The Vielet.

Here she is again, the dear, Sweetest vestal of the year, In her little purple hood Brightening the handsome wood. We who, something worn with care. Take the road, find unaware Joy that heartens, hope that thrills, Love our cup of life that tills, Since in spring's remembered nooks, Litting fain familiar looks, Once again with curtaying grace. In the same dear lewly place, God His manual sign hath set In the tender violet.

Margaret E. Sangster, in "Harper's Magazino."

Tim.... Daly's Repentance

When the story was told to me I thought it infinitely sad and pathetic. I wish I could tell it as I heard it, but having soant skill as a narrator. I fear I cannot. I can only set down the facts as they happened, and in my lating worde they will read. I fear, but badly and barely; and if in the reading will be found no trace at all of the tears which awoke in me for this little human tragedy, I am sorry, more sorry than I can say, for my want of skill. Indeed, I would need to write of it with a pen steeped in tears. It is the story of a hard and fulle repentance—futtile, in that amends could never be made to those who had been sinned against; but surely, surely not futlle, insemuch as no hour of human pain is ever wasted that is laid before our Lord, but rather is gathered by him in His pittful hands, to be given back one day as a harvest of joy.

"Whilsht, achora, whisht! sure I know you never meant to hurt me or the child." The woman, childishly

"Whisht, achors, whisht! sure I know you never meant to burt me or the child." The woman, childishly young and slight, who spoke, was half stiting, half lying, in a low rush-bottomed chair, in the poor kitchen of a small Irish farmbunce. Her small, pretty face was marked with premature ilines of pain and care, and now it was paler than usual, for across eyebrow and cheek extended a livid, dark bruise, as if from the blow of a heavy fist, and over the pathetic, drooping muth there was a cruel, jagged out, this evidentily caused by a fall against something with a sharp, projecting point. By her side, in a wattled oradle, lay a puny, small baby, about a year old, with its small blue fingers, claw-like in their leanness, olutched closely, and with such a gray shade over its phoched features that one might have thought it dying. The young ausband and father was cast down before his wife in an attitude bepeaking tuter amazement, and his face was hidden in her lap; but over the nut-brown hair her thin hands went softly, with caressing, ender strokings, and as the great heart-breaking sobs burst from him, the tear rolled one after another down her wan little face, while her low, soft voice went on tenderly, "Whishi, alana machine, whisht! sure it's breakin' my heart ye are! Bure, how can I bear it at all, at all, to listen to ye sobbin' like that?"

All the weary months of unkindness and neglect were forgotten, and she only remembered that her Jim was in sore trouble—Jim Daly that couried her, her husband, and her baby's father; not Jim Daly the good fellow at the public-house, who would go from it on a morning with his dogs, the young marquis consenting, for a hant on the lord's land. Always ready to take a treat or stand one; always the first in every scheme of convision, and her public-house, and day after day hie meek, uncompaint or resist the templation; and power young hings, and he had a fine baritone vision that could have one seeking to draw him thitler with swag from ghill. Not that he was only some seeking t

Last night, however, the climax had Last night, however, the climax had come, when, reading home after midnight, the tender little wife, with her baby on her breast. had opened the door for him, and had stood in the door way with some word of pain on her lips, and he feeling his progress barred, but with no conse of what stood throe, had struck out flevely with his great flat, and stricken wife and child to the ground. And Winnie's mouth had come with cruel force against a projecting corner of the dresser, and his hand had marked darkly her soft face, and she and the little on were both bruised and myered by the fall.

We have seen how bitter poor Jim's repentance was when he came to him-

We have seen how bitter poor Jim's repertance was when he came to him self out of his drunken eleep, and in presence of it his wife, womanlike forpot overything but that he needed her utmost love and tenderness. But if she was forbearing to him out of her great love, his little brown old mother, who had been sent for hastily to her farm two miles away, spared not at all to him what she called the rough side of her tougue.

And when the doctor came from his home acrose the blue mountaine, and shook his head ominiously over the baby, and dressing Winnle's wan face, said that the blow on the forehead by just missing the temple had escaped being a deathblow, the old woman's horror and indignation against her son were great. But the doctor had gone now, with a hindly word of cheer at parting to the poor sinner, and with an expressed hope of pulling the baby through by careful attention and nursing. These it was sure to have, because Jim Daly's mother was the best nurse in all Tipperary, and, despite the very rough side to her tongue on occasion, the gentlest and most kind-hearted.

These two were alone now, and the room was quite silent except for the man's occasional great sobs, and the low, sweet comforting voice of the woman.

Presently the door opened agair, this time to admit a priest, a hale, ruddy-faced man of fifty or so, spurred and gairsteed as if for riding, who coming to them quickly with a keen look of concern and pain in his clear eyes, and drawing a chair closer, laid one large hand on Jim's bent head while the other wast out warmly to take Winnie's little, oold fingers. 'My foor, poor children!' he saif, and under that true, loving pity Winnie's letted both to the sacraments, had joined their hands in marriage, and he had tried vainly to stop this goor boy's easy descent to evil, and now it had ended so. In the new silense he was praying rapidly and sofily, asking the Lord to make strayed lamb to His fold. Then he strayed lamb to His fold

this a meshe to tringing look the spoke again:
"Look up, Jim, my child; you needn't tell me anything about it. I know all. Look up, and tell me you are going with me to the altar of God to kneel there and ask His forgiveness, and promise Him that you will never again touch the poison that has so nearly made you the murderer of your wife and child. It is His great merey that both are spared to you to-day, and the doctor tells me that he hopes to bring the baby through safely, so you must cheer up. And it will be a new life, will it not, my poor boy, from this day, with God's good help?"

And so Jim lifted his head, and said brokenly:

this day, with God's good help?"
And so Jim lifted his head, and said brokenly:
"tood bless you, Father, for the kindly Jord. Yis, I'm comin' back to duty with His help, and I thack Hink this day and His blessed St. Patrick, that they held my hand. Oh, sure, Father, to think of me layin' a hand on my purty colleen that I love better nor my life, and the little weany child that laughed up in my face with his two blue eyes, and crowed for me to lift him out of his cradle! But with the help of God, I'm going to make up to them tor it wan day. But, Father, I wou's stay here where my family was always respectable and held up their heads, to have it thrown into my face every day that I had nigh murdered my wife and child. Sure I could never rise under stole a shame as chat. Give me your blessin', Father, for me and Winne nase settled it. I'm goin' to waterials to begin a new life, and the mother's rung, and'll keep Winnie and the child till I send for them, or make money onough to come for them."

The priest looked at him gravely, and pondered a few minutes before his reply.
"Well, I don't know but you're

The priest looked at him gravely, and pondered a few minutes before his reply.

"Well, I don't know but you're right. God enlighten you to do what is for the best. It will be a complete breaking of the old evil ties and faccinations, at all events, and as you say, the mother! he glad to have Winnie and her grandson."

And a week later, wife and child being on the high road to convalescence, Jim Daly sailed for Australia.

This was in Yebraary, and outside the little golden thatched farmhouse, the hirds were calling to one another, wildly, clearly, making believe, the little mad mummers—because spring was rictous in their blood—that each was not quite visible to the other under his canopy of interlead boughs, bere against the sty, but that rather it was I une, and the close leafy bowers let through only a little blue sky, and a breath of happy wind, and a bleat radiance of gold and green, and that so they must perforce signal to each other their wheresboots.

Some in the thatch were nest building, but those little weary drones were swaying to and fro on the bare boughs, delirious with the new delight that had come to them, for agring was here and there was a subtle fragrance of her breath on the air, and all over the land, for the courd of her foet passing there was a strange attring of unborn things comewhere out of sight, and where she had trodden were springing suddenly rings and clusters of famt smowdrops, and tender, if me-coloured croouses, and doubte garden principes, and the dear red-brown evlect of the wall-llowers lovely acainst the dark leaves.

February again—but now far away from the mountain side. In the city, where no sweet premonition of spring comes with those first days of her reign, and in the slums that crouch interably about the startly cathedral of St. Patrick's huddling squalidly around its foet, where the lovely tower of it sears far away into the blue heart of the sky. It is a blue sky—blue as it can be over any spreading range of solemn hills, for poor bublin has few tall factory chimneys to defile it will smoke—and there are little feathery wiege of white cloud on the blue sky, that lie quite calm and motionless, despite the fact that a bright west wind is flying.

It is so warm that the window of the room in one of the most rquaid tenement houses of the Coombe is a little open, and the wind steals in softly, and sways to suid fro the clean, white ourtains; for this room is poor, but not equalid and grimed as the others are. The two emall beds are covered with spotlessly white of "its, and the wooden dressor behind the door is spotless with as few household uten-

not equalid and grimed as the others are. The two emall beds are covered with spotlessly white qu'ile, and the wooden dresses behind the door is spotless with 11s few household utensils shining in the leaping firelight; and opposite the window is a small altar carefully and nestly tended, whereon are two pretty statues of the Sacred Heart and our Blessed Lady, and at the foot of these, no gaudy, arithoial flowers, but a smowdrop or two and a yellow crouns, laid lovingly in u wineglass of water.

It is all very clean and pure, but alsa it it is as ad room now, despite all that, because—oh, surely the very saddest thing in all the sad world there is a little child dying there in its mother's arms. And the mother is poor little Winnie Daly, far from Tipperary and the good priest, and the pleasant neighbours who would have been neighbours to her, and here, in the oruel city, she is watching her one little son die. He is lying on his small bed with his eyes closed—a little, pretty, fair body of seven—his breath coming very faintly, and the golden ourle, dank with the death dew, pushed restlessly off his forehead, with the two gentle little hands crossed meetly on each other on his breast. His mother, her face almost as deathly in its pallor and emaciation at his, is kneeling by the bed, her yellow hair wandering over the pillow her wandering over the pillow her head beat low beside his, and her eyes drinking thirstily every change that passes over the small face, where this gray shadows are growing grayer. They have lain so for a long time with no movement disturbing the solomn silence, except once, when her hand goes out tenderly to gather into it the little, cold, damp one. But she is not alone in her agony. Two Sisters of Meroy, in their black serge robes, are kneeling each side of the bed, and the little, cold, damp one. But she is not alone in her agony. Two Sisters of Meroy, in their black serge robes, are kneeling seah side of the bed, and throbly her are moving in prayer. One is strongely beautiful, with a s

iriss quickly, because, well-skilled in death-bod lore, she sees that the end cannot be very far off.

His eyes open slowly, and wander a little at first; then they come back to rest on his mother's face, and raising one small hand with difficulty, he touches her thin check caressingly, and then his hand falls again, and he says weakly, "Mammy, lift me up."

"Yes, my poor lamb," poor Winnie answers brokenly, gathering him up in her arms and laying the little golden head on her breast. He closes his eyes again for a minute, then reopens them, and his gare wanders around the room as! seeking comething, and one of the nuns understanding, goes genity and brings the few spring flowers to the bedside; this morning tender Sister Columba had carried them to him, knowing what a wonder and happiness flowers always were to the little erippled child—for Jim's moment, and then says weakly, the words dropping with painful pauses between each:
"Mammy, will there—be green fields in heaven—an' primrouse—an' will I be able sor nut then? I wouldn't go to Grumlin last summer with the

boys--'kase I was lame--but they got

boya-'kase I was lame-but they got primrozes-an' gey rea some."
And it is the nun who answers for the mother's agmired white his colly stir dimly. "Yee, Jimnay, darling little child, there will be green field in heaven, and primrozes; and you will run and sing, and our dear Lord will be there, and His Blessed Mother, and He will emile to see you playing about His feet."

Then she hifs the great crucifix of her rosavy, and lays it for a moment against he wan baby's liga that sanle graftly at her, and the white cyclids fall over the paney eyes, and gradually the coft sleep passes imperceptibly, rainlessly into death. And one mutakes him out of his mother's arms, and lays him down softly on the pillows and smoothes the hittle fair limbs and passes a loving hand over the renapartic cyclids, and the other mut gathers poor Winnie into her tender arms, with sweet comforting words that will surely help her by and by, but now are unheeded, because God has merofully given her a short increasing the stirring her wistful mouth, and says, "Poor darling! the separation will not be for long. Our dear Lord will very soon lay her baby once more in her arms."

A fortinght later a bronzed and hearded man landed on the quever

In her arms.

A fortnight later a bronzed and hearded man landed on the quay of Dubin. It was Jim Daly—a new, grave, strong Jim Daly, coming home now comparatively a wealthy man, with money earned by steady industry in the gold fields. There he had worked steadily for three years with always the object coloring his life of atoming for the past, and making fair the future to wife and child and mother, and the object had been strong enough to keep him apart from the sin and rictoneness, and drunkenness of the easn. He would have been persuasive tongued, indeed, among the wild lives who could have persuaded Jim Daly to join in a carousal. But the worst living among the diggest knew how to come to him for help and advice when they needed it; and many a gentle, kindly act was done by him in his quiet, unobtrusive manner, with no consciousness in his own mind that he was doing more than any other man would have done.

He had never written home in all those years, though the thought of those boloved ones was always with him—at getting up and lying down, in his dreams and during the hours of the working day. At first times were hard with him, and for three years it was a dreary struggle for existence; and he could not bear to write while every day his feet were slipping backward. Then caune the rush to the goldfields, and he coming on a lucky voin, found thmels teadaily making a "pile" and so determined that when a certain sum was awarded he would turn his sleps homeward; and because postal arrangements in those days were so precarious, and the time cocupied in transit of a letter so long, he had then given up the thought of writing at all, watching eagerly the days drifting by that were bringing him each day nearer home. In his wandering life no letter had erer reached him, but he never doubted that they were all quile safe; in that little peaced in hillsed willage and oleuter of farmsteads, life passed so innocently and safely; the people were poor, but the landlord was lenient and drey material and other estates; an

without the starvation and misery that existed on other estates; and apart from the pain and destitution and sin of the towns, the little colony seemed also to be exempt from disease, and the little grave-yard was long in filling up; the funerals were seldem, unless when sometimes an old man or woman came to a patriarchal age, went out gladly to lay their weary old bones under the long grasses and the green sorrel and the daisy stars.

This had all been in his day, and he did not know at all how things had changed. First, after he sailed, things had gone fairly; Winnie had grown strong again, and even when his salence graw obstinate, no shadow of doubt crossed her mind; she was so sure he loved her, and she knew he would come back to her some day. The first cloud on the sky came when the baby developed some disease of the hip, the result of the fall, and it refused to yield to all the doctor's treatment; indeed it became worse with time, and as the vears elipsed by, the ailing, puny baby grew into a delicate, gente ohild, fair and wise and grave, but orippled hopelessly. Then, the fourth year after Jim went, there came a bad season, crops failed, and the cow died; and then, fast on these troubles, the kind old landlord died, and his place was taken by a school boy at Eton, and, alsa! the agency of his estates was placed in the hands of a certain J. P. and D. L. take of whose evictions on the estates already under his charge had made those simple peasants shiver by their fresides in the winter evonings. Then to this peaceful mountain colony came raising of rents like a thunder-clap, followed soon by write, and then the shoriff and the dreaded ovicting parties. And one of the first tog owas old Mrs. Daly; and when she saw the little b. Jwm house whereto her young husband, deed those twen'ty years, had brought her as a bride, where her children were born, and from whose doors one after the other the little freil things dead at birth, had been carried, till at last her strong

hearty Jim came—when she saw the goldon thatch of it given to the flames, the honest, proud old heart broke, and from the loose of a kindly neighbor; where neighbors' hands earned her gently, she also went out, a tow days later, to join her hesband and babes in the churchyard house, whence none should seek to criot them. And the troubles thekened, and famme and (ever and death came; and the good nest doe too—of a broken heart, shey said. And so the later friend was gone—for the people, with pan and death shadowing over hearthcone, were overwhelmed with their own troubles—and poor Winute and the little oring head on drifted to the city.

And at it times all those things were happening, Jim Dale used to stand at the door of his tent in the ovening, gazing gravaly away west ward, his soul's eyes fixed on a fairer v. on than that camp, or the gorgoous sunset pancaran that passed unheeded before the eyes of is body. He saw the long, groen grasses in the pastures at his home in Innukeon. And he saw Vinnie—his darling colleon—coming from the little bous-door with he wooden pail under her arm for the milking, and she was laughing and the best of the will be well and by her side the little son with cheeks like spiles in Angust, and the violet eyes dancing with pleasure, and the little feet trotting, hurrying sumbling, and the rotter and the little feet trotting, hurrying sumbling, and the fat baby hand altitching at the mother's apron, till, with a sudden, teader laugh she swung him in her arms to a throne on her shoulder, her weeken the proceeding send of the cut, to gaze in some alarm at the approaching despolars of her milk.

Oh, how bitterly sad that dream seems to me, knowing the bitter reality! That in the gradial summe of the cut, to gaze in some alarm at the approaching despolars of her milk.
Oh, how bitterly sad that dream seems to me, knowing the bitter reality I That in the gradial summe of the cut, and the fat her hand and the fat her hand seems to he had a summe of the diagness of the milking her hand seems

as their feet, and told him all.

"An', darlin' I'm goin' too," she said, "an' even for the sake of sayin', wid you I can't slay. I'm so tired; ilice, an', you'll say 'God's will be done,' wou's ye, ashors? And when the hawthorne's out in May, bring some of te here; an' Jim daclin' I'il be leyin' there so bappy—him an' me, an' his little ourly head on my breast, an' his little ourly head on my breast, an' his little arms classin' my neck.

He said, "God's will be done," mecha cally, but I think his heart was broken; no other words came from his lips except over and over spain, "Vife and could! wife and child! My little crippled son! My little orippled son!"

FIRESIDE PUN.

"Mamms, I dess you'll have to turn the hose on me." "Why, dear?" "Tause I've dot my 'tookings on wrong side out." "Auy amusement in this town tonight?" asked the stranger. "I fancy there's going to be lecturs," replied the groc.r; "I've been selling eggs all day."

eggs all day."

Beginning of the Year.—First Imp:
"The old man seems to be pretty busy these times" Second Imp:
"Yes. This is the time be gots in his paying material, you know."

A Home Out.—Teacher: "What do we learn from the story of Samson?" Tommy (with unpleasant rosults still manifest): "That it doesn't pay ter ave women folks out a feller's hair."
"Well. Sambe."

pay ter ave women folks out a feller's hair."

"Well, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "Berry well, massa" "What did you have for your breakfast this morning?" "Well, you see, massa biled three eggs for herself, and gave me de brof."

An Omission.—Literary Editor: "What a vivid account is given in "Quo Yadas' of the burning of Rome!" Fire Editor: "Yes; but it's moomplete. There isn't a word about the loss to the insurance companies."

Possibly the Explanation.—Benevolato disputeman (pointing a moral to village school-children): "Now, why do I take all the trouble to leave my home and come over here and

to village school-children): "Now, why do I take all the trouble to leave my home and come over here and speak to you thus? Oan any boy tell me?" Bright Child (innocently): "Please, sur, praps yoow lolkes to 'ear yourself taak, sur!"

"My good man," said the sovere lady, "have you ever stopped to think how much money is wested each year for tobacc and rum?" "10, mum, I hain't," answered the object; "it's atakin' up all my time jist now to figger out how many pore families could be supported on the price of the extra cloth women puts in their eleeres."

One of the Deans of the Exeter Cathedral was walking along one of the lance adjacent to the city recently, and appeared to have got somewhat out of his latitude. He was met by two little urchins returning from school, when the Dean stopped them and asked one of them: "How far is it to the station,my boy?" The lad eyed hie knee breeches and short coat, and replied: "About a moile, misser. Wot's up? Yer an't lost yur bioyele, 'was ee?"

This venerable joke turns up in Titlester.

Work up? Yet an't loss yur bioyele, 'ave se?'

This venerable joke turns up in TitBits: A gentleman calling at a hotal
left his umbrells in the stand in the
hall with the following inscription attached to it: "This umbrells belongs
to a man who can deal a blow of two
hundred and fifty pounds weight. I
shall be back in ten minutes." On returning to seek his property, he found
in its place a card thus inscribed:
"This card has been left by a man who
can run twolve miles an hour. I shall
not come back."

There was a sform blowing and the

"This card has been left by a man who can run invite miles an hour. I shall not come back,"

There was a storm blowing and the steamship rolled a little. "Gaptain," said the nervous Colonial Bisbop, who was returning homeward after th. Jubilee, "Captain," do you think we are in any danger?" The captain looked grave. "The way the men are swearing in the engine-room is something shooting. Do they know their peril?" whilapered the Bishop, "I can assure your Lordship," said the captain, "that the men wouldn't se much as whisper an eath if there were any danger." The sea grew were any danger." The sea grew wougher. Half an hour later the Bishop might have been seen listening to the men's voices over the gangway. "Thank Heaven!" he murmured, "they are at it still!"

St. Joseph's Union.

Orrawa, April 80.—St. Joseph's Union.—French-Canadian benefit society—to-day marks an important event in his history. The first session of the federal council of the union, since its establishment in 1808, will commence this evening, and continue during next week.

A grand parade will be held to-morrow morning before mass, and then all will proceed to the Basilios, where service will be held and a special sermon given by Rev. Father Kuapp, the Dominican preacher.

HEART HOPE

Randy-And No Case Tee Acute for Immediate Sileit and Cortain Cure.

"For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from heart disease. All this while I was in the heard of oncof our best physicians, from whom the only encouragement I could obtain was that I was liable to drop off at any moment. I had many times read of cures made by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart. Was induced to try a bottle of this cure, and to my surprise the very first dose gave me immediate relief. I felt encouraged and persisted. Before the first bottle was taken the dropsy, which had sorely troubled me, had disappeared, and when I had completed my second bottle I felt as well as I had ever felt." Mrs. John A. James, Wiarton.