occasionally offered up. "Holy Virgin pray for me." Nor did Carl loose

noment in following the frightened, cred-

—and as they descended Carl murmured a couple of Ave Marias. Then into the chapel both he and the old woman ran.

But not so Heinrich, who parted with them at the threshold, then straightway

turned his steps in the direction of the

water's edge. Saying which, into the boat he sprang, and never were oars plied

rushed.

[For many years the demon of discord lurked among the people of Clare, and faction fighting extensively prevailed. Scarcely an assize took place in which the calender did not present an imposing array of names of murderous. These continued until the O'Connell election in 1828, when the Roman Catholic clergy prevailed on the heads of factions to become reconciled. John Banim wrote some spirited lines describing this event, which he recited to me; and I here present them to my readers under the heading, "The Old Man at the Altar:"

"An old man knelt at the altar,
His enemy's hand to take;
And at first his voice did falter
And his feeble hands did shake.
For his only brave boy, his glory
Had been stretched at the old man's feet,
A corpse, all so cold and gory,
By the hand that he now, must greet.

The old man soon stopped speaking;
For rage that had not gone by,
From under his brows came breaking,
Up into his enemy's eye.
And now his hands are not shaking,
But, clinch'd, on his breast are cross'd;
And he looks a wild wish to be taking
Reyenge for the son he has lost.

But the old man look'd around him And thought of the place he was in,
And thought of the vow that bound him,
And thought that revenge is a sin;
And then crying tears like a woman,
'Your hand,' he cried, 'ay that hand,
And I do forgive you foeman,
For the sake of our bleeding land."
—Charles Kickham, in Irish Nation.

From the Catholic World. THE WRAITH OF THE ACH-

ENSEE.

A TALE OF OLD MUNICH, IN TWO CHAPTERS

(Founded on fact.) CHAPTER II. BY WM. SEATON.

But they had not proceeded far when Heinrich's countenance fell. He had be-gun to think of Moida; and now he de-termined to tell his friend all that he knew about her, and ask his advice in reknew about her, and ask his advice in regard to the hated Otto Von Kessler, who had so unexpectedly reappeared when he and Moida hoped that he would never come back from Hungary. Accordingly, as they walked along Heinrich frankly told Carl how he had made the girl's acquaintance at the "White Lamb." "And really," he said, "she is a most bewitching girl. I have often wondered that you did not speak about her. And she is the model whom I have chosen for my waterwraith. But, Carl, she will only allow model whom I have chosen for my water-wraith. But, Carl, she will only allow me to copy her head. But she is very stubborn. However, I do not give up hope. Some day I may conquer her scruples, [and then, oh! then, Carl, what a peerless model I shall have.' While Heinrich was speaking Carl had stopped shott: and now he was straing at his short; and now he was staring at his friend with a dazed look, which puzzled Heinrich and made him say: "Carl, Carl, what is the matter?" "Nothing, nothing," answered Carl, letting his eyes fall to the ground and shaking his head. "Go on. Have you anything more to tell about this young woman?" "Well, yes I have," answered Heinrich. And now the latter went on to speak about Otto Von latter went on to speak about Otto Von Kessler. "What! is he back? Is he per-Ressier. "What is he back? Is he persecuting poor Moida again?" exclaimed Carl. "Why, then you know something about the villain?" said Heinrich. "Oh yes, Heinrich I do. I know as much as yourself—even more. Poor, dear Moida! we must save her from him; for I believe he is capable of doing almost anything. Ay, jealousy has well-nigh made Von Kessler a madman."

And now Carl was as frank with Heinrich as Heinrich had been with him; and he told how Moida had allowed him to model her graceful figure, but not her head. Whereupon Heinrich exclaimed: "Carl! Carl! who would have believed it?

talk with her, and than go tell all we know to the chief of police, who will take Moida under his protection." Carl and Heinrich were not long in reaching the "White Lamb"; and when they entered the beerhall and cast their eyes around for Moida, then perceiving a strange girl waiting on the guests, they immediately began to fear that something had happened. "Moida went away yesterday about noontide," said the host in answer to their question; and I much regret her loss, for she was an excellent servant, even if she e was an excellent servant, even if sh was a little prudish and shy in her ways,"
"Well, come let us not lose a moment in
seeking her," said Carl. "Yes, yes we
must make haste," returned Heinrich. must make haste," returned Heinrich.
Whereupon, off they went, determined to
get track of the missing girl; and woe to
Von Kessler had he crossed their path in their present mood?

In less than twenty minutes they discovered that Moida had been crossing the Isar-Thor bridge on the afternoon of the previous day, "She appeared flurried and nervous," said the old woman who gave them this information, "and she asked me which was the shortest route to asked me which was the shortest route to the mountains. She said she wanted to go to Eben, a village just beyond the Achensee, where one of her aunts, lit seems, is wedded to a miller. So I bade her cross this bridge, and then keep straight along the highway for seventy-five or eighty miles." "Well, not a quarter of an hour after that girl of whom you are speaking of passed over the bridge," put in an old man who was listening, "a student whom I have often seen at the 'White Lamb,' asked me whether I had seen her going in this direction, and I answered going in this direction, and I answered yes. For I know Moida well; she has handed me many a schoopen of beer. And now, young gentlemen, it seems that you are also anxious to find her. Why, how many lovers she has? Ha! ha!

We need not describe Carl and Heinrich's pursuit of Moida. They contrived, poor as they were, to hire a couple of nags-for in their trousers' pockets the good angel had dropped a few florins— and, thus, pretty well mounted, they took the road leading to the Achensee' asking at every quarter of a mile whether Moida had been seen. And Moida had been seen, now trudging afoot, now riding in a peasant's cart. But when they had gone three quarters of the distance, and spent one night on the road, all traces of the girl disappeared. Carl now proposed that they

by the Achensee lake.

"It is not far off," said Carl. "One of the roads to Eben runs close by it, and there we may, perhaps, get tidings of Moida."

To this Heinrich agreed. And so to the half-ruined castle they went, urging along their jaded horses; for black, angry clouds were beginning to darken the sky, and thunder-peals were heard thunder-peals were heard.

"I must hasten down to the chapel," said the old woman—an ancient chapel was attached to the castle, where Masswas cascionally offered up. "Helly Virgin!" half-ruined castle they went, urging along their jaded horses; for black, angry clouds were beginning to darken the sky, and thunder-peals were heard.

The fugitive girl likewise heard the thunder the sky and thunder the sky and thunder the sky and thunder the sky and t

thunder approaching. "But never mind the storm," murmured Moida. "I am now

the storm," murmured Moida. "I am now close to my dear mountains, and I may consider myself out of danger."

But if Moida rejoiced to think that she had successfully eluded Otto von Kessler, a feeling of sadness blended with her joy. "For who knows," she sighed, "whether I may ever meet Carl and Heinrich again."

But of the two Moida felt that she rejected Heingich pore than Carl for he gretted Heinrich more than Carl, for he was more full of human nature, more like lake. "Good! good! Here is a boat," to herself; and now the very thought of he exclaimed as soon as he reached the

him brought tears to her eyes.

The big raindrops were falling not many rods behind her when Moida got to the border of the Achensee. She might have continued along the highroad, which skirted the south-end of the lake; but a peasant, in whose hut she had passed the night, had informed her that by taking a boat she might considerably shorten the

might not have reached it, for all around him was naught save pelting hailstones and distance to Eben.

As good luck would have it, a skiff lay partly drawn up on the beach, while the ferryman stood leaning on his oar beside terryman stood leaning on his oar beside it, as if he were waiting for a passenger. "Well, I'll venture it," thought Moida. "He has stout arms; the storm-wind is in our favor, and he will soon row me across to the other shore."

The boatman needed only a wave of her

hand to shove his boat into the water. "And he is well clad," said Moida inwardly "for such rough work as this. The huge cowl which covers his head and conceals

cowl which covers his head and conceals everything except his eyes will shelter him from every drop of rain."

Moida was right. The fellow was admirably protected against rain, and hail, and sleet; nothing could be seen of his features save two glittering eyes. In less than a minute the boat was darting forward amid the "waves; and one billow, higher than any of the others, at once rose up behind and kept close. very close to the stern where Moida sat, as though it was striping to overtake her and swallow her up. But the wind, which was now howling like ten thousand demons, kept the bounding skiff ever a few feet in front howling like ten thousand demons, kept the bounding skiff ever a few feet in front of this hungry, chasing billow. Already the Rabenspitz and other high mountains encircling the lake were becoming veiled by murky clouds which, as they rolled swiftly along one after the other, took all manner of fantastic shapes; and presently naught was left for the eye to rest upon save the tiny bark, the raging waters, and the boatman who was plying his oars with all his might and main. Of a sudden while Moida was vainly endeavoring to get a glimpse of the farther shore, an immense fiery serpent darted zigzag athwart the sky, followed in an instant by a

tremendous peel of thunder.

The girl, who had seen many a vivid flash of lightning, but never before saw such a flash as this, now began to tremble and said to herself: "Oh? why was Iso impatient? Why did Inot wait until the tempest was over?" And while she was led her to a peasant's house in a neighbor-ing hamlet. And there towards midnight he left Moida clad in dry garments and too excited to sleep; for she had plighted Heinrich her troth. Nor was her lover trembling down poured a torrent of gigan-tic hailstones; and poor Moida bowed her able to obtain any sounder rest than her-self; when canticleer crowed the next morning his eyes were still wide open. But now to come back to Carl. "What strange adventure have you had?" exhead and groaned and prayed aloud as they fell upon her. "Boatman, boatman!" she cried, "why did you let me venture sne cried, why did you let me venture forth on the lake in such a furious storm? Rash man? did you not know what was coming?" "I knew what was coming," answered a voice which Moida had heard before: and she felt a cold stream through claimed the prayerful youth, when, after waiting anxiously hour after hour for his friend to return, he saw Heinrich enter before: and she felt a cold stream through that I had her all to myself; you thought you had her all to yourseif. Oh! who would have imagined she was such a coquette?"

"Well, I forgive her," said Carl. "So do I," said Heinrich; "and now after we have drunk our beer we can have a brief have drunk our beer we can have a brief talk with her, and than go tell all we know the such in some and the such is covered and was answered by a fiendish stime her wail was answered by a fiendish smiled; then, after Carl had embraced to lift up her the tower precisely as the clock struck twelve. "Oh! you can't think how I have wornied about you," continued Carl. "The tales the crone told me about goble the wornied about you," continued Carl. "Holy Virgin!" again she cried; and this time her wail was answered by a fiendish smiled; then, after Carl had embraced the twelve. "Oh! you can't think how I have wornied about you," continued Carl. "The tales the crone told me about goble the twelve. "Oh! you can't think how I have wornied about you," continued Carl. "Holy Virgin!" again she cried; and this time her wail was answered by a fiendish smiled; then, after Carl had embraced wornied to return, he saw Heinrich twelve. "Oh! you can't think how I have wornied about you," continued Carl. "The tales the crone told me about goble the twelve. "Oh! you again." At these words Heinrich smiled; then, after Carl had embraced wornied to return, he saw Heinrich twelve. "Oh! you can't think how I have twelve. "Oh! you can't think how time her wail was answered by a fiendish laugh. "You are not in St. Michael's Church now, you are not on the stairway of the Old Academy," spoke Otto. "Nobody will interrupt me here. And if Carl Schelling and Heinrich Bach wish to find their Liebe,' they must seek for her among the fishes of the Achensee." So saying You Kessler grassed Maida by the saying You Steel grassed Maida by the say wildly "thought Carl who had you see the grassed with the saying You see, dear friend," has eaught me. Here I am safe and sound, and before another sun is many hours high I will prove to man in Bavaria."

"Upon my word, the dear fellow talks was the saying You see, dear friend," him, "Well, you stood a moment balancing himself in the rocking boat, straining his wild eyes to see whether the body would rise to the surface. While he stood thus looking, and clutching in his right hand a big stone which he meant to fling at his victim if

when an old woman, who, along with her husband, had her home in half-ruined

castle, climbed, with all the speed she was

capable of, up the tower steps exclaiming "Do you hear it? Do you hear it? Lis

ten! listen!"
"What mean you?" inquired Heinrich

smiling at the granny as she crossed her-self and murmured, "Holy Virgin! pray

and I hear it too," ssid Carl, who likewise

"She means the water-wraith

saying Von Kessler grasped Moida by the shoulders—in vain she struggled, in vain; her imploring words fell on ears of stone—then into the foaming lake he tossed her. Having done the deed, the murderer

And when, a few minutes later, the cloud passed away and the moonbeams shot in through the iron-barred window overhead, Carl turned towards the couch where Heinrich had flung himself, and said: "Dear friend, what has happened? Are you ill? Why do you keep muttering to yourself and looking up at the moon?" she reappeared, another, another fiery serpent darted across the heavens. Then without a cry, without a groan, down fell Von Kessler, struck dead by a thunder-

"The sun will soon be up! The sun will soon be up! God bless the sun! I wish it were already shining," was the only response Heinrich gave to Carl's anxious question. The latter, despite the concern which he felt for his friend, in a little "I have never seen the Achensee agitated by such a tempest as this," spoke Carl to Heinrich, as they stood by one of the tower windows of Rafenstein Castle, while closed his eyes—for he was very tired—and after a few hours of fitful slumber he was awakened by Heinrich exclaiming: "Rise, dear Carl, rise! The cock is crowing! Rise and come with me to the village church, for to-day is to be my wedding-day, and you must act as my

groomsman. "Your wedding day! Going to be married!" said the bewildered Carl, rubbing his eyes. "Pray to whom?" "To a water-wraith," answered Heinrich, bursting into a laugh. Whereupon Carl fetched a deep groan, for now he could no longer doubt that his best, his truest friend had

Carl. "It is said that piercing cries are occasionally heard coming from it." Ha! one might think you believed that silly story," replied Heinrich. "Well, laugh at me as you will," went on Carl. "I do firmly believe in ghosts and spirits; I am not a materialist." "Nor I," returned Heinrich: "and yet I have no faith in ghosts, hobgoblins, water-wraiths, or spirits of any kind making themselves seen or ost his wits. Then, as soon as they were dressed and had gone down stairs, Carl made haste to call a couple of peasants who were on their way to the fields, and whispered to them: "I besech you, help me to heep a vigilent eye on this unfortunate gentleman. Not worthier being trods the earth when he s in his senses. But now, alas! he has of any kind making themselves seen or eard by mortal eyes and ears.

He had scarcely uttered these words

gone mad.'

And so, watched by half a dozen eyes, he merry, laughing Carl walked, or rather danced, his way to the church, whose bells

told him of her perilous adventure on the lake-how Otto Von Kessler had tried to drown her, how she had swum to the haunted rock, how Heinrich had rescued work satisfactorily."

should journey on to the ancient castle of Rafenstein, which stood, as we know, hard by the Achensee lake.

"It is not far off," said Carl. "One of wafted from the lake, and it was presently "One of the cross, and speaking in a tone full of awe. Sure enough, at this moment a shrick was distinctly heard, wafted from the lake, and it was presently let us say; the poor fellow could hardly imagination of the reader. But this much let us say; the poor fellow could hardly believe what his eyes saw, what his ears heard; and as Carl gazed on the radaint maiden's face the vision of a thousand might-have-beens passed before him, while from his lips escaped a sigh. But presently he mastered his feelings; then, placing himself between Moida and Heinrich, and taking each of them by the hand, "come into the church," he said, "and offer thanks to God for this happy day. You, dear girl, have been saved from a watery grave: while you, Heinrich, need moment in following the frightened, cred-ulous crone, while Heinrich trod close on Carl's heels; down the stairway they went at a breakneck pace—one false step and they would have broken their necks You, dear girl, have been saved from a watery grave: while you, Heinrich, need

They were still on their knees praying when the minister of God made his appearof rings glittered on a plate close by, and Heinrich thought, and so did Moida, that the Sacrament of Matrimony was the dearest and sweetest of all the seven sacra-

During the Mass which followed the marriage ceremony a boat full of water drifted ashore; it struck the beach oppomore vigorously than these oars. Yet, strong as Heinrich was, he could barely make headway in the teeth of the angry wind. Little by little, however, guided by the loud cries, he drew near to the haunted rock. Only for these cries he wight to the could be the country of the c site Rafenstein Castle, and in it was a body. Stamped upon the forehead of the corpse was a small black mark, and its garments were singed and rent by the avenging fire of heaven. But this gbastly object was all that marred the beauty of the landscape. Calm was the lake as a mirror; not a cloud floated in the azure darkness. At length, when the shrill voice sky; and the simple country folk who warned him that he was very near the rock, Heinrich lay on his oars and listened. And while he was listening there came a huge wave which dashed his little craft When Heinrich and his bride returned to

violently against a sharp, projecting ledge and only that it was very stoutly built it would have been shivered to pieces. As it was a hig hole was store in the leaves to be a shirp hole was store in the leaves to be a shirp hole was store in the leaves to be a shirp hole was store in the leaves to be a shirp hole was store in the leaves to be a shirp hole was store in the leaves to be a shirp hole was store in the leaves to be a shirp hole was stored in the leaves to be a shirp hole was stored in the leaves to be a shirp hole was stored in the leaves to be a shirp hole was stored in the leaves to be a shirp hole was stored in the leaves to be a shirp hole was stored in the leaves to be a shirp hole was stored in the leaves to be a shirp hole was stored in the leaves to be a shirp hole was stored in the leaves to be a shirp hole was to throw a shirp hole was to throw a shirp hole was to those the shirp hole was to those the shirp hole was to be a shirp hole was to be a shirp hole was stored in the shirp hole was to those the shirp hole was to be a shirp hole was t was, a big hole was stove in the bottom of the boat, through which the hissing water modelled. Whereupon Swanthaler—who rushed.

"Quick! Make haste, whoever you are!
Jump in!" cried Heinrich, who saw that

"Quick! Make haste, whoever you are!
Jump in!" cried Heinrich, who saw that

Jump in!" cried Heinrich, who saw that there was not a moment to lose.

"Gracious God! I am saved. Blessed Virgin, your prayers have been heard!" And the great master was right. When answered Moida, as she fell into Heinrich's arms. But this was not a time for sentimental talk, for explenations ever so brief.

"The the oars were plied again. But the could scarcely speak for very surprise and delight. But what enchanted him most about the statue was its fanciful drapery, which revealed with so much truth, yet at

arms. But this was not a time for sentimental talk, for explenations ever so brief. Nimbly the oars were plied again. But while the brave rower pulled with his whole might, in through the ugly gap at his feet the water kept pouring.

But the Blessed Virgin's and St. Joseph's prayers had indeed been heard in Moida's behalf; and just as the boat was about to sink into the lake the welcome shore was reached.

"Dear, gallant, noble Heinrich!" were all the words Moida could utter as the young man pressed her to his heart.

young man pressed her to his heart. Then, as she burst into glad tears, "Dar-ling girl!" answered Heinrich. "Never Carl and Heinrich. The young sculptors had indeed pro ling girl!" answered Heinrich. "Never again shall we be parted—never again. I set on the rock in the lake, where the again shall we be parted—never again. I love you too much."

"Holy Virgin! Dear St. Joseph! Do I deserve such a bliss as this?" murmured Moida. What has become of Carl?" "In church, praying," replied Heinrich.

"Well, it is just like him." went on Moida; "yes, just like him. What a good, pious fellow Carl is!"

Let us now be brief with our story. Instead of conducting Moida to Rafenstein, where the old woman would have given her a snug night's lodging, Hemrich led her to a peasant's house in a neighborgleaming marble does really appear like a thing of life. Just out of the blue water

the wraith has risen. She is kneeling on one knee. One hand is twined in the mazy ringlets of her hair, while the other she holds up to her ear, as if she were listening intently to some far-off sound— perhaps the song of a shepherd, perhaps the faint thunder from a cloud still hidden behind the mountains. And on this rock the water-wraith will

no doubt be kneeling for many a genera-tion to come; and if there be nothing else worth seeing in the beautiful Tyrol, it alone would well repay a visit to the

THE CATHOLIC NUNS AT ALEXAN. DRIA.

London Daily News I visited all the hospitals, and cannot speak too highly of the devotion of the staff of the Catholic Charity Sisters. In addition to their own sick they are crowded with refugees of all conditions. Some died soon after admission into the hospital, and the Sisters had no means of burying them. Others went mad from fright, and there were no appliances or rooms for their restraint. At the French or general hospital a cold shell from one of the ships outside the squadron pene-trated the room where there were three of the Sisters and embedded itself in the main wall. The poor women were afraid it would explode, but the marines with an fficer called and assured them this was mpossible. Yesterday at three o'clock in he afternoon I was talking to Sister Barbara and others at the Deaconness' nospital, outside the Mohurarm Bey Gate. They were attacked by the mob and the oldiers on the day of the bombardment, but some of the inmates fired pistols and the mob disappeared. The hospital was then defended by a guard of German soldiers, and the Sisters were calm and thankful for being able to remain at their posts. This morning, at four o'clock, I saw them being escorted, eighty in number, including patients, to the German gun-boat. They had been obliged to leave all at a moment's warning because an engagement between the English troops and Arabi's soldiers was imminent. Some shots were fired, and the Sisters were compelled by the advance-guard to leave the building, and were escorted by German sailors and marines. The maimed, the halt, and the lame, all alike had to march four miles through the ourning town to the water-side. difficult and dangerous for a strong man to do this. The suffering of this band of Sisters, with their patients in all stages of disease, cannot easily be described. Ow-

Happily the mistake was discovered before any serious injury took place. A Well "Cured" Editor.

ing to the omission to give the German guard the pass-word for the night on

arrival at the gates, the English troop challenged the Germans, and receiving n

reply, fired, the Germans returning the

At No. 80 King Street East, Toronto, Ont., are the editorial rooms of the Sun-day School Manual, edited by Mr. Withrow, of 240 Jarvis street, in the same city. Conversing recently with several gentlemen,—one of them the representive of the largest advertisers in the world,— Mr. Withrow remarked: "As to advertidanced, his way to the church, whose bells were already ringing a joyous peal.

What Carl uttered, what Carl felt, what Carl did, when a few minutes later he found himself in Moida's presence, who us, it has rendered me most efficient service in curing a severe soreness of the chest and an obstinate headache. It does its

HARD-WORKING MOTHERS AND

Every one blames the lady daughter, and pities the drudge-mother. The daughter sits in the parlor, in nice clothes and elegantly arranged hair, dawding over a novel or chatting with friends. Her mother is toiling in the kitchen or fretting her soul in vain attempt to reduce the pile of "mending," and at the same time looking after a tumbling baby. mother's face is worn and thin. Bab pulled her hair askew. She still wears the old dress that she put on in such a hurry at half-past five in the morning when the at half-past five in the morning when the baby woke her up from a heavy sleep. She is tired! She is tired! She is tired on Saturday, she is tired on Sunday; she is tired in the morning, and tired in the evening; goes to bed tired, and gets up tired. It is hard not to get angry with the daughter, we confess. She can look on her exhausted mother's face, and how much work there is to be done and nover much work there is to be done, and never willingly put forth her hand to help her. y, she is going out to tea this evening, will come to her mother to have a dress adjusted for the great occasion. She casts much of the burden of her existence upon the too generous heart that she does not appreciate, and never once feels the not appreciate, and hever once feels the impulse to give the aid of her youthful strength. In all our modern world, there is not an uglier sight than this—not one. It is but natural to throw the blame of it upon the daughter. "Heartless wretch!" we have heard such a girl called by indignant acquaintances. She is to be pitied rather. When she was a little child, all nant acquaintances. She is to be pitted rather. When she was a little child, all lovely and engaging, her mother said to herself; "She shall not be the drudge I was. She shall not be kept out of school to do housework, as I was. She shall have a good time when she is young, for there's no knowing what her flot will be afterwards." And so her mother made her young life a long banquet of delights. Rough places were made smooth for her; Rough places were made smooth for her ; and difficulties were removed from her path. The lesson taught her every hour for years was that it was no great matter what other people suffered, if onl mother's daughter had a good time.

learned that lesson thoroughly, and frightful selfishness was developed in her. Her eyes may fall upon these lines. If so, we tell her that people in general will make no allowance for the faults of her bringing up. They will merely say, "See what a shocking and shameful return she makes of her mother's indulgent and gen-

Gumption.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, re-cently addressed the members of the Golden Branch Society, of Phillips Exeter Academy, upon "What Advantage Does an American Boy Possess?" Mr. Atkin-son urged that the young men who are soon to become the workers and controllers in the business of life should be careful not to become one sided, and not to lose the "gumption" which every Yankee boy ought to possess, and which does not form a part of the curriculum of

the school or college, but is developed or lost in that part of the process of education which is outside the books and independent of the teacher. Gumption is that power of applying the work of the hand and the brain together under the quick application of the will, which makes a boy or man ready for any emergency, and enables him to decide at a glance, or with a single thought, the right way of doing something. In the old time, although the organization of the schools was not as perfect as it is to-day, and although the teachers were perhaps not as competent as those of modern time, while the variety of instruction was far less, there was a no among the graduates of schools and col-leges in proportion to the whole number of pupils than there is to-day. The necessity which was imposed on the rich and poor alike to do some part of the work of life with their own hands, while they powers, worked in the direction of that readiness and versatility which we call gumption. It is obvious to men who have een engaged from very early years in the active work of life, and have been charged with the duty of selecting men to fill important places, that the number of school or college graduates who have been adequately prepared to apply their instrucon to immediate use constitutes a painfully small proportion of the whole number. It may be admitted that the number. It may be admitted that the only true result of school and college training is to enable a young man to know when and how to begin the real education which must form part of his life, and which will not end except with life, but it ought not to happen that the method of preparation is so ill-advised that it disqualifies the graduate in a measure for the work which he must do. Mr. Atkinson advocated for boys and young men in school and college an organized system of sports as a means of developing manual dexterity, urging the development of hand and brain together. His address throughout was an argument in favor of students endeavor ing to acquire not only that knowledge that will enable them to design, but the gumption which facilitates the ready appli-cation of knowledge to the execution of design in whatever work may demand their attention and effort.

The Doctors Outdone.

SHARON, Wis., December, 11, 1879. DAY KIDNEY PAD Co.: Gentlemendy mother, an old lady of sixty-two years was given up with what doctors called Bright's disease. We sent for a Pad. She is now gaining strength and improviny every way.

Mrs. R. L. Sporm.

"ROUGH ON RATS," Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

Mr. R. C. Winlow, Toronto, "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some ten years, expectations. It assists digestion wonderfully. I digest my food with no apparent effort, and am now entirely free from

Druggists, Dundas street.

Touching Instance of a Sister's Love.

It is a practice amongst young girls in the south of France and in Brittany to come on the days of a fair to sell their hair to merchants, who afterwards export it to all parts of the world. It is generally with great reluctance, and only when driven by necessity, that the poor girls submit to this separation, which brings them, when the hair is of the finest quality, about a dollar and some yards of cheap colored cotton.

colored cotton.
In 1870 there was a family of field laborers who managed to eke out a poor subsistence for themselves in their native village. The family consisted of the

village. The family consisted of the parents, three sons, and a daughter of twelve, who had beautiful auburn hair.

The war broke out, and the eldest son joined the army. His departure was a cruel blow. He was very much attached to his young sister, and she was disconsolate; when she did not weep, she seemed to be plunged in a reverse. to be plunged in a reverie.

At the first fair that was held in the

neighborhood, she presented herself to a dealer in halr. She displayed her flowing and abundant locks, whilst her face was bedewed with tears.

bedewed with tears.

"How much?" inquired the dealer.
Her sorrow choked her to that degree that she could hardly give her answer;
"At least twenty-eight sous."
The merchant guessed that there was some mystery. He was a kind-hearted man, and not wishing to take advantage of the girl he gave, her the highest price. of the girl, he gave her the highest price that was usual, one dollar. This caused a flash of pleasure for a moment to light up the countenance of the child; but at each cut of the scissors amongst her tresses, a bitter sigh escaped from her breast. Resuming her simple head dress, she withdrew, holding her dollar fast. She then ran to a grocers' and bought lamp oil for twenty-eight sous, gave the balance of her treasure to a poor blind man on the way and returned to the village. Not far from her home an ancient

Not far from her home an ancient bridge crossed a little mountain stream in a single arch. On the parapet at the entrance of the bridge was a Madonna venerated by the whole country. In the niche, a lamp was kept constantly burning, either for a newborn child or for a person in agony. The little girl filled the glass with oil, and every day she returned to replenish it. She had sold her hair in order to devote the proceeds to this work order to devote the proceeds to this work of piety. On the battle-field might not her brother at any moment be in his

agony?

The war came to an end. The young soldier returned home safe and sound, and yet he had fought bravely. When kissing his sister, he noticed that her hair was gone, in which he had taken very great pride. When he asked her about it, she cast down her eyes. "God and the Blessed Mother have protected you and have brought you back safe, that is all I cared for. My hair will grow again." The young man could not answer, but he wept as he kissed his little sister again and promised to be with her at her next Communion.

## How Mozart Died.

Wolfang Mozart, the great composer, died at Vienna, in the year 1791. There is something very touching in the circumstances of his death. His sweetest song was the last he sang—the Requiem. He had been employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspirations of the richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving its last touch, and breath-ing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his "cyrcean strain," he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter awoke him.
"Come hither," said he, "my Emilie.
My task is done—the Requiem—my Requiem is finished." "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him, with tears in her eyes; "you must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow on it. I am sure we shall nurse you well again—let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father, "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Hea-ven's mercy alone do I look for help in this my dying how. You speke of rethis my dying hour. You spoke of re-freshment, my Emilie—take these my last notes—sit down to my piano here— sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother—let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solace and delight." Emilie obeyed, and with a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, sang the following starza:

Spirit! thy labor is o'er!
Thy term of probation is run
steps are now bound for the untrodden shore, And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife. Or the pleasures of earth with regret se not at the threshold of limitless life To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind, No wicked have power to molest; ere the weary, like thee—the wretched, shail find A haven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit: how broad is the road For which thou art now on the wing, y home it will be, with thy Saviour and God, Their loud halleluiah to sing.

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low melancholy notes of the piece, and then, turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still and passionless smile which the rapt and joyous spirit left—with the seal of death upon those features.

\* "Figures are not always facts," but \*\*\*\*\*Figures are not always facts," but the incontrovertible facts concerning Kide-ney-Wort are better than most figures. For instance: "It is curing everybody," writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specifice action on the liver, bowels and kidneys. Do not fail to try it.

A Word of Caution.

Beware of Opiates and powerful astringent drugs in the treatment of Bowe Complaints, they may lull the pain and check Diarrhea, etc., but are liable to produce inflammation. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is guaranteed Summer Complaints generally.

What is a G What is a gentleman?
Decked with a scarf-pin
Dressed in a suit of imn
Sporting an eye-glass, a
Talking of races, of conEvening assemblies and
Sunning himself at "He
Whistling mazurkas an

What is a gentleman?
Boasting of conquests a
One who unblushingly
Things which should c
cheek;
One who, while railing
Robs some young hear
trust;
Scorns to steal money,
Thinks it not wrong to

What is a gentleman? Knowing instinctively Speaking no word wh Spreading no scandal, one who knows how to Striving successfully a One who can tell by a When to be silent a speak.

What is a gentleman? Honestly eating the br Walking in uprightne Leaving no stain on the Caring not whether h Prizing sincerity far a Recking not whether Stretching it boldly to

Mhat is a gentleman?
Makes a man noble of
Is there a family true
Shady enough to come
Seek out the man who
Nothing to tremble at
Be he a noble, or be h
This is the Gentlema -Dublin

THE LEPERS A Day in the Laz

This exceedingly of the self-sacrifice taken from the Sun Miramichi is a lit eastern New Bruns

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