Ministering.

"What though your feet are often over-

weary.
On ceaseless errands sen!
And tired shoulders ache and ache so sorely
'Neath heavy burdens ben!
Be patient, let the ones whom you are serv-

ing
Be soon beyond your care:
Lest little wsyward feet that you are guid-

irg. Slip past you unaware " "Ah, then, no joy would seem so dear and

blessed.
As spending months and years
In ceaseless service for the vanished darl-

So vainly mourned with tears, So vainly mourned with tears, But while you have your dear ones still around you,

Do not regret your care; Far essier aching feet and arms and should Than aching hearts to bear."

"And still beyond your household duties

reaching.

Stretch forth a helping hand,

So many stand in need of loving comfort,

All over this wide land;

Perchance some soul you aid to-day, to-

morrow
May with the angels sing:
Someone may go straight from your earthly

Some one may go at a land table

table

To banquet with the King "

— Unidentified.

THE PRINCESS CASILDA,

AND HOW, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, SHE CAME TO RECEIVE BAPTISM. I.

There once reigned in Toledo a King, whose name was Almenon and with whom the Christian King of Castile, Don Fer-nando the Great, was on terms of cordial

riendship.

King Almenon had a daughter, named Casilda, who was beautiful and very tender-hearted. A Christian slave told the little girl that the Nazarenes (for so the Moors called the Christians) loved their God, their king, their parents, and all their relatives. The slaves said also that the Nazarenes never lost their mother, because even if they were deprived of her who bore them, they had another Mother emboured their consoler at the hour of death.

Years passed by, and Casilda grew in stature, in beauty and in virtue. Her mother died, and she envied the lot of the Nazarene orphans.

Beyond the walls of the beautiful garden that surrounded the palsec of the King was a gloomy prison, in which many Christian captives were sighing, hungry and loaded with chains. One day Casilda happened to be walking in her father's garden, when she heard the collections of the collection of the maiden, when the father's garden, when she heard the collections of the collection of the rose began to re-appear on her pale cheeks.

"Take my kingdom!" exclaimed Almen.

Beyond the walls of the beautiful gar-den that surrounded the palace of the King was a gloomy prison, in which many Christian captives were sighing, hungry and loaded with chains. One day Casilda happened to be walking in her father's garden, when she heard the lamentations of the poor captives. The young Princess wept bitterly for them, and returned to the palace, her heart filled with sadness.

filled with sadness.

At the pa'ace door Casilda met her father, and, kneeling before him, she

"Father! O my father! in the prison beyond the gardens a multitude of cap-tives lament. Take off their chaine; open the door of their prison, and let them re-turn to the land of the Nazarenes, where parents, brothers, sisters, and wives are weening for them."

weeping for them."

In the depth of his heart the Moor blessed his daughter, because she was good, and he loved her with a most tender love. She loved her with a most tender love. She was his only child, and the living image of the beloved spouse whose loss he had been mourning for over a year. But still, being a Mussulman and a King, he considered himself obliged to punish the boldness of Casilda's request; for to express compassion for Christian captives, and to ask for their liberty, was a crime which the Prophet decreed should be punished with phot decreed should be punished with death. Therefore, he concealed the feel-ings of his soul, and in an angry voice

said to his daughter:
"Begone, false believer! begone! I will have your tongue cut out, and your body cast into the fismes; for such is the pun-ishment decreed against those that plead

for the Nazarenes."

And he hastened to call the execution-

exterminate the unbelievers shall be ex-

The birds were singing their awestest carols, the flowers were opening, and the soft morning breeze was bearing the perfume of the gardens to the palace of the Moorish King. Castlda was very sad as she went to the window to seek for some distraction from her melancholy thoughts. The gardens looked so beautiful that she could not resist their charm, and she went

could not resist their charm, and she went out to walk through the fragrant shades. As she went along, the Angel of Com-passion, in the form of a beautiful butter-fly, appeared before her, and delighted her heart and her eyes. The butterfly flew from flower to flower, and Casilda followed it, without being able to catch it. Finally, she came to a strong wall over which the butterfly flew, leaving the Prin-

cess tired and disappointed.

Behind this strong wall Casilda heard the sorrowful lamentations of the poor Nazarenea, hungry, and loaded with chains, for whom relatives and friends were mourning throughout Castile; and charity strengthened her soul and illuminated her

the birds, to watch the sun reflected in the fountains, and to breathe this perfumed air. Let us stroll on together. But what have you wrapped up in the skirt of your dress?"

Casilda, from the bottom of her heart, invoked the Mather of the Navarenes and

invoked the Mother of the Nazarenes, and tried to speak.

Almenon, having observed the hesitation of his daughter, took hold of her dress, and a shower of roses fell upon the

ground.

The Princess turned as pale as the lillies in the royal garden; the light of her eyes went out, and blood gushed from hetween her line and dead gushed from between her lips, reddening the row of pearls which God had placed in her mouth. The heart of the King was nearly broken with sorrow at seeing the condition of his beloved daughter, and he knew that Death would claim her as his own, if relief did not come quickly.

Death would come quickly.

III. The skill of the physicians of Toledo was of no avail to restore health to the Princess, and then Almenon summoned the most celebrated doctors of Seville and

Cordova, but also without success.
"I will bestow my kingdom and my treasures on him that will save my daughter!" exclaimed the efflicted mon-

daugnter!" exclaimed the sillicted mon-arch, seeing that Casilda was not far from breathing her last. But no one succeeded in gaining his kingdom and his treasures; for the blood continued to coze from the mouth of the Princess, and she was sinking rapidly.
"My daughter is dying!" wrote the
King of Toledo to the King of Castile.
"If in your dominions there is one that

cheeks. "Take my kingdom!" exclaimed Almenon, beside himself with joy, and weep

ing with gratitude.

"I have no need of thy wealth or thy kingdom," answered the physician.

"Take my greatest treasure!" continued the king, pointing to his daugh-

And the physician, making a sign of acceptance, held out his hand to Casilda, and said:

"There are some purifying waters at a distance from here, which must complete

And next day the Princess set out for the land of the Nazarenes, accompanied

by the mysterious physician.

Casilda and her companion kept on traveling until they came to the borders of a beautiful lake. Then he took some of the water in the hollow of his hand, and pouring it over her forehead, said:

"I baptize thee in the Name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The Princess felt an indescribable hap piness, like that which the Nazarene slave told her was enjoyed by the blessed in Paradise. She raised her eyes to heaven, and exclaimed:

"Who are you, O wonderful physician, who are you?"

On the banks of the beautiful lake, which is now called San Vicente, in the territory of Briviesca, there is a poor hermitage, wherein the daughter of the Moorish King of Toledo passed the remainder of her life in solitude and prayer. She is venerated by the faithful under the name of Santa Casilda.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP AT SS. MARY AND MICHAEL'S.

THE LIFE-DRAIN ON THE CHURCH CAUSED BY DRINK.

London Universe, Sept, 17. Large congregations are neither few nor far between at "the Cathedral of the East End," but a visitor to the above church last Sunday afternoon would not need to be an entire stranger to its ser need to be an entire stranger to its services in order to receive a fresh revelation as to the strength, actual and prospective, of the Catholic body in that district. What would he have seen? A sight well calculated to impress him lastingly—the spacious edifice filled almost to repletion with a congregation of children supplemented by a sprinkling of mourning throughout Castile; and charity strengthened her soul and illuminated her understanding.

The Princess returned to the Palace, and taking food and money, she retraced her steps to the prison, following the butterfly, which went before her again. The money was to win the favor of the guards, and the food was for the captives. She had both food and money concealed in the skirt of her dress, when in turning the corner of a path between the ross-beasshe met her father, who also had come out to seek distraction from the gloomy thoughts that oppressed him.

"What are you doing here so early, light of my eyes?" said the King to his daughter.

Casilda hung her head, and turned as red as the roses that were stirred by the gently morning breeze.

But the King did not notice her embarrassment.

"I have come," he added, "to look at the flowers, to listen to the warbling of had been to them all, First of all, when

they were born He gave them three great gifts. He gave them an understanding, or an intellect, as we call it—a reason which is like the eye of the soul. Just as we can see with our eyes so the reason which God has given us is the eye of the soul by which we can see God. Next He has given us a heart, and that heart is like His own, and the heart of God is has given us a heart, and that heart is like His own, and the heart of God is love. And, thirdly, He has given to us all a will. You know that your will is —how you have power of doing or of not doing whatever you will. If we see a poor beggar in the street and we go up to him and size him. to him and give him a penny, we are doing a good act, an act which God will reward when we stand before Him—and it is an act of our will. But if we see a nt is an act of our will. But if we see a poor man in the street, and we have got a penny in our pocket, and we do not give it to him, we do a bad act, and that is also an act of our will. That reason which God has given us is like a bright diamond full of light, and that heart, so full of love, is like a ruby, and that will is more beautiful and more precious than any precious stone ever made, because it is like Himself. God's will is love, and if we have the good will in us we will be we have the good will in us we will be like God and our Divine Saviour and His Blessed Mother. These were the gifts which God gave when we were born into the world. What did He give us when we were born again in Bapticm? He gave us the Holy Spirit, and the Holy Spirit when He came gave us these great gifts—the gift of faith, the gift of hope, and the gift of charity. You were born into this world in original sin, children of wrath, but when you were baptized, you were made children of God. If you had died when you were baptized, you would have gone into the presence of God and see Him face to face. I trust you are all in that state of baptismal innocence. Whenever I see a congregation of little children together, I always think there is nothing more beautiful.

EVEN THE STARS IN THE FIRMAMENT ARE

NOT SO BEAUTIFUL. in the sight of God as the souls of little innocent children. And then, I say to myself, in a few years these little children, who are now 10 or 12 years old, will be 16, or 18, or 20. What will they be then? Will they have their baptismal nnocence? Will their white robe of innocence? Will their white robe of Baptism be without a spot? Will their will be like the will of God, full of love, and their heart full of charity, and their reason full of the light of faith? Ah, would that I could hope that? Shall I tell you what we can see, what we do see, I am sorry to say, too often? We find that boys, who have been good boys at school, regular at Confession and Communion and at Holy Mass on Sunday, when they leave school get out of our munion and at Holy Mass on Sunday, when they leave school get out of our sight, and we do not see them again for years. And girls who were humble, modest, obedient, and loving when they were at school, regular at Confession and Communion, when they leave school are also lost to us; we lose sight of them, and what becomes of them? Oh, I can tell you this, that many a poor boy grows up to be a young man and comes back to us in a miserable plight. He has been in a miserable plight. He has been doing wrong. He has got into the habit of drinking, and that habit has been his ruin. And many a poor girl who was so innocent at school comes back to us, afte innocent at school comes back to us, after years spent away from her Church, wrecked and ruined, and through what? I believe in nineteen cases out of twenty drink is at the bottom of it. Is it not our duty, therefore, to do all we can to keep you in the innocence of your Paptism, and in the brightness of your will as God made it? So long as boy or girl, man or woman, is sober and temperate, having the knowledge of the holy faith which we were all taught at school, he or she will be steadfast against tempetation she will be steadfast against temptation and persevere in the right way; but in the moment in which intoxicating drink darkens the reason, blinds the consci-ence, and sets the heart and passions on And he bastened to call the executioners, in order to deliver Casilda into their hands; but the young Princess once more threw herself on her knees, and begged his restored life and health to the daughter which one may not fall. And therefore, dear children, as God loves you and as we love you—and we love you for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shed His Precious Blood for you, and we love you as the lambs of the flock committed to our care—our great desire is to keep you in your innocence, and train you up so that you may never know the tempta-tion, for if you never know the taste of intoxicating drink you will never be tempted. If you are brought up to drink the pure water which Adam drank before He sinned, and which our Divine Lord drank when He was sitting at the well of Samaria, wearied with His journey—if you are brought up to be content with that

WHICH THE FIRST ADAM AND THE SECOND ADAM DRANK,

you will, I believe, persevere in the innocence of your Baptism and in the love of God. There are some fathers who are so careless, and some mothers who are so foolish that they wont allow their children to be enrolled in the League of the Cross. Nay, they go further than that. They send their children to the public house to fetch beer home, and the poor They send their children to the public-house to fetch beer home, and the poor little boy or poor little girl will go to the publichouse and hear the curses and the swearing and the horrible bad language, and see the drunken people, and so from their very earliest childhood become familiar with all that can corrupt and darken and debase and degrade their heart and will. How is it possible that fathers and mothers can do what I say—such a murderous thing, and to put their little ones in the danger of such a horrible temptation, because I can tell you that many a drunkard began when he was a boy going to a publichouse to fetch drink for his parents. He was "treated," as they say, that is, some wicked man or as they say, that is, some wicked man or woman made the poor little boy taste the intoxicating drink, and after a while he begins to like it. And many a poor girl learned the taste in the same way, and that was the beginning of her ruin. And the grown-up people who hear my words will know that they are just as good for them as for you, dear children, and between the grown-up people and you there are the young men and young women. There are some of them here, and I say to them. I way you for God's between the grown-up people and your there are the young men and young women. There are some of them here, and I say to them: I pray you, for God's sake and for your own soul's sake, to take the pledge and keep it faithfully to the end of your life. Sometimes I am told calldren do not understand what told calldren do not understand what the set of th

the pledge is, and I always answer, "Children understand the pledge better than you do." Then I am asked, "But can children keep the pledge?" and I answer, "CHILDREN CAN KEEP THE PLEDGE BETTER

THAN GROWN PEOPLE, for if they have never got to love the ste they will never know the tempta-on." There are foolish fathers and mothers who give their children intoxi cating drink, and then when they grow up scold them or perhaps beat them because they frequent the publichouse. Who taught them the lesson? Who led them in the more in the mo them in the way? Oh, how happy will it be for fathers and mothers who on their death bed have sons and daughters standing by their side that never were intoxicated in all their lives. They can lay their heads on the pillow and say with joy. "I can leave these children of mine in the world without fear. They have grown up under my eye walking in have grown up under my eye, walking in the way of eternal life. They will con-tinue to do so, and God will take care of them." Therefore your parents are doing a good thing in letting you take the pledge, and you are doing a good thing in taking it. And if any one says to you, "You can't keep the pledge, it will make you so weak," say to them, "The strongest creature in this world is a horse, and that never drinks anything but water."

And if they say to you. "Your keetle." And if they say to you, "Your health won't stand it," say this: "That by the judgment of all the best doctors and surgeons there is nothing that causes so much sickness, disease, and death as in-toxicating drink,"

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN ON THE CRISIS.

THE POLICY OF THE SUPPRESSED BRANCHES United Ireland, Sept. 24. At the meeting of the National League Central Branch on Tuesday, August 30, Mr. William O'Brien delivered the follow-

ing speech :
Mr. William O'Brien said-We are met Mr. William O'Brien sald—We are met here to day as our forefathers often met before, under the ban of the law. We are, in the opinion of the rackrenters and of the Coercionists, a dangerous associa-tion, and I think the National League may well accept that compliment in the spirit of some famous lines of the poet Pope, who says—

"Tis true I am—I should be proud to see, Men not afraid of God afraid of me." (Applause). I am not at all disposed to underrate the severity of the struggle that is before us, the hardship and the suffer-ings that it will entail during the next few months. But I confess that, looking around at this meeting, listening to the long catalogue of new members that have just been proposed, and knowing what I do know of the spirit of the people, of the deep and settled determination of the country—well I confess that I can hardly help comparing the pleasant faces of this meeting with the dismal-looking row of Cabinet Ministers that we saw on the Treasury Bench the other night when they were taking their seats on the Switch Back months. But I confess that, lookir were taking their seats on the Switch Back Railway of Coercion, and I cannot help Railway of Coercion, and I cannot help thinking that the least sanguine man amongst us will entertain a pretty sanguine and pretty solid confidence that this League will suppress that Tory Ministry before that Ministry is in the least likely to suppress this National League (loud applause).

(loud applause).

FATAL POLICY.

The Marquis of Hartington the other night made a speech which struck me as being I should say almost the most ominous and most remarkable in the whole debate. He intimated plainly that though he wished well to the Government, and though he would vote for them, that the suppression of the National Lesgue was a fatal piece of impolicy, and would lead the Government into undesirable courses in which the people of England would not follow them (applause). I confess that that them (applause). I confess that that mournful warning of the Marquis of Harrington convinced me more than even that the buoyant eloquence of Mr. Gladstone that the people of England will not stand by and see us dragooned and struck down in the interest of a gang of robbers, and convinces me that we have only to offer a cool, resolute, and steadfast resistance to his proclamation to ensure the destruction of the Government that composed it, and to bring back soon Mr. Gladstone with plenary powers to complete his great work of conciliation in Ireland (applause).

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN. When we have the coercionists starting out with the admission that they cannot point to one single claim we have made point to one single claim we have made under the Flan ze an unjust one, or to one single deed of outrage or of crime that can be traced to us; when we have Lord Harrington shaking his head and Mr. Chamberlain slinking into the opposite lobby, and even Mr. T. W. Russell (hisses) saying God help the people and God save them from the only legislation that the Tory Government have proposed to remedy your grievances; and, on the other hand, when you have the Liberal party, who never committed themselves to are who never committed themselves to any great reform that they did not carry tri-umphantly in the end, when you have the greatest intellects and the honest hearts of greatest intellects and the honest hearts of the English masses encouraging us and inspiriting us to stand up to our organiza-tion, and making common cause with us, why the Irish people should not be not merely a nation of poltroons, they should be a nation of imbeciles if they did not know how to deal with this Crimes Act (applause). It would be an insult to (applause). It would be an insult to them to think that they required any incitement or inspiritment as to what their duty is, and I would prefer, in whatever observations I have to make, to direct

them to A FEW PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS
as to the form in which this proclamation
should be encountered, if it should be
followed up, as it will have to be followed up, by some process of suppression. In the first place, I think there are three things upon which we should take our stand at all hazards, and these are—First, the Government must not be allowed to suppress the right of free speech, of public meeting, or of free printing in this coun-

the new Land Bill will prove they were right or wrong. That I regard as the minimum of the rights which we will be entitled to maintain with the approval of all civilized mankind, and which every all civilized mankind, and which every
man born to constitutional freedom would
despise us if we were to surrender (applause). And whatever the consequences
may be that would be involved in the
maintenance of those rights, those who
attack us will be answerable for the consequences, and the crime and guilt will be
upon their heads (applause). The other upon their heads (applause). The other night Sir William Harcourt laid down the things which the tenants of Ireland have a perfect right to do without in the small est degree infringing the common law of England, and I confess that if his proposi-tions were printed and hung up in every cabin in the land that they would consti tute

AN AMPLE MAGNA CHARTA for the National League in Ireland. Every tenant, he told us, has a most absolute right to refuse to pay an exorbitant rent, even a judicial rent, if he is willing to take the civil consequences (hear, hear), and has the most absolute right to agree and to combine with every other tenant for the purpose of refusing the exorbitant. AN AMPLE MAGNA CHARTA and to combine with every other tenant for the purpose of refusing the exorbitant rent. They have a right to combine together for the purpose of refusing to take evicted farms (hear, hear). They have a right to combine for the purpose of refusing social intercourse with land-grabbers (hear, hear.) and of refusing to buy or to sail or to held any transactions with them (hear, hear.) and of refusing to buy or to sell or to hold any transactions with them, always without offering any personal vio-lence or outrage to them, and it is just because we have formed and discovered the knack of boycotting landgrabbers without hurting a hair of their heads that the Government consider the National League such a formidable and dangerous sesociation. I am not speaking now for Sir Wm. Harcourt but for myself, and it seems to me that in these circumstances the course before the country is a tolerably clear one. I believe—and I only throw the apprention as an individual—that clear one. I believe—and I only throw out the suggestion as an individual—that the first branch against which a special order of suppression is issued for exercising that undoubted right of combination, and what I may call justifiable boycotting, that branch should at his next meeting

BARRICADE ITS DOORS,
and refuse admittance to the police until and refuse admittance to the police until they have broken in their way with crowbars and aledge-hammers (cheers). I think, possibly, that in certain eventualities we may be driven to ask the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of Dublin, and I don't think we shall ask in vain, to grant the hospitality of the City Hall to the Central Branch (cheers), and perhaps to ask the Lord Mayor to exercise his right of swearing in special constables to defend it (laughter and applause). At all events be that as it may, if the police persist in invading the right of private domicile, and if men are prosecuted for keeping them out, I may suggest that the suppressed branch should call a great public meeting on the spot for the following Sunday, and that the whole country around should assemble, and I think I can promise that the will be a like in the suppressed that the whole country around should assemble, and I think I can ing Sunday, and that the whole country around should assemble, and I think I can promise that there will be no lack either of Irish or English or Scotch members of Parliament (applause) to stand shoulder to shoulder with the people so long as there is one plank left on that platform of free speech. If that great public meeting should be suppressed by brute force—and they should not allow themselves to be suppressed otherwise than by brute be suppressed otherwise than by brute force—then the suppressed branch ought, in my opinion, to hold its next meeting in the offices or rooms of the nearest

in my opinion, to hold its next meeting in the offices or rooms of the nearest branch that is not yet suppressed, and as soon as all surrounding branches are suppressed, and every semblance of constitutional liberty has been destroyed,
THEN, AND ONLY THEN, I BELIEVE THEY SHOULD MEET IN PRIVATE, and transact their business in the hundred ways that we tested and found pretty effective under the Saxe Welmar proclamation. Well, all this would involve prosecutions and imprisonment and while prosecutions and imprisonment, and while I do not think that any man ought to talk wildly or recklessly (hear, hear)—on the contrary, I believe that all of us ought carefully to ground our action upon lines that God and man can approve—while I dropped from you both as the sawdust say this, and I believe also that those who say this, and I believe also that those who are especially useful or likely to be specially useful as guides or leaders of the people ought to be spared, and keep out of prison as long as possible, still that the more prosecutions under those circumstances the better. And I don't suppose there is a parish from end to end of Ireland that would not deserve to be wiped out of the map of Ireland that would not produce pienty of fine stranging fellows. out of the map of Ireland that would not produce plenty of fine, strapping fellows too glad to undergo imprisonment for a few months in such a cause. In that way I take it that in a month or two a hundred thousand policemen and soldiers would not be sufficient to spread themselves over the country and the eighteen hundred branches, to burst into branch meetings, to spy upon every half dozen men who collect together in the chapelyard or round the chimney corner of a neighbor.

A PLAIN PROGRAMME.

A PLAIN PROGRAMME The jails would not be big enough to hold them, and I believe that when the people of England woke up some morning and found that the jails were crammed with found that the jails were crammed with men whose only offences were offences as honorable in English eyes as the offences of Hampden and Russell, these people would rise up in their wrath and burst open the prison doors, and sweep to perdition and destruction the miserable little nest of aristocrats and robbers who are bringing all this misery and heart-burnings between nations of men whose deepest desire is to live in friendship and peace with one another. Well, it seems to me that that is a plain programme (laughter).

Is stretching blindly hither and yon. Beneath the rose trees there will be drifting heaps of red and white. So it is with the storms of the heart. Sunshine may subtle influence to promote the growth and beauty of the precious plants therein, it must first repair damages and heal the politing hail of reproaches, the harsh dies is a plain programme (laughter).

If you find that your husband has faults —as undoubtedly you will—let them be word. It demands no condition except a spice of manhood in the young men of the country (applause). It is a programme of simple defence, and not of defiance, and believe me, the more determined the Irish people show themselves to carry out that programme. people show themselves to carry out that programme, the less the Tory Govern-ment will be disposed to face the music (laughter). Unfortunately the Irish ten-antry cannot afford to wait, and must move even before the Government begins suppressing the branche

tenantry within the next few weeks don't proclaim in tones of thunder the sort of reductions that are called for by the present state of things, and by the present harvest in Ireland. You have to deal with a Land Commission of the most investibility of the result. invertebrate and the most contemptible character. They are men of whom history character. They are men of whom history will record that they had the land of Ireland to do what they liked with, with almost an absolute power as Cromwell, and that they made almost as bad and and that they made almost as bad and miserable a use of their power as Cromwell. What have the tenantry of Ireland to expect from a Land Commission who only the other day petitioned the Tory Government to deprive them of the power of making adequate abatements? Mr. Government to deprive them of the power of making adequate abatements? Mr. Justice O'Hagan and his colleagues actually prayed the Tories to cut down, to bind them down, to a miserable power, to lower, or perhaps to raise the prices of produce, without making any allowance for the fact that the high prices are the consequence of scarcity and drought and a bad harvest, and without any allowance for the hundred things which will make rent impossible, or next to impossible. for the hundred things which will make rent impossible, or next to impossible, next winter in Ireland. Mr. Russell prays God help the people, and God save them from the operations of this Bill. And so say I, God save the people if they trust in men like Mr. Russell, and if they don't do comething to show that they can save

something to show that they can save MASS MEETINGS.

The landlords of Ireland are doing all in their power to intimidate the Land Commission, holding secret meetings all over the country. Only last week in Dublin they put forward pretensions of the most outrageous and grotesque character. But it is impossible to predict what extraordinary pranks a feeble old Rip Van Winkle like Mr. Justice O'Hagan might play on the rental of Ireland. He might raise instead of lowering the rental unless some wholesome intimidation is applied on the other side, and unless the tenantry of Ireland within the next few weeks thunder in his ears the demands they have to MASS MEETINGS. land within the next few weeks thunder in his ears the demands they have to in his ears the demands they have to make and the rate of reduction which the present state of agriculture in Ireland requires. I consider that from end to end of Ireland steps should be taken within the next few days by the people to organize mass meetings for this purpose. The farmers of Ireland cannot too soon or too soon or too state the delays that there must be no farmers of Ireland cannot too soon or too plainly declare that there must be no tinkering abatements, no confiscation of leaseholders' improvements. They cannot make it too clear to all concerned that if there is any shilly-shallying the people will be driven in self-preservation to settle their abatements for themselves, and fall back upon their own organization and go in for a more sweeping, more radical. go in for a more sweeping, more radical, and more universal Plan of Campaign all

along the line next winter. It Ought to go.

We are glad to hear that the antiquated practice of keeping silence dur-ing meals has gone out of fashion in a number of boarding schools. And that the abolition of the traditionary torture the reading of some edifying book dur-ing meals—has been followed by good effects.

The usage of keeping silence and of listening to reading at breakfast, dinner, and supper, was good in its time, no doubt. But medieval digestions and medieval interest in the nasal droning of good sentiments were in better condition than they are in our time.

If directors of schools want to change If directors of schools want to change healthy boys into dyspeptics, and make them hate pious books, by all means let them continue the practice of enforced silence, broken only by enforced reading, at meals.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

YOUNG WIVES, ATTENTION.

HERE IS A LITTLE SERMON YOU OUGHT TO TAKE TO HEART.

You married a man, not a demigod. Some day in the great hereafter, when this mortal shall have put on immortality, when the weakness, the errors, the sins of this frail humanity shall have dropped from you both as the sawdust falls from a garment, you shall stand—God grant it, for his dear Son's sake—hand in hand before the great white throne, perfect and purified. But until then you must have patience with each other. You must be slow to blame, quick to forgive. You must each carry the lamp of sacrifice in one hand, the truth in the other; and, with their blended rays falling with steady light upon your pathway, walk safely to the upon your pathway, walk safely

Some one says that "the quarrel of

Some one says that "the quarrel of lovers is but the renewal of love," Don't believe it. Reconciliation may be very sweet—sweet as remembered kisses after death—but the love that needs no reconciliation is far sweeter.

Sunshine after a storm is very bright. Possibly in contrast to the dark rolling clouds, it may seem even brighter than that of yester morn, when the whole heavens were ablaze with light. But if you go into the garden, you will find the flowers beaten down, the vines torn from their supports; and the delicate tendrils stretching blindly hither and yon. Beneath the rose trees there will be drifting heaps of red and white. So it is with the storms of the heart. Sunshine may follow them; but instead of wielding its subtle influence to promote the growth

and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procu for you.

Physicians