In Memoriam.

Verses dedicated to the memory of the la Miss Maggie Meagher by George F. Camero prize poet, Queen's University:

Devouted by his desire of her,
The King—who ever loved her best,
Hath stilled the billowing of her breast,
Hath kissed her so no pulse doth stir,
But all of her doth lie at reat.

Then knowing she may never now Wish any else, he takes his leave, And little recks how they may krieve, Who see the splendour of her brow Gleam ghastly through the gathering eve

Who see her lying pale, supine, With wild red roses, twined with fair, About her throat, and in her hair. And on her bosom,—all divine If but a little life were there,

Nor heeds he aught the sunless glooms, And fair forms folded from the light In close graves, crowded far from sight, In lone lands dedicate to tombs, And scarce to starbeams known at night But goes his way; and as he goes Leaves that we hold as sorrow here. The pain of parting and the tear, The broken lily, and the rose, Down-fallen with the fallen year.

Cold King, most lone, and absolute!
What maid would be desired of thee
From thy embrace who would not fice?
What though a monarch, being mute,
In love of thine what love could be?

Can any good be silent so-Be dumb and do its work, and pass,

While we—who have no key to ope Death's cabinet of mysteries, Can only vainly strain our eyes And hold to heaven and that high hope That death is good in any guise!

Dear friend! I know this world is kin, And all of hate is but a breath; We all are friends, made perfect in Our near relationship by death;

And so, although it was not mine To meet thee in thy walk below, Nor know of thee till feet of thine Were on the hills no man can know;—

For friendship's sake I fain would bring A flower or two. to thee to prove That memory lives, that Death's sharp sting Hath still an antidote to love.

And if but slight to thee appear
The tribute brought,—now that thine eyes
May view through all the eternal year
The fairer flowers of Paradise;—

If dim and all unworthy look
The offering, yet remember well
We do not sleep by Eden's brook
Nor dream on beds of Asphodel. So only bring the flowers that bloom Beside us, fresh enough and fair Enough to wither on thy tomb; And with our hearts—behold them there

TALBOT.

THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

CHAP. XVIII.

seciety and to the peace and tranquility of the United Kingdom. When the news of several arrests had been told him, a great fear seized his soul and all the members of his body. He imagined that he was included the manufacture of the constantity required them to obey instantly. So Larry was safe for the moment.

When the police had descended, Lury put his head out of the mouth of the bag to take a little fresh air and to take the fear seized his sout and all the memoria of his body. He imagined that he was going to have another attack of the mysterious "hydrophobs." He threw himself into an old rocking-chair and rocked himself almost to pieces, so nervous was he. He thought all kinds of strange thoughts and planned all sorts of strange thoughts and planned all sorts of strange to the property of the prope thoughts, and planned all sorts of strange erate expr plots against those who were a out to arrest him.

arrest him.

No one knows how long Larry would have remained in his reverie had not a noiseless figure crossed the threshold of his door and said: "Fly, Larry, fly. The police are coming to arrest you."

Like a shot out of a gun, Larry went up

The warning voice came from old Tom

The moment Larry found himself in the garret he thought of concealing him-

But imagine his consternation when he found that apartment was nearly empty. If he could only see but a broken chair, or a bed, or a box of some kind or other, he would feel some consolation. What sity. He saw an old bag thrown upon the floor, This he seized with joy. He then ran to the corner of the room, stepped into the bag, held the mouth of it clo and rested himself against the wall, as if he were a bag of potatoes.

In the meantime the police had entered his room down stairs.

"Is Larry in?" asked the first officer of her Majesty who made his appearance. "Don't ask me about Larry," said the old man, assuming an angry tone. "I'll have nothing more to do with him."

"Is he in?" asked the policeman, in a soft, sweet tone. 'I'll go bail hes not in. Catch him in indeed, and all the boys drinking at the

public-house! Sure he never comes home

ber, like a decent boy."
"Where is he now?" asked the officer of

the law.
"He's dancing and singing in the public-house, to be sure. I saw him there about one half-hour ago. He was then dancing, and fighting. He seems born to fight and and fighting. He seems born to fight and dance. A mighty bad boy he is. He's not at all like his poor father. The other day he got into a row with some neighbors, and he broke, with one blow of his stick, three teeth in Jack Daly's mouth, fractured Tom Murphy's arm, and sent Mike Nolan's pipe flying through four panes of glass right into both the eyes of a poor man who was singing in the street. He could do more real damage with his stick than any four men could do with swords than any four men could do with swords or bayonets. I often heard him say that his stick had more music in it than a fiddle.

I believe him with all my heart." "Let us go to the public-house, men,' said the chief. The chief took the precaution of leaving

a guard at Larry's house. Two youthful

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by nightsweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on Consumption send two storms. treatise on Consumption send two stamps.
WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIA-TION, Buffale, N. Y.

he is; but, perhaps, he's not there now. No he's not, either, for I remember now he told me he was soon going to the pawn with his vest. The poor boy is gone altogether of late."

"Do you hearthat?" whispered one of the policemen to the other. "Larry is gone to the pawn. I'm sure we could catch him there."

"Let ye go over there after him."

Larry, but he feared more for himself.

The zealous and ambitious young policemen searched every room and everything in each room. They were especially careful to look under the beds and up in the chimneys. Poor Larry trembled in the bag as he heard their footsteps coming nearer and nearer to the attic. But who can describe his terror when he knew they were really in the garret with him?

"There is no one here," cried both policemen, as they glauced around the empty garret.

"What's in that bag in the corner?"

"He has fled away from those he loved—

garret. "What's in that beg in the corner?"

cne of the policemen asked the old man.
"Chaff," said he, with a smile, "it's only
a bag of chaff we took out of our tick the other day. Wouldn't you like to go and examine it?" The old man laughed at some curious ideas that seemed to cross

Larry could curse the old man for giv-

"Let us examine it," said one, "perhaps there are some pike-heads in it." Larry trembled; he thought of surrendering himself into their hands. They were almost within reach of him when

Our friend Larry was one of those against they heard the angry voice of the chief, whom information had been lodged. His freedom was deemed highly dangerous to dience of the constabulary required them

Jamping from their sockets; to use a mod-erate expression, his mouth opened like a doorway. Bohan, on seeing him, could not forbear a laugh.

"For mercy's sake, Tom, have pity on me. How can I get out of here?"

"I don't know of any way under the She

sun."
"Couldn't you carry me downstairs and

held of the mouth of the bag, and, stooping down, fixed it on his back. He then rose up, but he soon found that he had lost much of his strength. Old age had weakened his limbs of iron. He began to stagger around until he came with a forcible thump against the wall. Poor Larry groaned inside. "I can never get him downstairs," mut-

tered Tom. Just then a loud, commanding voice at

the foot! of the stairs was heard:
"Bohan —Thomas Bohan!" "We're caught now or never!" exclaimed Tom, as he let the bag and its contents fall flat upon the hard deal floor. Again

Larry groaned.

"Come out here quick," whispered Bohan, as he shook Larry out of the bog. Larry looked like a bewildered-baker or

"Get up, man, and get out through that skylight

Larry did not move a muscle. He looked like one in a trance.

Larry, boy, have you got the hydrophobs again?' said Bohan, giving him a hard blow on the cheek that fully restored him Larry in an instant leaped to his feet,

jumped out through the skylight, passed over roofs and walls, and soon disappeared. When Bohan had descended to the ground floor he was saluted by hard names and terrible curses. The chief was going to have him arrested for giving false

information. "I told you nothing but the truth," pleaded the old man in his own justifi-

cation. "You told us nothing but lies, you miserable wretch. You informed us that Larry was with the boys, drinking and fighting: now, we were told at the public-house that no one had been drinking or fighting there this day. How do you answer that?" roared the chief, as he asked the question.

Given up by Doctors. "Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple

remedy? "I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!" Well-a day! That's remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."

the magic expressions used to awe and mystify the crowd of civilians who dared gather around Larry's humble abode. The police proudly marched away, and left the streets to idlers and to night.

""We must first search the house for him. Perhaps, after all, he is hiding somewhere upstairs."

As the two left the room B han followed them with a heavy heart and a troubled spirit. He feared much for Larry, but he feared more for himself.

The zealous and ambitious young policemen searched every room and every—in each room. They were especially and the beds and up in han heled in search the others?"

"We must first search the house for himself that had almost a magic influence over her, lost completely their charms for her. Sorrow looks through tearful eyes, and sees plainly all the stains upon the face of nature, all the clouds upon human life. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," a poet sang sweetly, but sorrow does not think so. She believes that a thing of grief is a grief forever, and she cannot be persuaded of her belief. Katie herself was a and now "all the love-

"He has fled away from those he loved— from his father and mother, and Maurice and Ellie, and from me. Oh, if I could only see him for one short moment. If I could only tell him that I would ever think of him, ever pray for him, ever love him. If he had only come and told me that he would think of me, that he hoped to come hack to some any of the see the spark of a postolic fire in the heart of a child. "She is heart-broken because to come back to see me even after years I

would feel so happy, so contented."

For a few minutes she gazed in silence upon a picture of the Mater Dolorosa that hung upon the wall. The sorrow depicted upon the Virgin Mother's face was now more visible to her than ever. She thought she saw the tears flow; the cheeks seemed to grow paler and paler ; the brow seemed to swell with the bitterness of thought. A feeling of compassion began to take possession of her heart, her own tears dried up she felt the sweetness of sorrow another's wound.

"Ab, my Sorrowful Mother," she ex-claimed, throwing herself upon her knees, joining her hands before her breast, and

chaplet of the Seven Dolors, and began reciting the Rosary for Richard's welfare. She had faith, and firmly believed in the power of prayer. She often cited for Rich ard the words of Tennyson:

of golden light upon the sorrowful face of Our Lady. Then did she have a vision of of golden light upon the serrownia most of Our Lady. Then did she have a vision of celestial beauty. She seemed to catch a glimpse of loveliness not of earth. A feeling of tranquility, "like a fragment of a golden calm of heaven," stole over her soul. Her own beauty, too, increased to such a degree that she seemed a messenger such a degree that she seemed a messenger from on high, a radient Eulalia, or a gior-

ious Agnes. During all this time there were things said and done in the cottage worthy of notice. Father O'Donohue and Mr. Power had come to console the afflicted family. The good priest was deeply affected by the grief and trouble of his friends, his spirit ual children. In the hour of sorrow and gloom friendship is tested. False friends will quickly disappear from your circle when the sum of prosperity sets for you.

when the sun of prosperity sets for you; but true friends will cling the more but true friends will cling the more closely to you, will become the more devoted to you when they see you in poverty, or suffering, or trouble.

Mrs. O'Connell, with tears in her eyes, and Mr. O'Connell, looking sad and lonely, sat in the parlor with their kind pastor, and their old friend, Mr. Power.

"How good you are, Rev. Father, and "No you, too, Mr. Power, to come and see us in our trouble," said Mrs. O'Connell with a kus?"

in our trouble, 'said Mrs. O Connell with a look full of gratefulness.

"Poor Richard," said the priest, 'how deeply I feel for him. Dear and innocent boy, he little dreamed a few months ago of the wickedness and treachery of this world, and now he is the victim of its deceit. Good soul, his only ambition was to relieve our poor country, to free her from her deplorable state of slavery, misery, and poverty. May God forgive those who deceived him by cunning words and fine promises of freedom for ireland, who led

him in his youthful ardor into danger and then betrayed him."
"May God forgive them," said Richard's parents with true Christian charity.
"Is the traitor yet known?" asked Mr.

Power.

"He is not yet known," all answered.

"I'm sure," said Mr. Power, "I do not like to judge any man, but I suspect one of betraying the boys. There was a very dangerous looking stranger with whom Richard alone seemed to be thoroughly

"Sigh no More, Ladies !" for Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a prompt and certain remedy for the painful disorders peculiar to your sex. By all druggists.

the country districts who would sooner die than suspect him. "What has become of Tim the Prophet?"

Mr. Power.
"Where are Maurice and Ellie, Mrs. O'Connell?" asked Father O'Donohoe, after a slight interruption in the conversation.
"They are both gone to the chapel to
make their daily visit to the Most Blessed

make their daily visit to the Most Blessed Sacrament," responded Mrs. O'Connell.

"Oh, Father, it would do you good to see what a change has come over our dear little Maurice. He was always pious, obedient, and charitable, but now he acts like a little saint, God bless him, he is the consolation of our hearts. He was very near being led into the secret societies, but God has preserved him. He told me the other evening that he would like to go to America to labor as a priest among the Irish there."

the Irish there."
"What a noble boy," exclaimed Mr. Power, who looked upon Maurice as the noblest type of boyhood.
"God bless that child," said the good

of a child.

"Ellie is very good too," said Mrs. O'Connell. "She is heart-broken because
Richard and Mr. Kelley are in great danger; but still she does not fail to be resigned to God's holy will. She tells me
that in the silence and gloom of the chapel
as she kneels before the Most Blessed Sacrament, she feels a joy she never felt dur-ing all her days of peace and joy. All her comfort, all her strength, all her consola-tions are now drawn from the Sacred Heart of Jesus—blessed be His Holy and

the Irish mother in every part of the world would instil into the hearts of their chil-dren love of God and love of Ireland, they would often be more blessed in their off-spring than they are, and there would be more reason to hope for a glorious future for poor, down-trodden Ireland. 'It makes my heart sad," said the good

Larry, in a pleading tone.

"Well, I once could easily do it. I could carry two sacks of flour, one under each arm; but you know I'm getting old, and what was the reason you treated me so badly the other day in the tap room."

"Forgive and forget, like a christian. Sure a pagan would a sist a poor creature hunted by the peelers."

"Well, pull in your o'd white head now and I'll try to carry you."

Larry did as he was toid. Tom caught held of the mouth of the bag, and, stooping down, fixed it on his back. He then the store of the sorrowful face of the mouth of the bag, and, stooping down, fixed it on his back. He then the store of the sorrowful face of the mouth of the bag, and, stooping down, fixed it on his back. He then the store of the sorrowful face of the sorrowful face of the mouth of the bag, and, stooping down, fixed it on his back. He then the store of the sorrowful face of the so among my little flock. It is some consola-

them. would be natural for a man not of God, because he saw the evils that followed from disobedience to his commands. O, no; such a feeling could never find a home in his noble heart or generous soul. The greater part of that night was passed by m at the foot of the altar praying for his unhappy flock, weeping over the mis eries of his people and country.

TO BE CONTINUED.

An Old Negro's Theology.

"Sam, you are getting pretty well along in years," said an Austin lawyer to an aged darkey, "don't you feel afraid you will die some day?"

"No, boss, I isn't a bit afraid of death It's how to scrub along and git a libbin in dis worl' what's bodderin' me, heah! "Don't you think you will kinder wind when old man Death knocks at the door, and says: 'Come along, Sam, we have got use for you in the other world!' "
"Not a bit boss; not a bit. I'll tell yer about dat. Did you ebber go to der cir-

"Did, hay! Well, after de show was all ober, an' yer was streamin' out of de front door of de canvas, didn't yer nebber feel sober like, an' as though ye'd spent yer fifty cents for nuffin?"

"Well, Sam, that about illustrates it."
"Yes; well, when the icy han' ob death is laid on yer pulse, dat's jes' about how yer will feel. You'il feel as if yer wanted ter go hum an' see de ole folks an' de chums what's gone afore, an' ye'll jist feel tired, an' out of sorts, an' all yer'll want is ter rest, jist rest."

"Blood-food" is the suggestive name often given to Ayers' Sarsaparilla, because of its blood-enriching qualities.

FURRED TONGUE AND IMPURE BREATH

policemen were stationed in the an with old Bohan. These gentless are deavored to look sirted and designed. They seemed to rise fully to the huight of their sixties. They would not condescend to exchange even one civil word or gracious look with the old man who sat in the room in which their outy kept them.

"The peelers are a fine body of men," asid the room panion to himself, but loud enough for the cars of the guards; "the country would be gone to pot only for the country would be gone to pot only for them. They oung ones are not so slarp as the old ones, for they don't know how to get their names up. The old ones, I go bail, will go to the places where they are sure to find their game, but they keep the poor young men where they never can catch any mortal soul. I don't know what they want of poor Larry. I hope they won't put him to jull. Wasn't I the foolish old fellow tell them where he is; but, perhape, he's not there now. No he's not, either, for I remember now he told me he was soon going to the pane.

"Eyes—left!" "Eyes—left!" "Left!" "Left!" "Left!" "Left!" "Right about—whee!" "Quick—march!" Thee were a few of the magic expressions used to awe and mystify the crowd of civilians who dared with provided and mystify the crowd of civilians who dared with parts. The poor boy is gone althe country districts who would sooner die than suspect him.

"What has become of Tim the Prophet?" asked Mr. O'Connell, "he has not been around here for several days. The last time I saw him he told me that he was going to Templemore, and that he would be back soon. I hope the poor fellow has not been arrested."

"Alas, no one can be safe now," said Mr. Power.

"Where are Maurice and Ellie, Mrs. O'.

"Where are Maurice and Ellie, Mrs. O'.

are called here, are as singularly chosen as is the location of this remote and out of the way spot. It would be reasonable to expect that some of the rich, noble, and influential of the land might be most forward in their appeals for help; but through all these years it has mainly been the poor and friendless, ignorant and dull who have been relieved, and so the church has struggled on in poverty there, and seven up to this day the walls are merely plastered and the seats for the multitude of are of the most primitive kind. A record of all the miraculous cures is kept by the priests, and you find on inspection that of all the miraculous cures is kept by the priests, and you find on inspection that now it is an old man who had lost the use of his limbs who had been suddenly healed; a stupid old man, who has not any gift of expression, and can only swing the axe and use his restored back in hard labor as he stops between the strokes of his axe and stares at you. Then, again, I found an old woman who drove a cart who had been able to walk as well as any one after years and years of lameness. who had been able to walk as well as any one after years and years of lameness. The cures, however, which excite the interest of science are those of a more malignant order of ma'ady. When a man is cured of cancer we may well exclaim: "A miracle!" Of course, as I indicated before Learnest easy, that I saw such asses before, I cannot say that I saw such cases healed, or anything of that kind. I can only assure you that I am assured that not only one or two, but many, very many such cases are on record here at the shrine of good St. Ann of Beaupre.
THE BLIND RESTORED TO SIGHT.

Neither did I with my own eyes see the Heart of Jesus—blessed be His Holy and Adorable Name."

"Amen," said the company with ferwork. The O'Conneil's were a model Irish Catholic family. They united love of God and love of Ireland, as all Irish families should unite them. If the Irish father and the Irish mother in every part of the world would instil into the hearts of their children love of God and love of Ireland, they do Ireland, they time the Isle of Wight. But from the lips of Mrs. G. W. Pennee, an English lady from the Isle of Wight, I heard the account in detail of perfect sight being given to a little girl of near ten years of age who had been blind from birth. A prettier or more pathetic tale I do not know. I only know it is true. Mrs. Pennee is of a good English family, a particular personal friend of the greatest livticular personal friend of the greatest living poet, and has a brother who is famous in the world of letters. She is an elderly lady who makes her home at the Convent of St. Ann. This lady took us into the little chapel of the humble convent here priest, as he arose from his chair, "to see that ravenous wolves have broken into my fold, and have seized the dear ones arone will the face. It is a garret. The sloping roof makes you stoop very low if you pass to the right or to the left of the main aisle. For they are very poor here, you must know. Away back in one corner knelt a little nun in black. She was entirely blind, and had come many hundred miles

heart. The genuine father of his people, he deeply felt for the sorrows of each of them. He had no feelings of triumph, as country could produce among a healthy people so many sufferers. But the truth we at home do not see all the halt, the is, we at home do not see all the halt, the blind, and the suffering in all sorts of ways as we do here. For there they keep in doors; here they all go forth to pray for help. Even idiots are taken by their parents to the shrine of St. Ann of Beaupre. I saw on his first pilgrimage a little Eng lish lad, well clad and comfortable. He even had a silver mounted crutch to take the place of the withered and distorted leg which hung helpless at his side. His mother was with him, watchful and kind, but not unhopeful of help. I met this gentle couple only yesterday here on the streets of Quebec. But the poor little lad had not left his crutches on either of

lad had not left his crutches on either of the two pyramids of crutches there. On the same occasion there was a dark and low-browed French peasant with a fright-fully swollen hand. He was suffering great pain, and I tried to talk with him, but he was sullen and silent. The same day I saw him washing his hand in the fountsip before the down of the church fountain before the door of the church. He was crying like a child. In fact it was his demonstrations of joy and delight at being thus suddenly healed that attracted the crowd about him and led me by chance to see him.

AN OLD MAN'S FAITH.

On this same day I sawan old man feeling his way down the great aisle of the church, over and around the numbers of men, women, and children kneeling there. He, literally, was too feeble to use a crutch, and would drag himself forward by holding on to some one or the sides of the pews. No one was near him or tried to help him; nor did any one attempt to stop him or interfere with him. Yet his conduct seemed strange, and be seemed very much out of place. Still he kept on till he came to the statue of St. Ann, which stands out before the altar and almost bestands out before the attar and almost between the two pyramids of crutches which have been left there by restored cripples. Here the poor old creature laid hold of the railing at the foot of the mother of the Virgin, where candles burn perpetually, and lifting his face began to pray. As I had not gone there to pray but to see I FURRED TONGUE AND IMPURE BREATH are two concomitants of biliousness remedied by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Heartburn, which harasses the dyspeptic after meals, and all the perplexing and changeful symptoms of established indigestion, are dispersed by this salutary corrective tonic and celebrated blood purifier. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas st.

way along the side. The bony hands of the with red old peasant held hard on to the alear. His lips moved and he prayed insudibly, with his ghastly face lifted for a long time. I decline to enter into details further here. It seems like profanity. Let me simply say that I saw that old man restored to health, if not to youth. I followed him to to the door and saw him pick up his bundle and his staff and strike off up the road with the step of an athlete. I do not think he had ever entered that church before. I followed him a little way till I met a If followed him a little way till I met a priest who lives here, and this priest told me he was a stranger, and from his peculiar dress should say that he lived a long

way off in the mountains to the north.

A BELIEVER IN MIRACLES.

But how absurd it seems that I, the old miner of the Sierras, the rover and the rhymer, who never knew any kind of religion or never had time enough to pray, should find myself recounting and taking an interest in these things, telling them to the reader and pledging my word of honor and all that is sacred for their cold and absolute truth. But it is truth, I know, that the miracles credited to Sainte Anne, Bonne Sainte Anne de Beaupre, are genuine, and that whether there were miracles of old—and there were

there are miracles to-day.
I am quite aware that I have recounted nothing here of my own absolute knowledge of a very striking nature. But I have not told all, nor shall I. It would do no good and possibly provoke unjust derision and bring undesirable notoriety among the vulgar to these very sincere and simple people. And yet, to be very frank and truthful, I must here say that I really saw nothing so very much more remarkable than what I have written down. I saw enough, however, to convince me-and I think those who have followed me

and I think those who have followed me in my journeys about the world will be slow to admit that I am too easily persuaded to anything.

There can come, and no doubt will come, to this place, of course, plenty of men to laugh at all that may be seen at St. Ann's. The American is nothing if not funny. It is easy to make fun of these poor and pious people, their forms these poor and pious people, their forms and their zeal. But this national trait of ours, which laughs at everything we do not understand and runs rough-shod over the lowly ways of others, can easily be carried too far.

A MOTHER'S DEVOTION.
The last time I visited S'. Ann's a very pale and hollow-eyed little woman came over and sat down close by my side on the crowded boat, with a baby in her arms. I was certain that the baby would begin to cry in a second, and cast about for another seat. But not another seat could I see on all the crowded boat. Yet I knew the all the crowded boat. Yet I knew the baby would cry soon, and was bitterly contemplating the unpleasant task of standing up all the way. For the hill of Quebec had quite worn out my legs, or rather my one efficient leg, and I was really in need of not only my seat, but of relief from the good saint. But I was so certain that the little baby was going to burst out crying that I men was said. burst out crying that I grew nervous and wretched. It did not cry, however, and I was so grateful and finally so ashamed that I tried to make amends by speaking to the poor pale and hollow-eyed mother of the very quiet little baby. She did not answer me. She only looked down at the covered face of her child and drew the white veil still closer about its face. For the sun was hot and followed. and falling on us where we sat. I was anxious to show her that I did not hate little children, and as we were getting off the boat on to the long plank wharf I offered to take the child in my arms and

offered to take the child in my arms and help her, crippled though I was.

BUT SHE ONLY HELD HER CHILD closer to her heart. Still, there was kindness in her sad, hollow eyes that told me the offer was not unappreciated and so I limped along by her side till we came to the church. The woman had not spoken. as we see her kneeling there," answered the good old English lady as she led me out and went on telling me of the wonderful things she has witnessed at St. Ann's. On my first visit here I was struck by the seemed to want to get close to the altar
—close up to the feet of the good St.
Ann of Beaupre. She did not speak.
The baby did not cry. But she looked at me so pleadingly, so pitifully, out of her great hollow eyes, her great black eyes in such sad contrast with her pale face, that I pushed my way along and helped her to the very feet of the mother of the Virgin Mary. And here she fell on her knees at the feet of the image, with the candles burning perpetually before her. The poor, pale woman, with eager and trembling hands, put back the thick veiling, and with lifted, pleading face, reached it forth, touching the feet of the good St. Ann. And oh, God, pity all of us—the little baby was dead; and this woman, in her great, sweet faith, had brought it here, praying that it be raised to life JOAQUIN MILLER.

Protestant Missions Among The Indi-

I asked a young lady who had been a Sunday School teacher in the Carlisle In-dian school, and who has been the recipient of many epistles from the Indians, if any of the famed Indian eloquence found expression in their English, and said it did not. The most expressive declaration of feeling she had seen was shown by an Indian girl, who said that her heart was so full of gratitude that it ran over, and with gestures she indicated that it ran down her arm and dropped from the end of her fin-gers. I asked if her pupils ever asked questions. "Never," she said, and then added, "One young Indian did ask if I had ever seen Jesus Christ," I have a record of two other questions asked: "Where does temptation live?" and "Is Jerusalem alive yet?"-Ex.

Mrs. Partington declared the Neuralgia be worse than the old Rheumatism ; but. however bad either may be, Burdock Blood Bitters will conquer it. It makes pure blood, regulating the Liver. Kidneys and Bowels, and eradicating scrofulous humor from the system. 25,-000 bottles sold in the last three months.

C. A. Livingstone, Plattsville, Ont., says: I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism.

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