his ashes over many a mile of
land and sea, to his land of lands. No
more fitting spot could be found for his
grave than the one selected, while the
little monument revives many tales of
the witty and generous heart that lies
under its shadow. "That finishes them,"
said the guide as he pointed to a flat
piece of ground little resembling a grave.
The plot was evidently well kept, and it
was easy to see that it was not long since
its occupant was one of us. My friend
was about to ask for some information,
when the grave digger of Glasnevin mut-
tered "A.M. Sullivan's grave." Whether
it was that his stock of information on
this subject was scanty, or that we were
detaining him beyond his allotted time, I
am unable to state; this is certain that
he seemed a little gruff, and by no means
disposed to talk. Left to ourselves, we
passed over the grave what we knew of
the noble man who lay beneath us. It
would be hard to define

THIS PLACE IS IRISH POLITICS.
We have often been called an agitator.
I know of no word so misused as this.
Every reformer is an agitator, without
agitation there can be no reform. Agita-
tion is a rebellion against the old order
of things. Washington was an agitator,
Columbus another, yet they are not
charged with committing any grievous
wrongs. Common consent has rather
enriched them as benefactors. But what
distinction an agitator is affixed to the
name of an Irishman. Like the chameo-
leon the skin becomes of another hue and
strands of venality, bribery, selfishness
are at once discovered upon it. It has
lost its market-value and becomes of bad
omen. It raises a smile as one reads in
the great English dailies, the character
of some distinguished man from the sister-
island curiously dismissed from their
editorial precincts with the contemptuous
phrase "only an Irish agitator." English
critics, however have long since ceased
to adorn the fair land of Logic. When
England versus any other country is the

subject, England will easily sweep the
stakes. Now and then a critic like
Arnold will tell his countrymen bluntly
that they are not angels, yet let him
compare them with any other land, and
he will make you admit that if there are
a few spots on the sun, and those only
discernible to the finely trained eye, the
sun is not a whit less a glorious luminary.
To Americans who have neither an axe
to grind nor a daughter to marry a fitted
nobody, the compound Irish-agitator
carries with it no idea of ignorance
rudeless of manners and blatant voice.
It will suggest

SOME HEROIC FIGURE
fighting alone, menaced by the majority
that he will yet convince. It will be a
Barke thundering forth his mighty elo-
quence in behalf of pariahsed India; a
Garrison pleading the cause of the bruti-
alized colored man. To him it will mean
nobleness and unselfishness. He may
not agree with the means and methods
of the agitator, but knowing from what
a fount of usefulness and patriotism they
proceed he will handle them with respect. Sullivan was an agitator. Agitation
was to him a means of making his
country progress to her destined goal, a
free parliament in Dublin. Before he
had passed the meridian of life he had
learned that this could only be achieved
when the sea-divided Celts would unite,
and by moral suasion place their just
cause before the bar of humanity. Mid-
night drilling, drinking fire-water and
and wearing silly coats, conched in the
most a towering phrasology, he had
learned, as many of his countrymen have
learned, are fit lessons in the best book.
Physical force to train spies, informers
and assassins. In order to win the peo-
ple's ear it was necessary to educate
them, and this was his main object
through life. He founded newspapers,
gave lectures, advocated a system of
lectures in all the centers of population,
where young men might meet, open
their views, discuss them, throw away
the tare and bind the grain. He might
be said to have been the first Irishman
that attempted to win over to his cause

THE ENGLISH LABORER.
and with success. They had learned to
love the man, who spoke well, and
brought his cause to their notice. He
appealed to them, not as aliens, but as
brothers and lovers of justice. If the
lower classes listened and are daily more
willing to do so, let us give to Sullivan
his due meed of praise. He taught them
that what their leading countrymen
called in Poland or Italy "a civil war"
was a battle for liberty, "a civil war"
was the reverse across the channel. Soon they
learned the meaning of the poet's sarca-
stic

"Oh, Freedom is a glorious thing;
Even so our gracious rulers say,
And what does this sweet Liberty sing,
In quite a legal power way.
They praise it up with all their might,
And praise the men who speak it too,
But what of the poor and the wretched
Aye out in Poland; Tuzuzuzuzuz!"
He had hoped to see his efforts crowned
with success, but it is rarely given to
man to plant the seed and pick the
fruit. It must have cost him, how-
ever, to have witnessed the birth of the
new spirit and to have helped to rock
her cradle. He could be content seeing
that the old order of things were passing
away, that slavery's garment was tar-
red and tanned, and waited but the
coming union of his race to rent it in
pieces. He was not a man of genius,
nor an orator, oratory he defined "the
power of holding enchained the minds of
an assembly by the charm of speech, of
fascinating their hearts, impeding their
wills whatsoever you desire, and
diverting them from whatsoever you
please," but he was a man

OF ADMIRABLE SPIRIT.
logical, keen and witty, a man of rare
talents; and as his best epithet let it be
written, he used every talent to the
benefit of his fellow-man. In the history
of New Ireland his clear-cut figure will
move as a living spirit, and yet the his-
torian viewing from every corner, will
find

"Not a kinder life or sweeter
Time, that light and bright his men,
Now many opinions of right again."

The black wings of night had been
spread over Glasnevin, monuments took
the form of gaunt spectres, and a breeze
springing up played amid the shrubbery
a weird, uncanny melody. It was a time
for thought, and just as I was preparing
to let my fancy wander at her own sweet
will, "God rest their souls," muttered
Glasnevin's grave-digger; hold fancy,"
said I, while my friend uttered a loving
Amen. A few steps forward, a turn of a
key and Glasnevin was shut from our
eyes, and oh! the pity of it forever.

WALTER LEBKY.
It is what Hood's Sarsaparilla actually does
that tells the story of its merit and has given
it the largest sale of any medicine.

What makes life dreary is the want of
motive.

A CLOSE CALL.
After suffering for three weeks from cholera
infantum, so that I was not expected to live,
and, at the time, would have been glad had
death called me, so great was my suffering, a
friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of
Wild Strawberry, which acted like magic on
my system. But for this medicine I would not
be alive now.—JOHN W. BRADSHAW, 339 St.
Paul St., Montreal, P.Q.

Life is not so short but that there is
always time enough for courtesy.

Dr. T. A. Slocum's
OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD
LIVER OIL. If you have a child—Use It.
For sale by all druggists, 50c per bottle.

We have all a soft spot. Let us pray
that it is not in our heads.

AN UNUSUAL DEATH-RATE.—All this sea-
son of the year there are always many deaths,
particularly among children, from Summer
Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera
Morbus, Cramps, etc., but this season the cases
seem to be unusually frequent and fatal, and
every one ought to know that a sure and speedy
cure can easily be obtained by taking a tea-
spoonful of Dr. J. C. FAY'S KIDNEY PILLS in
sweetened water (but water is the best), every
half hour until relieved. This remedy has
never been known to fail. Full directions are
given with each bottle. It is kept by every respect-
able druggist. New Big bottle old popular 25c,
price.

Life is a sort of masquerade, and many
die without unmasking.
NO OTHER Sarsaparilla posses-
ses the Combination, Proportion
and Process which makes HOOD'S
Sarsaparilla Peculiar to Itself.

THEY CAN'T BEAR THE LIGHT.

The Exposure of the Secret Anti-Cath-
olic Organization is Injuring It.

Last week we spoke at length of the
Anti-Catholic societies in the United
States. To more fully corroborate our
remarks we reproduce the following from
the "Catholic Columbian":
"The exposure of the objects and meth-
ods of the new Know-Nothing society
is having a disastrous effect on the move-
ment, and the leaders are at their wits'
end to discover or invent some means to
prevent the organization from going to
pieces in this community. So long as
they succeeded in doing their work and
concealing their schemes in secret, they
had little difficulty in securing members
about as fast as they could take them
into the order. Speaking of the trouble
they now have to contend with, one of
the members said yesterday:
"'The Lodge I belong to has only sec-
reted five new members in the past three
weeks, and, from what I learn, I am
afraid we have lost ten times that num-
ber of members in the same time.'
Besides," said he, "the Ancient and
Junior Orders of American Mechanics and
also the P. O. S. of A. are on the down
grade now, and I fear that they will go
to pieces."

"When asked the reason for this he
replied: 'The reason is a simple one. It
used to be that about all we had to do
to catch a new member was to approach
him and broach the subject to him in its
proper form and we almost always suc-
ceeded in arousing his prejudice to such
an extent as to get his application for
membership at once. Now, however, it
is different. Since the Catholic Colum-
bian and other papers have called public
attention to the organization, nearly
everybody has been talking about it, and
when we approach an outsider to get him
to join he generally has a hundred and
one questions to ask, and wants to find
out a great deal more than we are at
liberty to tell him. In other words they
are more cautious about joining than
they used to be and we don't succeed
very well in stirring up their prejudices
any more, for some reason, either.'
"'How many lodges have you in the
city now, I asked him.
"'One in nearly every ward,' was the
reply.
"'I am told there is a lodge composed
exclusively of colored men in the Ninth
ward; is that correct?'
"'Yes, sir.'
"'You also have a white one in the
Eleventh ward containing about 200
members, who meet in Benning's
hall, on Seventeenth street, and one in
the Twelfth ward that meets in the P. O.
S. of A. hall, have you not?'
"'I'm not going to tell you where
they meet,' was the reply, 'so good day,
sir,' and he walked away.

"As a further evidence that the ex-
posure of the methods, etc., of this society
is causing its leaders lots of trouble, the
following clipping taken from the "Secret
Society" column of last Sunday's Ohio
State Journal is given:
"'Some have advanced the idea that
the P. O. S. of A. is an outgrowth of
the old Know-nothingism, but the writer
wishes to say that such is not the fact.
In proof of it, the P. O. S. of A. was
first instituted in the year of 1847,
several years before the Know-nothing
party was thought of. The P. O. S. of
A. is not connected with any other
secret society, as has been intimated
by some parties. It is a secret bene-
volent society, seeking to inculcate the
principles of free government, free-
schools, free church and a free press in
this land of ours. It debates none from
its ranks on account of its religious or
political opinions. The order is bene-
ficial, caring for its members in sick-
ness, burying them in case of death.
There is an insurance in connection
with it, of which it is optional whether
a member go in it or not. The mem-
bers, all Americans, invite others to
unite with some camp that is located
in their midst."

"Evidently the leaders in these so-
called patriotic societies" dislike to be
called Know-Nothings, but the name fits
them so well that they are not likely to
be able to throw it off. Besides it is well
known that the P. O. S. of A. was orga-
nized in 1847, for the express purpose
of starting a new "American" party and
that it constituted the basis for the Know-
Nothing movement which followed. It
was for that reason that members of the
P. O. S. of A. concluded to avoid the odium
attached to their society by forming a
new one, but they have only succeeded
in making this latest movement more
intolerant and detestable than the for-
mer one.
"'To illustrate how wild are the state-
ments made by the leaders of the new
Know-Nothings it is only necessary to
mention that one of them charged, in a
speech, the other day that the Catho-
lics are preparing for war and that
Bishop Watterson already has 5000
stands of arms concealed some place in
Columbus.
"'The laugh that followed this state-
ment must have convinced the Know-
Nothing that his hearers were not foolish
enough to believe his story and he left
without securing any new converts in
that crowd.
"'The fact is that the only condition
under which such an organization can
thrive is that it be kept so secret that
those it opposes are not aware of its ex-
istence and, therefore, are not able to
combat its vagaries. The Columbian is
doing excellent work in exposing the un-
American principles of the organization
and has contributed materially to weaken
its influence."

Their gentle action and good effect on
the system really make them a perfect little pill.
They please those who use them. Carter's
Little Liver Pills may well be termed "Perfec-
tion."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had
placed in his hands by an East India mission-
ary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy
for the speedy and permanent cure of Con-
sumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and
all Tubercular and Lung Affections, also a positive
and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all
Nervous Complaints. Having tested his
wonderful curative powers in thousands of
cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering,
I will send free of charge to all who wish it,
this recipe in German, French, or English,
with full directions for preparing and using;
sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, nam-
ing this paper, W. A. NOYES, 89 Power's
Block, Rochester, N. Y. (12-15-c-o-w)

Home.
Home is a central telegraph office of
human love, into which run innumerable
wires of affection, many of which, though
extending thousands of miles, are never
disconnected from the great terminus.
The centre of our affections, round
which our heart's best wishes twine.
A little hollow scooped out of the
windy hill of the world where we can be
shielded from its cares and annoyances.
A popular but paradoxical institution,
in which woman works in the absence of
man and man rests in the presence of
women.
A working model of heaven with
real angels in the form of mothers and
wives.
The place where all men should be at
night.
The place in which you live till you
are old enough to get away from it and
to which you never fail to return when
there is nowhere else to go.
The antipodes of bad lodging.
The place dearest to those who have
lost it.
An abode, on the inmates of which the
"superior being called man" can pay
back at night with 50 per cent interest
every annoyance that has met him in
business during the day.
The only place on earth where a man
is seen as he truly is.
A place that is either made or marred
by a woman.
A place we are always unhappy from
and never contented in.
An oasis in the desert of life where one
can find a shady retreat from the sun
of toil and drink from the well of happi-
ness.
A seat of bliss where naught's amiss.
A universal lodestone.
A school wherein we are taught the
most important lessons of life, for they
constitute the basis upon which we
build the whole superstructure of our
characters.
Home is like a military band—its
harmony depends on those who are in it.
Home was where my mother was
Till I met my wife;
Home is where my wife is
For the rest of my life.
Home is a place where a man throws
off the disguise in which he acts on the
stage of life.
Man's ambition, woman's pride.
As steam to the locomotive, so is home
to the human heart, the grand propelling
power.
The only place in the world where
baby is appreciated.

An amiable disposition is a wonderful
preserver of beauty.

Home.
Home is a central telegraph office of
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As steam to the locomotive, so is home
to the human heart, the grand propelling
power.
The only place in the world where
baby is appreciated.

An amiable disposition is a wonderful
preserver of beauty.

Home.
Home is a central telegraph office of
human love, into which run innumerable
wires of affection, many of which, though
extending thousands of miles, are never
disconnected from the great terminus.
The centre of our affections, round
which our heart's best wishes twine.
A little hollow scooped out of the
windy hill of the world where we can be
shielded from its cares and annoyances.
A popular but paradoxical institution,
in which woman works in the absence of
man and man rests in the presence of
women.
A working model of heaven with
real angels in the form of mothers and
wives.
The place where all men should be at
night.
The place in which you live till you
are old enough to get away from it and
to which you never fail to return when
there is nowhere else to go.
The antipodes of bad lodging.
The place dearest to those who have
lost it.
An abode, on the inmates of which the
"superior being called man" can pay
back at night with 50 per cent interest
every annoyance that has met him in
business during the day.
The only place on earth where a man
is seen as he truly is.
A place that is either made or marred
by a woman.
A place we are always unhappy from
and never contented in.
An oasis in the desert of life where one
can find a shady retreat from the sun
of toil and drink from the well of happi-
ness.
A seat of bliss where naught's amiss.
A universal lodestone.
A school wherein we are taught the
most important lessons of life, for they
constitute the basis upon which we
build the whole superstructure of our
characters.
Home is like a military band—its
harmony depends on those who are in it.
Home was where my mother was
Till I met my wife;
Home is where my wife is
For the rest of my life.
Home is a place where a man throws
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