My hand went o'er the piano keys, And it chanced on a song that you sang, my When we roamed through the country still-Or stood by the sea when the moon was clear. In that other year.

I forgot the words you were wont to sing, But the tune is a sweet and tender one. And sad as the thought of autuun and spring To one who direans in the tender sun That the sweet time's done.

As I play, the old hopes, the old sorrows move And it seems almost that your voice I hear, And my spirit has gone this day to rove Down the inland way, by the far-off sea Of that other year.

As a bird that finds its nest
When the winds are overstrong,
With quivering wines and panting breast,
Even so to day this song,
Which your d'ar lips used to sing,
From the days long left behind,
Enters now and folds its wing
In the still remembering mind.

Philip Bourke Marston.

## THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.

A cold winter's night found a stage load of us gathered about the warm fire of a tavern bar-room in a New Engand village. Shortly after we arrived a peddler drove up and ordered that his horse should be stabled for the night. After we had eaten supper we repaired to the bar-room, and as soon as the ice was broken the conversation freely. Several anecdotes had been related, an finally the peddler was asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were generally full of adventure and anecdotes. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhat about forty years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his home was in Dover, New Hampshire.

Well, gentlemen, he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and and putting it in his pocket, suppose I you about the last thing of any consequence that happened to me? You see I am now right from the far West, and on my way home for winter It was about two months ago, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small village tavern in Hancock County, Indiana. I said it was pleasant-I mean it was warm, but it was cloudy, and likely to be very dark. I went and called for of, and after I had eaten I sat down in bar-room. It began to rain at about 8 o'clock, and for awhile it poured down good, and it was awful dark out of doors

Now I wished to be in Jackson early next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I intended to dispose of on my way home. The moon would rise about midnight, and I knew if it did not rain I could get along very comfortably through the mud after that. So I asked the landlord if he could not see that my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off before 2. He expressed some surprise at this, and asked me why I did not stop for breakfast. I told him I had sold my last load about all out, and that a new lot of goods was wait ing for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there before the express again

left in the morning.

There was a number of people sitting round while I told this, but I took but little notice of them; one only arrested my attention. I had in my possession a small parcel of placards which I was to deliver to the Sheriff of Jackson, and they were notices for the detection of a notorious robber named Dick Hardhead. The bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. In fact it was perfect. He was a tall, well-formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentle-man, save that his face bore those hard, cruel marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index of a villainous disposition.

When I went to my chamber I asked the landlord who the man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him. He had come there that afternoon, and intended to leave the next day. The host asked why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I merely wished to know if I was ever acquainted with resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to hurry on to Jackson, and there give information to the Sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left, for I had no doubt with regard to his identity.

I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at 1 o'clock I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time, and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard. I found the clouds all passed and the moon was shining brightly. The ostler was easily aroused, and by 2 o'clock I was on The mud was deep, and my horse could not travel very fast-yet it struck me that the beast made more work than there was any need of, for the cart was nearly empty.

However, on he went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village. At a short distance ahead lay a large tract of forest, mostly of great pines. The road led directly through the wood. as near as I could remember the distance was twelve miles. Yet the moon was in the East, and as the road nearly ran West, I should have light enough. I had entered the woods and had gone about half a mile when my wagon wheels settled with a bump and jerk into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but that was not all. I heard another exclama-

tion from another source!
What could it be? I looked quickly around but could see nothing. Yet I knew that the sound that I heard was

jerk of the hole. I heard something tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could not feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! some poor fellow had taken this method to obtain a ride; but I soon gave this up, for I knew any decent man would have asked me for a ride. My next idea was somebody got in to slow the sound of the wagon, "you have had a good ride, haven't ye?"

"Who are you." he said. this passed away as quickly as it came, for no man would have broken into my cart for the purpose. And that thought, gentleman, opened my eyes. Whoever was in there had broken in.

My next thoughts were of Mr. Dick Hardhead. He had heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed I had some money with me. In this he was right, for I had over \$2,000. I also thought he meant to leave the cart when he supposed had reached a safe place, and then either creep over and shoot me, or knock me down. All this passed through my mind by the time I had

got a rod from the hole. Now I never make it a point to brag of myself, but I have seen a great deal of the world, and I am pretty cool and clear-headed under difficulty. In a very few moments my resolution was My horse was keen deep in -I never travel in that country with-out one - I drew this, and having twined the reins about the whip stock carefully slipped down in the mud behind it and examined the hasp.

The door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a hasp, which slips over a staple, and is then secured by a pad-The padlock was gone, and the hasp was secured in its place by a bit of pine—so that a slight force from with-in could break it. My wheel wrench hung in a leather bucket, on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple, the iron

handle just sliding down.

Now I had him. My cart was almost new, made in a stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard usage. I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy I knew that at the distance of half mile farther I should come to a good hard road, and so I allowed my horse to pick his own way through the mud About ten minutes after this I heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grind ing noise, as though some heavy force was being applied to the door. I said nothing, but the idea struck me that the villian might judge where I sat, and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, I sat down on the footboard.

Of course I knew now that my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long, and start up in this particular place. The thumping and pushing grew louder and louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice.

"Let me out of this," he cried and he yelled pretty loud.

I lifted up my head, so as to make him think I was sitting in my usual place and then asked him what he was doing there.

Let me out, and I will tell you, he replied.
"Tell me what you are in there for,

said I. "I got in here to sleep on your

rags," he answered.
"How did you get in?" I asked.

"Let me out, or I'll shoot you through the head," he yelled. Just at that moment my horse's struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be good going. The distance was twelve miles. I slipped back on the foot-beard, and took the whip. I had the same horse that I've got now-a tall, stout, powerful bay mare-and you may believe there's some go in her. At any rate, she struck a gait that even astonished me. She had received a good mess of oats, the air was cool, and she felt like going. In teen minutes we cleared the woods,

The chap inside kept yelling to be let Finally he stepped, and in a few minutes came the report of a pistolone—two—three—four, one right after the other, and I heard the balls whiz over my head. If I had been on my seat, one of those balls, if not two of them, would have gone through me. popped up my head again, and gave yell, and then a deep groan, and then I said: "O God! save me, I'm a dead man!" Then I made a shuffling noise, as though I was falling off, and finally down on the foot-board again. now urged up the old mare, by ing her an occasional poke with the butt of my whip-stock, and she pelted

it faster than ever. The man called out to me twice or more, pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply, he made some tremendous endeavors to break the door open, and this failing him, he made several attempts upon the top. But I had no fears of his doing anything there, for the top of the cart is framed in with dovetails, and each sleeper bolted to the post with iron bolts. it so I could carry heavy loads there. By and by, after all else had failed, the scamp commenced to holler whoa to the horse. All this time I kept perfeetly quiet, holding the reins firmly and kept poking the beast with the

We were not an hour in going the dozen miles-not a bit of it. much fear, perhaps I might tell the truth and say that I had none, for I had a good pistol, and, more than that, my passenger was safe, yet I was glad came up I felt something besides the when I came to the old flour barrel fac-

tory that stood at the edge of Jackson village, and in ten minutes more I hauled up in front of the tavern, and found a couple of men in the bar cleaning down some stage horses.
"Well, old fellow," said I, as I go

the question.
"I am the man you tried to shoot,

"Where am I? Let me out!" he velled.

"Look here, we've come to a safe stopping-place, and mind ye, my re-

volver is ready for ye the moment you show yourself. Now lay quiet." By this time the two hostlers had come up to see what was the matter, and I explained it all to them. this I got one of them to run and rout out the sheriff, and tell what I believed I'd got for him. The first streak of daylight was just coming up, and in half an hour it would be broad daylight. In less than that time the sheriff came, and two men with him. I told him the whole in a few wordsexhibited the handbills I had for him, and then he made for the cart. told the chap inside who he was, and if the mud, and I knew I could slip off he made the least resistance he'd be a without noise. So I drew my revolver dead man. Then I slipped the iron wrench out, and as I let the door down the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle, and he came down on his face, and in a few moments more the officers had him. It was now daylight, and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. He marched off to the lock-up, and I told the sheriff I should remain in town all

> After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern, and told me that I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning, I should have the reward of \$200 which had been offered.

> I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to work to stow them away in my cart. The bullet holes were found in the top of my vehicle just as I expected. They were in line about five inches apart, and had I been where I usually sit, tw of them would have hit me somewhere about the small of the back, and passed upward, for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder, and his pistol was a large one

> On the next morning the sheriff had called upon me and paid me my \$200 in gold, for he had made himself sure that he had got the villain. I afterwards found a letter in the post office t Portsmouth for me from the Sheriff of Hancock county, and he informed me that Mr. Dick. Hardhead was in prison for life.
> So ended the peddler's story. In the

morning I had the curiosity to look at his cart, and I found the four bullet holes just as he had told me, though they were now plugged up with vial

## What the Cardinals Get.

Each Cardinal receives, in monthly payments out of the Papal Treasury the sum of 21,480 francs (\$4,2000) annually. This is their nominally fixed stipend, and is called the "piatto cardinalizio," probably because the sum due was formerly presented on a silver plate (piatto). At Christmas silver plate (piatto). At Christmas time each Cardinal receives a surplus of 500 francs, known as indemnity for postal expenses. When the Italians entered Rome the College of Cardinals was deprived of this addition to their

Besides the nominal sum, there are a few accessory revenues. The Sacred College possesses some property, the total value of which is 40,000 francs. The Sovereign Pontiff deducts 15,000 from this revenue in favor of Roman schools, and the administration retains 10,000 francs for the expenses of management, etc. Hence, the 15,000 francs which remains are divided among the Cardinals generally residing in Rome, and who number about thirty.

The devotion-or worship, as we say in our Old English speech—to the Blessed Virgin which the Catholic Church teaches to her children, may be best defined in these words: It is the love and veneration which was paid to her Divine Son and His disciples, and such as we should have borne to her if we had been on earth with them; and it is also love and veneration we shall bear to her, next after her Divine Son, when through grace we see Him in His kingdom. Cardinal Manning.

Quartermaster-General.

Quartermaster-General.

The familiar proverb, "what is good for man is good for his beast" is fully understood by all horsemen from the turf to the farm, from the stable to the saddle. Very high authorities on the subject of horse and cattle ailments, concur in the opinion of General Rufus Ingalls, late Quartermaster-General, U.S. Army, who says "St. Jacobs Oil is the best pain-cure we ever used. It conquers pain." This department has the custody and treatment of army horses and mules, and thousands are treated.

If your little ones suffer with "snuffles" Nasal Balm will give them relief. It is a certain cure for all forms of cold in the head or catarrh. Sold by all dealers. Try it.

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

or catarrh. Sold by all dealers. Try it,

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co, Toronto, offer the
following prizes every month till further notice,
to boys and grits under 18, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number
of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$6; 3rd,
83; 4th, \$1; 5th to lath, a Handsome Book; and
a pretty picture to those who send not less
than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Saap Office, 43 Socti 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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SICK HEADACHE caused by excess of bile or a disordered stomach is promptly relieved by using National Pills. Minard's Liniment cures Garget in

LADY.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in the Rosary.

The sincere adorers and lovers of our Lord Jesus Christ look with rever-ence on every object with which He was associated, and they conceive an affection for every person that was near and dear to Him on earth. And the closer the intimacy of those persons with our Saviour the holier do they appear in our estimation; just as those planets partake most of the sun's light and heat which revolve the nearest

There is something hallowed to the eye of the Christian in the very clay of Judea, because it was pressed by the footprints of our Blessed Redeemer. With what reverent steps we would enter the cave of Bethlehem, because there was born the Saviour of the world. With what religious demeanor we would tread the streets of Nazareth when we remembered that there were spent the days of His boyhood. profound religious awe would fill our hearts on ascending Mount Calvary, where He paid by His blood the ransom of our souls.

But if the lifeless soil claims so much reverence, how much more veneration would be enkindled in our hearts for the living persons who were the friends and associates of our Saviour on earth? For we know that He exercised a certain salutary and magnetic influence on those whom He approached. "All the multitude sought to touch Him, for virtue went out for Him and healed all "(Luke, vi, 19), as happened to a woman who had been troubled with an issue of blood. (Matt. ix, 20.)

We would seem indeed to draw near to Jesus if we had the happiness of only conversing with the Samaritan woman, or of eating at the table of Zaccheus, or of being entertained by Nicodemus. But if we were admitted into the inner circle of His friends, of Lazarus, Mary and Martha, for instance, the Baptist or the Apostles we would be conscious that in their company we were drawing still nearer to Jesus and imbibing somewhat of that spirit which they must have largely received from their familiar relations with Him.

Now, if the land of Judea is looked upon as hallowed ground, because Jesus dwelt there; if the Apostles were considered as models of holiness, because they were the chosen com panions and pupils of our Lord in His latter years, how peerless must have been the sanctity of Mary, who gave birth, whose breast pillow, who nursed and clothed Him in infancy, who guided His early steps, who accompanied Him In His exile to Egypt and back, who abode with Him from infancy to boyhood, from boyhood to manhood; who during all that time listened to the words of wisdom which fell from His lips, who was the first to embrace Him at His birth, and the last to receive His dying breath This sentiment is so natural to us that we find it bursting forth spontaneously from the lips of the woman of the Gospel, who, hearing the words of Jesus, full of wisdom and sanctity, lifted her voice and "said to Him: Blessed is the womb that bore Thee and the paps that gave Thee suck.

It is in accordance with the economy of divine Providence that whenever God designs any person for some important work He bestows on that person the graces and dispositions neces sary for faithfully discharging it.

When Moses was called by heaven to be the leader of the Hebrew people, he hesitated to assume the formidable e on the plea of "impe slowness of tongue." But Jehovah reassured him by promising to qualify him for the sublime functions assigned to him: "I will be in thy mouth, I will teach these what thou shall peak." (Exod., iv, 12.)
The Prophet Jeremiah was sanctified

from his very birth, because he was destined to be the herald of God's law to the children of Israel: "Before I formed thee in the bowels of thy mother, I knew thee, and before thou comest forth out of the womb I sanctified (Jer., i, 5.)

"Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost "(Luke, i, 41), that she might be worthy to be the hostess of our Lord during the three months that Mary dwelt under her roof.

John the Baptist was "filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb." (Luke, i, 15.) "He was a burning and a shining light" (John, v, 35), because he was chosen to prepare the way of the Lord.

The Apostles received the plenitude of grace; they were endowed with the gift of tongues and other privileges (Acts, ii), before they commenced the work of the ministry. Hence, St. Paul says: "Our sufficiency is from God, who hath made us fit ministers of the New Testament." (2 Cor., iii, 6.)

Now of all who who have participated in the ministry of the Redemption, there is not one who filled any position so exalted, so sacred as is the incommunicable office of Mother of Jesus and there is no one consequently that needed so high a degree of holiness as

she did. For, if God thus sanctified His Pro phets and Apostles, as being destined to be the bearers of the word of life, how much more sanctified must Mary have been, who was to bear the Lord and "Author of life." If John was so holy, because he was chosen as the pioneer to prepare the way of the Lord, how much more holy was she who ushered Him into the world. If holiness became John's mother, surely a greater holiness became the Mother of John's Master. If God said to His priests of old, "Be ye clean, you that carry the vessels of the Lord;" nay, if

vessels themselves used in the

DEVOTION TO OUR BLESSED divine service and set apart by special consecration, we cannot conceive Mary to have been ever profaned by sin who was the chosen vessel of election, even the Mother of God.

Now, the Catholic is the only Church whose children, generation after generation, from the first to the present century, have pronounced her blessed and of all Christians in this land, they alone contribute to the fulfilment of the

Therefore, it is only Catholics that earn the approval of heaven by fulfilling the prediction of the Holy Ghost. Protestants not only concede that we

bless the name of Mary, but they even reproach us for being too lavish in our

On the other hand, they are careful to exclude themselves from the "genera tions" that were destined to call her blessed, for, in speaking of her, they almost invariably withold from the title of blessed, preferring to call her the Virgin or Mary the Virgin, or the Mother of Jesus. And while Protestant churches will resound with the praises of Sarah and Rebecca and Rachel, of Miriam and Ruth, of Esther and Judith of the Old Testament, and of Elizabeth and Anna, of Magdalen and Martha of the New, the name of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is uttered with bated breath lest the sound of her name should make the preacher liable to the charge of superstition.

The piety of a mother usually sheds additional lustre on the son, and the halo that encircles her brow is reflected upon his. The more the mother is extolled, the greater honor redounds to the son. And if this be true of all men who do not choose their mothers, how much more strictly may it be affirmed of Him who chose His own Mother, and made her Himself such as He would have her, so that all the glories of His Mother are essentially His own. And vet we daily see ministers of the Gospe ignoring Mary's exalted virtues and unexampled privileges and parading her alleged imperfections, nay, sinfulness, as if her Son were dishonored by the piety, and took delight in the defamation, of His Mother.

Such defamers might learn a lessor from one who made little profession of Christianity :-

"Is thy name Mary, maiden fair? Such should, methinks, its music be. The sweetest name that mortals bear, Were best befitting thee, And she to whom it once was given, Was half of earth and half of heaven."

Wordsworth, also, though nurtured within the bosom of the Cath olic Church, conceives a true appreciation of Mary's incomparable holines in the following beautiful lines:

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed With the least shade of thought to sin allied; Woman! above all women glorified. Our tainted nature's solitary boast; Pure than foam on central ocean tost, Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strew With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween, Not unforgiven, the supplicant knee mighten

hend
As to a visible power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with screne."

To honor one who has been the subject of divine, angelic and saintly panegyric is to us a privilege, and the privilege is heightened into a sacred luty when we remember that the spirit of prophecy foretold that she should ever be the unceasing theme of Christian eulogy as long as Christianity itself would exist.

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Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q., had Dys

by writing to you for a supply."

Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q., had Dyspepsia for 20 years. Tried many remedie and doctors, but got no relief. His appetit was very poor, had a distressing pain in his de and stomach, and gradual wasting award flesh, when he heard of, and immediatel commenced taking. Northrop & Lyman Vegetable Discovery. The pains have let and he rejoices in the enjoyment of excellen health, in fact he is quite a new man."

A Severe Attack.

health, in fact he is quite a new man."

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## Dyspepsia

from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a well known grocer of Staunton, Va. He says: "Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weighing over 200 pounds. In that year an allment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I was reduced to 162 pounds, suffering burning

sensations in the tomach, palpitation of the heart, nausea, and indigestion.
I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of melancholia, and for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable, and for eight years life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a workman employed by me suggested that I take Sarsapaith had Suffering rilla, as cured his dyspepsia. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The

a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disapmy stomach became easier, hauses disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken

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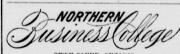
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