The True Lever.

To him whose love flows on-beyond the of life, whose days are fall of lonelinesses, But who within the heart's remote re-Hears the bright laughter of the living world:

To him, designt is as a ringlet curled Around his finger for a little space, Thet, slipping, leaves him thinking of a face.

Which laughed and wept, but now shall weep no more.

To him there is no treason in new love
That wrong not anyold, no faith in giving
To wantiess dead the crumbs that feed the
living.
Devotion none in waiching wakeless sleep;
For bim his friends descend not to the deep
/f sauless graves, but with no clouded face
Remains to cheer the remnant of his race
Between the green earth and the stars above.

To him, indeed, the world is as a "stage" From which there is no exit for the

The scene is crowded with the dear de-layers
Whose part is over, but they do not go.
But attli he lives his part of joy or woe
Unlearned, unseted, as the Master-will
Dictates whose many-plotted dramas fill
The theatre of life from age to age.

To bim each year a benefactor seems
That leaves him stores of happiness and
sorrow.
He neither hugs to-days nor fears to-mor-He welcomes winter as he welcomes spring ; For he has shaken hands with suffering And seen the wings of joy, nor does he

The gift of any day however born, In mist of tears or in the light of dreams.

To him the new is dearer for the old,
To him the old for each new day is dearer
His unforgotten youth seems ever nearer
As though the ends of life were made to
meet:

meet;
To him the mingled cup of bitter sweet
Is grown familiar as his daily bread,
And in the awful dark he resus his head
With a hushed confidence that he is not
bold.

To him death seems less terrible than sleep, For he has seen the happiness of dying. And no bad dreams disturb the tranquil

lying
Of those who bear green grass above their breast;
And it here be a waking after rest,
He shall not wake alone, but he shall be
With all ne loves and all he longs to see;
And if he shall not wake—he shall not weep. Cosmo Monkhouse in Blackwood's Magazine

KNOCKNAGOW OR.

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE HOOK-NOSED STEED, Here is Beresford! Here is Beresford "Here is Beresford! Here is Beresford!
Here is Beresford! Going to dine at
Woodlands! Going to dine at Woodlands!
Well, Beresford! Well, well, Beresford,
do you expect much company? Do you
expect much company to-day?"
"I think not to day. Only the family,"
replied Mr. Beresford Pender, in his
mighty voice.
Old Issae stood in the lawn in front of
his own house, talking to three or four

Old Issac stood in the lawn in front of his own house, talking to three or four poor men, evidently belonging to the class of small farmers—for they looked too spirit broken for "labouring men"—who pulled off their hats as Beresford strode past, and kept them off while he turned round for a minute on reaching the door, and stared at nothing in particular straight before him.

"Going to dine at Woodlands!" muttered the old gentleman, comtemplating his son with a sort of wonder, as if his greatness were something altogether be wildering and unfathomable.

wildering and unfathomable.

He was not going to dine at Woodlands He was not going to dine at Woodlands
—and old Isaac knew it; but old Isaac
seemed haunted by the idea that Bereeford
was going to dine at Woodlands at all
hours and seasons, because Bereeford did
dine at Woodlands once in his life. It
might be supposed that he had recourse
to this fiction in order to impress his
hearers with a due sense of his son's immeasurement but if old Isaac were quite portance; but if old Issac were quite alone, he would have muttered to himself times that Beresford was "going to

dine at Woodlands."

Mr. Isaac Pender did not at all resemble
Mr. Bereeford Pender outwardly. He
was nervous and fidgety, and seemed perpetually on the look-out for some
threatened danger; to escape from
threatened danger; to escape from
which, judging from appearances, he
which, judging from appearances, he
when the lease dropped, how much harder was nervous and fidgety, and seemed per-petually on the look out for some threatened danger; to escape from which, judging from appearances, he would go through an auger-hole; while Beresford looked a very dare-devil, who would glory in finding himself in a den of lions, and seemed always defying creation is general to morths combat.

in general to mortal combat.

After scowling defiance at the avenue gate, Mr. Beresford Pender turned into the parlour and commenced pacing up and down the uncarpeted floor. "No, no, colone!!" he muttered; "that "No, no, colone!!"

will never do. The scoundrels must be kept down, by ——." We will omit Mr. kept down, by ——." We will omit Mr. Beresford Pender's oaths. Mr. Beresford Pender was as fond of

Mr. Beresford Pender was as fond of holding imsginary conversations with this "colonel" as his father was of cending him to eat imaginary dinners at Woodlands. "I don't think," said Isaac, closing the door carefully behind him, and looking under the table for a concealed assassin,

"I don't think Mr. Lowe wants to have anything to do with the property. I don't think he does. I was afraid he came down to see about these complaints some of the fellows are making. But he never went near any of the tenants. So that it was only Maurice Kearney asked him down for a few days' shooting. That was all. I know that must be the way." "But you wouldn't know what them Kearneys might put into his head," re-

"Well, well," rejoined old Isaac in his nervous anxious way, "I don't think they can take any advantage of us. I don't think Sir Garrett would be bothered with stories. You see he didn't renew the ease for Kearney when I explained to him that the gentlemen of the country were opposed to giving leases. And when Mr. Lowe will be after talking to them at the meeting he will understand how it is. But, on the other hand, if I was sure he But, on the other name, it I was sure he had nothing to do with the management of the property I'd rather he wouldn't go to the meeting at all. It might only put things into his head. And he m'ght set

Sir Garrett astrav. 'muttered Beresford, "he ought to know the danger of being in this part of the country. He ought to be made see it is no joke to collect rents with the muzzle of a blunderbuss looking into your

if a swarm of midges were persecuting

him.
"Well, if that could be done," he replied,
"It might be no harm. But I don't see
how it could be managed." how it could be managed."
"I was talking to Darby about it,"
rejoined his son, "and I think we can
manage it."
"Well, Bere-ford, be cautious. Don't

"Well, Bere-ford, be cautious. Don't do anything rash. Easy things are best."
"That's a fine place Kearney has,"
Beresford observed, after opening the shutter his father had closed, and looking out on the unsheltered fields around Wellington Lodge. "Do you think he can hold?"
"Here is Lowe," said Beresford. "I just want to spake to Darby. I'll be back in a few minutes."
"My worthy sir," exclaimed old Issac, as he shambled out to receive his visitor,

"I don't know," his father replied. "He was always extravagant. Always extravagant, he repeated, as if he were very sorry that so good a man as Maurice Kearney had not more sense. "But 'tis time enough to think of that. 'Tis the Ballyraheen business that's making me uneasy." And Isaac rubbed his face as if the midges began biting him again.

"I'd hunt 'em," returned Beresford, "like rate."

"like rate." Now, Beresford-now, Beresford, don't be rash. These things should be done quietly. There's no use in making a noise when it can be avoided. If I had my own way I could manage them. But I don't like making a noise and exasperating people when it can be done in a quiet way."

"No surrender!" muttered Beresford.
"Now, Beresford! There is Stubbleton "Now, Bereeford! There is studied in has his property cleared out to a man without even bringing out the Sheriff. I know 'twas rather expensive at first, but he got it back on the double after a little time; besides avoiding talk."

"How did he do it?"

"Well, he let them run into arrears first, he will be them to manage them.

"Well, he let them run into arrease line, and then 'twas easy to manage them. They gave up one by one. Then he commenced extensive drainage and improvements, and gave employment to all the smell tenants on condition that they would give up possession, and they could then remain as caretakers. Some of them were consistently willing and two pounds a

remain as caretakers. Some of them were earning thirty shilling and two pounds a weck with their horses. They were never so well off in their lives, and were always praying for their landlord. But when the work was finished, they saw whatever they had spared would soon be gone; and as they were after giving up, their land. they were after giving up their land— some of them thought they would get it back sgain, for his steward is a knowing man, and when he saw any of them unwilling to give up possession he used to give them a hint that if they did not give any trouble they might get back the farms, and larger farms—but when they saw they should leave even the houses at a week's should leave even the houses at a week's notice, they went to America while they were able. So that Stubbleton had his whole property cleared without as mu h a paragraph in the newspapers about it. He divided it into large farms, then, and got heavy fines and a good rent that more than repaid him for what he lost. I'm told he's thinking of standing for the country on Liberai principles at the next election. So you see, Beresford, easy things are best."

"And do mane to say," Beresford asked, "that you'd let the Ballyraheen fellows

"that you'd let the Ballyraheen fellows

"that you'd let the Ballyraheen fellows run two or three years in arrears?"
"No, no; that would be too much. But I'd put out only a few at first and give their land to the larger tenants. Then others would be expecting the same and they'd offer money to the small holders for their good will. In fact they'd evict one another. The great point is to divide them; for when they pull together 'tis dangerous," added old Isaac, rubbing his face as if he were bent upon rubbing the shrivelled skin off. shrivelled skin off.

"And what are you going to do with Kearney?"
"Well, he owes about a year's rent, but I don't think Sir Garrett will press him. We'll try and let him alone for a while.

Maurice Kearney is a good sort of a man, and his lease is nearly expired. I'd like to have him let run on till the lease drops, and then we could see what would be

Just think, if he had his rent paid up when the lease dropped, how much harder it would be to get him out than if he owed a couple of years' rent. He's an open hearted sort of man that never looks before him; and I don't think Sir Garrett would like to press him at present."

"14 Hanly threatening still to come down on you for that bond?" Beresford in outred.

liquired.
Old Isaac shambled all round the table

Old Issae shambled all round the table, and was again attacked by the midges.

"I'm airaid," he replied at last, "I'm afraid, if we can't manege to get him a farm, he'll do something. The two Donnellys are giving up possession; and there will be no trouble about the Widow Keating; but without Tom Hogan's farm there is no use offering their places to Hanly."

"An' sure Hogan has no lase?"

"I know that—I know that. But he

"I know that-I know that. But he has improved the place so much, and pays such a high rent, and is so well able to pay it, I'm afraid 'twill make a noise if he can't be induced to go of his own free will. He's a headstrong kind of a man and I'm afraid he can't be got to listen to

reason."
"But if nothing else will satisfy Hanly ?" "That's true—that's true, Beresford

"That's true—that's true, Bereaford.
Tis a hard case. A very hard case."
And Isaac fell to rubbing his face again.
The fact was Mr. Isaac Pender had speculated in railway shares, and burnt his fingers, and Attorney Hanly held his bond for a considerable sum. But if Attorney Hanly could get about a hurdred acres of land adjoining his own, including Tom Hogan's farm, he would be accommodating in the matter of the bond. To be sure he never said so—but a nod is as be sure he never said so—but a nod is as good as a wink from an eccentric attorney to an old land agent. And between these two worthies it will, we fear, go hard with

poor Tom Hogan; particularly as his "heart is stuck" in the little farm, which has cost him the labor of thirty long years to make it what it is now, like "a plece of the Golden Vein dropped among the rushes and yellow clay all around it," as Mat Donovan said.

of the country. He ought to be made see it is no joke to collect rents with the muzzle of a blunderbuse looking into your face at every turn."

Old Isaac started, and, closing one of the shutters, placed his back against the wall between the two windows, and commenced rubbing his hand over his face as "ladeed I don't think he cange his

worthy father replied, as if in the charity of his benevolent heart he wished to believe that Maurice Kearney was not quite devoid of Christian principles. "I don't think he can. He lost too much by draining that bog; and he met with many disappentments from time to time. He disappointments from time to time. He lost his cattle by the distemper, and I don't think the sheep pay so well. He has the Raheen farm all under tillage, too, "What le that ?"

back in a few minutes."
"My worthy sir," exclaimed old Isaac
as he shambled out to receive his visitor.

as he shambled out to receive his visitor,
"I'm proud to welcome you to my
humble residence—proud to welcome you
to Wellington Lodge. Come in, Mt.
Lowe—come in. Darby, take Mr. Lowe's
horse—take Mr. Lowe's horse.
Mr. Lowe glanced at the "humble
residence," and thought that Wellington
Lodge, with its unplastered walls—for the
house was unfiaished, though not new—
was by no means an inviting domicile.

bouse was unfiaished, though not new—was by no mears an inviting domicile.
"Sit down Mr. Lowe—sit down. Here is Bereeford—here is Bereeford."
"A fine day, Mr. Lowe," said Bereeford, advancing with his erm stretched out like a pump handle. "I hope you will dine with us to day," he added; and immediately the runaway look came into his countenance, as if he expected to be forthwith ordered out of the room, for his assurance.

"I promised M's. Kearney to be back "I promised M's, Kearney to be obtained to dinner," returned Mr. Lowe quietly.
"I had a letter to-day, and it appears Sir Garrett is returning to the Continent immediately. I must be in Dublin early next week."

"I knew Sir Garrett would not stay long in Ireland. I knew he would soon

long in Ireland. I knew he would soon go back to the Continent," exclaimed Mr. Issac Pender in a voicejalmost as big as his son's—the midges which seemed hovering about his head at the mention of the letter, vanishing when he heard that the Jaudlord was about leaving Ireland without

"I think we had better go," Mr. Lowe observed, laughing. "It would be too bad if I went back without at least looking at he houses of some of the tenantry."

Mr. Isaac Pender laughed too, and shuffled about the room, rubbing his hands

instead of his face, like a very pleasant old gentleman.
"Why, Beresford—why, Beresford—is

"Why, Beresford—why, Beresford—is it going to ride that old borse you are? Where is your own horse?" old Isaac asked, in real surprise, as one of the poor tenants who remained hanging about the house in the hope that something might turn up for their advantage, led the two orses round from the stable "My own horse is after casting a shoe,"

Beresford replied.
"But is it safe to ride that old horse?

Look at his knees—look at his knees."

The animal referred to was a tall, raw-boned, hook-nosed, ill-conditioned brute,

both morally and physically.

"There's no danger," replied Bereaford, climbing into the saddle, in which he sat quite perpendicularly, with his elbows as far as possible from his ribs. "Where is Da:by, to open the gate?"

his father called out.
"I sent him of a message," Beresford answered, as he rode off upon the hook nosed steed, who, it may be remarked, re-joiced in the name of "Waterloo."

Two of the poor tenants before alluded to ran to open the gate, dividing the bonour equally between them, as one raised the latch, while the other pulled up the long, perpendicular bolt. There was some delay and a little jostling, as in their hurry the two took bold of the same side of the gate, and then both let that side go and took hold of the other—after the and took hold of the other—after the manner of people who meets uddenly at a street turning; but at last each took his own side, and the gate stood wide open, the men pulling off their hats and looking, we are ashamed to say, as if they were ready to lie down and let "Waterloo" trample upon them, if Mr. Bereeford Pender so desired. But, it must be remembered, they were conceived and born under a notice to quit; it took the light under a notice to quit; it took the light out of their mother's smile, and ploughed furrows in their father's face while he was yet young; it nipped the budding pleas-ures of childhood as a frost will nip the spring flowers, and youth's and manhood's joys withered under its shadow; it taught them to cringe, and fawn, and lie; and made them what they are now, as they stand there with heads uncovered while Mr. Henry Lowe and Mr. Beresford Pen-der ride through the gate of Wellington

Lodge.
They rode for helf an hour in silence up They rode for half an nour in silence wild looking glen among the hills. Mr. Lowe was busy with his own thoughts, and his companion, not being largely gifted with conversational powers, confined himself to staring at nothing out between the ears of the holy noued stead.

of the hook-nosed steed.
"That's Kearney's farm," he observed at last, "where the ploughs are at work."
"I believe that's Mr. Kearney himself
at the further end of the field," returned

Mr. Lowe.

"He has that place for twenty-five shillings an acre," continued Beresford.

"It ought to be two pounds, but he has a

"Oh, is that you, Mat?" Mr. Lowe ex "Ob, is that you, Mat?" Mr. Lowe ex-claimed, on coming up with Mat Donovan, who was striding along in advance of Barney Brodherick's donkey-cart—Barney himself having disappeared down a ravine by the roadside to cut a blackthorn stick which had caught his fancy, leaving Bobby to tumble after him if anything hannened to catch his fancy at the bottom

Bobby to tumble after him if anything happened to catch his fancy at the bottom of the ravine.

"Yis, sir, I'm goin' to scatther this grain o' whate," Mat answered, pointing to a bag in the donkey-cart. "An' where the divil is Wattletoes gone?" he exclaimed, on finding the driver missing. But Barney soon appeared with his black-thorn under his arm, and Mat walked on with the horsemen.

"I'm told," said Mr. Pender, who seemed to have recovered the use of his tongue, "I'm told Mr. Kearney wants a

"Well, he was talkin' uv buyin'a horse as the spring work will be heavy; and he don't like to be hard on the ould maxe—

he's so fond uv her."
"I'd sell him this horse I'm riding chesp," said Mr. Pender.
Mat eyed the hook-nosed steed, and shook his head.

"He's a first-rate horse for the plough," continued "Waterloo's" owner, patting him on the shoulder.

"He's a legacy," returned Mat Donovan "What would you say he's worth?" Mr.

Lowe asked, laughing.
"He's an ould Bian, sir," replied Mat.

"What is that?"

"Wan uy them broken down jingle horses," Mat answered.

"He means one of Bianconi's carhorses," said Beresford, in reply to Mr. Lowe's look. "They call 'em Bians. But you are mistaken," he added, "this fellow belonged to the lancars."

you are missaken," he added, "this fellow belonged to the lancers."

"Well, now that you remind me uv id," returned Mat, seriously, "he has a warlike look. But the divil a far you'd ride him before you'd be axed, "What tan yard wor you bound for?"

"He'd do the epring work well for Mr. Kearner," reighned Barseford, reining up

Kearney," rejoined Bereeford, reining up his steed as they reached the gate of the

farmyard.

Mat moved back a pace or two and surveyed "Waterloo," from his apology for a tail to his Roman nose.

"He'll never hear the cuckoo," he

observed oracularly.

Mr. Lowe had become sufficiently acquainted with Mat the Thrasner's figurative mode of expression to understand from this that Mat was of opinion the warlike steed would not live till the middle of April.

"I'll turn in to speak to Mr. Kearney,"

"I'll ride on and you will overtake me,"

"This is a fine day for seed-sowing, Mr. Kearney," said the young gentieman, after riding round the headland; "and this land seems to be in very good condition for it." returned Beresford

"I drained and subspiled all this place," returned Maurice Kearney, waving his hand to indicate the extent of his improvement. "And brought the water all down to the river by that leat. You see it would turn a mill."

"I should not have expected that land

on the side of a rather steep hill like this would require draining."
"The subsoil was like a flag, and all the

"The subsoil was like a flag, and all the water oczed through the surface," replied Mr. Kearney. "Look all along there be youd and you can see the difference." "I certainly do see the difference," replied Mr. Lowe. "There, for instance, that field where the man is digging is not at all like this. Even the colour of the

"He's preparing that for oats," said Maurice Kearney. "I don't know how that poor man is able to live and pay the rent at all."

The man looked up and touched his The man looked up and touched his hat, and they saw Mr. Beresford Pender passing within a little distance of him. Suddenly he stuck his spade in the ground and started forward towards the road. But stopping short, after running some ten or twelve yards, he hastened back and commenced digging again with his head bent over his spade.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Maurice Kearney, "Pender is down!"

Mr. Lowe put spurs to his horse and

"By Jove!" exclaimed historice hear-ney, "Pender is down!"
Mr. Lowe put spure to his horse and galloped to the assistance of Mr. Bereeford Pender, who was lying motionless upon the road. "Waterioo" was down, too, but was exerting all his strength in a strag gling effort to gather his bony carcase out of the puddle.

"I hope you are not hurt," Mr. Lowe

"I hope you are not hurt," Mr. Lowe observed, for by the time he had reached the scene of the accident Mr. Pender had risen to his feet, and was ecraping the puddle off his left cheek with the nails of

his fingers.

Bereeford only glared all around him, by way of reply. He was thinking, as far as the confused state of his wits and the singing in his head would allow, whether the affair could be turned into

an "outrage."
"Didn't you see me fall?" he muttered, addressing the man who had been digging in the field, and who now came up leading Mr. Pender's horse, and carefully wiping the mud from the bridle with the aleeve of his coat—for "Waterloo" had set off for home at, for him, a very reset off for home at, for him, a very re-spectable trot—"Didn't you see me fall?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

CONVERSIONS.

"Quite a wave of secession seems to be passing over the troubled waters of Auglicanism. Only the other day the Rev. C. W. Townsend, M. A., the principal of the Oxford University Mission at Calcutta, followed the example of the Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A., the head of the similar mission at Bombay, and submitted to the Catholic Church; and now it is stated that the Revs. William Tatlock, M.A., R. Beasley, M.A., George Clarke, M.A., formerly attached to such well-known 'High' churches as Christ Church, Clapham (where the Sarum as distinguished from the Roman ritual is carried out in its entirety), Helmsley (Yorkshire), and St. James the-Less, Liverpool, have been 'received.' Moreover, since the beginning of Lent no fewer than one hundred members of the Church of England have joined the Catholic communion in one parsh in "Quite a wave of secession seems to be the Catholic communion in one parish in North London; and at Brighton, always a centre of Ritualistic activity, the converts are estimated at nearly five hundred. The Redemptorist Fathers at Clapham (whose monastery, by the bye, is the identical house in which the British and Foreign Bible Society was originated) have altogether added to the Church upwards, of one thousand persons."—Galignani's Messenger.

Fair Evidence for Everybody.

No one can doubt the great merit of Polson's Nerviline, for it has been placed in the market in 10 cent bottles, just to in the market in 10 cens southers, just co give you the opportunity of testing its wonderful power over all kinds of pain. This is the best evidence of its efficiency, for every person can try for themselves. Polson's Nerviline is a positive (it cannot fail) cure for cramps, headache, colds, neuralgis, and the host of pains that flesh is heir to. Good to take, good to rub on. neuralgia, and the host of pains that head is heir to. Good to take, good to rub on. Go to any drug store and buy a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles 25 cents. The Ides of March.

"Last March mother caught a cold, terminating in a very bad cough.
Everything we could hear of was tried
without avail. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam
was at last recommended and procured,
The first dose relieved, and one bottle entirely cured her."
Miss E. A. Stabnaman, Hespeler, Ont.

MARGARET: A PEARL.

FROM HERI WEAKNESS CAME STRENGTH AND HER LIFE WAS NOT IN VAIN.

Not far from the beach where the oce ended its long travels there was a city and in this city there dwelt with her parand in this city there dwelt with her parents a maiden of the name of Margaret. From infancy she had been sickly, and although she had now reached the years of early womanhood, she could not run or walk about se others did, but she had to be wheeled hither and thither in a chair. This was very sad, yet Margaret was so gentle and uncomplaining that from aught she said you never would have thought her life was full of suffering. Seeing her helplessness, the sympathetic thought her life was full of suffering. Seeing her helplessness, the sympathetic things of nature had compassion and were very good to Margaret. The sunbeams stole across her pathway everywhere, the grass clustered thickest and greenest where she went, the winds caressed her gently as they passed, and the birds loved to perch near her window and sing their practicet songs. Margaret loved them all—the sunlight, the singing winds, the grass, the caroling birds; she communed with them, their wisdom inspired her life, and this wisdom gave her nature a rare and this wisdom gave her nature a rare beauty.

Every pleasant day Margaret was wheeled from her home in the city down to the beach, and there for hours she would sit, looking out, far out upon the the ocean spirits that lifted up their white arms from the restless waters and beckoned her to come. Oftentimes, the children playing on the beach came where Margaret sat, and heard her tell little stories of the pebbles and the shells, of the ships away out at sea, of the ever speeding and the shells of the same and the shells and the shells and the shells and the shells are speeding as a minimum as to be sent and the shells. ships away out at sea, of the ever speeding gulls, of the grass, of the flowers, and of the other beautiful things of life; and so in time the children came to love Mar-

Among those who so often gathered to hear the gentle sick girl tell her pretty atories was a youth of Margaret's age—older than the others, a youth with sturdy frame and a face full of candor and earnestness. His name was Elward, and be was a student in the city; he hoped to become a great scholar some time, and he toiled very zealously to that end. The patience, the gentleness, the sweet simplicity, the fortitude of the sick girl charmed him. He found in her little stories a quaint and beautiful philosophy he never yet had found in books; there was a valor in her life he never yet had read of in the histories. So, every day she came and sat upon the beach, E iward came, too, and with the children he heard Margaret's stories of the sea, the air, the grass, the birds and the flowers.

Eiward loved Margaret; to him she was the most beautiful, the most perfect he was a student in the city; he hoped to

was the most beautiful, the most perfect being in the world; her very words seemed to exait his nature. Yet he never spoke to her of love. He was content to come with the children to hear her stories, to look upon her sweet face and to wor-ship her in silence. Was not that a won

In course of time the sick girl Margaret became more interested in the little ones that thronged daily to hear her pretty stories, and she put her beautiful ones that througed daily to hear her pretty stories, and she put her beautiful fancies into little songs and quaint poems and tender legends—songs and poems and legends about the sea, the flowers, the birds, and the other beautiful creations of nature, and in all there was a sweet simnature, and in all there was a sweet sim-plicity, a delicacy, a reverence that be-spoke Margaret's spiritual purity and wis-dom. In this teaching, and marvelling ever at its beauty, Edward grew to man-hood. She was his inspiration, yet he never spoke of love to Margaret. And so

hever spoke on towards the years went by.

Beginning with the children, the world came to know the sick girl's power. Her songs were sung in mansion and cottage all through the land, and in every home her verses and her little stories were re-peated. And so it was that Margaret came to be beloved of all, but ne who loved her best spoke never of his love to

ently, grown restless, many of the boys scampered into the water and stood there, scampered into the water and stood there, with their trousers rolled up, boldly dar-ing the little waves that rippled up from the overflow of the surf. And one little boy happened upon an old gum boot!

It was a great discovery.

"See the old gum boot," cried the boy, fishing it out of the water and holding it on high. "And here is a little oyster fastened to it! How funny!"

The children gathered round the cur-lous object on the beach. None of them had ever seen such a funny old gum boot, and surely none of them had ever seen such a funny little oyster. They tore the pale, knotted little thing from her foster-mother and handled has with analy conclupale, knotted little thing from her foster-mother and handled her with such rough curiosity that even had she been a robust oyster she must certainly have died. At any rate, the little oyster was dead now, and the bereaved perch with green fins, that had been wont to bring her sea foam, must have known of her death, for he

If befel in that same hour that Mar-If befel in that same hour that Mar-garet lay upon her deathbed, and, know-ing that she had not long to live, she sent for Edward. And Eiward, when he came to her, was filled with anguish, and, clasp ing her hands in his, he told her of his

Tnen Margaret answered him: "I Then Margaret answered him: "I knew it, dear one; and all the songs I have spoken and all the prayers I have made have been with you, dear one—all with you in my heart of hearts."

"You have purified and exalted my life," cried Edward; "you have been my beet and sweetest inspiration; you have

aught me the eternal truth—you are my

And Margaret said : "Then in my weakness hath there been a wondrous strength, and from my sufferings cometh the glory I have sought!"

the glory I have sought!"
So Margaret died, and like a broken
lily she lay upon her couch; and all the
sweetness of her pure and gentle life
seemed to come back and rest upon her
face; and the songs she had sung and the
beautiful stories she had told came back,

garet had taught them. They wondered

that he came alone.

"See" cried one of the boys, running to meet him and holding a tiny shell in his hand—the shell of a little oyster; "see what we have found in this strange little shell. Is it not be sautiful!"

Edward took the dwarfed, misshapen thing, and lo! it held a beauteous pearl.

O little sister mine, let me look into your eyes and read an inspiration there; let me hold your thin white hand and know the strength of a philosophy more beautiful than human knowledge teaches; let me see your dear, patient, little face and hear in your gentle voice the untold valor of your suffering life. Come, little sister, let me fold you in my arms and sister, let me fold you in my arms and have you ever with me, that in the glory of your faith and love I may walk the paths of wisdom and of peace.

EUGENE FIELD.

IN MOLOKAI.

THE HEROIC EFFORTS OF CATHOLIC PRIESTS AND SISTERS AMONG THE LEPERS.

A correspondent of the New York A correspondent of the New York Herald writes: "My pleasantest experience while visiting Molokai, was in making the acqusintance of the religious people who are working there. They are Father Conrardy, Father Wendelen, Mr. Dutton and the six Franciscan nuns.

"Father Conrardy has been at the settlement going on tan years."

of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. His early ambition was to be sent as a missionary to China or Japan. The first duty assigned him was in Pondicherry, in the zouthern part of India. There he remained for three years, and in 1874 he was sent to Oregon, where he istored among the Umatilla Indians until the time of his coming to Molokai. I spent an afternoon with him at his home in Kalawao and found him a most agreeable person.

Father Wendelen lives at Kalaupapa. The is a German about forty years of age.

The best part of his work has been spent in the Marquesas Islands. When the French took possession there, being a German, he was forced to leave, when he was sent to Molokal. Both of these men have led wonderful lives. If their experiences were written they would read like a romance. Father Conrady among the Umatilla Indians and Father Wendelen among the canibals of the Marquesas have endured dangers and hardships far greater than what their life on Molokai requires. I believe them both to be brave, honest, sincere men. They are free from all vanity and hoot at their be-

free from all vanity and hoot at their being regarded as martyrs.

"I cannot speak too highly of the six nuns who are working among the lepere. In 1883 they came to Honolulu frem their convent in Syracuse, N. Y. Their first work was at a receiving station on the outskirts of Honolulu. There they labored faithfully for several years. The station was then abandoned and the Sisters sent to Kalaupapa. They live and work in what is called the Bishop Home, an institution founded by Hou. C. R. Bishop of Honolulu. When I visited them the Sisters had been there nearly two years. It was most pleasing to see them the Sisters had been there nearly two years. It was most pleasing to see the good they had accomplished. The Mother Superior, Sister Marianne, is a woman of great executive ability. I was told she was equal to accomplishing almost any task in business matters. During my visit she was engaged in superintending the construction of a home and school for boys in Kalawao. This wiry, amiable little woman gets up at 3 in the morning, performs her devotions and the duties at the home, then rides to Kalawao, two miles away, on a road so rough and rocky miles away, on a road so rough and rocky it would jelt the plety out of many a good body; then at work all day, some-times tramping about in the hot sun. hate in the afternoon she returns home, performs her evening duties, and at 10 The children were on the beach one day, waiting for Margaret, and they wondered that she did not come. Presults with a satisfied conscience and her heart as full of happiness as a mother having cared for her family of sweet habss. Nor are her associates less enhaving cared for her family of sweet babes. Nor are her associates less en-thusiastic and industrious. One or more

usually accompany her to Kalawao, or if not they remain to do the good they can at the home in Kalaupapa. "These women are true martyrs if any are to be regarded so. They are gentle, are to be regarded so. They are gentle, loving, enthusiastic, energetic. The good they have done gives evidence of their industry. Their word and actions prove their contentment. Their sweet faces speak loudly of purity of purpose and honesty of intention. They scorn the idea of working for worldly praise."

Capt. D. H. Lyon, manager and proprietor of the C. P. R. and R. W. and O. R. car ferry, Prescott, Ont., says: I used Nasal Balm for a prolonged case of Coldin the Head. Two applications effected a complete and thorough cure in less than 24 hours. I would not take \$100 for my bottle of Nasal Balm if I could not replace it.

Consumption Cared.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarria. Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Lebility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has feit it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will aend free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper W. A. NOYES, 3D Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Marvellous Recovery.

A Marvellous Recovery.

I was so ill with inflammatory rheumatism in 1882 that I was given up, and had all my earthly business put in order. One of my sons begged me to get Burdook Blood Bitters. After the third bottle I could sit up alone and get a good meal, and in six weeks I was out of bed feeling better than I ever felt. I take three bottles every spring, and two every fall.

Mrs. M. N. D. Benard,

Main St., Winnipeg Man.

If your children are troubled with worms

If your children are troubled with worms too, on angel wings, and made sweet musle in that chamber.

The children were lingering on the beach when Eiward came that day. He could hear them singing the sorgs Mar-

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