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Cheat, or Ye'll be Cheated.

ALAS, alas!
'Tis come to pass—
That knowledge, meant for healing,
Has sorrow brought
For it has taught
The legal art of stealing—
Nor does he pass
For but an ass
Ordained to be defeated,
That can believe
He must deceive
And cheat or he'll be cheated.

We vainly wink
And try to blink
And dodge the moral laws,
Howe'er immense,
Our want of sense
Effect shall follow cause—
"But Love and Truth
In endless youth"
Upon earth's throne are seated;
While fear and doubt
Come only out
Of cheat or ye'll be cheated.

Not in the night,
But in the light
Of Freedom's lovely ray!
How soon we guess
That righteousness
Will never, never pay:
But for the land
Howe'er so grand,
There's many a sorrow meted,
That builds its faith
On what self saith
In cheat or ye'll be cheated.

And let their crime
Be killing time,
Or pill'ring of the poor,
On it depend,
That in the end
Their punishment is sure—
Nor man nor state
Can e'er be great,
Already they're defeated!
That put their trust
In aught unjust—
In cheat or ye'll be cheated,

And if we would
Prefer the good,
And rather bless than ban,
Of all things strive
To keep alive
Your faith in God and Man.
Words never came
From souls aflame
That ev'ry heart has greeted,
No heroes bled,
No hearts' blood shed
For cheat or ye'll be cheated.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

LATEST FROM ROME.

TRULY the ways of some newspaper men are past finding out! A recent item, speaking of the Pope's probable disposition of his jubilee gifts, says that he has managed to get rid of all except some hundreds of pairs of slippers *which are likely to remain on His Holiness' hands*, as they are such as only a Pope can wear. His Holiness is evidently ingenious. How clever to call his hands into requisition when the work of wearing them out was too arduous for his feet!

"THE Pope on Human Liberty" is it? enquired Mr. O' Rafferty, looking up from the *Empire* on Wednesday last. "Faix it's roight yes are! The old varmint has been on human liberty from the noight he was borrun,—sittin roight a-top av it, d'ye moind!"

THE O'FLANNIGAN FEUD.

FOR many years there has been a bitter feud between the O'Flannigan and the McMahan families. When Mrs. O'F. was interrogated concerning it, she laughed, but Mrs. McMahan, when spoken to on the subject, waxed unusually profane. Mrs. O'Flannigan baked her own bread. She always did. She didn't believe in baker's bread. It was sour, fushionless stuff, with nary a bit o' taste or substance in it. The only thing in the world Mrs. O'Flannigan was always in trouble about was—yeast. She had tried brewers' 'aste, hop 'aste, and salt rising; lately she had been using the Vienna pressed 'aste, but all were more or less faulty. So she told Mrs. McMahan one morning. Mrs. McMahan had dropped in just after the two husbands had gone to work, and found Mrs. O'Flannigan as usual up to the elbows in dough.



"Did yez iver thry the silf-raisin' flour, Misthress O'Flannigan," said her neighbor, folding her arms majestically across her ample chest, and looking wise.

"Silf-raisin' flour? No, ma'am. D'yez mane flour that'll roise widout 'aste?"

"Oi do thin, Sure oi read all about it in the papers. All yez have to do is to wet it wid wather, an' sure it'll rise up like to walk away out av the very house."

"D'ye moind now!" said Mrs. O'F., her eyes wide with admiration.

"Yis, ma'am, its meself nivir bakes me own bread, or its the silf-raisin' flour I'd use all the time."

"Bedad! I belave thin o'll be afther thrying it."

With Mrs. O'Flannigan, resolve meant action, and that instant. That evening a bag of self-raising flour was deposited on the lid of the chest that stood below her kitchen window, and she retired to sleep and dream of creamy white loaves rising up puff on puff without ary a bit o' 'aste. But the night was one of the hottest, Mr. O'Flannigan snored, if anything louder than usual, and at day dawn Mrs. O'F. was feign to take a bed-quilt, and folding it under her, lie down in the sweet rest and silence of the cool kitchen floor. It was not yet dawn, but in the atmosphere there lingered the light which illumines the land of dreams, a light which soothed Mrs. O'Flannigan's