

## Working and Waiting.

[Ada Isaac Menken, the author of the following lines, was a woman of uncommon ability in versification. Born at the South, a Jewess, she led a chequered life; went to Europe, where her name was coupled with that of the elder Burns. She fitted back and forth, appearing in fourth-rate parts in second-class theatres. Her poems, "Infelix and other Poems," published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, continue to sell. She was a very remarkable woman, combining the seriousness of her pen with a sad levity. She was married to J. C. Heenan, but at last found the mercy whose signet is death.]

Look on that form, once fit for the sculptor!  
Look on the cheek, where the roses have died!  
Working and waiting have robbed from the artist  
All that his marbled show for his pride.  
Stature-like sitting  
Alone in the fitting  
And wind-blown shadows that people her heart,  
(God protect all of us—  
God protect all of us—  
From the reproach of such things on the earth.)

All the day long, and all through the cold  
Still the needle she wearily plies,  
Haggard and white as the ghost of a spurned out,  
Sewing white robes for the chosen one's eyes—  
Lost in her sorrow,  
But for the morrow  
Phantom-like speaking in every stitch.  
(God protect all of us—  
God protect all of us—  
From the curse born with each sigh for the rich.)

Low burns the lamp, fly swifter thou need!  
Swifter thou art for the breast of the poor!  
Bise the pale light will be stolen by pity  
Ere of the vital part thou has made sure.  
Dying, yet living  
All the world's giving  
Barely the life that runs out with the thread—  
(God protect all of us—  
God protect all of us—  
From her last glance as she follows the dead!)

What if the morning finds her still hearing  
All the soul's load of a merciful let,  
Fate will not lighten a grain of the burden,  
While the poor bearer by man is forgot;  
Sewing and sighing  
Sewing and sighing  
What to such life is a day or two more?  
(God protect all of us—  
God protect all of us—  
From the new day's lease of woe to the poor.)

Hasten ye winds and yield her mercy  
Lying in sleep on your purified breath;  
Yield her the mercy, whose signet is death;  
In her work dropping,  
See her work dropping,  
Fate! thou art merciful! Life, thou art done!  
(God protect all of us—  
God protect all of us—  
From the heart-breaking, and yet living on.)

Winds that have smitten her tell ye the story  
Of the young life of the needle that bled,  
Making its bridge over death's soundless waters,  
Out of a swaying and soul-cutting thread.  
Over-riding,  
All the world knowing  
Thousand have trod on her bleeding, before;  
God protect all of us—  
God protect all of us—  
Should she look from the opposite shore!

From the Catholic World.

## A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

## CHAPTER XII.

## MR. QUIP FINDS HIS SPHERE.

To be settled definitely in a certain condition of life is a consolation afforded only to a fortunate minority. The changes incident to Canadian society, situated as it is on the borders of civilization, are capacious, and he who but yesterday found in himself the dispositions, tastes, and tendencies for one settled pursuit, is to-day, by a turn of the wheel, as to his fitness for anything. Social ship-wrecks are left suddenly without helm or compass. Morning suns turn into clouds of portentous meaning, and—

"So I might go," observed Mr. Quip placidly to the friend who was awaiting either the arrival or convenient of Doctor Killany—"So I might go on hoping up hyperboles, oxymorons, and similar illustrations, all tending to one fact, shedding light on the same subject, that I am out of my sphere, pining in an ungenial atmosphere, and, figuratively speaking, dead broke."

There was a pause, and the patient looked up admiringly. He was one of the simple kind, who looked upon everything professional as something divine, and he was not without a certain admiration for the kind upon whom Mr. Quip's most outrageous pranks were played, and before whom he delighted to display his extraordinary and humorous erudition.

"I repeat," Mr. Quip went on, "that I might build up mountains of rhetoric, valleys of thought, canals of flowing speech, silvered over the rays of reason, and do many other impossible and absurd things, worthy of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, and these would not move you one-half so powerfully as the simple fact which I have stated, and which all these figures could but feebly illustrate, that I am pining out of my sphere and dead broke. The worst of it is, I know my sphere, and can't get into it. But yesterday I was a man of consequence. To-day I am an exile and an orphan, witless, childless, moneyless, and heartless too. I believe, for such a succession of griefs must wear away that sensitive organ, never experience any feeling here," said Mr. Quip, laying his hand on his throat, "and that is the region where my heart always was before I came here; for causes of this phenomenon see an account of escaped criminals in the Michigan prison records."

The patient expressed great sympathy, and offered the consoling remark that he seemed to beat these misfortunes quite well so far as outward appearance was concerned. "Oh! I am used to it," said Mr. Quip, with an affectation of stoical indifference. "I have endured it for years. I have known nothing but disappointment since my birth. Even at the first moment of my entrance into this homogenous world I suffered the greatest disappointment that could happen to any man."

"Oh! indeed. Might I ask—"

"I was just going to tell you. The shock was severe, and I never have recovered from it, and never will. The effects of it will go down to the grave with me. I am a physical wreck, as you may see. Briefly it was my pet wish and great idea to be a female; but fate, a cruel fate, an untoward destiny, interfered and I was born a man."

The mere mention of this calamity brought the tears to Mr. Quip's eyes, and he turned away to conceal his emotion. The patient, astonished and pitiful, observed him secretly to wipe away a tear. Mr. Quip's face was wonderfully grave after the telling of his first disappointment.

"You can scarcely understand," he con-

tinued, "sympathetic as you are, the pain I felt at this circumstance. Time has shown me that there are greater sorrows in the world, and I have learned to bear mine with resignation. The birth of a son had a bad effect on my father. He died shortly after, anathematizing his luck, and declaring it was better to go than of his own free will into a better world than he hustled into it in his old age by a devil of a son. 'Give me a girl,' the old man said, 'and you may take every mother's son in the world in exchange.' You see my desire of being a female was hereditary. I displayed a great aptitude for music at an early age. It was said of me by a great wizard of that day that my deftness in handling notes and scales would give me one day a high place in the world. This enigmatical language contains two musical terms. Why, when five years old I could play the hand-organ."

The patient was almost dumb with admiration.

"At five years old?" echoed he.

"At five years old," repeated Mr. Quip; and he looked the very impersonation of modest, unassuming, but injured and crushed genius.

"Wonderful!" said the patient.

"Incomprehensible!" murmured the other, with deeper emotion than before.

"And you see what I am! See how genius can be blighted and set down! To-day I cannot sign a note or play on so much as a Jew's harp. But why speak of the disappointments of my life? I have numerous enough and thrilling enough to be put in print, if you obtained the right kind of a man to compose the book—one of those fellows that would throw in plenty of moonlight, a little philosophy to make the thing sublime, a sunset or two, and a character showing the same amount of respectful sympathy, risible attention, and ponderous capacity for the swallowable as yourself."

"I am honored," the patient gasped.

"Know you are. I am, too. I never met any one half so agreeable. Look at my present situation. The most blinded could see my unfitness for it. It is low facts and disheartening, particularly so for a man who has once stood high in his profession. I am an M. D. I took out my degree years ago, but the envy and jealousy of my brother physicians have forced me to hide my head in this obscure position, sir—and I would not say this to a third individual in the world save yourself. These physicians here, Killany and Fullerton, are talented men; but if all their knowledge and experience were heaped together they would fit in the cavity over my eye, and would add but a trifle to the vast and ever-extending ocean of my knowledge. These men are good, I assure you. Trust yourself confidently in their hands. But, sir, they make mistakes. I never make mistakes, and I often rectify theirs; nor do I charge one half so much. Father Leonard was here lately to consult Killany. We had a chat. I pointed out to him on the instant his complaint, and he handed me a dollar. 'Your penetration is astonishing,' said he, as he handed me the bill. Magnificent, wasn't it? His reverence has an income of ten thousand a year. You, sir, are afflicted with liver complication and inborn softness of the brain. I tell you this out of pure friendship. You are so agreeable a fellow that I could charge you nothing. Pray don't put your hand in pocket. The motion is offensive to me, badly as I need money. A dollar? My dear sir, you are robbing yourself. You have not, like the priest, ten thousand a year. Well, since you insist, I shall accept it gratefully. Thank you. There is the bell. It is your turn. Good-day."

The effective tableau of the folding doors were repeated and the gullible one, disappointed within, leaving Mr. Quip in ecstasies. Fortune did not always so smile upon him. His attempts of this kind as often brought him defeat as success, but his boldness and impudence snatched the after-difficulties and enabled him to escape detection and its consequent punishment. Much of the information so humorously showered on the individual who had just disappeared within the consulting-room was plain fact. Mr. Quip was M. D., so far as diplomas could make him one, and had practised to some extent in the West. An unlucky and criminal blunder in the latter place had banished him finally to Canada, where bad habits and bad companionship had so reduced him from his former glory that he was quite willing to serve as a medical servant to Killany. The position was too good for him. His level was the gutter, which he was solicited to avoid by taking the very means sure to lead him there. He was discontented with his position. The height of his ambition was to make unlimited money with the least possible trouble. It had been his ambition from childhood, but the opportunities had not yet been afforded him. However, they were approaching. Killany was desirous of preparing the necessary evidence of the death of the worthy doctor for Nano, and he had chosen Mr. Quip as his instrument. After office hours of that day on which Nano had come to a momentous decision the doctor called Mr. Quip into his sanctum. He had never conferred such an honor on the gentleman before, and he was interested to observe the effect it would produce on the little genius. Mr. Quip would suffer no mental disturbance at even a greater event. The throne-room at St. James and the presence of the court of her majesty would not have daunted him. But, with the shrewdness of his kind, he suspected the nature of the doctor's intentions, and knew that some emotion there, and that down with the solemnity of an owl, his great eyes fixed immovably on the doctor, his mouth in fish-like repose, his manner a mixture of timidity, smothered wonder, and alarm. The chair he had chosen for his seat afforded him no comfort, as he was posted directly on its edge. He seemed as if momentarily expecting an order to depart. It was a mistake to have invited him into the cathedral color and silence and dignity of a famous room. Killany was satisfied. Mr. Quip was awed.

"Make yourself at home, Quip," he said graciously, after a silent survey of his assistant. "We may have a long conversation, and I would like to see you at your ease."

"Wonderfully considerate," thought Quip; but he said nothing, and moved backwards an inch or so in response to the invitation to sit at his ease.

"I have a little piece of work to be

done, Quip," said the doctor, clasping his slender hands over his knee and looking with all his eyes into Mr. Quip's unwinking orbs—"a delicate piece of work, requiring a man of some ingenuity, easily tickled at the sight of gold, unmindful of risk, and in the highest degree unscrupulous."

"I'm not the man," promptly answered Mr. Quip, "if you mean me. I confess to the ingenuity but not to the unscrupulousness. Though given to taking risks, I am not the fellow to be trapped by gold."

"Lofty sentiments!" said the doctor, unmoved by the brevity of his speech or his expressions of sterling honesty. "How would you express what I wanted to say?"

"I wouldn't express it at all, sir. Bargains of this kind are essentially dangerous to the parties concerned, more especially if it ever comes before a jury and you get into the hands of the lawyers. I am in your employ. You want something done by a nice, steady, respectable young man who wouldn't turn from the right path for money. I am the man, and I do it. Because of the length and importance of my service my wages are raised to a good sum, and the whole affair goes off according to the strictest principles of honesty, which is all in the terms now-days, and in the deeds."

"But the logic is convenient," said Killany; "but the logic is convenient. I want a man who has a firm, honest belief in the death of two children, a boy and a girl, orphans, the boy older than the girl by some years. Any two children will do, and the witness need know no more about them than that they died. But he must have a real belief, and must be ready honestly to swear to their death. Honestly, remember. Bought and studied evidence is too common and too treacherous. If you can find any one among your acquaintances possessing such knowledge—and it is quite probable you can—bring him to me; impress him with the belief that he is concerned in a most important case, where truth and fidelity to facts are so essential as to bring some severe punishment if not adhered to. The more respectable the witness the better."

"I understand, sir," said Mr. Quip, rising, with the same solemn expression of countenance, as if to depart.

"Oh! sit down, sir, sit down," cried Killany. "I have not finished yet. There are many minor particulars to be attended to. I rely very much on you, and let it be understood that the whole business remains a secret. Not a whisper must reach others of this affair. You may use a sufficient sum of money to pay the witness for his trouble, but not to induce him to tell truth. Clean and legal the business must be from beginning to end."

"I understand," said Quip for the second time, and he went to the door, with his eyes cast down in affected humility, but really to rely upon the matter of his salary.

I have worked well for you in the past two years, attended to minor cases, groomed your horses, and amused you in the interval. Now, if I might ask a favor in return for the strength of this faithful discharge of duty?"

"You may, Mr. Quip, and I shall be happy to grant them. I never had a better servant, and your reward shall be in keeping with that fact."

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return I get unlimited treasure. What a glorious future is before me!"

Mr. Quip in his exultation performed a hideous dance through the room, noiseless and wild, with savage gestures and grimaces, looking the while like a vulgar, as hungry and fierce, and infinitely more demonic in expression. When he had grown calm he sat down in a hunched study for some minutes. Killany passed out during his meditation, and favored him with a cold, forbidding smile; but Quip did not see him, and he went on with his thinking, of which the apparent result was a note directed to Mr. W. Juniper, Insane Asylum, City, and written as follows:

To-morrow night the circle meets at the old room. Cash is plentiful, and a general attendance expected. Don't miss the fun, my Juniper, as you love and regard Quip.

P. S. The change in your circumstances, from the dissecting-room to the asylum, from stupidity to insanity, has made no change in my affections.

This epistle being written and despatched, Mr. Quip, perched on his study-chair, seized a medical book in his claws, eyed the letters for a few minutes gravely, and finally fell asleep in a most studious attitude.

## TO BE CONTINUED.

## CATHOLIC OAKLAND.

## "The Most Perfect Work of God on the First Morning After the Creation."

From a brilliant seven column article with the above heading, written by the veteran journalist, Calvin B. McDonald, and published in the Oakland Times, we take the following extracts. The liberality of spirit displayed therein is highly creditable to our respected contemporary, as is the masterly treatment of the gifted writer. After a suitable introduction he makes this pertinent remark:

"To a man of the world, who has inherited somewhat of the blood, and perhaps much of the intolerant superstition of the Scottish Covenanters, it is inconceivable how enlightened the present time can manifest so much bitterness towards the most ancient and venerable Church of Christianity; just as though their neighbor Catholics were disposed to flay them alive and fling them from precipices."

Respecting the priesthood it has the following sparkling paragraph, with its apt and striking illustration:

"We have somewhere read a fanciful idea that the coral islands are constructed of the dead bodies of insects. A tiny organism dies at the bottom of the sea; another takes its place, and, after a while expiring, adds its poor remains to those of its predecessor; and so the process of submarine architecture goes on, millions of millions contributing to the funeral pile, until at length an island, covered by some stray navigator, covered with palm and plantain trees and tropical flowers, and peopled by a strange race of mankind. In like manner the Catholic priest may be said to contribute his whole being to the building up of one great structure, the Church of Rome. A man-child is born, perhaps in some thatched cottage of Ireland, or in the lowly hut of the Colleen Bawn of the emerald slope; and, having patiently and faithfully performed his part in the apostolic drama, dies after a while, a thousand miles in the depths of the wilderness, under the burden of salvation. Another takes his place, and so the work goes on uninterruptedly for a thousand years, these human sparrows falling to the ground, one by one, unseen by the great world, but, as we well believe, full in the sight of God, until at length the conquering sign of the Holy Cross is desecrated from eminence to eminence all around the circumference of the globe."

Mr. McDonald approaches the convents in a spirit of most respectful reverence, and describes the beneficent lives of the Sisters with a refinement of feeling and a delicacy of touch that are truly admirable. He thus introduces the subject: CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.