DUBLIN

VISITED AND DESCRIBED ONCE MORE.

A Handsomer Town it is Impossible to See on a Summers Day."

O bay of Dublin! girded about with low, green hills, whose tops are swathed in mist, and whose gentle slopes ooze perpetually. How eagerly I watched for your undiscovered shores to shape themselves out of the great cloud that lay upon the face of the waters! How impatiently i waited that dreary day in the Irish Channel, while the wind and the rain and the sleet beat upon us and to confess that my ardent desire was to desire writing the dingy cabin, where be shown the rooms where poor "Noll" drove us within the dingy cabin, where for four mortal hours we tossed giddily twixt Holyhead and Kingstown, until we touched land at last, drenched and discomfitted. The eves of everything gushed and gurgled. The gutters were at high tide—but the roar of the sea was well out of our ears, and there was some comfort in that. Had I but a tithe of the philosophy of Carlyle—who was one of the most unhappy of tourists,—I might have found much of interest in the ship that brought me over. He did. Turn to his "Irish Notes," and see how he told himself the tales of his fellowtravellers. He had a tender corner in his crusty heart—had Carlyle; and his companions in misery could awaken his sympathy when no one else could. Well, there was nothing to rest the eye during the brief run by rail from Kingstown to Dublin; nothing but a broadside of big raindrops lashing the shut windows. So I stared about at the tired faces of my unknown neighbours, and not one of us but was leeking at the elbows, and had a limp hat brim wilting over his eyes. I have somewhere read that it rains in Ireland, and so it does— God love it! But Ireland is justly proud

HER GREEN MANTLE;

and but for the prodigal rains, how would it keep it color? As for Dublin, the not too flattering Thackeray has said of it:
"A handsomer town it is impossible to see on a summer's day." O best-beloved of novelists! Moreover, it is summer now, and I have seen Dublin town in rain and shine, and I joyfully repeat-a handsomer town is not within the range of summer possibilities. I have measured the length and breadth of Sackville Street, "pronounced by competent judges the finest thoroughfare in Europe." I have stood on Carlisle Bridge, with its three arches spanning the Liffey, and seen the quays and the great buildings, the monuments and the columns, and with all my heart pronounce them good. I have threaded the numerous tramways, running in almost every direction. Have dropped down upon suburban Donnybrook, of frolicsome memory, and found it the most peaceful of nooks, with a spruce village air and never the shadow of a shillulah to gladden the eyes of me, and assure me that the dear old Ireland of my dreams is not all a dream. There are grassy fields there, where the sheep feed in peace and plenty; and a highly respectable chapel or two—but no fair for me to behold with these longing and questioning eyes; for it is not the fairseason, and Donnybrook is as quiet as the grave. Glasnevin, on the other hand, has its Botanical Garden, and that is always in bloom. It was once a private park, the property of the great Tickell; and here no doubt he composed his best work, the author of "The Hermit"; Brinsley Sheridan, Swift's poor "Stella," frequented its pleasant paths; known to this day as "Addison's Walk," for it was the to drink of it, and to fee the good old one the author of the Spectator' loved best of all. I tried to find their footprints, to picture them as they loitered under the oaks—

The oathedral transit to tee the good old soul who dips up a cupful of water and pockets her coppers with a blessing on her lips that is worth treble the money.

OUT OF THE RAIN.

-chatting gaily with one another. Ah what rare chatting there must have been in those days when there is so much of its palatable flavor left even to these times! My search was vain: I found only trim walks, ender the sharp eyes of a half-score of officials, and a peremptory order to refrain from smoking on the premises. Close at hand is the cemetery: there lies the dust of Curran and O'Connell. A narrow path worn through the thick sod leads to the former; but O'Connell's body, in its oaken casket, reposes under a high, grey tower, and looks not unlike a decapitated lighthouse. When the guard of the mausoleum showed me into the inner chamber, I thrust my hand through the screen that encloses the casket of the great agitator, and touched it reverently; saying the while the prayer that is ever on the lips when one visits the City of the Dead. Above the door of the mausoleum are inscribed O'Connell's last words: "My body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, my soul to God." And so it came to pass that his body lies under the monumental tower, up and down whose hollow chamber our voices went wailing like lost spirits, as we stood by the sarcophagus, the guard and I, reading that inscription aloud. His heart is deposited in the Irish College at Rome; his soul, I trust, has long since found that haven it appried to. Asat a military funeral the band which has played a solomn dirge on its way to the grave, breaks forth into a lively quickstep when returning, so I left the cemetery with a smile. I had chanced to read the inscription on a stone erected to the memory of an estimable lady whose daughter and son-in-law bore testimony to her virtues in couplets signed with their names in full. In the office, at the cemetery gate, is a register at the service of those who delight in displaying their signatures to the public gaze. Manyland various are the comments one reads in that interesting volume, and among

I FOUND THE NAME

of the gentleman who had but recently interred his mother-in-law. His comments were brief, but no doubt heartfelt; he wrote: "I am entirely satisfied with everything in this place!" Trinity College—ah, yes! That was what kept me in Dublin, when I was longing to get out into the bogs and discover for myself a "wild Irishman," with knee breeches a "a manufactured for frequent multary reviews, was formerly the favorite resort of duelting was formerly the favorite resort of duelting a finite favorite resort of duelting and provided in the favorite resort of duelting and provided in the favorite resort of duelting and provided in the favorite resort of duelting a single favorite resort of duelting and provided in the favorite resort of duelting of the gentleman who had but recent'y

and a scarlet waistcoat, and stumpy pipe stuck in his hatband. Trinity College is large, stately and colorless, with bare quadrangles and a general air of naked-ness that would make it an eyesore were it in Oxford or Cambridge. Trinity might have been founded in 1811, but it pressed it; Queen Elizabeth reopened it under the title of the "College of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity near Dublin." Here Burke and Curran spoke their first pieces; Swift, Goldsmith, Sheridan and Moore wrote their first compositions, worthy of the name; and here many, who afterward became famous orators, first wrangled in debate. At the door you meet Burke and Goldsmith in enduring bronze, and I am free used to entertain his friends when he had made a few shillings by the sale of a ballad to a shopman down the street. What nights they were, in Goldsmith's youthful days, when the old quadrangle rang with shouts of laughter! And, oh, what a night that was when the fun grew fast and furious, and at last, all on a sudden, in came an irate tutor and floored poor "Noll" before his astonished guests! Of course he ran away after that, did "Nolly" Goldsmith; and nearly starved to death, as was his wont. But there he stands now, the very

HEAD AND FRONT OF OLD TRINITY; and not a tutor in the land-nay, nor rector either-but may uncover as he passes. In the refectory at Trinity are portraits of distinguished Irishmen, each subject painted in the very attitude in which he distinguished himself-at least so it would appear. The beautiful li-brary is ornamented with busts of poets, sages and philosophers, who silently file down the long narrow hall, between walls that are lined with more than two hundred thousand volumes-their straight backs turned scornfully upon the world What was it that pleased me most in that fine library? What was it that awakened reverent interest? It was the famous Book of Kells-a Latin copy of the Gospels attributed to St. Columba, who lived in the sixth century. Trinity College library is entitled by law to a copy of every work published in Great Britain-I wonder what the most ancient and venerable Book of Kells thinks of the mob of modern upstart authors crowding in upon it day by day? Really, there is nothing in all Dublin more delightful than this great hall of learning, filled with a kind of hallowed light, wherein the best youth of Ireland have browsed in their hungry and hopeful days. Michael Angelo Titmarsh didn't reverence the college museum; it must be acknowledged that the gigantic but gentle Thackeray did but scant justice to the Green Isle. He was English, you know, to the backbone, and he had an unholy horror of Holy Church. Peace to his prejudices, now that they have come to an end! I could not quit the place without a search for the chambers of Charlie O'Malley, of rollicking mem-ory. Poor Lever! Read the preface to "Lord Killgobbin," and see how sad an Irishman may be when he is laid away, as it were, in a Florentine palace, his outh gone, his health broken, his heart burdened with grief. What a world of difference between the frolicsome Fel-lows of Trinity, with boisterous mirth

and the exiles of Erin who go into sun nier lands seeking health, and succeeding only in prolonging their misery! Would you believe it?—St. Patrick's Well, the very well wherein he baptized the first royal convert, is hidden under the pavement of a Protestant cathedral! tratill flows, and pilgrims flock thather its story of marvellous vicissitudes; what ancient edifice in the old country has not? Originally founded in A.D. 448, it gave place to the present structure in the year 1190. Then began its season of trial. In 1585, and for eighteen years following, it was used as a court of law. the horses of his troopers were stalled therein. James II, made of it a barracks; William III., after the Battle of the Boyne, road to it in state, and publicly gave thanks within the choir. But the final blow was struck when the old cathedral was thoroughly restored and hopelessly modernized at a cost of £140,000. Here rest the ashes of Dean Swift and Hester Johnston, whom the world knows as the Dean's "Stelea.,' Of course one casts a sentimental glance at the house where Dean Swift used to live, and the early home of Tonimy Moore There was a grocery on the ground floor of the house in Tom's day, and Tom's father used to keep it. It was a good place for a young poet, whose imagination bloomed in Oriental splendor—a good place to get out of. I was quite willing to follow his example, and turned to Pho-nix Park in joyful expectation. Was there ever an Irish novelist but flew to the Park as the bee to the clover? There is room enough for all of them among its 1,750 acres of meadow and lawn, of hill and dale, of grass-land leafy bollow

THE PLEETING HOURS.

chasing

AND TANGLED COPSE.

It is as wild as nature, and much wilder than the deer that roam over it, feeding like sheep in flocks of a hundred or two together, You come upon small lakes as you wander, and now and again upon a stream nearly hidden in the dense brush. You lose sight of everybody in deep groves where the shadows gather; and you pass from one enchanting pastoral landscape to another, continually encountering herds of deer, that merely lift their heads a moment to look at you with large, dark eyes, and then drop their soft glances to the moist, sweet sward again, and take no further notice of you. The "fifteen neres" in one corner of this Arcadia, now reserved for frequent military reviews, was formerly the favorite resort of duel-

through which you enter the pretty little ing home. In about an hour I reached village of the Strawberry Beds. This ravine is literally choked with garrulous beggars. They assail you the moment you alight from your carriage, and, in fact, long before; for their heads are thrust in at the windows—queer old was not. Pope Clement V. granted a bull to the Archbishop of Dublin, which was not acted upon. But the college sprang into existence under his successor, Pope John XXII. Henry VIII. supposed it: Outen Flighbath' sonemed it score of "poor widdies," who burden you with Lord's blessings, and long life, and the top o'the morning, until you are hopelessly in their debt. Fortunately, a sing e sixpence effects a settlement. It would be well enough if this were the end of all, but it isn't: they send you on your journey with smiles and tears and courtesies and good wishes enough to swamp any single gentleman: and these, I suspect, are not wholly gratis, but

MERELY ON ACCOUNT.

A long lane, winding under the steep slope of a hill and by the margin of a stream, is the sole thoroughfare of the famous Strawberry Beds. One story stone cottagea, whitewashed without and within, and having the small square windows full of geraniums and nasturtiums, line each side of the road. All the land that lies open to the sunshine—and how little there is of the latter in this country !is covered with strawberry vines. grannies are on the slopes, screaming and throwing stones at the thievish crows. The plucked fruit is for sale at every door-a large leaf full of luscious berries for sixpence, and as much cream as you p'ease for nothing. Fine young Irish girls, as pure as the snow, beguile you with berries and ginger-beer; little tow headed youngsters seli you "posies" for your button-hole; and there is a drop of the "critter" just over the way. The village is an idyl with a flavor of whiskey and fruit in it; but it has its shady side—what village has not? The crows gather and brood over it in armies; and and all day the cries of the watching women are heard upon the hillside, varied at intervals by the whiz of flying mis siles. Ah, but they are the bad shots And not a crow of the lot but knows if well. "Do they trouble you, granny? said I to one of the relief guard just going out on duty. "Faix, and they do!" said "And it's not one of thim berries they'll be after ating but just the biggest and ripest, bad luck to 'em!" "Anten!" I added below my breath, and started for the carriage at the top of the hill: for the rain was coming down the glen with a sound as of many waters. As for Dublin, it is a fine city, and a handsome one too. It is wide awake, prosperous, rather

clean, and very cheerful in fair weather. I was assured by a fellow of Trinity that the best English in the world is spoken in Dublin; and the brogue that rolled from his tongue at that moment you could have buttered your bread with, and it was sweeter than honey in the honeycomb—God bless him '—C.W. Stop-DARD, in Ara Marie.

BICYCLE V. TIGER.

BY LAURA E. STARR.

I was always very fond of bicycling and from the time when I was a small boy and labored for hours with a bone shaker to the days when I became the proud possessor of one of the first bicycles ever made. I revelled in the enchanting pastime, spending hours, which should have been otherwise occupied, on the back of my iron horse, thus putting my physical powers a long way ahead of my mental. In fact, I hated the sight of book, and was never happy unless scouring the country on my bicycle. My father was a doctor in a Kentish village, and having a large family, he was thankful indeed when, at the age of nineteen, a commission was obtained for me by a wealthy friend in a regiment about to trust in Providence, sail for India.

A grand new bicycle was my father's parting present, and great was my definding that another young in my regiment was also a bicy-In these days, when the "iron wheel "has so many votaries, this may seem nothing strange: but to realize my surprise and pleasure you must remember that a bicycle was then a compara tive curiosity, and a bicyclist a person to be stared at and admired or otherwise During Cromwell's invasion of Ireland Our bicycles were, I believe the first ever seen in India; and as we rode to gether in the town, some days after our arrival, one would have thought it was the triumphal entry of some Eastern potentate.

I could fill a book with the curious in

cidents and accidents which befell us go "up country." Our regiment was always on the move, and panies of one kind or another were very frequent on our bicycling excursions.

One evening after mess Fred and l signed articles to ride a ten-mile race.

There was a grand native road within short distance of our camp, running away for ten miles as that as a drawing board. It has through the open plain and then a deserted track was reached becoming wilder as the road proceeded and finally swallowing it up in an impenetrable jungle. It was on this road I intended to train. Bent had found a circular path round some native huts a short way from the station, measuring about six laps to the mile, and there he prepared himself for the coming struggle

After a week of such training as would make a modern athlete's hair stand on end-meat almost raw, chopped very finely; little drinks of neat brandy, etc.we considered ourselves fit for the con-test: and the adventure I am about to relate occurred the evening before the eventful day. I was just starting for a last ride over my favorite course, when an officer stopded me and said,-

"Have you heard of the tiger, Harvie?"
"No," I answered.

"The natives have just brought word that some tiger is marked down in the jungle about ten miles from here; so

don't go too far this evening."
"All right," I laughed; "I think a tiger would find it difficult matter to catch me-my training would tell on

my usual halting place, ten miles from the camp; but this being the last night of my training I made up my mind to ride another couple of miles, and then do the whole distance back at my best pace.

I rode on, and in another ten minutes found myself in the jungle. Now for the race home.

Dismounting I oiled my machine, tightened up every screw, and then sat down on a boulder to rest and enjoy the prospect. A beautiful scene it was

Above me rose the grand mountains, their snowy tops blushing crimson in the setting sun; here a waterfall, like a thread of gold and silver, flashing down the mountain side and twining in and out among the masses of trees and rocks; there a glimpse of fairyland through a jungle vista.

A post, or "tank," as they are called, surrounded by dense foliage, festooned by parasitical climbing plants, glowing with flowers of every imaginable hue; humming birds, like fiery gems, flashed hither and thither, darting in and out among the trees. On the "tank" floated water fowl of every kind, and the banks were alive with gorgeous birds, their plumage rivalling the flowers in brilliancy and variety of color. But now the shadows were deepening, the crimson on the mountain tops had disappeared, and the coldsnow began to look gray and ghastly. A flying fox went rustling past me, and I hastily prepared to mount; for there is scarcely any twilight in India, and I knew it would soon be dark.

As I rose my eyes encountered some-thing which made me start and nearly lrop my bicycle.

There, not forty yards off, was a tiger knew the animal well enough; but how different he looked from the lean, halfstarved little beast I had seen at home. He had just come into the open space from a dense jungle-brake, and sat there washing his face and purring in a con-

Washing in side and parting in a con-tented sort of way, like a huge cat.
Was I frightened? Not an atom; I had my bicycle and a start of forty yards, so if I could not beat him it was a pity.

He had not seen me yet, and I stood for another minute admiring the handsome creature and then quietly mounted (the tiger was directly on my right while the road stretched away in front of me). The noise I made roused him; he looked up and then after deliberately stretching himself, came leaping with longed, graceful bounds over the rank grass and rocks which separated him from the road. He did not seem a bit angry, but evidently wished to get a nearer view of such an extraordinary object.

Forty yards, however, I thought was quite near enough for safety. The tiger was in the road behind me now; so I pulled myself together and began to luicken my pace.

Would be stop disgusted after the first

hundred yards, and give up the chase, or would he stick to it? I quite hoped he would follow me, and already pictured in my mind the graphic description I would write home of my race with a

Little did I think what a terrible race it not judge the dictance, but at any rate I was not farther from him than when we started. Now for a spurt. I rode the next half-mile as bard as Leould but on the started of was going to be. I looked behind me. By Jove! he was "sticking to it." I could half-mile as hard as I could, but on again themselves too grown up for it.

But "I spy" (pronounced Hie spy) yard.

But "I spy" (pronounced Hie spy) thildren played that game in the second

with a long swinging trot, and going quite as quickly as I was. For the first time I began to feel

anxious, and thought uneasily of the ten long miles which separated me from However, it was no good thinking now:

Now there was no doubt about the iger's intentions; his blood was up, and on he came, occasionally giving vent to roar which made the ground tremble. Another mile had been traversed and the brute was slowly but surely closing

I dashed my pouch to the ground, hoping it would stop him for a few seconds: but he kept steadily on, and I

feit it was then grim earnest.

I calculated we must be about seven miles from camp now, and before I could ride another four my pursur, I knew. must reach me. Oh, the agony of those minutes, which seemed like long hours!

Another mile passed, then another. I ould hear him behind me now, pad, pad, pad, quicker and quicker and quicker, louder and louder. I turned in my saddle for a moment, and saw there were not twenty yards separating us! How en-ormous the brute looked and how ter-rible! His huge tongue hung out, and the only sound he made was a continual hoarse growl of rage, while his eyes seemed to literally flash fire.

It was like some awful nightmare, and vith a shudder I bent down over the

andles and I flew on. As I now sit quietly in my chair writng, I find it hard to analyze the crowd memories that went crashing through my brain during that fearful ride. I saw ong-forgotten events in which I had taken part rise up distinctly before me and while every muscle was racked with my terrible exertion, my mind was clear and my life seemed to pass before me like one long panorama.

On, on, on; the slightest slip, I knew would be fatal; a sudden jott, a screw giving, and I should be hurled to instant

Human strength could not stand much more; the prolonged strain had told upon me, and I felt it would soon be over. My breath came in thick sobs, a mist gathered before my eyes—I was stooping; my legs refused to move, and a thousand fieuds seemed to be flitting about me, holding me back, lack! A weight like lead was on my chest; I was choking, I was dying. Then a few choking, I was dying. Then a few moments which seemed a life time, and hen-crash-with a roar like thunder the tiger was on me, and I was crushed to the ground. Then I heard shots fired, a Babel of men's voices, and all was

which had been prepared for the tiger. A goat was tethered on the outskirts of the jungle, and the sportsmen had started to take up positions in the trees near to wait for their game, which the bleat of the goat in the stillness of the night would speedily have attracted.

They were talking of our coming bicycle race as they went along, and expecting every moment to meet me on my return journey. As they passed a clump of bushes I came in sight about a quarter of a mile in front of them whirling along in a cloud of dust, which had my terrible pursuer. They soon, how-ever saw my awful danger. The huge brute, mad with rage, hurled itself upon me just as we reached them.

My friends stood almost petrified with terror, and did not dare to fire; but the shikaree, a man of iron nerve, and accustomed to face sudden danger of all kinds in the hunting field, sprang quickly to within a yard of the tiger, and, putting his rifle almost to the animal's ear, fired wice and blew its brains out, just in time to save my life. I was drawn from under the palpitating body of my dead enemy, every one present believing it was all up with me.

Making a litter of boughs they carried me into the camp, where I lay for many weeks lingering between life and death.

ANTIQUITY OF CHILDREN'S -AMES

"I Spy." Dates Back to the Second Century After Christ.

BUT every now and them in town one sees on summer nights the babies sees on summer nights the babies the poor tucked away on friendly oor-steps, while the elder children on ed by little children. That is, in Norway. France, Germany, or New England, in Italy or Ireland, the same games have been played, though in different langua-So that the little children in reality have kept alive some of the very interesting traditions of the world. For instance, you have all played, I am sure-I know I played it many times as a child -that good old game of

Onts, pease, beans, and barley grows-thats, pease, beans, and barley grows; How you nor I, nobody knows-Oats, pease, beans, and barley grows.

With all the rest of its fascinating verses. Now Froissart, who was born in 1337, played that game; and so did Rabelais, who was born about 1483. And the game has hardly been altered at all since their day. Some people say this game has its origin in some religious ceremony that was performed when the fields were planted.

Here is this game. Marlow, Marlow, Marlow bright, How many miles to Babylon?" Threescore and ten "
Can I get there by candlelight "
Yes, If your legs are as long and light;
But take care of the old witch by the roadside.

The maids of honor in the time of Queen Elizabeth played that game.

The tiger was on my track, moving century after Christ. It makes one feel a certain importance—does it not?—to play a game with such a line of tradi-

In this most delightful of books Mr. Newell gives the history of all these games: and you may think this even better, he gives the games themselves. it was my muscle and iron steed against the brute. I could only do my best and trust in Providence.

and those fascinating verses children all loved so well in my day. With what trust in Providence. one learnt a new one and would not tell: Here is one that used to bother us at

Intery, mintery, cutery corn, Apple seed and apple thorn, Wire, brier, limber-lock, Five mice in a flock. Catch him, Jack; Hold him, Tom: Blow the bellows, Old man out.

I wonder if any of you count your pple seeds now? And do you ever play this game :

They all seem very absurd set down iere in black and white, but how serious we used to get over them! I can remember the voices, and remember the faces, too, so well of the boys and girls who used to sing:

3 used to sing:

A. B., so they say,
froes a-courting night and day.
Sword and pistot by his side,
And—to be his bride.
Takes her by the illy-white hand,
And leads her o'er he water.
Here's a kiss, and there's a kiss
For Mr—'s daughter.

A USEFUL HINT

For Country Girls Who Sigh for the Attractions of City Life, I received a letter the other day in

which the writer said: "Amber, I want

to come to the city and earn my living. Can you help me to secure something to do?" I felt like posting back the quick answer, "Stay where you are," but upon second thought I didn't. The child is bound to come, and advice is thrown away on moths, sea-gulls and head-strong girls. The light attracts them, and, out of the dew, the calm spaces of the sky and the shelter of humble homes, they fly to certain destruction. Heaven may intervene in the case of this girl, but she has about an even chance with the moths and the gulls. She will drift into a third-rate boarding house, perhaps, here in the city, than which if there is anything meaner let us pray! The "masher" and the rat share alike in pre-empting a claim upon everything fresh and appetizing that enters the portal of that door. If she is pretty, her knowledge of the world will have to take a sudden boom to keep her out of the snare of the evil one. If she is homely she will find the doors of opportunity doubly closed against her. If she is smart she may succeed in carning enough to pay her board bill and have sufficient margin left to buy an oc-casional paper of American pins! Chicago is over-full already. There are five dozen claimants for every place. Did you ever see anyone throw a handful of corn into a poultry yard full of hungry chickens? A flutter, a flash, a cyclone of feathers, one universal gulp—and where is the corn? Is there one chicken the flag-stones dance and sing in magic rings. Such good times as they have, even without the meadows! They play the same games, too, and that is the thirty-nine? The kernels don't begin to wonderful part of it. For all over the go round, my dear, and even if they did, world, and for hundreds of years, the what does one kerne' amount to in what does one kerne' amount to in very same games exactly have been play-ed by little children. That is, in Norway, where you are, girls, if possible. Be content to gain an occasional trout in the home brook, without setting out to cruise for whales in a frozen sea. A big city is a cruel place for young lives. The living that is carned at the expense of innocence, happiness and faith comes dear. I would rather be a hired girl in a town where somebody knows me and takes an interest in me than the "saleslady" in a store, or typewriter and stenographer where they don't pay enough salary for my indifferent work to keep me in shoe buttons. Of course, all this applies to girls who are not fitted either by native gifts or education to do first-class work. There is generally a moderately good demand for good work, but there are comparatively few applicants for the top places. And yet, I happen to know a young artist whose brush is a fairy brush, whose dreams are ideal dreams and whose ability is first-class, who has nearly starved to death right here in Chicago in the endeavor to support herself by painting pictures. Her roses lacks nothing but perfume and the ability to take root, but they don't sell. God pity us all, to what are we coming if the mills don't shut down! What with open gates of emigration and the terrible ratio of increase in population, the country is doomed to the curse that follows the blight of overproduction. Close the gates, somebody, and shut down the mills -- Amber in Chicago Herald.

The Difference.

The following story appeared in the columns of the Spectator: An Irish peasant brought a litter of kittens to a Protestant vichar in acertain town in county Wicklow, requesting him to purchase them. The vicar declined. "Your reverence, they are good Protestant kit-tens," urged the man, but his reverence remained obdurate. A few days after, the Catholic priest (who had meanwhile been informed of the offer to his brother clergyman) was approached, and, on his refusing to make a purchase, the wouldbe seller urged a sale: "Sure, father dear, they are good Catholic kittens,"
"But how is this, my man?" replied the priest: you said a day or two ago they were good Protestant kittens." "And so they were," said the peasant, "but their eyes weren't opened." This recalls to mind the old story of the Irishman who hald the pesition of gradenant who held the position of gardener at a Protestant rectory. The elergyman one day attacked him about the devotion shown by Catholics to the Blessed Virgin: 'You know my, man," he said, "that she was only a woman and a creature of God just like my mother." "Right well, I know it," replied he, "but maybe even your reverence would allow, meaning no offence to your honor, that there was a mighty difference in the sons,"

Endeavour to always be patient of the faults and imperfections of others, for thou hast many faults and imperfections of thine own that require a reciprocation of forbearance. If thou art not able to make thyself that which thou wishest to be, how must thou expect to mould another in conformity to thy will?-Thomas A'Kempis.

CATHOLIC FAMILY

Should be without THE TRUE WITNESS, the leading Irish Catholic newspaper in the Dominion. Its contents, weekly, are bright, pure, newsy and interesting. It is the best Catholic family newspaper published. The subscription rate is one dollar a year mailed to country subscribers, and one dollar and fifty cents delivered in the city. Sample copies free.

JOB PRINTING of every description,

From the plainest Business Card to the most elaborate Poster.

THE TRUE WITNESS PRINTING HOUSE. 761 Craig Street, Montreal,