Seek ye far a South sea clime. Search ye there its hills—its There they pine through manhood's prime There they pass life's winter-time— Cramped down with gyves and chains— For loving their Sireland was a crime!

Seek ye out each battle plain.
Search ye there where dead lie deepest:
There—'mid heaps of noble slain—
There they fell like tropic rain—
In vain, lone land, thou weepest.
Had they loved thee less, there they ne'er ha

Seek we next the ocean-wave,
Search ye there its sunless sands:
There—in many a yawning grave—
There—in many a coral cave—
And on numberless, nameless strands,
Sieep, unknown, unwept, thy True and
Brave.
THETA.

THE CHURCH IN ITALY.

Still Holds her Own in the Affections of the People-A Grand and Majes. tic Scene in the Great Cathe-

Never at any previous period in her history, has the Catholic Church been so united or so active. The Pope, Leo XIII, is universally acknowledged to be a remarkable man. He is a diplomat, and has in a very short time modified the unlucky consequences of some of his predesent. consequences of some of his predecessor's rash acts and policy. Already Russia and Prussia are arranging a modus vivendi with him. Even M. Barthelemy de St. Hilaire, who cannot be suspected of clerical-ism, acknowledges that "the Vatican is sim, acknowledges that "the Vatican is still a great power," and France must not cease to be officially represented at Court. Italy is also obliged to confess that the present Pope has wisdom and forbearance alike in the manner in which he frequently avoids creating unnecessary embarrassment to her Government. The Encyclicals of his Holiness are so moderate that Protestant ministers can read them with Protestant ministers can read them with pleasure, and in all that he does or says, ne displays a genuine abhorrence of exaggeration and bigotry, and has, we are ssurred, to fight many a battle with the ealanti, or over zealous and fanatical party, which forms the majority of the

Papal Court. It would be a grave error to imagine that religion is, for all that is said and done against her, losing her hold upon the minds of the Italians. The very excesses of the Radicals have served to bring about reaction. All Christianity being in a common danger before a common enemy, hat ancient and undue animosity between Protestants and Catholics seems to be somewhat diminished, and I was surprised to hear a Waldese minister recently speak

in terms of reverence of the present Pope. Never have the churches, both in France and in Italy, been so well attended as at the present. Fifteen years ago they were comparatively empty. To-day they are too small, vast as they usually are to accommodate the throngs which flock to Divine service, and what I say of the Catholic churches, applies equally to the Protestant ones. The persecution has

and you are sure to find a crowd devoutly praying before the altars and shrines. On Sundays the Congregations are so arge that you often have difficulty in entering such enormous edifices as the athedral. The devotion of the people serious, and is in marked contrast with he flippant behavior of ten years ago. t strikes everybody, especially tourists, who did not hesitate to chatter out loud is they inspected the art treasures the talian churches contain. Now they are forced to behave with gravity by the re

They have just been celebrating in the athedral the Novena of the Madonna dal For nine days this huge edifice as been thronged by enormous congrega-ions three times a day to hear several rewned preachers.

erential attitude of the people.

I went to see the closing benediction.

Was a wonderful sight. The upper part

the sacred edifice was profusely hang

with the richest crimson silk damask.

Thousands of lights blazed in the innumerable chandeliers and upon the altars, and before the silver and golden shrines of St. ohn the Baptist and the Madonna. effect of this illumination upon the red langings and upon the Gothic architecture of the noble old building was indisputably icturesque and grand. The high altar as dim with the rising clouds of inc nd before it stood in majestic attitudes a owd of priests, wearing dazzling robes of loth of gold. A vast multitude filled to affocation not only in the church, but se square in front of it. Presently a vion, admiably performed upon, accompan-ed Bruzzi, the famous new tenor, in his singing of Gouncd's charming Ave Maria.
When he had finished, the crowd knelt within and without, and the throng sang the Tantum Ergo, making the ancient vaults fairly ring with the volume of sound. Then followed a silence during which you could have heard a pin drop Every knee and head was bent. The aged Archbishop gave them his blessing in the mame of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Scarcely had he finhed than the people with one accord, ied out enthusiastically: "Long live reion! Viva Jesu Christo!

This was not, mind, included in the ogramme of the service, but simply f those demonstrations of religious feel-g, which like those of the radicals of an sposing nature, are becoming only too equent, and prove to me that the string tightening and trouble brewing. The

reflection. It is the answer of the people to those who would deprive them of their consoling creeds, of their belief in God, in Christ, their immortality, and above all, of the hope of seeing their dear dead ones once again. This vast assemblage kneeling before their time honored shrines, benediction for the first time within St. seemed inexpressibly grand. I cannot join in their prayer, for my faith wither I cannot I reverence with all my power their ancient religion, and I believe it will triumph in the end. You cannot govern a man without religion, and the sooner the governments understand this fact the better. Moreover, I say that the greatest better. Moreover, I say that the greatest curse which can ever befall a man is to be deprived of his belief in God and in his deprived of his benefith God and in his immortality. Old church," he continued, taking off his hat reverentially, "I salute you. Sixteen hundred years of prayer have your angust walls witnessed, and today, notwithstanding progress, and the press, and politics, still multitudes kneel before your shrines and adore God."—C.r. New York Evening Mail.

THE GREAT PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

20,000 PEOPLE IN ST. PETER'S-SPEECH OF THE HOLY FATHER.

On Friday morning the Italian pilgrims assembled at the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, Rome, to make the first of their visits to the patriarchal basilicas pre-scribed by the Bull of Jubilee, but which, in their case, the Pope has been pleased to reduce to two, the basilicas being Santa Maria Maggoire and St. Peter's. An ad-Maria Maggoire and St. Peter's. dress was delivered by the Patriarch of Venice. Small white crosses bearing the words In hoe signo vinces in red letters were pinned on the breasts of all the pil-grims. High Mass was celebrated, and general Communion was administered. On leaving the basilica the pilgrims put on leaving the basined the prigrims put their crosses in their pockets, or otherwise concealed them, in conformity with the Pontifical brief relating to the pilgrimage. Outside there was a considerable police force, many in pagin ciothes, but no crowd had gathered, and no attempt was madto molest the pilgrims.

On Sunday the Basilica of St. Peter's was closed to the public, and great curtains were drawn within the iron gates of the vestibule on the occasion of the sol-

emn reception by Leo XIII. of the mememin reception by Leo AIII. of the mem-bers of the Italian pilgrimage, organized, as distinctly stated, in reparation of the sacrileges committed on the night of the 13th of July and of the insults and calthe public meetings held in the principal cities of Italy. The pilgrims, who come from all parts of the Peninsula, led by the Patriarch of Venice and accompanied by twenty-two Bishops, entered by the bronze gates of the Vatican, and thence turning at the foot of the Scala Regia into the vestibule of St. Peter's, passed into the Basilica. The Diplomatic Body, into the Vesnotte of Al. Feter's, passed into the Basilica. The Diplomatic Body, members of the Roman nobility, members of the societies of Catholic interests, and deputations from the Roman parishes, and others to whom tickets had been granted, went in through the sacristy. By half-past eleven some 20,000 persons had assembled in the voice of the voice of God speaking to their souls. We doubt if there is a case on record where a respectable Protestant lady, who has been educated in a convent school, will certify over her own signature that the Belgings through the sacristy. By half-past eleven some 20,000 persons had assembled in the Basilica, and the southern transept was crammed to suffocation. The Palatine Guard, numbering 200 men, marched in, Catholic churches, applies equally to the Protestant ones. The persecution has done no good—the clergy are more zealous and the faithful are more devout.

There are about eighty churches, of which about twenty are larger than any in New York, not excepting even the Cathodral on Fifth Avenue. Go into any one of them at any hour of the day outh transept, where the Pontifical throne Patriarch of Venice, with the twenty-two pilgrim bishops, escorted by the Swiss Guards in full uniform with their halberds, went down in procession to their places. Then passed all the members of the Colof Cardinals at present in Rome, ing two and two, attended by their walking two and two, attended by their train-bearers and gentlemen, and escorted by Swiss Guards and at twelve o'clock precisely his Holiness the Pope descended from the Vatican. As he was borne aloft into the Basilica, the Pontifical Court sur-rounded him, and the Noble Guards in full uniform preceding and following, St. Peter's choir burst forth, but their voices were immediately drowned by the ring ing cheers of the thousands assembled, re-peated and repeated until he reached th throne, while the myriads of handkerchief waved aloft seemed to cover the crowd with a floating white veil. A solemn hush then followed. The Patriarch of Venice, in full robes, advanced to the foot of the throne and read the address, touching ground with his knee each time he men-

tioned the Pope's name, and on his concluding Leo XIII. rose and replied to t following effect:

Beginning with a full expression of the consolation he feels in the frequency of the Italian pilgrimages, and the senti-men's of piety and fidelity which animate their members, he went on to describe at length, in forcible words and with emphatic gestures, the grave dangers which were menacing Italy through the operations of the revolutionary sectarians. He narated the events of the 13th of July; he appealed to those present in moving terms to consider what the depth of his sufferings were that night, and what he continues to suffer day by day as he hears of the meetings held against the Law of Guarantees; of the insults leveled against of the formation of anti-Clerical clubs of the Church, who sought to banish the ligion of Christ and the Supreme Por ificate from the land. These deplorable things placed before him the alternative of enduring a continued captivity, made harder day by day, or going into exile.

He, therefore, exhorted them to endeavor
to save Italy from such a disaster by
openly showing their Catholic faith, and

opposing nature, are becoming only too requent, and prove to me that the string is tightening and trouble brewing. The day is coming when the two parties will be face to face. History repeats itself.

On the steps of the church I met one of the greatest of modern Italian philosophers. "This has been a wonderful enen," said he. "Very," said I. "Believe met," he observed, gravely, "they might as well beat their heads against a stone wall as war against religion. They can never overthrow it. It is born in man like an appetite. He cannot exist without it. Overthrow Christianity, and you must research when the wonderful as war against religion. They can never overthrow Christianity, and you must research when the was an appetite. He cannot exist without it. Overthrow Christianity, and you must remeate the properties and courageous action to put an end to an intolerable sit acti Overthrow Christianity, and you must replace it. I think the sight we have just made a profound impression on all who made a profound impression o

ing, as he did, with arms raised aloft to heaven, imploring help.

To describe the enthusiastic cheers rechoing sharply through the dome, and the waving of handkerchiefs, as the Pope sat down after imparting the apostolic benediction for the first time within St. Peter's, and as he was carried back to the Vatican is simply impossible.—Times Vatican, is simply impossible.—Times.

A later telegram from Rome, dated

Monday, says:
When the Pontiff gives an audience t when the Fontin gives an audience to bands of pilgrims or other bodies, the members are taken up to pay their indi-vidual homage to him after his reply to the address which they have presented. The many thousand other persons admit-ted into St. Peter's yesterday rendered this conclusion of the ceremonial impracticable, and, therefore, this morning the pilgrims proper, whose total number amounts to 8500 persons, went up to the Vatican to kiss the Popes's hand. That this number is no exaggeration you may judge from the fact that all the space between the Pope's apartment and the Gallery of Trapestries was required for their accommodation. In the east and the north loggias they were ranged in close double line along each side. The great Halls of Constantine were well filled, the three Halls of Raphael were crowded, the Hall of Immaculate Conception and the halls containing the modern pictures were full, the long Gallery of Maps were so far crowded from end to end that walking along it was slow, zigzag work, and, in addition to all these, one wing of the first floor of the logga below was crammed. The pilgrims were ranged in separate bands, according to their diocese, and with each was its bishops or leaders. At twelve cach was its bishops or leaders. At twelve o'clock the Pope, surrounded by the Monsignori, the Camerieri Segreti, and the Noble Guards in attendance, took his seat on the chair of state at the end of the east loggia, with Monsignor Agostini, the Patriarch of Venice, beside him. For two hours crowds of Pilgrims were continuously brought, up as a presented and tinuously brought up and presented one by one, and then the pope rose, and, fol-lowed by his suite walked along the closely-serried ranks, speaking to each in turn. At half-past two, when I intended leave, the Pope had not entered the Hall of Constantine, and it seemed to me impossible that he could, in the course of the afternoon, give audience to all who

SINGULAR CONVERSIONS TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

It is one of the hallucinations of the Protestant public that Priests, Sisters and the dreaded Jesuits are constantly going about among the Protestant community like so many roaring lions "seeking when they may devour," for the purpose of proselytism. Last week we proved to a dissatisfied Protestant lady that the Sisters attended solely to their own business and let Protestant young ladies find the acter of the Catholic Sisterhood; but had been erected, and grounded arms with the usual clatter. Shortly afterwards the Protestant public have become nauseated at the nastiness which such literature revels in; hence, no respectable person ever handles such defiling literature, much less accepts the statements of such anonymous writers as containing even a

The miraculous conversion of Saul has its counterpart in every century of the Christian era, and we find some of the very men who sought for additional reasons whereby they might confirm their convictions against the Catholic Church led by that very path into her fold. Brownson, the ablest philosopher that America ever produced, tried nearly all the sects of Protestantism in order to find peace and confidence for his religious aspirations, yet he was compelled to acknowledge that they were all barren fields whose only growth was weeds. At last ne was led to investigate the charges prought against the Church, as he could not reconcile the calumnies of "idolatry" brought so frequently and so prominently against intelligent American citizens, and in seeking for a confirmation of these harges he was amazed at the flood of ight which burst upon his soul in Catholic iterature which he consulted. He be ame a Catholic, and a glorious defender f the very faith which he had been taught Moreover, he found in the hurch that peace of mind and security f soul which no man-made sect could be stow on him, and he glorified God all his days for the favor he had received from

The Protestant Bishop Ives is another man in his sect; his influence in society was immeasurable, and in seeking was infineasurable, and in seeking to strengthen the claims of the Protestant Episcopal sect to the Apostolicity which is falsely claimed for it, ne providentially discovered that the truth of God could only be found in the Catholic Church. only be found in the Catholic Church. He gave up his episcopal office, sacrificed all his worldly prospects, and became a simple layman in the one true fold, and gloried in the loss of all earthly honors in order to save his soul.

Lord Ripon is another example where the power of God made itself manifest in converting an enemy of the Church into one of her most faithful children. He

Sisters that leads converts into the Catholic Church; but before closing this brief reference to this interesting subject, we must allude to the conversion of a most exalted lady who was brought to the knowledge of God simply by means of perusing the pages of a pagan philosopher.

Every intelligent person is aware of the fact that the Church has received into her

bosom many illustrious converts among the most learned and influential classes of society in every land, men and women whose extraordinary genius cast a helo of renown over the age in which they flourshed, and whose names will be mentioned in after ages with reverential respect. Among the glittering galaxy of names which deserve honorable mention in this regard stands foremost that of Christina. Queen of Sweden, the daughter of Gusta-vus Adolphus, the vaunted horo of Protestantism. From her infancy this celetestantism. From her infancy this cele-brated woman was deeply impressed with the beauty and grandeur of the Catholic worship, yet she dared not even to whisper her convictions to a confiding ear, as she knew that her queenly position would have to be forfeited if she mentioned her misgivings in the Protestant form of worship, by continuing which she could alone retain the crown of Sweden. Christina was a ripe classical scholar, a woman whose mind was stored with the best thoughts of ancient philosophers, and one day as she perused the pages of Cicero's De Natura Deorum she came across the memorable passage wherein that cele-brated writer says "that possibly all the opinions of men concerning religion might be false, but that more than one of them could be true was impossible." Then the queen began to reflect that Pro-testantism was nothing more than segre-gated atoms of error, each sect contradict ing the tenets of its neighbor, and only held together by the gossamer chord of opposition to the Catholic Church. She saw around her two great armies warring for spiritual supremacy, the old Church of seventeen centuries still presenting a single front to the allied powers of newfledged Protestantism; she saw the so-called Reformers wrangling among themselves, and their disciples disagreeing upon the most vital questions of salvation; and as she reflected upon the words of the sage of Athens she vowed that no matter what penalty she might be called upon to pay for the sacrifice, she would search until Almighty God revealed to her the true Almighty God revealed to her the true religion. Affew months' reading and reflection satisfied her eager mind, and with joy unbounded she embraced the Catholic Faith, at first privately in Brussels and afterwards publicly at Innsbruck. She resigned the crown of Sweden willingly into other hands because the call. into other hands, because she could no reign as queen and be a Catholic; she be ame a voluntary exile from her native land, visiting the memorable shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Loretto, wherein she placed her crown and her sceptre as a thauk-offering to God for having called her to that true Church through which

After having been the patron of the arts and sciences in Rome for many years, this celebrated convert died there, and her corpse received the high honor of being contembed in St. Patroly. San Francisco. entombed in St. Peter's.—San Francisco

NASBY ON IRELAND.

D. R. Locke, known as "Petroleum V. Nasby," editor of the Toledo (O.) Blade, returned from a European trip on Satur-day. During his absence he spent some time in Ireland. Yesterday a reporter met Mr. Locke and asked him what he ught of the condition of things in Ireland, as far as he had been able to judge

from personal observation.

"Well," said he, courteously, "the story is easily told. The condition of Ireland at present is an abject picture of wretchedness without any mitigating circumstances. I had been only a short time in the country when I found that an enormous iniquity must be hid somewhere. quity must be nid somewhere. I went use that unhappy country somewhat prejudiced against Irishmen; but I left it completely disburdened of my prejudice. made it my particular business to find out this country and this the truth and the whole truth, and this l onsidered was accomplished when visited 150 cabins in the Saltar mountains, ravelling from Mitchellstown to Glengariff, Bantry, and Kenmare. I found on an average, in the 150 cabins, families vary-ing from six to ten, huddled together in wretched homes, which I could hardly describe. The cabins measured on an average 10 feet by 15, with probably here and there a small apartment annexed, which would be occupied by near rela-The food that was used by tives. was what the Americans feed to their hogs. As for meat, butter, eggs, and even milk, all these had to go to meet the rent. The same condition of things I found on crossing the country Kenmare. On the morning when I arrived in Bantry there were 13 families evicted out of their homes in the cold and thrown rith their miserable chattels upon an em bankment.

GLADSTONE'S ILL-TEMPER.

The violent suppression of the Land League goes bravely forward. The rule of the jailer is taking the place of the Con-stitution in Ireland. Acts which are learly within the Constitutional right of subject are punished as acts of terror-A lady who displays the "No Rent" placard in her window, has to answer for t in the police court. It will soon be in reland as it was in Italy when the Te orbade the posting the name of Verdi on he dead walls, because the letters formed he initials of a dangerous name and title. officious constable who arrested two small boys for whistling "Garryowen" offensive and terrorizing manner, not be laughed out of court when he brings them up another time. This is one of the most stupid features of the English at-tempt to rule Ireland. The English canendure nagging, and the Irish are inexhaustible in the art. Hence, the constant effort to suppress the expression of national feeling by vexatious enactments, ummed up in the song:

"The shamrock is forbidden, sure To grow on Irish ground."

But at this game the quick-witted Celts will be more than a match for their rulers, as were the quick-witted Italians before 1859.—Philadelphia American.

HOW THEIR CHILDREN.

Parents are bound to love their

children.

But this love does not consist in kissing them, caressing them, and calling them pet names. them pet names.

If it did, then pagans and savages would have for their offspring a love equal to the affection borne for their little ones by the best of Christian fathers

and mothers.

Indeed, these endearments may have Indeed, these endearments may have place where there is no real love. They are often only the outcome of the self-love of the parents. Too frequently the mothers who are constantly fondling and humoring their boys and girls, and the fathers who make playthings of them, are their enemies, doing them everlasting injuries by fostering their nascent vices, by refraining from correcting them and

by refraining from correcting them, and by setting them bad example.

True parental love is not only tender, but it is patient, it is watchful, it is selfdenying, it is eager for opportunites to be of use, it will not end in words, but will find an outlet in works, and its works will have regard to the eternal as well as the

temporal well being of its objects.

Parents who love their children will be gin their education from their infancy, and not encourage them when young to do what they will punish them for doing when they grow older. They will not laugh at their bright but saucy sayings, nor smile at their smart but naughty doings, nor grant them what they should not have because they cry for it. They will have because they cry for it. They w liteach them to be obedient, truthful, honest, industrious, respectful of the rights of their neighbors, and faithful to their obligations to God; and so training them, they will love them as Christ would have them love them, and will have their reward .--Baltimore Mirror.

A PLEA FOR YOUNG MEN.

It affords us great pleasure wheneever we see Catholic young men promptly and regularly at their posts of duty. It is undoubtedly a healthy sign of energy, sobriety, and determination, and bespeaks a bright future for them. Considering the many dangers to which they are daily exposed, it requires more than ordinary off by the sweeping current of iniquity and pation. Temptations are multitudin and the temptations are enticing dissipation Many-yes, too many-are ensuared and dragged by base characters into a vicious course of life. Parents, tutors, and friends should spare no pains in order to prevent so calamitous a disaster. The swaying evil is on the increase, and its victims are daily multiplying. The baneful and dis-astrous consequences that will certainly result from this state of disorder for society and the State are now staring in the face, and still little is done for the eradication of the germ producing this lamentable disorganization

A World to the Girls.

SOME GOOD ADVICE IMPARTED IN A MATTER

Come here, sis, and sit beside me, and let me give you a little talking to. I wish to speak to you of your mother. It may be you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been besides. there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I don't mean for you to run at it and shake your skirts and tell it to "shoo!" as you would a hen, nor do I expect you to get on the other side of the ce and throw old oyster-cans and a of barrel-staves at it. But I want you to ge up to morrow morning and get breakfast and when your mother comes down and be and when your mother comes down and begins to express her surprise go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten up her dear old face. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear to be more beautiful than an argel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles of sunshine chasing each other over the deep sunshine chasing each other over the dear old face. She will leave you one of these days. Those burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. There, shoulders, will oreak her down. There, there, don't cry; she has not left yet. She is down in the kitchen stringing beans for dinner, and if you feel so badly you might go down and finish them, and let her change has always and seed the seed of t dress and rest an hour before dir aft r dinner take down her hair and do it up for her. You need not wind it over your inger and fuss to make spit curls, as she used to with yours, but give it a good brush-ing and wind it up gently and tenderly, as though you enjoyed doing it for her. The young man in the parlor can wait until you have performed these duties. If he exaft r dinner take down her hair and do it up presses any impatience you may explain to him that you feel under more obligations to your mother than you do to him.

A Chat With Mothers About Their Daughters.

In the first place, don't turn your girls into women before their time, by associating them too much with their elders, or by giving them a too stimulating diet, or put-ting on long tight dresses which belong to the middle age rather than to girlhood. When a girl is learning to become a mem-ber of society, she will gradually step into it, as winter steps into spring, or as autumn into winter. Don't give your girls too many accomplishments while they are girls. Let them begin gradually to acquire those accomplishments which are necessary to giving them a too stimulating diet, or put Let them begin gradually to acquire those accomplishments which are necessary to magnificent womanhood, but reserving some to be acquired after maturity. No matter how rich you are, train your girls to do useful labor, not because it is necessary for their maintenance, perhaps, but because it is necessary for their happiness. A very large proportion of the joy and pleasure of life proportion of the joy and pleasure of life comes from work in its different forms. A life devoted to pleasure soon becomes mise but pleasure mingled with useful labor adds much to our happiness.

Not only should girls be taught useful work, but they should also be duly educat-

work, but they should also be duly educated. It is not necessary, however, to crowd a number of studies on them at an early age and before they have sufficient maturity of mind to appreciate them. There is one point of special interest connected with the early training of girls, and that is the subject of dress. They are scarcely in their teens before their short dresses, with should der straps and buttons are changed to long ler straps and buttons are changed to long der straps and buttons are changed to long kirts, supported on the hips, and corsets, so that they are unable to take the necessary amount of exercise for their full and complete physical development. They are even

PARENTS SHOULD LOVE told that it is unladylike to romp and play as they do in earlier years—now they must be ladies, and not girls. This is a very se rious error. As long as a girl is a girl, and so long as she is a living being, she needs to be dressed that she can exercise with ease and freedom on all occasions. This fault of be dressed that she can exercise with ease and freedom on all occasions. This fault of early changing the girl's dress fer the woman's alters the shape of every one, limits development. So too with the use of the veil and glove. Both protect from the rays of the sun and give to the face and hands a color very similar to that of the potate vine growing in the cellar. The blood needs the effect of sun-light acting directly on the skin and the more perfect will the complexion be. We have at present a very imperfect standard of a beautiful complexion. A pale, white and anemic one is supposed to be more white and anemic one is supposed to be more beautiful than a ruddy one. Could any mistake be greater? If you have a feeble girl give her a good deal of cutdoor life, with plenty of exercise. Much more might be said. We will only add, so far as possible fit them for those duties of life which are almost sure to come to them after they become mature. Thus will they become more char ming as daughters, more useful as women more happy as mothers.

A Mother's Influence.

It is the influence of their mothers which has helped to make the great men of litera-ture, statesmanship, and of every department of life

only inheritance I could boast of from my father was the very scarty one of an un-attractive face and person like his own-and if the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or per-son, or than earthly wealth, it was that another and a dearer parent gave her child's portion from the treasure of her mind." Likewise, John Randolph, of Virginia, who, at the time of his death in 1833, had been for more than thirty years engaged in politics, said: "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of that time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, Our Father who art in

As a witness to the influence of the mother, George Herbert remarks that "one good mother was worth a hundred school-

The mother of St. Augustine, St. Monica

Napoleon's mother is quoted as having a trong and energetic mind, which

To his mother Ceorge Washington attri-outed not a little of the eminence which he attained It is the influence of a mother which makes

It is the inducate of a mother which makes the character strong and tender and noble. It is the duty and the privilege of the girl and the boy to keep the mother's influence a power in their lives—a power that lifts them into purity, carnestness and truthfulness.

Profound Sentiments.

The true exercise of the little virtues consists in enduring the disagreeable and ungrateful, though in the bottom of our hearts we feel all our little passions in a ferment.

A calm on the countenance, when the heart is in a storm, is a praiseworthy hy-

pocrisy, Cool language when the feelings are hot,

silence when moved to irritation, are exercises of great virtues.

Let nothing of what is passing within ap-

pear without when nature would prompt i o give way to passion.

Never suffer the cloud of sorrow to rise or

adense upon your brow. No one in the world is so wise, or so acomplished in perfections, that he can at all imes dispense with the indulgence of others. If to-day I bear patiently with some per-

son, to morrow I may be an exercise of patience to him or some other person.

What injustice to exact respect and considerations. ideration from others and to return only naughtiness and rudeness!

Nobody sees the blots that disfigure his own face; others must judge whether we are as amiable as we think ourselves.

To pardon a great injury or insult is something glorious and exertes the admiration of the world; but to keep your peace in little annoying circumstances passes unnoticed thouge a virtue of no trivial nature.

THE PLAID OR CLOTH OF MANY COLORS.

The different ranks in Ireland were formerly distinguished by the numbers of colors in the garments. The king wore seven; the Olhams or doctors wore six, and the peasant only one. In Scotland and the peasant only one. In Scotland to this day, the several clans are distinguished by the arrangement of colors which compose their plaids. The royal plaid contains seven, viz:—red, blue, purple, brown, yellow, white and green.

The Duke of Hamilton's family being strangers in Scotland partitions.

trangers in Scotland until the tir Bruce, have been long honored with the oyal plaid, on account of their fidelity and services to the nation and the to which at one time they were declared the immediate heirs. In the precursory proofs that Israelites, of the Joseph, came from Egypt into Ireland, it is asserted that the plaid had its origin in the commemoration of the "coat of many colors" which Jacob had prepared for his beloved son. Indeed the plaid has never yet been satisfactorily accounted for in yet been satisfactorily accounted for in any other way.—J. D., in Dublin Penny

Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed or Water Pepper, com-pounded of Smart-weed, Jamaica ginger, anodyne, and healing gums, and the best French brandy, cures diarrhoea, dysentery (bloody-flux), summer complaint, cholera, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, colic. cramps and pain in stomach, and breaks up colds, febrile and inflammatory attacks sold by druggists.

An old rabbi was awakened by one of is sons, who said: "Behold" my brothers ie sleeping, and I am the only one who wakens to pray. "Son," said the father, awakens to pray. "Son," said the father, "you had better sleep too than censure your brothers."

Almost young Again.

My mother was afflicted a long time My mother was afflicted a long thick with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to we Hon Ritters, with such good effect to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, al-though over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family." A lady in Providence, R. I.-Journal.

Time.

In the great square of a city, dreamily, a figure stands.

With the water dimly flowing through its figure stands.
With the water dimly flowing through its eyes and lips and hands, And the throng that pass and ponder, that weird masterpiece sublime, Little think it is the picture of the solemn lapse of Time:
Of the thoughtless lapse of Time, With its melancholy music and its sad, heartbroken rhyme.

roken rhyme. Oozing, trickling, bubbling, gleaming, Laughing, weeping, sobbing, streaming, Wailing, murmuring, sighing, dreaming. Flewing, flowing on.

stand we that fountained statue, God's great masterpiece of art.
And the lapse of time is flowing on through each oblivious heart;
Seconds, minutes, meeting, fleeting into days, and monaths, and years,
Swell the rapids of the ages till at last Time

disappears
With its flood of hopes and fears,
Through life's dimly lighted vailey, thro' the

afley of our tears. Tinkling, plashing, rippling, sleeping, Bounding, sparkling, dancing, leaping, Foanding, billowing, tumbing, sweeping, Gilding, gilding on.

PARNELL'S REPLY TO GLADSTONE.

The Best Speech he ever Made.

A great land meeting was held on Sun-day in Wexford, one of the greatest the county has ever witnessed. Mr. Parnell and six other members were present; every hamlet in the county had some representa tives among the thousands who gathered round the platform; the clergy were there at the head of their people, and the greatest enthusiasm and order prevailed. MR PARNELL'S SPEECH.

Mr. Parnell, who was loudly cleered, said: People of the county of Wexford.

—I am proud to say that your country has not forgotten her traditions, but that you are prepared to-day, as you always were, to return a fitting answer to threats were, to return a fitting answer to threats, intimidation, aye, and, if it should become necessary, to those means which were used in 1798 (cheers), by an unscrupulous Government—means which failed then, and which, please God, will fail again if they are tried again (cries of "Bravo" and cheers). You have had an opportunity many of you no doubt of recently, many of you, no doubt, of studying the utterances of a very great studying the interactions of a very great stan, a very great orator—a person who up to recently desired to impress the world with a great opinion as to his phil-anthropy and hatred of oppression, but who stands to-day the greatest coercion ist, the greatest and THE MOST UNRIVALLED SLANDERER OF THE

IRISH NATION that ever undertook that task (cheers)
I refer to William Ewart Gladstone— (groans)—and his unscrupulous and dis-honest speech of the day before yesterday. Not content with maligning you, he maligns your bishops, he maligns John maligns your bishops, he maligns John Dillon (cheers for Dillon). He endeavors to misrepresent the Young Ireland party of 1848. No misrepresentation is patent, too low, or too mean for him stoop to (groans). And it is a good to stoop to (groans). And it is a good sign that this masquerading knight-errant, this pretended champion of the liberties of every other nation except those of the Irish nation, should be obliged to throw off the mask to-day, and to stand revealed as the man who by his own utterances i prepared to carry fire and sword into your homesteads unless you humbly abase yourselves before him and before the landlords of the country [cheers]. But I had forgotten. I said that he had maligned everybody. Oh, no. He has a good word for one or two people [laughter]. He said that the late Mr. Isaac Butt was a most estimable man and a true patriot. we in Ireland were following Isaac Butt into the lobbies, endeavoring to obtain the very act which William Ewart

GLADSTONE, HAVING STOLEN THE IDEA

FROM ISAAC BUTT,

passed last session, William Ewart Gladone and his ex-Government officials were following Sir Stafford Northcote and Benjamin Disraeli into the other lobby Benjamin Disraeli into the other lobby, where the bending is good in Ireland until he is dead and unable to do anything more for his country (laughter). In the opinion of an English statesman no man is good in Ireland until he is dead and buried and unable to strike a blow for Ireland (hear hear); perhaps the day may come when may get a good word from English states men as being a moderate man-after I an men as being a moderate man—after I am dead and buried (laughter and applause). "Mr. Butt," says Mr. Gladstone, "in 1866, speaking of a measure which would give effectual security of tenure to the Irish tenants, said such a measure will obliterate the traces of the ascendency of class,' and so forth. Perhaps Mr. Butt was a little too sanguine, like most authors of Land Bills, of what his Land Bill would be the same of the same effect (laughter). But I don't wish to in quire too closely into that subject. There was another man of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke in favourable terms, but while doing so he also maligned and misrepre doing so he also mangued and hon sented his action. I refer to my hon sented his action. I cheers). I don' wish to anticipate the speech that John Dillon will make in reply to Mr. Glad-stone on Tuesday night in the offices of the League in Dublin (cheers), but I merely wish to point out in passing that, while William Ewart Gladstone calls Mr. Dillon to-day "one of the most single-minded, devotedly attached to country, and of perfect, unswerving integrity," twelve months ago he put up his mouth-piece in the House of Commons to declare that John Dillon was a man wicked and co wardly and then Mr. Gladstone Gladstone a little down accuses us of preaching doctrine of public plunder (laughter), and of proclaiming a new and enlarged gospel of plunder, and further down of the promulgation of the gospel of sheer plunder (laughter). -That is his doctrine.

Mr. Parnell-I would be obliged to my friend in the crowd if he will leave me to make the speech and not be anticipating me (laughter). When people talk of public plunder they should first ask themselves and recall to mind who were the first public plunderers in Ireland (hear, hear). The land of Ireland has been confiscated three times over—(hear, hear,)—by the men whose descendants Mr. Gladstone is supporting in the enjoyment of the fruits of their plunder by his bayonets and his buckshot (applause). And when we are spoken to about plunder, we are entitled to ask, Who were the first and the biggest plunderers (applause)? I say that this doctrine of public plunder is a question of degree, and that W. E. Gladstone, who has shown himself more capable of eating his own words, better able to recede from