

The Seller's Teat.

BY FRANCIS QUINN.

"A teat, a teat!" the sellers cry,
And echo answers back,
While the good ship ploughs her foamy way
Over the billow's bounding track.

Thus pledged each heart both bold and brave,
To the loved one he ne'er might see,
As the brave ship danced o'er the heaving wave.

With the white sea foam on her lee,
Till a youth stood up with brimming cup,
And his dark eyes flashing bright,
While each gazed with pride on his manly form.

"A teat I drink to a dear one's name,
I love beyond any other,
She's more to me than any friend I name,
Drink to my dear old mother.

A silence fell on that jovial throng,
And eyes that flashed grew dim,
Reached was the last and laughing song,
Untouched were the glasses brim.

Each thought of home and a mother dear,
And memory wandered back,
While the proud ship danced o'er the trembling wave,
On the ocean's water track.

San Francisco Monitor.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

Many years ago I was the editor of a weekly newspaper, writes a correspondent of the Journalist, published in a flourishing town on the Mississippi river in Illinois, and one day, finding we needed an additional reporter, I sat down to write to a friend in Chicago, requesting that one be sent to me, but before I had written the date line, the door of my office opened and a young man entered and inquired for the editor.

The new comer was evidently of Irish birth, and the grace and refinement of his greeting, as he came to my side, marked him as a cultivated gentleman. He was of medium height, well proportioned body, a perfectly formed head, large dark eyes, clean shaven face, hair black and glossy and lying in thick curls, fine teeth, and a clear red and white complexion. But what most impressed me as I looked into this new face was its smile. This seemed to have its birth about the eyes, and these flashing to every other feature, illuminated the whole with a soft brightness irresistible in its attractiveness and impossible to describe.

So our business connection began, and I was not long in discovering that in him I had secured a valuable assistant. He was thorough and efficient in everything he undertook, and seemed anxious for constant occupation—would plead for it in such a nervous feverish way that I came to suspect that he had some great trouble on his mind that only employment could relieve. He seemed to be solitary in all his ways. Had he so chosen he might, by the natural charm of his manner, made a sincere friend of every person with whom he came in contact, but nobody, excepting myself, could get beyond the line of a business acquaintance with him. Any attempts at more than this he promptly checked by an assumption of the most chilling politeness. To me, as the months passed by, he grew to be a gentle and attached friend, while in return I loved him as a brother, and it pained me to see the depression of mind which I had noticed soon after our first acquaintance, gradually increasing in intensity. My wife tried to divert his mind by making up little parties of pleasant young people at our house. He knew he would always honor her invitation to these gatherings; but if he knew I was at the office—as I generally was until very late every night—he would get away as soon as he could, without actual rudeness, and come to me and say something to the effect that he would like to help me with my work if I would let him—that everybody was kind and pleasant, but he had no heart for ordinary social conversation, and just wanted to be alone with me. The sweet, almost childlike expression of his face at such times, when he was not resisting, and I usually let him have his own way without remonstrance.

cruelly beating a deck-hand. He was also a great lover of little children, and expended a liberal share of his salary in toys and sweets for them, and he was ready to fight in defence of the most ragged and dirty little imp among them on the slightest provocation. Saturday was a holiday at our office, so it was in the town school, and so it came about that at an appointed hour on that day a troop of children, whose acquaintance he had made in his walks about the neighborhood, would come flocking to our rooms. None went away empty-handed. If the supply of bon-bons ran out, he would substitute two or three coppers for each of the others. Then he would sing them some simple Irish songs, and wind up the entertainment with a little speech, both amusing and instructive to his little audience. He said to me, on one of these occasions, when the departing footsteps of the happy company had ceased to echo along the hallway: "To me there is no music half so sweet as the laugh of a little child! I always feel a pity for them, knowing the mountains of pain and sorrow the most of them will find lying across the paths they must travel in life."

Sullivan had been with me nearly two years, and his tendency to melancholy seemed to have become a disease, and was wearing his life away, while unmistakable signs of sleepless nights appeared in his face. No persuasion could induce him to consult a physician, and all my attempts to get a hint of the cause of his trouble, in order that I might offer some consolatory advice, were in vain. I finally suggested a few weeks rest and a trip around the lakes, and to this he replied: "Oh, no! dear old fellow. Work! work! work! is the panacea for all. You said something the other day about looking up the crops in the upper part of the county. Let me hire Brown's saddle-horse and go. You know Brown's old horse, don't you? When you wish to obtain the remedial blessings of a severe lake storm just get astride of that quadruped and whip him into a trot. He laughed in something of his little joke, and I, heavy as I was at heart, forced myself to join in the mirth, hoping that even this little moment of forgetfulness might do him some good. My dear friend started on his trip the next Monday, and was to return on the following Saturday evening, and I, at his request, promised to await his coming at the office. In my letter mail of Friday I found a letter from him—the first, other than a business one, I had known of his receiving since his engagement with me. It bore an Irish post-office stamp, and I placed it in his office-box, with the hope and prayer that it might bring comfort to his troubled spirit.

It was nearly 9 o'clock when I heard his slow and languid step upon the stairs. I was writing at my desk, and as he came and placed his hand upon my shoulder, I looked up and saw at a glance that the journey had been of no benefit to him. He made an effort to greet me with his old-time vivacity, but his soul was gone. His fine eyes retained their brilliancy, but were sunken and almost hidden behind the heavy eyebrows. There was a little more color in his face than when he left me, but exposure to sun and wind might account for that. He tried to talk cheerfully of his trip. "I will have three columns for you, dear old friend!" he said, "and the Examiner people (the opposition journal) will just go mad with envy when they see it. They have sent nobody out yet, and we are ahead." And so we talked on until the subject was exhausted, and then he stepped to the letter rack and took the contents of his desk at the other side of the room. Soon I heard him spring to his feet and turn the key in the door; then I felt the painful grasp of his hand upon my arm and turned to look at him. My God, what a change! "Oh, John!" he cried, in piteous and despairing tones, "my heart is broken, read these lines and I will tell you."

The passage he pointed out in the letter he held in his hand was this: "Toward the end she never complained, nor seemed to shrink, as before, from their harsh upbraidings; but just wasted away day by day, and died, with your name upon her lips." "Now you know," the stricken man continued, "what it is that has made my existence of late a living death, and drained my body of blood and vitality. She was a beautiful, gentle-hearted girl, and I knew months ago that her family was killing her because of her love for me. I have corresponded with her old nurse, who has been with her, and I know all, I could tell you much more, but there is no need. I left home to save her, as I hoped, from abuse; but they lied to me! May God curse them here and hereafter!"

All this time he had been excitedly pacing the floor between my desk and his own, with the fatal letter crushed tightly in his hand. What could I say—what comfort offer? I

could only beg him to go home with me and take a sleeping powder. "Sleep!" he cried; "no sleep has come to me for months! John, promise me one thing—it will do no harm to any living creature, but will be better in every way. Promise me if I should die—if we should be separated, that you will do all in your power to prevent any search for my relatives. It is a foolish whim of mine, I know; but promise, dear old fellow!"

I pressed his hand in token of acquiescence, and turned away to hide my own emotion, and when I looked again he was burning the letter in the stove. Other papers he took from his desk and destroyed in the same way. This done, he came to me again in a calmer mood, and, taking both my hands in his, he said: "John! you have been a good, kind friend to me, and I don't remember that I ever thanked you for it. I do so now with my whole heart. I have been very lonely at times, but you have been a comfort to me. And now," he added in a voice soft and sweet as a little child, "and now if you don't mind, I will rest a while before going home, I will be very quiet, and may sleep."

A SISTER'S STORY.

AN INVALID CURED AFTER MAKING THREE PROMISES TO THE SACRED HEART.

Here is a true story, the moral of which we have placed at the end, so that no one will be frightened away from reading it. Only when they arrive there, they will probably wish to read that also, so that no part of the good gift may pass by them. So good a tale is a real gift; it is from a Sister, who, in the employments of her convent life has devoted herself especially to the Monthly Communion and the Communion of Reparation among Children.

It was towards the end of July, 1883. One of my old pupils, a young woman scarcely twenty years old, sent to ask my prayers. She was a mother for the second time, and her child had nearly cost her her life. So she sent me word: "Pray hard for me and for my boy."

The newcomer filled an empty place. His elder brother had died some months before, and the whole family hailed his birth with joy. But the condition of the young mother so gave rise to the liveliest apprehensions. Her weakness went on increasing day by day, and at last the physicians declared they could do no more for her. The last thing they had done was to perform a very painful operation which had been badly managed, and it ended by leaving her in danger of death. She was now completely worn out, and life was despaired of. You may guess the sorrow of the family.

As soon as I heard the sad news, I asked leave to go to my old scholar. I was filled with deep emotion at the sight of her. She was emaciated to the last degree; her features were already altered and everything foretold that the end was near. As I drew near I concealed my surprise and said smilingly: "Come, take courage! you are on the crest, but you are not alone. Jesus Christ is with you."

ST. PATRICK, APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

BY THOMAS SHERLOCK.

The story of Ireland's conversion from Druidical paganism to Christianity, though ancient, is ever new. It possesses such a fascinating interest for all generous minds that it bears repetition again and again. To other peoples, also, apostles were sent; but these preachers of the Gospel of Christ had usually to meet fierce opposition from those whom they would lead into the way of eternal salvation, and most of them died the glorious death of the martyr. Some of them perished by the sword, some were crucified like their Divine Master, and some were subjected to awful and heinous tortures, like him whose lamp of life was quenched in a cauldron of boiling oil. But it is the glory of the Irish race that, so far back as the fifth century, a whole people graciously received the messenger from Our Blessed Saviour. Yet on earth, heartened to his words with intelligence no less than with meekness, eagerly embraced the new and grand creed he had come to teach, and never betrayed the least desire to persecute either him who brought to them the good tidings of great joy, or his noble and heroic disciples. A wonderful story it is, truly, and singular in the annals of missionary enterprise.

Much of the credit of these extraordinary features of St. Patrick's apostolate is due to the character of the Irish themselves; to their natural love of justice, to their inherent nobleness of disposition, and to their high imaginations, which made them quick to perceive and to grasp the truth and beauty of the new faith presented to them. Much, however, is also due to the character of the great Apostle himself, and to the special training which he had received for his mission.

Whether he was born in France or in Scotland is of very small account now—days—the subject is one that may still give occupation to the minds of antiquaries who have much leisure—but it is certain that in his youth he was carried off to Ireland by pirates, and sold into slavery in a part of what is now the county of Antrim. The opportunity was given to him of becoming well acquainted with the Irish tongue, as well as with the customs and the everyday life of the people. The employment to which his owner put him was that of a herdsman; and here again we have a striking illustration of the wonderful ways of Providence in preparing the instruments for the doing of His work. The droves of swine under the charge of the captive youth could not absorb his whole attention; he had therefore plenty of time to meditate and to pray, and thus to make himself more fit for the great purpose to which the Almighty had destined him. For six weary years he remained a slave in Ireland, growing familiar with the ways and the speech of the people whom he was afterwards to evangelize; and at the end of that long term of apprenticeship a voice came to him in the stillness of night, telling him to betake himself to a neighboring port where he would find a ship bound for his native land.

It was the sunny land of Gaul that the favoring ship bore the escaping slave. The bent of his disposition is shown by the fact that he first went to the Monastery of St. Martin of Tours, and afterwards placed himself under the direction of St. Germain of Auxerre. There he had a vision which effected him powerfully. In his sleep he saw a messenger who brought to him a letter on which were the words, "The voice of the Irish," and which entreated him to come amongst them. Thereupon the bias of his mind was freed. He would respond to the mysterious call thus made on him, and labour to make free by eternal truth the people amidst whom he himself had served as a slave.

In necessarily brief paper like the present it would be impossible to go in detail into the career of Ireland's glorious Apostle. Many interesting incidents might be sketched in deference to the despotism of limited space. It must suffice to say here that he visited the centre of Catholic unity and obtained the benediction and approval of Pope Celestine before he set out on the magnificent mission to which he had resolved to devote his soul, his mind, his varied powers, and the remainder of his life, whether that should be long or short. Happily for Ireland it was destined to be long.

Fortified with the papal authority the zealous Apostle set sail from France about the year 432 A. D., and landed in Ireland at the mouth of what has been entitled "Boyne's ill-fated river." The apostolic betrayal narrowness of view, St. Patrick's connection with that beautiful stream should be enough to allow it for all time. The banks whereon his feet first trod the soil of Ireland without let or hindrance when he went on his holy mission should be sacred ground to the Irish race, and should be revered in memory though fifty battles instead of one, had reddened the gully flowing tide with human blood.

ST. JOSEPH, THE MODEL OF WORKING MEN.

BY REV. W. H. ANDERSON, S. J.

Next to our ever-blessed Immaculate Mother herself, where shall we first strike an example of the Divine call of the lowly in order to accomplish our great and magnificent purpose? We find in the wisdom of Him who chose to be His foster-father? After a meditation on the lowliness of His handmaid, of the future Queen of Heaven, in the cottage at Nazareth, turned to contemplate that poor carpenter, the original spouse whom God had vided for the protection of His Christ and His own infant years, we find in the same law of God's dealings in operation. He is the Supreme; He elevates the low; He is the All-wise; and He infuses humble hearts the true wisdom, the knowledge, and the love of Him who is the Omnipotent; therefore He bestows those who apart from Him, are His great power of intercession at His Throne of Mercy. He makes them strong in prayer, and they prevail. They have great graces from Him so urgently, because they asked it so fervently. Jacob: "I will give thee Thy name, Thou shalt be called Joseph." (Gen. xxxii, 26) that He has fulfilled every desire, so they need nothing and possess all, power prevails in intercession for others below; and that, by His own will, in the measure of His love for us, and to His own glory, who glorify in a poor carpenter, so long ago pronounced by the voice of Christ's to be the patron and protector of Universal Church. "Go to Joseph," King Pharaoh to the famishing multitude of Egypt, when they cried out to his father; "Go to Joseph," says the Pope, exclaiming the voice of the Father-Son on His throne of glory, "as all that he shall say to you." I have mentioned him (Our Lord declares effect) to be My instrument in relieving your spiritual needs, and often your temporal needs besides, by His powerful intercession with Myself. If you wish a Divine love, and delight to hear answer your prayers, but I specially to have your prayers, besides being elected straight to Myself, pass likewise My Heart through the intercession of dear St. Joseph, who fed Me, tended Me, fostered Me, at Nazareth, secure carpenter! gloriously will St. Joseph be enthroned and how near to the Throne of God after the resurrection! How near radiant soul enshrined in Him, even yet, when we think of the home he pied on earth, of the unobserved toil, and the hidden sanctity, and the unaltered perseverance with which he gained bread for Jesus and Mary the sweat of his face, it needs but should look on these things with the faith, to see how the one led to the other—how the steps led up to the top. Well, it is precisely here that our work becomes the model of the world, man." If St. Joseph had been of the College of the Apostles, or ranked of the white-robed army of martyrs had been crucified with St. Peter, Paul and St. James; if he had gone with the rest of the chosen twelve, with the earth, and his words to the world, we should have admired him, him, revered him, invoked his intercession—but we should have found greater utility in taking him for our model. We are all working men; though our particular tools may differ. This tool as much as the weaver's shuttle, the mason's chisel, or the carpenter's or the shoemaker's awl, or the

Cheerful Rooms.

Light and cheer are as conducive to health almost as is pure air. Absolute darkness destroys sight, and dark and dismal surroundings impair it. The eyes of the fishes of the Mammoth Cave confirm this, and all persons who are compelled to use ill-lighted offices soon find that the eyesight fails. Sunlight in a room may cause the carpet to fade, but better so than a hundred carpets, than that health and sight shall fade. The one can be remedied, the others cannot. What can be more gloomy, with but few exceptions, than the "best room" in some way to do farmer's home? Prim, cheerless, ill smelling; where the blessed rays of Heaven seldom enter, and the pure air is excluded as if it bore a pestilence on its wings. We should bear in mind that light is one of the most important elements in the preservation of life, both animal and vegetable, and we attempt to exclude it from our rooms or avoid its healing influence, from foolish scruples or more foolish fashion, is unwise in the extreme.

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With skill that spares your toiling hand, And chemie aid the chisel brings, Reclaim the stone and outworn lead, And reign thereon as kings!

A New Poem by J. G. Whittier.

John Greenleaf Whittier, the American poet, rarely writes now, but he has contributed to the Atlantic Monthly a test against the migration of the man of the country districts to the town.

Against the wooded hills it stands,
Ghosts of a dead home, starting through
Its broken lights on wasted lands
Where old-time harvests grew.

Unploughed, unweeded, by some unshorn
The poor forsaken farm-fields lie,
Once rich and ripe with golden corn
And pale green breadth of rye.

Of healthful herbs and flowers bereft,
The garden plot no housewife keeps,
Through weeds and langues only left,
The snake, its tenant, creeps.

His track, in mould and dust of drought
On floor and hearth the squirrel leaveth
And the mouse, in the corner of the room,
His web the spider weaveth.

So sad, so drear! It seems almost
Some haunting presence makes its way,
That down your shadowy lanes some ghost
Might drive his spectral king!

Oh home so desolate and forlorn!
Did all thy memories with thee?
Were any seed, were any born,
Beneath this low roof-tree?

Did rustic lovers hither come?
Did maidens, swaying back and forth
In rhythmic grace, at twilight loom,
Make light their loil with mirth?

Did child feet patter on the stair?
Did boyhood frolic in the snow?
Did grey age, in her elbow-chair,
Recall the joys of youth and joy?

The murmuring brook, the sighing breeze,
The plume's slow whirler cannot tell;
Low mounds beneath the hemlock trees
Keep the home secrets well.

O wanderers from ancestral soil,
Leave no stone unturned, no corner left
To build the home once more!

What matter if the gains are small?
This life's essential wants supply?
Your homestead's titles give you all
That this life with can buy.