

Working and Waiting.

[Ada Isaacs Menken, the author of the following lines, was a woman of uncommon ability in verse. Born at the South in Europe, where her name was coupled with that of the great Burns, she fitted back and forth, appearing in fourth-rate parts in second-class theatres. Her poems, "Infelix and other Poems," published by G. 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.]

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 of one settled pursuit, is to-day, by a turn of the proverbial wheel, a prey to doubt and indecision as to his fitness for anything. Social ship-wrecks are not uncommon in a sea where vessels are left suddenly without helm or compass. Morning suns turn into clouds of portentous meaning, and—

continued, "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 the world in which he was. You see my dear, 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 scaling 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."

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."

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

"And now, will the reverend ladies and gentlemen of the Church of Rome accept the foregoing as the views of a Protestant friend, who, under the ordinations of his ancient faith, could not be buried in consecrated ground; but who, nevertheless, had the fortune to meet some of them on the dark confines of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and by their friendly help came out, at last, where 'there was a well of water and twelve palm-trees.'"—San Francisco Monitor.

rulers whom it elects. We Catholics know the fatuity of the interference; but we have only ourselves to blame for keeping our earnestness out of politics, as though mere contact with such scandals were contaminating. Still, the truth is sufficiently known by outside critics and ought not to be perverted so recklessly. It should be recognized that the Freze Orban, and the Depretis, and the Paul Bert, are not types, in any sense, of the Catholic people; and that they cause a vast deal more scandal among their own Catholic compatriots than they do even in non-Catholic countries. The "popular misapprehension," about which we are writing, is generated by the confusion of two opposites; the one, the listless attitude of most Catholics towards politics; the other, their inner Catholic belief. The confusion is easily explicable among non Catholics, who have not that discrimination of the supernatural from the natural which is common to those brought up in the Faith. As a matter of fact, there are fewer sceptics in Catholic countries than there are in such countries as are called Protestant; and there is probably more scepticism between Northumberland and Sussex than in all other "Christian" countries put together. Whatever scepticism exists in Catholic countries has been bred by the principles of the "Reformation," whose logical outcome, religiously and socially, was the "principle of 1789." Scepticism on the Continent more blatant, more extreme, than it is in mild, Protestant England, is caused by its to oppose itself to Church authority; but the same class of people who make so much noise over their scepticism would, in any age, have been classed as had Catholics.—Liverpool Times.