The Painter.

Nature bath taken her dele ate brush, Her palette, and paints, and all. She ball, worked in the situace of starbilla last.

hith worked in the

She works on the freecoes grow

On the sides of her ample hall

She hat united the apple with this how

rose
She hath covered the near with white, not the oster-blooms where the hone, bee goes
She hath crowned, with a golden light,

The leating sloe
la draped in snow.
And the celandine stars gleam by

And the celandim stars gleam bright.
She hatti sprinkled the meadows with silver and gold.
And the cuckon thower's delicate huc, the hath kindled the gorse on the windmanded wold.
And hatti garnished the woodlands and the pendid will be go.
Domure and shy,
She hath touched sith a heaven-born blue.

And in and about and around them all She hath filled in a background of gre The leaf buds burst at her noiseless call And spread out a verdurous screen. And spread An In

And spread out a verdurous screen.
And wearied eyes
In quietwisc
Find rest in the soothing scene.
—Transit. Bal.

'HE GAMBLER. HROM THE CORK EXAMINER:

There lived about thirty years since, in one of the counties of the south of Ireland, a farmer named Barry, whose broad acres and substantial habitation, with its commodious out-houses and farming requisites, afforded decisive proofs of not only comfort, but even wealth. Years had dealt lemiently with the farmer and his wife; and though they might be somewhat in the decline of life, still they possessed the strength and power of enjoyment, and all those symptoms of vigorous vitality which are usually attendant on the middle stage of human existence. And granted that they experienced some of those necessary evils which are the natural concomitants of age, had they not ample recompense in the steady, enduring affection with which the worthy couple regarded each other; were not their worldly prospects improving with the growth of their years; and had they not sons and daughters in whose budding promise they saw with pleasure the support and consolation of their declining years? On the early education of these children they had bestowed much care and time: the requirements necessary for their formation as usered with the control hearth, it was a pleasant sight to witness the social happiness, and harmony and innocence of that family.

James Barry, the farmer's eldest son, was now entering upon the dawn

une encertuil nearth, it was a pleasant sight to witness the social happiness, and harmony and innocence of that family.

James Barry, the farmer's cldest son, was now entering upon the dawn of manhood: in statuc, rather above the usual standard; in make, strong, vigorous and agile; with a profusion of black locks, an eye remarkable for its quick and piercing expression; and a countenance whose features, in themselves sufficiently plain, were rendered agreeable by the animation and intellectual character imparted to them. Possessing good natural abilities, he had made such proficiency in learning, and in gratifying the impulses of a mind naturally eager for the acquistition of knowledge, he had acquired far more than is naturally statined by persons of his class, and sepecially at the period of which we are treating. Up to this period of his life, a gentle but efficacious restraint had been placed upon him in relation to his companions, but now that reason had come to the aid of habit, and that confidence was placed in his docile and submissive disposition, these restraints were relaxed; and it was deemed advisable to repose reliance on his discretion, lest paternal watchfulness should prove oppressive. The liberty of action insensibly exerted its influence on him, new intimacies were formed through the medium of his old companions, and he rejoiced in the unwonted resources of pleasure opened out to his enjoyment.

Life yielded unbounded pleasure to him; each successize day hald fout.

of pleasure opened out to his enjoyment.

Life yielded unbounded pleasure to him; each successive day held forth untasted joys to his raptured mind; and when at eve he reposed his head upon his pillow, he conjured up visions of bliss which the coming morn would bring, and as he calmiy slept, a smile would play upon his lips, and luxurious dreams, which ne'er might to accomplished, would haunt his imagination, still heighten ing with their witchery the delusion of his day-dreams. Yet he remained pure, and turned away with loathing when at times the repulsive features of vice were presented to his indignant glance; he believed himself strong in his virtue, and endured the presence of that from which he should have fied. Oh! ye parents who prize the happiness and virtue of children, save whem from the polution of evil society, and guard with jealous care those noble impulses of rectitude which are

found in their young hearts, and are placed there by the hands of divinity as gifts of priceless value. Cards formed an iroportant source of amusement with several of his companions, and he looked on with pleasure as it pleased them; and on their invitation to join the social party, he could not bring himself to refuse. He played but not once alone: he was deeply interested, and he became as eagur for a game as his comrades. He bot too: but it was plain that pleasure, not money, was the object sought; the betting was a mere trifle and the small sums with his father furnished him were amply sufficient for all his him were amply sufficient for all his

small sums with his father furnished him were amply sufficient for all his expenses.

Soon his desire for play deepened into a passion: much of his days were passed in that fascinating but dangerous employment; and when the night came on, he wished that the morn had arrived; and slumbering, his repose was often broken by restless fancies, which made him start and waken, and then he would repreach the lingering hours which kept him from his play.

Some months passed on, and his restlessness knew no cessation, but was rather quickened; his application to his favorite game became intense; the small sums of money which he once staked seemed too pucifie then; and if at times he did not engage in play, it was from the painful consciousness that his money was exhausted. Fallor overspread his once healthy countenance, and a reatless and dovouring anxiety gave token of the inward strife; the change was noted, but the cause remained unknown. To any inquiries or remarks he replied by evasions which represend the utterance of curiosity, but did not satisfy. This could not last; sleepless nights, and a perpetual struggle of mind by day, soon induced illness, and he was stretched on a bed of pain. Some weeks passed over, soothed by a fathers solicitude and a mother's careful hand; and he rose again refreshed in mind, and sound in body.

In search of restoration of his health, he amadered through the

fathers solicitude and a mother's careful hand; and sound in body.

In search of restoration of his health, he wandered through the balmy meadows, lay extended on the soft and fragrant cound which they afford, while in dreamy happiness he listened to the light carolling of the lark pouring out his rich matin lay; cooled his warm limbs in the delicious waters of the neighboring stream, and sought relief from the summer's fervid sun amid the green shelter of clustering trees. His illness passed away and his health returned, and with his health his love of gaming; with the same desire, it is true, but not with those external manifestations, nor those internal struggles which rack the mind and disease the body. It seemed as if he lived for play, as if that were the sole study of life. It is true that he could enjoy his meals once more, and find deep repose at night, for its novelty and the morbid oxcitement were gone: but the habit had become inveterate; it was growing old with his life. He resorted to every expedient to gratify his expensive love of gaming, and to minister to his pecuniary wants. But they soon proved insufficient; and—ob, God, in an evil hour, he gratified his fatal passion with the use of his father's money. He yielded with a struggle to the temptation, and cheated his conscience with the delusive hope of soon replacing it. He did not replace it, for he was successful; but a fatal precedent was set, and success was the exception, and misfortune the rule.

Time passed on—not in years, but in months—and goods were occasion—ally missed, and money at times was

Imme passed on—not in years, but in months—and goods were occasionally missed, and money at times was unaccountably lost. How did this occur? There must be a thief; but who this thief? Suspicion alighted on the female servant. Again money was stolen; her outward show of self-command and assumption of innocence did, indeed, excite surprise, and they could allege no proofs of erminishity; yet her dismissal was resolved on. Summoned to the presence of her indignant master, surrounded by his family, the thefts were enumerated, and she was plainly charged with their commission. Amazement and terror were depicted on her countenance, yet she firmly and unhesitatingly denied the charge; but unheeded were her expostulations, and part they must. The sense of her desolate condition and blighted character rose to her mnd; the world was wide, but unfriended, what home had she, or where obtain one? She clasped her hands in an agony of grief, and from her full heart burst forth her vehennent protestations of innocence, and with streaming eyes raised to heaven, she appealed to the common Father of us all for mercy and justice! She went away, desolate and hopeless; but that last appeal of injured innocence smote the gambler to the heart, and haunted his unessy memory for many an after day.

But why protract the tale? why dwell on his vain and weak remorse? why resount what has been before recounted—the violence of his predominant passion, and its unscrupulous gratification? The true thief was at last discovered; it was with horror that his father made the discover; his treasured hopes were blighted; the fascinating prospect of his son's advancement in life by steady honesty and his matural shillities was dashed to the ground; and it was in the agony of his mind that he declared the irre-pressible feelings of his heart, and painted, in the strong language of

truth, the felly and the orime of his son 1 Shame, intense and burning, kindlod with a fiery glow the cheek of that erring son; consciones smote him demaily within; he cursed his madness in his inmost heart; remorse overwhelmed him for destroying that kind father's peace of mind; dimmess stole upon his eyes and faintness upon his heart; he tottered to a chair; and found that support he so much needed. Next morning, at the break of dawn, a traveller might have been observed wending his lonely way along the country road, dejected in gait and moody in spirit. It was the remorse-ful son. He sought not the embrace of father or mother, or sister or brother, but fled his fathers house, resolved never to enter it till he had restored the purity of a sullied name. As he passed along he turned his wistfal gaze towards that old mansion, the nome of his birth ard affections; and as he looked to heaven, invoked a blessing upon its sleeping immates.

Arrived at one of the largest and most populous of our provincial towns, he found with some difficulty the residence of a kind unole, unfolded to him the story of his errors with many a repentant tear, found his consolation and support, and through his interest obtained a respectable situation: in a mercantile establishment. He appeared to have forgotten his old vice in his devotion to business; and when some twelve months had clapsed, he thought himself justfied in requesting and actless girl, whose affections he had already gained.

Some few short years of happiness passed over, when a slight incident occurrence one of the numerous taverns which arrested their attention. The hours passed passed pleasantly away in social communion and old stories of bygons days; when some strangers called for cards, to while away the lagging time. The cheek of Barry flushed at the sight; a nervous quiver much pressing on his friend's part to induce him to follow the example set, and do likewise.

That hour was the ruin of his prospects; the insidious foe that banished repose from his pillow, th

and at times of trante assurances and ill-regulated manifestations of attachment to her.

For a while the beauty and innocence of his infant boy; the caresses which nature forced him to lavish on it; and the fond, soothing arts which do not him, and he sought in the bosom of him, and he sought in the bosom of his little family that pure joy and repose of mind which it could and diapply. But it was for a while only; his passion was lulled, not extinguished; and he sought, by renewed and increased devotion to the syren game to atone for the pause which had courred. Her blasted hopes, the ruinous decay of their fortunes, her long and patient endurance of many woes, at length undermined the constitution of that fragile being; and the hestic flush, the dry, hard cough, the fatal right-sweats, too truly told to that young wife that her days were numbered.

Fast approached the steps of the teaters.

young wife that her days were numbered.

Fast approached the steps of the destroyer, death; she felt his cold breath upon her cheek, and she knew that when she should move from that bed of death; that it must be as a corpse. Then it was the husband saw the inevitable hand of fate upon her; and how his heart was wrung with vain sorrow, what wild exolamations did he not flereely swear to be all that he once was, if she did but recover! But, 'twas useless; and your heart, reader, must tell you what were his feelings when his dying wife—dying in lie's spring—looked unalterable affection at him; and with one hand clasped in that of her perjured husband, and the other holding her young and trembling child, lay still, without a pulsation at her heart—the earthly tenement bereft of its guiding spirit!

Despair, and constant intoxication, thered the doct her in wife and

a pulsation at her heart—the earthly tenement bereft of its guiding spirst!

Despair, and constant intoxication, followed the death of his wife; and, on losing his situation, his uncle refused him any assistance, and shook him off as one whose viess were incurable. Altered circumstances immediately forced him to quit his liouse, to dispose of the remainder of his furniture, and to seek a room in a solitary and half deserted quarter of the city, where he might retire from the inclemency of the wintry blast.

But still he believed the gambling table would be his redomption; frequented all the low haunts of vice, stifled any rebellious feeling of pride or conscience which might even yet intrude, and struggled hard by any means, legitimate or otherwise to retireve his ruined fortunes. Some success he had, and a gleam of hope rovived his dropping spirits; but he formed the desporate resolve of either losing all he had, or winning much he believed the latter must follow, and rejected the fatter must follow, and

alm st impossible. But still, foolish man, it was impossible! He entered the gambling house; and encountered that friend, beaming with smiles and affability, whe hirst had lured him from the path of duty, and led the way to wretchedness and misery. They played—Barry's all was staked; the game was long, and dubbus was success; beads of perspiration stood out on his damp brow; the blood seemed bursting at his heart; his fastures glowed with the warm'luid, then it retreated, and his features wore left, al' as the ceroments of a corse. When all was lost he was lost he

On he strayed, he knew not whither, nor with what intent; but insensibly his stops conducted him to the immediate vicinity of the river on which the city lay. It was a cold, dark, dull March night; thick, gloomy clouds were fitting rapidly across the surface of the moon, and the wind was howling round him like a maniae. All was silent, deserted: the turmoil of business was over, and the city slumbered. But there he stood in solitary restlessness: his hand passed across his fevered brow, and the quick throbbings of his heart beating almost audubly. He deemed himself abandoned both by man and God—if God there were—and his sufferings unheeded: protigal wastli lay around him, but nought but hopeless poverty before him; and, to increase his woes, the murderer's fate, and the ignominious instrument of detail, seemed staring him in the face, and left on these blanched features, visibly impressed, the suicide's terrible despair. He gazed upon that dark stream which ran gurgling below his feet in the distance, the pale glimmer of some scattered lamps gleamed on its surface; and the moon, at times beaming through some rift, shed her spiritual and silvery light upon its cold, glistening waters. The heavy tramp of a passing stranger broke close upon his ear; and he observed, by a sudden burst of monlight, the startled and carnest gaze which the intruder directed to his damp and pallid features; but he passed on rapidly, and he was again left to his own communings. As he stood on that cold March night, what multiplied thoughts came thronging before his memory, what recollections of the past, what bodings of the future. The short-lived vision of happy innocent in youth, his wild and giddy career, the then bitter mockery of his fronzied soul. Conscience whispered uneasily the suicide's awful doom—and oh! what heaps of gold would he not then have flung away unprized that he might lie down in common antiliation with the worm, and forget eternally his God, his loving parents, his injured wife, his helpless child! His into the ha

shudderingly rushed away from the scene of his temptation.

He soon xeached the poor, bare apartment which he called his home; snatched his sleeping child from his wretched bed; hastily dressed him; seized some few articles of food and clothing; and again rushed forth into the silent streets. He passed through the city, entered the country, walked on for many a weary mile, but halted ont; for he wished to be far removed from that place which had seen his hopes and fortunes wrecked. Towards morning fatigue compelled him to rest and he sought repose in a deserted cottage upon a heap of straw; his long journey and the wants of nature called for deep and refreshing sleep, and she day was protty far advanced when he woke. Whenhe did he observed many young and inquisitive faces of children peering down in wonder at him—he

was so wan and worn; and when they observed his first opening glance, they started, it was so full of terror and pain. Many of these children, who were going to the village school, put their hands in their little satchels, and extracting their days foed, timerously approached and gave the wanderer their all.

Some days naced on in this control of the same control

their all.

Some days passed on in this roaming kind of life, and he felt his limbs totter under him with weakness, but holding his little chird by the hand he still moved on, though slow and painfully. At last he could go no further, and with a cry of ram, and wildly embracing his child, he yielded to necessity, felt a burning sensation at his brow, and fell into along and troubled dr-am—not repose. When he next awoke, it was not under the open canopy of leaves, but lying on a soft and downy bed, in a room comfortably furnished, and with all the accommodation of a sick man's chamber. He believed it still a fream, and passed his hands across his eyes to dissipate the deceifful illusion: he became concious that his thoughts wandered, that his brain was disturbed, but still he well knew that his presence in that chamber was no deception. When he fell ill and sleepy upon the way-side, hewas recognized by a passing stranger, and through the kindness of a wealthy neighboring farmer, he was conducted, in a high stage of fever and insensibility, into an out-house on the farm, and all remedies resorted for his eure. The kind farmer hearing of his frightful cries and revention of the past, and of his evincing all the symptoms of an agitated and remorseful conscience, came to visit him. Those features seemed not utterly strange to him, altered though they were; his tell-tate illness soon discovered who he was, and crying out that he was his son, his lost child, he sank beside him insensible. He removed him to his house, to the former chamber of that erring son; watched and wept over him, wiped his clammy brow, and ministered to all his wants. Nor did he forget his little boy, but he was clothed, and sake, was dear to his aged grandsire. We pass over some weeks in which the father and son; disjoined for years and parted brethren, met again; what forgiveness was passionately demanded on one side, and with tearty tranged on the side, was gassionately demanded on one side, and with tearty tranged on the side hearty has the s

what forgiveness was passionately demanded on one side, and with tearful pleasure given on the other; how his father told him of the slow recovery of the gambler whom he had stabbed, and how his face brightened up to learn that he had not the guilt of actual murder on his sinful soul; and we hasten to the closing scene, for the life of the recovered son is passing swittly away. The expiring man loved to cast his eyes on the setting sun of May, bathing the calm evening sky in a flood of glory; his glance wandered over the green earth, clad in its morning robe of freshness and verdure; the shrubs and flowers were putting forth their young leaves, and loading the air with the rich fragrance of their varied flowers; his ear was saluted by the melodious and thrilling notes of feathered songsters; it seemed as if the world were fresh from the Creator's hand. His thoughts wandered ever over the fair scene it seemed as if the world were fresh from the Oceator's hand. His thoughts wandered ever over the fair scene disclosed to his view, suggesting a thousand reflections of pleasure or solemnity; and as the sun, whose rise he no more might witness, was setting on his last night of life, how vividly did his imagination recall the days of boyhood, when conscience slumbered so easily, when joy was unalloyed and unshaded by any bitterness! And then, the contrast with his manhood, which appeared one dreary waste of vice unchecked and vice self-inflicted; he thought of his body, young in years, yet full of infirmity; of his once vigorous mind, how weakened by every excess; of his family disgraced; of his fond father's declining years embittered by woe on his account; and of his affectionate mother, sent prematurely to her cold grave, maternal love even still pouring a benediction on his unworthy head. Oh! was it not justly too powerful for his agitated feelings? He turned away his head, the weakness stole pleasantly and soothingly upon him, and he wept as he had done in child-hood.

and he wept as he had done in child-hood.

His cars were startled by a sudden noise, the door opened violently, and two armed officers of justice sprang into the spartment but when they gazed upon the dying man's countenance, and saw the shudder which passed across those features with the deathshadow full upon them, they fell back in haste, and looked reverently, and with uncovered heads, upon the departure of an immortal spirit. The few last broken words were uttered; his weeping father, and brothers, and sisters, and child stood around, and sobbed aloud. Seldom had the ministers of offended justice witnessed a scene so soleum and as full of woe; the dying man's struggling cry to dod and man rose above the general dear object of affection; one glance to heaven—one pang more—all was over, and they gazed on the cold, rigid remains of what once had been a gambler.

FREE TO MEN.

Any man who is weak or run down can write to me in perfect confidence and receive free of charge, in a sealed letter, valuable advice and information how to obtain a cure. Address, with stamp, F. G. Smith, P. O: Box 388, London, Oat.

Father Callaghau, Montreal.

Father Callaghan, Montreal.

Montreal is about to lose one of its most eminont and best esteemed Irish Catholic clergymen in the person of the Rev. James Callaghan, familiarly and popularly known to hundreds as Father James.

Gue of the main objects of the visit of the Very Rev. Father Captier, Superior General of the Sulpicaan Order, to this country, was to perfect and extend the system. One college is being added to the number in Canada and the Tined Statesunder the name of the Loyal Seminary of New York, situated at Yonkers a couple of miles morth of the new boundary line of Greator Naw York, Among the chairs now vacant is that of Ecolesiatical History and Sacred Scriptures in the St. Mary 8 Home of Philosophy in Baltimore, Md. Rev. Father Callaghan was chosen by the Superior General as the best man for this position, and the choice is a high honor both to himself and Montreal. He will leave for the scene of his new labors for the church next week.

Father Callaghan will leave Montreal with the heartful regret of everyone, but, nevertheless, they must feel glad that he has been so highly honored.

Death of Miss Julia Gerin,

Death of Miss Julia Gerin.

The Sioux Falls (Iowa) Press of Saturday, July 11, has the following: The funeral services of Miss Julia Gerin who died on Thurday afternoon will take place this forenon. The funeral procession will start from the house at 9.45 this morning, and the services will be held at the Catholic church at 10 o'clock. The body will be taken on the 12.35 Milwaukee, to Cobourg, Ont., where the interment willbe made. Her brothers Michael and Patrick will accompany the body. Miss Gerin came to Sioux Falls sixteen years ago, but owing to her retiring disposition was not so well known to the general public as the other members of the family. She was greatly loved and respected by those who enjoyed her personal acquaintance.

The Cartonic Registra tenders its sympathy to the beceaved which will be shared by the friends of the family, not only in Cobourg, but throughout the County of Northumberland, where they are widely known and respected.

ACUTE DYSPEPSIA.

A TROUBLE THAT MAKES THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS MISERABLE.

only Rational Treatment is to Remore the Cause of the Trouble-One Who Suffered Greatly Shows How This Can be Done at a Comparatively Trifling Expense.

Tho life of a dyspeptic is beyond doubt one of the most unhappy lots that can befall humanity. There is always a feeling of over fullness and distress after cating, no matter how carefully the food may be prepared, and even when the patent uses food sparingly there is frequently no cossation of the distressing pains. How thankful one who has undergone this misery and has been restored to health feols can perhaps be better imagined than described. One such sufferer, Mrs. Thos. E. Worrell, of Dunharton, N. B., relates her experience in the hope that it may prove beneficial to some other similar sufferer. Mrs. Worrell agas that for more than two years her life was one of constant misery. She took only the plainest for \(\text{.} \), and yet her condition kept getting worse, and was at l'ust seriously aggravated by palpitation of the heart brought on by the stomach troubles. She lost all relish for food and grow so weak that it was with difficulty she could go about the house, and to do her share of the necessary housework made life a burden. At times it was simply impossible for her to take food as every moulful produced a feeling of nausea, and sometimes brought on violent fits of food, and the summer of the means of the conting which test her weaker than be food in the conting which test her weaker than be food, and the summer of a cure in a similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to give them a trial. After using three or four boxes there was a great improvement in her condition and after the use of eight boxes Mrs. Worrell says "I can assure you I am a well woman, as strong as over I was in my life, and I owe my present condition entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to give them a trial. After using three or four boxes there was a great that he could not sleep and would sittle will not a summer as a through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to diling friends.

These pills are a blood builder and nerve restorer, and there is no trouble whose origin is due t