

Kosciusko's Grave.

By K. S. L. Thompson, in *Woman's Work*.

The "Mound of Kosciusko" stands on a hill a few miles distant from Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland. For a thousand years this was the cradle, the stronghold and the cemetery of the old monarchs. All its surroundings even now proclaim its former greatness. The citizens were four years in the construction of this strange yet appropriate monument to the gallant Kosciusko. From its summit one has a view of historic and enchanting beauty. The spires of Cracow; the towers of the old palace rising upon the rock of Warrell, like the castle over Edinburgh. The Vistula winding away among the valleys, and the distant ranges of the Carpathians presenting a most enchanting prospect. Standing by his mound to Kosciusko, we exclaim: "Could there have been a better monument than this raised to the patriot of Poland, composed of earth brought from all the battlefields and set in the midst of so many great and glorious associations?"

O, son of Valor, sweetly sleep
 Ho! ho! Vistula's murmurs deep:
 Hero Cracow keeps her watch with thee,
 Thou dauntless spirit of the free.
 The very earth that guards thee clay,
 Tells all the battles glorious day!
 Ah, yet the "blue Carpathians thrill"
 For thee—the son of Poland still!

Hero in thy lowly sleep beside
 The Christians rest of Poland's pride!
 Arises now her crowned ways,
 And all her famed and glorious days!
 Sobleski and Casimir,
 And all that died for love of her.
 Here in the dim Cathedral's light,
 Their laurels sunk in endless night!

When Warrell rocks are crowned with fire,
 When sunset rests on church and spire,
 The lances seem once more to flame,
 In exclamations for thy name;
 From strongholds old the monarchs rise
 To brave the fate of fateful skies;
 In losing yet thy losing won;
 Brave soul—the friend of Washington!

Tasso's Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

The great Italian poet Tasso, was like Dante, profoundly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and sang her praises in some of the most beautiful verses ever written. It happened that he was once journeying from Mantua to Rome; and although weary and without money, he, having made a vow to Our Lady of Loretto, turned out of his way to visit her shrine. He might have fared badly if it had not been for a friend—one of the princes of Gonzaga—who happened to be visiting Loretto at the same time, and who ministered to the poet's wants, and enabled him to fulfill all the duties of his pilgrimage. That done, and the body and soul refreshed, Tasso wrote an immortal canticle in honor of Our Lady, and then proceeded on his way to Rome.

When the poet was about to die, he called young Rubens, son of the great painter to his bedside.

"I once gave your father a little silver statue of the Blessed Virgin," he said, with much difficulty.

"And I have it with me now," exclaimed Rubens.

A look of happiness came into the face of the dying man, and he held out his hand, into which the young man reverently placed the precious little statue.

"Take it back when I am dead," whispered Tasso. And then, clasping the sacred image tightly in the hands which were fast growing cold, he prayed fervently until the end came. Young Rubens was profoundly affected by the scene, and while the body of his father's friend was being borne to its last resting place, he, instead of occupying an honorable position in the procession of mourners which followed it, was prostrate before an altar of the Blessed Virgin in quiet corner of St. Peter's at Rome, holding the little silver statue and praying for the soul of Tasso.

Baron Howths Rat.

The story of the luck of the Howths is well known, and down to very recent times no member of that family would permit a rat to be put to death. It was said that about the year 1750 the 26th Baron Howth was giving a banquet to his friends when a rat rushed into the hall followed by several dogs and jumping on the table sat up before Lord Howth as if appealing for protection. He saved its life, and from that moment it never quitted him. At last he set out on a foreign tour accompanied by his brothers who persuaded him to leave the rat behind.

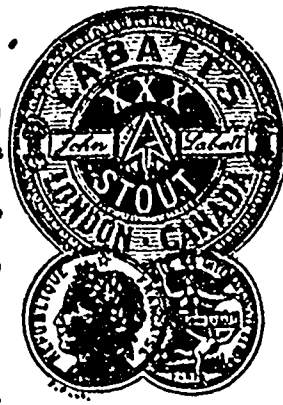
Sitting in a hotel at Marseilles, the door suddenly flew open and the rat, dripping wet, came crawling in and went straight to the fire to dry itself. Lord Howth's brother enraged at the intrusion, seized the poker and dashed out the rat's brains. "You have murdered me!" exclaimed Lord Howth, and instantly fell down and expired.—*The Bije.*

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A Mysterious Coincidence.

The following strange experience happened to one of the best known Fathers in the Brompton Oratory, and the accuracy of the facts stated may be relied upon. Father X, was one day urgently requested by a strange woman to come to a certain house in South Kensington, to administer the Sacrament to a man who lay there dying. Hurrying thither with all possible speed, the worthy Father was astonished to find that there was no sick person at that address at all. While conversing with the servant, the owner of the house came downstairs, and on learning who the inquirer was at once offered him his hospitality, while one of the attendant priests should proceed down the street and endeavor to discover the real house where the last rites of the Church were required. In the meantime his host informed Father X, that it was a curious coincidence that he should have singled out this particular number, as he was himself a Catholic, though he was somewhat ashamed to admit that he had not been to Mass since his mother died, and was now afraid to go. Father X assured him he need have no apprehension, and finally persuaded his friend to resume his church-going on the following day. The messenger at this point returned, and declared he had been totally unable to find anyone lying at death's door in the neighborhood. The search was accordingly abandoned, and the Father returned to the Oratory, his mission unfulfilled. The following day Father X was again summoned on the same errand. This time there was no doubt concerning the mansion, but the owner lay dead ere the little procession entered the portal. It was the very house where the Father had sat on the previous afternoon, and the lifeless body stretched on the bed was that of his late entertainer. Standing on a table near at hand was the miniature of his mother; and Father X was startled and amazed to recognize in her features those of the strange woman who had fetched him to her son the day before!—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

The Arena on Know-Nothingism.

The editor of the *Arena*, Protestant though he is, touches up those who attempted to establish the A P A in Lowell, Mass., in manner as follows

"The organization of such a society means a warming over of the ashes of discredited Knownothingism; a transplanting of miserable Canadian and Irish Orangemen, and an acknowledgment that 65,000,000 Protestants are afraid of 5,000,000 Roman Catholics. Little-brained fanatics and bigots hug their bogeys to their miserable little hearts; but the American nation has long got past that sort of thing. Fellows that circulate that sort of literature and organize that sort of lodges are unfit for American citizenship and should be inconspicuously ducked in the river.

"If the organizers of the societies of revamped Knownothingism can find any warrant for their conduct either in the Scriptures or the conduct of their fellow-citizens of Catholic faith, we will cheerfully take back our words; if they can't they should go to the end of the earth and get somebody to push them off."

"Oh, papa! I know what makes people laugh in their sleeves!" "Well, my son, what makes them?" "Cause that's where their funny-bone is!"

"Keep the door of my lips is a prayer which most people need to offer continually, if they would be free from sin in this regard. Save in the few instances when duty clearly requires one to make criticism upon the character and conduct of others, it is a good rule to talk of those who are absent in the same manner as though they were present. No doubt such a rule would look up many tongues at times when they have most to say, but this is just what many a man and woman needs who is now creating heart burnings, and even quarrels, by uncalculated-for untimely, unjust and slanderous gossip and criticism of others in the neighborhood around. Let all such pray God to keep the door of their lips, and determine, with the help of God, to answer their own prayers."

"REMARKABLE CURE OF DROPSY AND DYSPEPSIA."—Mr. Samuel T. Casey, Belleville, writes:—"In the spring of 1884 I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies, and applied to my family physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever except boiled milk and bread; my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size; all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY having been recommended to me, I tried a bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now seventy-nine years of age I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is good. I am well-known in this section of Canada, having lived here fifty-seven years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, which has done such wonders in my case."