After Haptism.

By Maunier Francis Egan.

Speaks its own message, alv St. Francis knew the tengue of birds at the full stlenge of the flocks and hords

And only children, near to God's own heart And dose to Him, See unseen flames that as a nimbus dart rom the Baptized, illumining overy part.

the bildren gaze: they feel what is un

The light of grace-If ere is no mystery—for them no screen is tween the earth and Sacramental sheen.

the pure divise the pure-these little beir Of God and Heaven
of all the gifts of Christ the dearest wear,
had with their newcot brother His lev

th, scenes so full of lessons to the old
And to the young -And learth's rubles --nor the whole world's

gold in he so precious as the gift they hold!

Maw Turner's Presentiment

It was a dark, dreary day in November. All Nature seemed mourning the departed summor. Drenched, codden meadows stretched away as far as the eye could reach only to lose themselves at last in the dull gray of

far as the cyc could reach only to lose themsolves at last in the dull gray of the sky.

Against this sombre background of field and sky a few straggling trees stood out in startling distinctness, their bare, leafless branches intensifying the dreariness of the landscape.

At one of the windows of an old wooden, weather-beaten farmhouse overlooking this dreary expanse, a woman sat knitting. She was old out appearance, in keeping with her surroundings. She seemed to fit into seemed almost a part of the dreary, rain-washed landscape.

She was just a simple, old country woman, toil-worn and common place; but there was a strange, wistful expression in her faded cyes, that transformed her winkled old face, making it almost beautiful.

"Someway I feel kinder quoce, Lize; jest's though suthin was goin!"

formed her wrinkled old face, making it almost beautiful.

"Somoway I feel kinder queer, Lize; jest's though suthin was goin' to happen," she said suddonly, dropping her knitting into her lap, and looking up at her daughter in-law, the only other occupant of the big, bare, cheerless kitchen. "I recknotits the weather that makes me feel so; overythin' 's so still an'—an' kinder lenesom'," she added, with unconscious pathos, picking up the coarse, woollen sock, and resuming her knitting with fingers that trembed in spite of her efforts to steady them.

bled in spite of her efforts to steady them.

The woman addressed as "Lizo" paused in the act of dropping the potato she had just pooled into the pan of water beside her chair, to tance sharply and suspiciously at the speaker. "What d'you mean, Maw Turner, what d'you think's goin' to happen?" she demanded sharply, her piercing black eyes fixed suspiciously upon her companion's face.

"Oh, nothin', Lizo, only, I feel so kind of lonesom' an 'queer—jost's though som' body hed died. In course, it's jest a kind of a foolish noshuu—but som'way I can't 'get shet of it,' she said with a pathetic little attempt at a laugh. "There seems to be suthin' in here," laying her hand upon her brosst, "thet presses an' reast' git rid of it. But I recken it's the weather. Everythin's dreary. I wish the sun would shine!" she added, a wistful longing in the quavering old voice.

She seemed to have forgotten Lize's presence as she sat there staring out at the dull, gray landecape. Indeed she had forgotten everything but the strange overpowering presentiment of coming sorrow which enveloped her like a shroud. She had tried all morning to shake it off—but, like Banquo's ghost, it would not "down."

Lize watched her steathlily, a strange expression, a mixture of fear and awe creeping into her hard, black cyes. A strange, uneanny feeling took possession of her for a moment. But hastily throwing it off, she ox claimed, impatiently dropping a potato into the pan with a splash that brought Mrs. Turner back to a realization of her surroundings:

"La, how you de talk, Maw Turner! But let me tell you," she added with a hard, coarse laugh, "we sain' none of us agoin' to die just to 'connuclate your notion."

"Don't laugh, Lize, I can't help thinkin' thet some change's comin'—thet stuhin'" ag join to happon."

Lize looked at her for an instant, opened her lips as though about to speak, bestated, then clearing her throat, began in a hard, determined

throat, began in a hard, determined tone:

"Woll, senin' thet you're kinder expectin' suthin', I might's well tell you now as anytime," she said. "You know 's well 's I do that this 's the second year that the crops hov failed, an' thet the times air gettin' harder all the time. You hev bin a big expense for the last three or four years," she went on cruelly, her face growing harder. "The money thet ought to hav gone into thet new barn, all went to pay your dector bills. You kin see fer yoursolf how 'tis. You hav a sick spull ev'ry winter, an'

I jist told John that wo'd novor git a now burn 't this rate, an' that the country kin afford to pay your dector bills better 'n we kin. To make a long story short wo've made up our minds to send you to the poorhouse."

At the words Mrs. Turner sat for a moment like one turned to stone, her inands clenched tightly over the seek in her lap and her eyes wide with horror and fright.

Then coming to herself with a start she oried in a quavering, frightened voice, looking up piteously into her companion's face:

"Ye're just jokin', Live? Ye wanted to see what I'd say! John'd nover let his old mother go to the poorhouse!"

ed to see whilst 't assy' is onn't nover to this old mother go to the poorhouse!"

"I ain't jokin', I'm in deed earnest," returned Lize, in a hard, disagreesable tone. She was a sharp-featured, sharp tongued woman, who, from the day she married John 'Turner and came as a bride to the old farm house, had looked upon John's mother as an incumbrance-an incumbrance to be gotten rid of someway. "We've been a talkin' about it for a long time," she went on cruelly, as though it was an overy day occurrence, this thing of sending people to the poorhouse. "John didn't like the idea of it jiet at first, but now he's jist's anxious to hey you go es I be. It's a fine big house an' you'll be a sight more comfortable there than you be here. You'll hev lots of company, an'—"
"Ye don't mean it? Ye ain't in

better vittles, an' you'il hev lots of company, an'—"

"Ye don't mean it? Ye ain't in carnest? John'd never send his old mother to the poorhouse!" broke in Mrs. Turner, her high, quavering voice sounding shrill and sharp with anguish. "He's allus bin a good sou ho'd never do it—never!" she re peated, as though the simple reiteration of the words carried conviction to her stricken huart.

"There ain't no use in makin' soch a fuss about it. John's made up his mind to do it, an' you might jist's well take it quiet," Lize Turner a plied, her mouth settling into a hard, determined curve which the older woman had learned to know and dread. "Taint no use to cry over spilt milk," she added sententiously, setting the pan of potatoes down upon the kitchen table with a jork.

"John's seen the d'rectors, an' tuk out the papers an' all, an' you're to go to morrow mornin', so you might jist's well make up your mind to go casy, an' quiet like, thout no fuss."

Staggering anddenly to her feet and starring wildly about the big, bare kitchen, Mrs. Turner uttered a wild, pieroing scream and fell forward in a dead famt.

"Well, I swan! who'd a thought she was goin' to take on so. I'm glad John ain't here." muttered Lize, taking the poor unconscious creature up in her arms and placing her upout the bed in the adjoining room.

She had never seen anyone in a faint before, and as the minutes passed and there was no sign of returning consciousness in the white, drawn face she became thoroughly frighton ed, and, much as she dreaded the idea of it, had just made up her mind to ring the dinner bell to summon John. When the faded old oyes unclosed and stared about the room in a dazed, bewildered fashion.

But, as memory slowly returned to to the poor benumbed brain, the dazed look gave place to one of keenest anguish, of helpless, heart-broken misery.

est anguish, of nelpiess, near-broken misery.

"Tell mo, Lize, is it true, or did I dream it, that ye were goin' to send mo to the poorhouse?" she whispered with a pitiful attempt at composure, struggling into a sitting posture, and pushing the third property of the pro

nor through the plants that rembled as though they had been palsied.

"Yes, it's true; but I didn't know that you was agoin' to take on like this or I wouldn't a told you. We didn't calk'late to tell you till the County wagon drur up fer you—an' I wish now that I ladn't told you."

"Oh, my God! my God! to think of it—thet I'll hev to die in the poorhouse!" cried the poor old creature, wildly wringing her hands and sobling aloud.

"Don't be a fool, Maw Turner!" cried Lize roughly, taking her by the arm and shaking her. "Ennybody thet's es old an' sickly's you be, an' has nothin't to keep 'em, ought to know that the poorhouse's the only place for 'om."

Five years before, in a moment of

know that the poorhouse's the only place for 'om.'

Five years before, in a moment of weakness, when undue pressure had been brought to bear upon hor, she had yielded to their wishes and had deeded her farm, and all her belong ings, to her son John, with the understanding that he was to care for her while she hived.

Too late she found the pity of it!
The folly of trusting to her child's gratitude!

And now the memory of it all—of her own helplossness, but, more than the rest, her son's ingratitude—fell upon her heart like a blow, and she lay there cowering and shivoring, like some wild thing hunted to its death. Too stunned and misorable to heed Lize's taunt, it fell upon deaf cars.

The poor dazed mind could grasp but one idea—one integhi—her son's ingratitude.

"Sharper than a scrpent's tooth it is

the dear ourly-headed boy of whom she had been so proud, the only per son in all the wide world che had to love or care for—was about to cast her out of his life, to rid himself of her prosonce as he would that of a favortic horse that had outlived its usofulness. She had given her strength, her all, to further his interests, her very life had been wrapped up in his—and this was the roturn. Oh, God, that such things could be 1 Sho lay as still and qulet that Lize thought she had fallen calcep, and with a sigh of relief she cropt noise-lessly out of the room, closing the door behind her.

Mrs. Turner started up as soon as she found horself alone, a strange feverish light glittering in her dim old eyes and, tottering over to the unused outside door that opened on to a little side perch, strove with trembling fingers to unde the both. It was old and rustly and resisted all her feeble attempts to move it. Again and again she tried, but all her efforts

ingers to undo the both. It was old and rusty and resisted all her feeble attempts to move it. Again and again she tried, but all her efforts were vain, and, panting and exhausted, she was about to give up in despair when she caught sight of a hammer whitch Lize had used to drive a nail into the wall that morning, and had loft lying upon the chair. She seized it eagerly, and with the strength which despair lends to even the feeblest frame, struck the bolt with a force that shot it out of the socket, and the door swung open.

Without a single backward glance and grasping up a crook she staggered out into the gathering night, intent only upon one thought—to get away anywhore—so that they could not find her. Weak and exhausted as she was from her recent fainting fit—Ill both in body and mind, yet she atruggled on—slipping into puddles of water, stumbling, and falling; and getting up again,—on, on, she went, unconscious of the fine mist that was falling, wetting her thin clothing through and through, and chilling the blood in her veins.

through, and chilling the blood in her veins.

John Turner was returning home across the fields after a hard day of husking corn. He hed the hired man home of an early hour to do the chores, and had worked on unmindful of the growing lateness of the hour until happening to glauce up he became conscious that it had grown quits dark and that the mist had changed to a fine drizzling rain.

Starting up with an impationt exclamation, he tried to shake off the miserable haunting thoughts that had held him captive so long. But it was useless. Look where he would he seemed to see his mother's faded old cyes gazing reproachfully at him.

"Hang it all! I'll never have a minute's peace if I send my mother to the poorhouse!" he muttered crunching the corn stalks beneath the heels of his heavy boots. "She's bin a good mother to me and sho's gettin' old an' feeble, an' she haint got long to live nohow, an' blamed if I don't tell Lize point blank that it won't do; even of I have tuk out the papers an' all. The devil 'I be to pay with her, but I can't help it. Another day like this'd set me clean crazy."

Having made up his mind on that point he felt as though a great load had been lifted from his heart, and he even mauvaged to whistle as he stalked along in the darkness.

He was not a hard man; he was only weak, and allowed his wife to tule him with a rod of iron. He hat ad fusses and scenes of all kinds so much so that he would rather yield the point of than have any dispute about it.

So it was that to avoid a fuss he had at last yielded to his wife's wishes

the point of than have any dispute about it.

So it was that to avoid a fuss he had at last yielded to his wif-'s wishes and consented to send his mother to the poorhouse. But he had not known one minute's peace of mind since he had given his consent to the awful proposition.

With his conscience troubled he had remained away from the house as much as possible—for he could not bear to meet his mother's eyes, knowing the treachery he contemplated toward her. But now he was anxions to get home and, at last having it out with his wife, have done with the dread thought forever,

He had gone about half the distance

dread thought forever.

He had gone about half the distance
to the house when his foot struck
against something, and he stumbled
and barely secaped falling. He stooped down to see what it was, and then
started back with a hoarse cry.

"My God I it is mother!"

Lize had been buy performing, the many tasks a farmer's wife always finds to do. The eggs had been gathered, and the chickens cooped for the night, the bucket of foaming milk which the hired man brought in, had been strained and set away; and the evening meal had been prepared, but still the master of the house had not returned.

No woman likes to have a meal kept

her own holplosaness, but, more than the rest, her son's ingratifued—fell upon her heart like a blow, and she lay there cowering and shivering, like some wild thing hunted to its death. Too stunned and miserable to heed Lize's tannt, it fell upon deaf cars. The poor dazed mind could grasp but one idea—one thought—her son's ingratifued.

"Sharper than a scrpant's tooth it is To have a thankless child?"

Her boy, whom she had nursed and fondled a baby, and for whom she had foulded a subject in his mistress' present mood, unless he wished to call down the hight not have a wish ungratified—

"Sam, go out to the gate an' see of you kin see John comin". I don't see what he means stayin' out to this hour, jest is though a body didn't hov enough to do durin' the day 'thout cookin' an' washin' dishes all night!' exclaimed Lyo at last losing her patience, and at the same time all control of her tongue. "A body kin work an' slave day and night, year in an year out, an' this is all the thanks they git What does he care? He don't think of nobody but himself an' his old mother. I'll be glad when she's gone; mebby I'll hey som' peace then. Of all the aggravetin'est old critters I over see, she's the worst, an' John hain't much better with his----'
But her trade was cut short here by the re appearance of Sam, with the intelligence that John was coming—it was two dark to see, but he could hear him trampling through the mud, he said, and then before Lize had time to break out again he ventured to add—
"The old lady am't at home is she?

near imm tramping through the mud, he said, and then before Lize had time to break out again he ventured to add—
"The old lady am't at home is she? I see that east door in her room is standin wide open."
"Open! why the door hain't bin open for over a month!" exclaimed Lize, a sudden fear serzing her and cooling her temper in an instant. She had not been inside the room since she had left Mrs. Turner, as she suppresed, elegning quietly, though she had been to the door several times to listen, and had come away each time satisfied that she was still asleep. But now a horrible fear—that was almost certainty—took possession of her, and for the first time in her life she dread-do the roturn of her hesband. "What should she say to him?" was the first thought that came to her; but before she had time to answer, it, even in her own mind, the door opened and John staggered in bearing in his arms the tracenseious form of his mother. "For God's sake bring her to! She am't dead—she can't be dead!" he cried wildly, when they had placed her upon the bed and she lay white and limp, with no sign of life about her.

her upon the bod and sho lay white and limp, with an sign of life about her Lize, thoroughly frightened and subdued, and with a feeling of remorae for the share she had in this work, did all in her power to revive the poor old woman, working with an earnest-ness which would have surprised her her was the bod of the life of the l

But the old ears were dest to all outward sounds—the dim eyes had closed forever!

The dector, for whom Sam had been dispatched, arrived too late—even though his skill had been sufficient to heal a broken heart.

The following item, which first appeared in Tao Morning Bugler, went the rounds of the press:

"Mrs. Turner, mother of John Turner, a wealthy farmer, during a slight aberation of her mind, escaped from her room where her daughter-in-law supposed her quietly sleeping, and wandered about in the cold and rain until she sank down unconscious, in which condition her son found her sa he was rourning from the field late in the evening. The cold and exposure proved too much for her. She died a few hours later."

"Maw Turner seem'd to heve a presentiment thet she was agoin' to die. She said she felt all day jeat's though suthin' was goin' to happen," Lize told the rough, but kind hearted neighbors who came in to offer their sympathy and to de whatever their willing hands found to do.

And in the next room where he sat watching a slip of paper slowly resolving inte sales, John Turner exclaimed with a sigh of relief:

"Thank God, mother never know thet I intended seadin' her to the

"Thank God, mother never knew that I intended sendin' her to the poorhouse!"

MARY M. REDMOND.

10 cts. Cures Constipation and Liver IIIs

—Dr. Agoew's Liver Fills are the most
perfect made, and cure like magic. Sich
Readacho, Constipation, Billiousness, Indigestion and all Liver IIIs. 10 cents a visit—
40 doser.

"Fred must be an auctioneer."
Why?" "Last night he said he was going three times before he went."

If the Baby is Cutting Feeth

Be sure and use that old, and well-tried remedy, Mas. Wisstow's Scottins Strup, for children tecthing. It soothes the child, softens the game, allays all pains, cure wind coils and is the best remedy for diarrhoa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

The Ins and Outs of It.

If you get be t mere out of a cost, be t work must yo gone into it. You can't get good bread out of flour.

have gone into a. You can't get good bread out of poor flour.

Moral: You can't get the be tout if anything, unless the best is in it; and the best heart he put in lettere it can be taken out. Now, we have a rule to test those sarsaparillas with a big "best" on the bottle. "Tell us what's put in you and well diede for ourselves about the best." That's fair. But they modest sursaparillas say: "Ohl we can't tell. It's a sceret. Have faith in the label.". Stop! There's one exception; one sarsaparilla that has no secret to hide. It "Ayer's, It you want to know what goes into Ayer's Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor to write for the formula. Then you can sately yourself that you get the best of the sarsaparilla argument when you get Ayer's.

An adaption condension Address I care a tem.

Guelph Notes.

Death again invaded the house of the late Mrz. James Keough, Gourock, on Thursday, when the youngest son, Thomas, aged 17 years, succumb ed. For the past eight years to had been a constant sufferer from solatic rhoumatism, through which he lost the use of all his limbs. For two years he was in the law office of Messra. Gultrio & Watt, and after leaving there took a mercantile agency from Dun, Wiman & Oo. of New York. The citizens will learn also with regret of the death of Mrs. Timothy Kelcher, thielo occurred on Monday night at St. Joseph's hospital. The deceased lady had been ailing for about three years. The deceased was well known in this locality and was very highly respected. She leaves a hueband, three sons and three daughters to mourn her loss. The sons are James, in Oregon: John, at Loretto Convent, and William, at Burr's factory, Guolph. The daughters are Aunie, Ella and Agnes, in the city. A marriage of much interest to a large circle of friends was solomnized at the Ohurch of Our Lady on Monday, the contracting parties being Mr. John M. Dooley, grocer of this city, and Miss Crawley, daughter of Mrs. Edward Crawley, of Puslinch. The service was 47.80.

The following pupils received highest marks in written examinations held in thoir respective classes during the week ending 10th inst:—

Form IV.—Senior Division; Charles Day, Frank Hughes, Willie Helfornan, Joseph Birniacham. Form IV.—Junior Division. Augustine Readwin, Richard Carroll, Daulel Carmich, Absoch, Vicent III.—Senior Division; Joseph Bergin, Amboxe Day, Survivers.

Form IV.—Senior Division; Cheritina Hurley, Helfernan Henry, Form III.—Senior Division; Augustine Readwin, Mery Lynch, Lizzie Johnston. Form III.—Senior Division; Gree Runstedter, Henry Livies, Helfernan, Lang Glibon, Cathardine, Glibon, Mery Lynch, Lizzie Johnston. Form III.—Senior Division; Gree Runstedter, Henry Livies, Helfernan, Lange Green Commun. Lange Green Commun. Lange Green Commun. Lange Division; Green Commun. Lange Division; Rose Runstedter, Henry Lange Division; An

ONCE A YEAR ONLY JUST OUT.

The Dodd's Kidney Pill Calendar for the Year 1897.

SUPPORTED THE WORLD

On His Herolo Shoulders-Atlas Must Have Healthiy Kidneys,

on the Herole Shoulders—Atlas Mark Have Herole Healthy Klaseys.

As tho first to be laid on our table for the year 1807, we welcome the reappearance of the Dodd's Kidnucy Pill calendar, published by The Dodds Medicine Coupany, Limited, Toronto.

Propossessing, beyond anything of its has class hitherto published in America, though its purpose is a tone obvious it been made exceedingly pleasing by the fortunate choice of a design for the cover, which has been charmingly worked out by the artist in red and blue lithograph, the classic subject being—Atlas supporting the world.

It seems that these clever and persisting the grassy hill-slopes and rugged mountain sides with their manmoth letterings, seek also adroitly to scize upon the imagination and assist it to account for the superhuman strength of the horoic Atlas, suggesting the secret of his power by representing him as being himself supported and relying upon a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

On the back of cover, in a few pithy words those previously convinced of thing print and counterfoits of the goanine Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Thus much as to the cover; of the book itself, we have to say:—The arguments all some manawerable, the proof ample and undemiable, the whole in the coming year, but for always.

We are assured by the publishers that sufficient are being printed to go arout. I that in due time over family in Canada will get one to their present and lifelong advantage. And as usual, adding: "Dodd's Kidney Pills Always Cure."

St. Patrick's Asylum, Offawa.

St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, Ottawa, closed another year of work on Sunday last, when the annual meeting was held in the Asylum parlors. Among those present were F. R. Jatchlord, president; J. A. J. McKenna, secretary; J. C. Enright, troasurer; Dr. MacGabe, Chevalier Hency, ex. Ald. J. O'Connor, Meesrs. Joseph Kavangh, Wm. Mackey, Francis Latchlord, P. Stanton, H. J. Harris, M. Ryan, A. Pegg, R. Slattery, R. J. Sims, S. E. O'Brien, A. T. Gow, Henry Higgerty, J. P. Dunne, J. J. Heney, H. F. Sims, J. Gorman, J. Heney, H. F. Sims, J. Gorman, J. Heney, H. F. Sims, J. Gorman, J. Martin Battle, M. C. MacCormac, Thomas Smith, Thos. McGrail, E. A. Mara, Richard Tobin, Patrick Brankin, Jas. Mundy, John Casey, W. E. Mulvabill, J. Moran.

The annual report showed the total present number in residence 208. The collective stay of all the immakes was 52,646 days, and average stay of each 18,188 days. Sixty adults and 37 children were removed during the year. On the 30th of Sept., 1396, there were in residence 67 adults and 64 children. tawa, closed another year of work on Sunday last, when the annual meet-

64 children.

The directors elected were: J. O. Enright, J. A. J. McKenna, John Gorman, J. O'Conner, W. M. Finley. A. J. Warnock, M. J. O'Farrell, Jas. Mundy, H. F. Sims.

Mundy, H. F. Sims.

A resolution of condolence with the family and relatives of the late Geo. Baskerville was passed. The meeting passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Latchford, the retiring president. The assets of the corporation amount in value to \$70,667, while the liabilities are only \$7,500. It is probable that Mr. J. A. J. McKenna will replace Mr. Latchford in the presidency, while Mr. M. J. O'Farrell will be the new secretary.

while Mr. M J. O'Farrell will be the new secrotary.

The Ludies' Association of St. Patrick's Asylum held their annual meeting on the same afternoon in the Orphans' Home ou Maris street, which was largely attended. Nearly 100 ladies were present. Mrs. F. McDougal, president of the association, presided.

The board of committee for the oming term is as follows:

St. Patrick's parish, Mr. King and Miss McEvoy.
St. Bridget's parish, Mesdames Mundy and Walsh.

St. Mary's parish, Mesdames Mar-tin and Baxter.
St. Joseph's parish, Mrs. O'Rielly and Miss Shields.

Pelief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "South Aberticas Kinnew Cutte". This now remedy is a great surprise and delight on account oi its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passing bearing to malo or fensile. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick telisf and sure this is your remedy.

Archbishop Duhamel left Ottawa on Monday for Lowell, Mass., to be present at the ceromony of the unveiling of the statue of Rev. Father Garin, who labored for many years in the city of Lowell as parish priest. The superiors of the different houses of the Oblat Order accompany his Grace:—Rov. Father McGuckin, rector of Ottawa Juniorato, Rev. Father Duric, Cator of the Scholasticate: Rev. Father Lecoupto of Hull; Rev. Father Lecoupto of Hull; Rev. Father Le Locoupto of Montreal, Provincial of the Oblat Order. The ceremony will take place this work. A great many Bispos and Suporiors of the Americau Universities will be present to celebrate the occasion.

occasion.

Hay Fever and Catarth Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—One short puff of the bresh through the Blower, supplied with each buttle of Agrees' Catarthal Powder diffusion this Powder over the surface of the nearl purple. Pathlers and delightful to the Catarth, Hay Fever, Catarth, H

A well-judging man will open his trunk line of study in such a direction that, while habitually adhering to it, he may onjoy a ready access to such other fields of knowledge as are most nearly related to it.—Sir James Stophens.