

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Pansy. There is a fable told about a king's garden in which all the trees and flowers began to fret and make complaint.

A Poet Answered. The following anecdote shows the simple method used by a French statesman to control his temper, which was apt to take the bit in its mouth:

When M. de Persigny was French Minister of the Interior, he received a visit one day from a friend who, on sending up his name, was shown into the great man's sanctum. A warm discussion arose between them.

Suddenly a servant entered and handed the Minister a note. On opening it he at once changed his tone of voice, and assumed a quiet and urbane manner.

Puzzled at the contents of the note, and the marked effect it had suddenly produced upon the Minister, his friend cast a furtive glance at it, when, to his astonishment, he perceived that it was simply a plain sheet of paper, without a scratch upon it!

More puzzled than ever, the gentleman, after a few minutes, took his leave, and proceeded to interrogate the servant, to whom he was well known for he himself had been a Minister of the Interior.

"You have," said he, "just handed to the Minister a note, folded up, which had a most extraordinary effect upon him. Now, it was a plain sheet of paper, with nothing written upon it. What did it mean?"

"Sir," replied the servant, "here is the explanation, which I must beg you to keep secret, for I do not wish to compromise myself. My master is very liable to lose his temper. As he himself is aware of his weakness, he has ordered me, each time that his voice is raised sufficiently to be audible in the ante-room, without delay to place a sheet of paper in an envelope and take it to him. That reminds him that his temper is getting the better of him, and he at once calms himself. Just now I heard his voice rising, and immediately carried out my instructions."

A Prickly Preacher. "Tom, Tom! You are the most careless boy I ever knew. Now you have upset grandmother's work-basket and the spoons have run everywhere. No, you needn't come back. I'll pick it up for you!" and Marian gathered up and replaced the contents of the basket, which Tom had upset in his hasty passage through the room.

"I'd say you were a brick Marian, if you hadn't scolded so!" exclaimed Tom as he rushed through the front door to join some boys who were waiting for him to go fishing.

"Sister, I can't get this sum right. Won't you help me?" asked little Nellie, coming into the room with her slate.

"You must be dreadfully stupid not to understand such a simple thing as that," Marian answered, as she took the slate impatiently out of the child's hand.

"Now if I have to stop and fuss with your old arithmetic, I shan't have any time to practice!"

"Never mind," said Nellie, meekly. "O, you needn't go away. I suppose I can spare the time somehow, and very clearly, though in a disagreeable manner, Marian explained the puzzling example, so Nellie found out where her mistake had been.

"Marian," called her mother from the kitchen. "I am afraid Tom forgot to stop at the grocery's and order the peaches. Did you remind him again before he went?"

"No, I thought he ought to remember for once without being reminded all the time," Marian answered, pettishly. "I suppose I have got to go and order them."

"You need not if you are busy," her mother answered. "I can manage to wait for them till this afternoon, when Tom comes home."

"No, that isn't worth while. I'll go," and Marian put on her hat and executed the errand.

It was a warm morning, and when Marian returned, heated from her walk, she went out on the porch to cool off.

A green, prickly chestnut-burr had dropped from the tree in front of the house, and grandfather pushed it meditatively about with his cane.

"It's too bad that anything with as good a heart as a chestnut-burr should have such a prickly, sharp covering, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes, I'd rather go without the chestnuts than hurt my hands opening such a prickly burr," answered Marian, fanning herself with her broad-brimmed hat.

"Yes it is only on the outside that it is sharp," said grandfather. "It has a velvet lining to its prickly exterior, where there are no sweeter nuts anywhere than the brown, polished beauties that nestle in their soft hiding-place. That chestnut-burr makes me think of some one I know."

"Who?" asked Marian, with interest.

"A little friend of mine, who has the kindest heart possible. She is always ready to do a kindness for any one, and she never refuses to grant a favor, but she always is so ungracious about her kind deeds, and says so many sharp, irritating things that one is tempted to forget the warm heart underneath and remember only the prickly burr. If she would only do her kind deeds in a kindly way they would be doubly appreciated."

Marian blushed. "I suppose you mean me, grandfather," she said, after a little pause. "I didn't think it mattered much if I did grumble a little, as long as I always do what I am asked."

"It makes one feel sometimes as if it was hardly worth while to get their fingers pricked for the sake of the nut," grandfather answered. "Let this prickly preacher preach you a sermon, dear, and learn to do good deeds kindly."—Selected.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Sad Career of Him who Might be Named Ireland's Edgar Allan Poe.

ONE OF THE SWEETEST POETS OF THE CENTURY—in life he knew NAUGHT BUT MISERY—HIS MISFORTUNES LARGELY DUE TO HIS FATHER—HIS CAREER AS A CLERK—DEFOILED IN LOVE—HIS WRITINGS AND LITERARY WORK.

Mary J. O'nehan in the Chicago Evening Post.

In Glasnevin cemetery, where Ireland has gathered to her bosom some of her bravest, her most gifted sons, is a grave unmarked by stone or slab, one that is dear to the hearts of Irishmen the world over—the grave of James Clarence Mangan.

Many a tear has fallen on it, many a prayer been murmured over it since that summer dire and terrible in Irish history, when the wasted body of Clarence Mangan was laid in the dust.

Those restless, wild blue eyes were closed at last in a sleep untroubled by dreams, that heart tumultuous and breaking was at last forever stilled. Here the sternest will may relent, the severest soften to pity.

He who in life knew naught but misery and wretchedness and despair surely in death deserves only our kindness and our commiseration. The uniformly woeful career of Mangan has been often and sadly told. Mitchell told it in '59 in a brief introduction to a volume of his poems—told it as his friend and helper might well tell it; with tenderness, with pity and with sorrow.

James Clarence Mangan, like Moore, was the son of a grocer, and was born in Fishamble street, Dublin, May 1, 1803. His father, he tells us in the fragment of an autobiography found after his death, treated him and his brothers and sister "as a huntsman would treat refractory hounds."

"We often boasted," says Mangan, "that we would run into a mouse hole to shun him." Indeed, the poet attributed

ALL HIS MISFORTUNES to his father. He was an improvident man, let the little business he had slip through his fingers, and then gave himself up to listlessness and despair. We need not wonder that poverty soon gave place to actual want in the Mangan household. Reared in an atmosphere of curses and intemperance, of cruelty, infidelity and blasphemy, it is not surprising that Clarence Mangan was a trembling, a stunted and uncanny child. What little school education he got was acquired at a small "Popish seminary" in Derby square. His schooling lasted until he was thirteen. Then for seven years he labored as a scrivener's clerk and contrived out of the miserable pittance he received to help support that wretched household. "I was taken from my books, obliged to relinquish my solitary rambles and musings and compelled for the miserable pittance of a few shillings weekly to herd with the coarsest of associates."

One of his biographers alludes to a gap in his life, of which there is no record, "into which he entered a bright-haired youth and emerged a withered and stricken man." Possibly it is the period of which Mangan writes: "My physical and moral torments, my endurance from cold, heat, hunger and fatigue, and that isolation of mind which was, perhaps, worse than all, in the end flung me into a fever and I was transmitted to a hospital." He left the hospital "old in soul, though young in years." It was, doubtless, among the evil associates of the scrivener's office that Mangan first fell a victim to the demon of drink—that demon in whose clutches he was all his life to struggle and to whose power he was finally to succumb. The worse and the better self! What strange bedfellows they make! Indeed,

IT SEEMED FATED that no human misery should be alien to him. It was probably before his complete downfall that Mangan went through that other great branch in the curriculum of his education. He fell in love (as what Irishman does not?) and he was deceived. The fair Frances was false. She captured his heart, toyed a while with it, then coolly flung it back to him and "whistled him down the wind." Those beautiful lines purporting to be a ballad from

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to 10th, a Handmade Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 18 Scott St., Toronto, not later than 25th of each month, and marked "Competition," also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

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Ruochoert were surely wasted upon her:

"I saw her once—one little while and then no more. 'Twas paradise on earth awhile and then no more. Ah! what avails my vigils pale, my magic lore? She shone before my eyes awhile and then no more. The shallop of my peace is wrecked on beauty's shore. Near hope's fair isle it rode awhile and then no more. I saw her once, one little while, and then no more. Earth looked like heaven a little while, and then no more. Her presence thrilled and lighted to its inner core. My desert breast a little while and then no more."

Thanks to the efforts of Dr. Todd and to one or two other friends, Mangan obtained employment in the magnificent library of Trinity College, of which Dr. Todd was the librarian. He was set to work making an improved catalogue of the books—a labor for which his varied and polyglot studies eminently fitted him. Here Mangan acquired or perfected his wild and miscellaneous stock of learning. He was fluent in the German, French, and Spanish tongues, but his knowledge of Persian, Coptic and other oriental languages seemed to have been purely visionary. Many of his poems he sent in as translations. When asked why he gave credit to others for what was his own—attribution to Hafiz lines that were entirely original—he answered pathetically:

"HAFIZ PAID BETTER THAN MANGAN."

Whether through diffidence or through patriotism (patriotism in Ireland always includes hatred of everything English) he never contributed a line to an English newspaper or periodical. His poems appeared in the Dublin Penny Journal and the Dublin University Magazine. In 1842 the Nation was started and for five years Mangan was a weekly contributor to its columns. When Mitchell left the Nation in '47 Mangan followed him and attached himself to the fortunes of the new mouthpiece, the United Irishman.

Regular employment, that sure steader of genius, did little to steady the genius of Mangan. At times he would disappear entirely, be lost for weeks and months, none knowing whither he had gone; then he would re-appear as suddenly as he had vanished, only more wretched, more haggard and more forlorn. The one fatal weakness reduced him almost to the verge of insanity.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was his staunch friend and loyal helper, and to him Mangan often appealed in his direst extremity. Witness the following letter:

"MY DEAR DUFFY: I am utterly prostrated. I am in a state of absolute desolation of spirit. For the pity of God come to me. I have ten words to say to you. I implore you come. Do not suffer me to believe that I am abandoned by God and man. I cannot stir out—cannot look any one in the face. Regard this as my last request and comply with it as if you suppose me dying. I am hardly able to hold the pen, but I will not, and dare not, take any stimulants to enable me to do so. Too long and fatally already have I been playing that game with my shattered nerves. Enough. God bless you. Oh, come!

"Ever yours, J. M."

The letter is followed by a series of solemn promises made "in the name of God Almighty," chief of which is the pledge to live soberly, abstemiously and regularly. Needless to say the promises were again broken. He was living at this time in

A MISERABLE BACK ROOM destitute of every comfort, a porter bottle doing duty for a candlestick and a blanketless pallet for a bed and a writing table, his only companion a sick brother who added to his anxieties, his only hope that life was not endless, that death was surely coming for them both. Death came at last and Mangan answered willing to his call. Broken in health and spirits he had, in '47, obtained admission to St. Vincent's Hospital, but left there in a fit of frenzy, the doctors having refused him stimulants. For two years life dragged on its miserable course, till at length one morning in June, 1849, the news spread about that Mangan was dying, a victim to that terrible epidemic, cholera, then raging in Ireland.

From the sheds at Kilmainham he had been moved to the Meath Hospital, where, on June 20, he breathed his last. His death was as peaceful as his life had been troubled. He had always been a sincere Catholic at heart, though often careless and indifferent in practice. When told that he could not recover he said playfully to a friend who had sat by his bedside, "I feel that I am going. I know that I must go 'unhanselled' and 'unanelled,' but you must not let me go unshriven and unanointed." He received the last sacraments of the Church, and with the words "O Mary, Queen of Mercy," upon his lips, Erin's Edgar Poe passed away. So vanished that gentle spirit of whom it was said: "No one wish of his heart was ever fulfilled, no aspiration satisfied; he passionately loved all sights and sounds of nature, yet his

hard fate held him chained in the dreariest haunts of a crowded city all his life; he pined to sit under the shade of tropic trees or to sweep the great desert on a barb from Alexandria; yet he never left Ireland; never, perhaps, penetrated farther into the country than the hills of Wicklow."

LOWELL'S LAST GOOD TALK.

The following paragraphs, which we clip from the London Weekly Register, will probably prove more interesting to American than to English readers. We are glad to discover that an American so highly eulogized by the Protestant press of this country admitted the justice of Catholic claims to religious education. The Register quotes from Mr. Raymond Blathwayte, who thinks that he was the last Englishman with whom Lowell had a good talk:

"Cardinal Manning," said Lowell, "is a perpetual puzzle to me. An English gentleman, an Italian Cardinal, a prince and a courtier, a Radical Reformer—there is a curious mixture—and yet one of the most winning of men." He was much interested in my telling him of some conversations I had with the Cardinal.

"I asked His Eminence once," I said, "if he was not now and again conscious of the old leaven of Protestantism." And Mr. Lowell laughed heartily when I told him that the Cardinal smiled and laid his hand on my knee, and said, "Do you know that that is a very home question indeed?"

"I quite believe it," remarked Mr. Lowell. "I can distinctly trace Puritan influence here in America in Roman Catholics."

"Lowell was evidently pleased when I told him that only a few days previously the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, Dr. Corrigan, had been regretting to me that the old spirit of Puritanism was dying out in America. "Did he, indeed?" was the poet's reply. "That is very interesting and a very noble remark for him to make. But the decay of our Puritanism is only in creed; its influence amongst all classes is strong and healthy still. Referring to the Roman Catholics, it is essential to remember that we influence Rome quite as much as she influences us; it is perhaps a delicate political matter for me to discuss, but I must say that I think their demands as to the religious education of their children are not only natural, but reasonable."

No one who knows or knows of the excellent Archbishop of New York will misunderstand the sense in which he spoke. The Puritans were a narrow-minded, selfish, fanatical race; but they had sterling virtues, which it is much to be regretted their descendants do not generally emulate.—Ave Maria.

Not Luck But Work.

"Twenty clerks in a store, twenty hands in a printing office, twenty apprentices in a ship yard, twenty young men in a town, all want to get on in the world, and expect to do so," says an old merchant.

"One of the clerks will become partner, and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master builder; one of the villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual? Luck! There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge; who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this dusty old highway, but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having—good fortune, good name and serene old age—all go in this road."

Mr. H. B. McKinnon, painter, Mount Albert, says: "Last summer my system got impregnated with the lead and turpentine used in painting; my body was covered with scarlet spots as large as a 25 cent piece, and I was in such a state that I could scarcely walk. I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and at once commenced taking it in large doses, and before one-half the bottle was used there was not a spot to be seen, and I never felt better in my life."

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Advertisement for 'WOMAN'S SURPRISE' soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and the text 'WOMAN'S SURPRISE SOAP'.

Advertisement for 'EPPS'S COCOA' breakfast, with the text 'EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST.' and 'GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.'

Advertisement for 'THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE', listing prizes and ticket information.

Advertisement for 'JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF' as 'The Great Strength-giver', describing it as 'The most perfect form of Concentrated Nourishment.'

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Advertisement for 'CONCORDIA VINEYARDS' in Sandwich, Ontario, producing wine.

Advertisement for 'ERNEST GIRADOT & CO.' altars and wine specialties.

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Advertisement for 'ALWAYS TRUE. RHEUMATISM. ST. JACOBS OIL. NEURALGIA. IT IS THE BEST.' featuring an illustration of a man and a dog.