

and the representative of an unsuccessful missionary association, he must be particularly obnoxious to the people whose sympathy and co-operation are necessary to make him attain the objects for which the Government appoints agents.

It must not be supposed that the Indians themselves are ignorant or indifferent to the injustice done them. When the telegraphic news reached them that it was proposed to consolidate their agency with two others, they had sagacity enough to know that the destruction of their mission, including their Christian schools, was the ultimate object of the proposed legislation. They held meetings and memorialized the Government to spare them from such a blow. Being peaceable and self-supporting, their wishes were disregarded, for it is only the powerful and war-like tribes that the Government treats with approximate justice.

God have mercy on the poor, powerless Indians!—The Catholic.

A Prayer for Dear Papa.

BY MRS. EMILY JUDSON.

[The following lines, received by a friend in Philadelphia several weeks since, were written after Dr. Judson's departure from Manitowish, to be used by his children as a daily prayer. Their publication is contrary to the expectations of the writer, but in view of their exceeding beauty, and the light they cast upon the domestic life of Dr. Judson, since their publication in the *Macmillan*.]

Poor and needy little children,
Saviour, God, we come to thee.
For our hearts are full of sorrow,
And no loving face but thine,
O'er the restless ocean,
There is one we dearly love—
Fold him in thine arms of pity,
Spread thy guardian wings above.

When the winds are howling round him,
When the angry waves are high,
When black, heavy, midnight shadows
On his trackless pathway lie,
Guide and guard him, blessed Saviour,
Did the hurrying tempest stay;
Plant thy foot upon the water,
Send thy smile to light his way.

When he lies, all pale and suffering,
Stretched upon his narrow bed,
With no loving face but thine,
No soft hand about his head,
Oh, let kind and pitying angels
Their bright forms around him bow;
Let them kiss his heavy eyelids,
Let them fan his fevered brow.

Poor and needy little children,
Still we raise our cry to thee;
We have nestled in thy bosom,
We have sported on thy knee;
Dearest, dearly do we love him,
We who on his breast have lain;
Pity now our dearest again,
Bring him back to us again.

If it please thee, heavenly Father,
We would see him come once more,
With his olden hand on our heads,
With the love that smiles no more;
With his hand that led us to thee,
Orphaned, guided by his power;
Let us lose not, 'mid the shadows,
His dear foot-prints to thy throne.
Manitowish, April, 1879.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR CATHOLICS IN PRUSSIA AND IRELAND.

Tablet.

Any one who will compare the position of the Irish Catholics with respect to higher education and the situation created for the Prussian Catholics under the new May Law which came into full operation on June 22, can hardly fail to recognize a striking parallel. Under the tyrannical legislation of nine years ago, no Catholic young man could be ordained in Prussia unless he had not only completed a prescribed course of studies, but had also passed a special examination conducted by examiners appointed by the Government. Besides the inferior and the guaranteed rights of the Catholic Church involved in this ordinance, it was open to a double objection. The examiners were to be chosen absolutely by the Minister, who might select persons most objectionable from the Catholic point of view; and, as a matter of fact, the Minister of the day, Dr. Falk, a man powerfully hostile to the whole spirit of Catholicism, chose Protestant clergymen and even more objectionable persons to conduct this State-examination of young candidates for the Catholic priesthood. In the second place, the course of examination prescribed was both calculated and designed to weaken, undermine, and eventually overturn the faith of the young men and their submission to the authorities of the Church, and the supporters of this scheme boasted that, if it could be allowed to fall into disuse, the "enlightenment" of the Catholic clergy would be almost on a par with the Rationalism of the Protestant pastors, so many of whom have abandoned even the outward profession of the primary articles of Christianity. The Church could not accept or tolerate arrangements which were to uncatholicize her clergy, transmitting them from ministers of the truth into apostles of infidelity. The result is publicly known. No young candidates for the Catholic priesthood were ever examined by that anti-Catholic board. On the other hand, the ordinations to the sacred ministry have been suspended throughout Prussia during these nine years. Any actuary can tell us what would be the effect on any average profession, if its regular supply of new members was cut off for nine years. When we recall the conditions under which the Catholic priest engaged in parochial duties discharges the labours of his sacred ministry, we must feel that this total cessation of fresh forces to repair the inevitable annual losses cannot fail to have most serious numerical influences.

The Prussian Government was not prepared to take the responsibilities involved in this indirect extinction of the Catholic priesthood in its dominions. We need not be curious as to the motives which impelled its stern Prime Minister to relent; but he has given his assent to an arrangement dispensing with this State examination, subject to certain conditions. Those conditions are practically that the young candidates for the priesthood shall, at the Universities or other privileged educational institutions, "attend diligently during three years lectures on philosophy, history and German literature."

These were the main subjects of the former State examination. Nothing would, plainly, be gained if the young men were forced to attend the lectures on those subjects of Protestant or Rationalist teachers; consequently, it will be indispensable that Catholic teachers of those subjects shall be provided. It remains to be seen whether the Government will appoint special Catholic professors in the two Universities of Breslau and Bonn, which are usually frequented by Catholic

divinity students. If the Government will not do this, then (the *Germania* tells us) it will be the duty of the Prussian Ministers to take measures that the instruction of private Catholic teachers (*Private dozenten*) on those subjects shall be officially recognized. The situation may be briefly summed up thus. The Prussian Catholics—that is, persons who could be fairly considered to represent them—have accepted a certain educational compromise, declaring at the same time that they did not intend to surrender one iota of their just claims. They did this publicly in the Legislature and in the face of their country, and under circumstances which warrant the presumption that they had the concurrence of the ecclesiastical authorities. This compromise entails on the young Prussian ecclesiastics the necessity of passing through a certain prescribed course of studies at the Universities. But, in its turn, will require the providing of competent instruction in the prescribed branches of study. The Catholics think that the Government is bound in justice to provide the necessary teachers; but, if the Government will not do so, then the Catholics must aid themselves. Through-out it is assumed, as a principle which cannot be controverted, that the required teachers must be provided, however they are to be found and whoever is to provide them.

The Irish side of the parallel is so notorious that it scarcely needs even to be referred to. The Irish Catholics were completely excluded from university education and degrees, except under conditions condemned by the Church authorities, and which an honest Protestant must admit to have been irritating to their sense of self-respect. Now, the doors of a university are thrown wide open to them, and they are exhorted to avail themselves of the opportunities of obtaining degrees and distinctions on a footing of equality with all the other youth of the country. Men whom the world is justified in regarding as representatives of the Irish Catholic people in such matters have declared their willingness to co-operate in these arrangements, carefully guarding themselves against any acceptance of them as final and perfectly satisfactory. The Irish Catholic Bishops have given the same qualified adhesion to the plan; so that it may be said in all truth that the Irish Bishops, as a body, have undertaken to avail themselves of the opportunities presented to them by the Royal University. And now the hour for the fulfilment of the presumptive engagement implied in these proceedings is at hand; and the Catholics of Ireland are face to face with the duty of seeing that fitting provision exists for enabling the youth of their country to accomplish the task imposed upon them.

Whatever may be hereafter obtained from the justice of Parliament, we venture to think that that practical person who the State will just now furnish the Irish Catholic youth with the same provision for education which is so amply afforded to all the non-Catholic youth of the country. Nevertheless, these unprivileged students of the Royal University will have to submit themselves to the same tests of literary and scientific proficiency, will have to be measured by the same standards of educational attainments, which will be applied to those other youths whom the State has so bountifully assisted through the rugged paths of learning. Beyond this, and far above it in genuine importance, is the fact that it is for the honour and future well-being of their native land, and for the credit of their religion, that the Catholic youth of Ireland shall not be found inferior in any respect in information and knowledge to their fellow-countrymen.

We do not wish at present to dwell on the question of rivalry or competition between the youth trained in the best Colleges and those who stand without these well-endowed institutions. We are only interested just now in noting that the Irish Catholic youth must be furnished with the same stores of information on all branches of secular learning which those institutions dispense to their students, and not these alone. The students, as professors and lecturers directly engaged in the teaching of a purely Arts' course. To these must be added eight others, engaged in the teaching of various branches of natural science, which are included under the head of Arts in the Royal University scheme. There are, also, eight Junior Fellows, who are not professors, but are also engaged in Arts' teaching, making a total of 35 college teachers of Arts' subjects. Some account, if possible, ought also to be taken of the class of private tutors, familiarly known as "grinders," who have such an important function and share in the teaching of the undergraduates. The annual income of the Junior Fellows from educational sources amounts on the average all round, to about £500. The salary of a professor who is not a Fellow seldom exceeds £200. But the same person may, and often does, fill more than one professorship. Even this hasty summary is sufficient to show that, when through praiseworthy haste made for the teaching connected with University education, it will have to be varied and extensive; and if it is to be also efficient, it will entail a considerable expenditure.

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ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

How a Man who had lost his way Invoked the Saint and then Discovers the path.

St. Mary's Co., Md., August 3, 1882.

Mrs. Editors.—I have for some time past been testing my walking abilities, and have on several occasions walked five miles to church before breaking fast and returned home by the same way after Mass. Being unaccustomed for some years to take any prolonged exercise of this kind, my first efforts were rather trying to me, but a little practice has converted what was an effort into a pleasure. Yesterday, being desirous to visit our post-office, nine miles distant by the regular carriage road, but only seven miles by a path route, I started at 2.30 P. M. A portion of the route whereby the great saving distance may be effected traverses a long, narrow valley which has its outlet

into a densely wooded marsh, at the upper or western end of which I entered the little valley. I had never before taken the valley route, though I had several times gone by other paths starting near by that one, and was over confident. I knew the inlet very well. After getting and sending my mail, I started on my return, thinking the sun, which was obscured by a heavy cloud, to be a full hour high. I had not proceeded over three miles when I was satisfied that I had erred at least half an hour. So I could not reach home until about nine o'clock. Yet I decided to return by the new route, as by it several hills were entirely avoided. Frequently, as I strode along, the underbrush and grass in the valley was so thick that I could not see the path, and could only know I was in it by its firmness. All went well enough until in getting over a fence at the lower end of the valley I failed to turn sharply to the left, as I should have done, and went on in a direct line. I soon perceived my mistake, but instead of going back to the fence I commenced deflecting to the left, in hopes every moment that my feet would strike the solid path. Heavy clouds increased the darkness, and several times I was confronted by the trunk of a tree, and more frequently found myself entangled in prickly vines. Twisting and turning to avoid the trees and vines, I soon became completely bewildered, and very soon

I WAS IN WATER OVER MY SHOE TOPS, but kept on, thinking it was a mere depression. Suddenly, however, I was up to my knees, floundering over sunken logs and limbs of trees, running into the tangled prickly thickets, and every effort only made matters worse, until I found myself in three feet water, and had several narrow escapes from falling bodily when trying to get a foot on the mud. Fortunately, my shoes were well tied, or they would have been drawn off my feet—a disaster which I greatly dreaded. I had a terrible dog with me, but after my first floundering he disappeared and would not answer my call. I had also an umbrella with me, which I used as a blind man's stick, and came soon to a fall, and realized I was lost in the swamp. You may imagine my apprehension and nervousness. My thoughts reverted to narratives where the lost parties learned they had been traveling in a circle all the time. The moon had not yet arisen, and I concluded to climb a tree and wait for the dawn, and when I saw the light of the heavy clouds and rain the horizon as light in one direction as in its opposite. Tiring of my perch, I slid down again into the water to try to grope my way out, but, discovering

EVERY STEP WAS INTO DEEPER WATER, concluded to return to my tree again, which was a task of some difficulty. Climbing once more, I began to hallow at the top of my voice, but no friendly response was made. Resting a half hour or more, I made a second attempt to get away, varying my direction from my first one. But again, after floundering about some distance, returned to my friendly tree, and when I reached it I found it empty. I discovered the tide was yet rising in the swamp. Thinking it would not do to remain there all the hours till morning, for I could not sit down, but with one foot resting against a projecting limb, my only rest was by leaning back against the main trunk (the rain was falling fast) and I raised my umbrella to protect my head and shoulders. Imagine the picture for an artist—a man up in a tree in a swamp with an umbrella! I made a third attempt to get out, trying again in a different direction. But once more I had to return to the tree. You may imagine my thoughts were not idle. Fortunately, I happened to recollect that beautiful and touching narrative of my acquaintance, Judge Dunn, now of Fort Dale, Florida, and which I had read in *The Catholic Mirror* some weeks ago, wherein he gave a graphic description of his being lost in the desert of Mexico, and of

his rescue from a horrible death of thirst and heat by St. Anthony. No sooner did it come into my mind than at once I made an ardent appeal to the Saint, telling him I was lost and beseeching him to find me. Once more slipping down into the marsh, I made my fourth effort to get away. This time I turned away from the tree to the left, and a few minutes felt I was getting into shallow water, which gave me confidence to proceed. Soon the water only covered my shoe tops, and then again it was up to my knees; but this did not check me; I knew I was so far from my friendly tree I could never again find it, and it was the only one encountered into which I could climb. So I kept on. Soon I struck dry land, and in a few moments a well-defined path. I forgot to say that on my first climbing into the tree something had dropped into the water with a splash, but I could not examine my pockets then to ascertain what had fallen. In a short while I reached a divergent path, like a wheel up a steep hill, I decided to take that one as leading furthest from the swamp. I was speedily out of the brush-lined path, and soon thereafter realized that

ST. ANTHONY HAD REALLY FOUND ME, and placed me on the right road some two miles from home. You may be sure he received my warmest and most fervent thanks for his timely aid; and as I walked along the well-known road the thought passed through my mind how thankful we Catholics should be for having the gift

of faith. What a blessing and comfort it is, this living, active faith; this relying upon our Father, who aids us through His chosen servant in Heaven. On reaching home about midnight the first thing I met was the dog who had left me in the swamp. My entire clothing was saturated with water and mud. After disrobing, on searching my pockets I discovered that my keys were gone, and that I had no means of opening my trunk. Then the idea occurred that the key had made the splash on my first climbing the tree, and that my trunk lock would have to be forced open, for there are no locksmiths in the county. Just as I was about to force an entrance, putting one hand on the top of the trunk it came in contact with the bunch of keys, greatly to my relief. I will not omit that St. Anthony had found and placed them there, for it is very likely they had been left there before starting on my tramp. I go again this afternoon to revisit the locale of my disaster and mark this to you, but will not return after dark again. Sincerely,
FENWICK.

THE VISION OF A PRIEST.

A quiet little town is Cape Girardeau lying by the side of the beautiful Missouri River. Once, at the close of the war of the Rebellion, she awoke from her repose, as thirty thousand of the Union forces pitched their tents on her green-clad shores; but when the last flat-bellied soldiers lazily disappeared down the river she sank back again into her former quietude.

About ten years ago the people of the Cape were alarmed at the number of poor families that straggled in from every direction to settle down in their town, and the members of one of the sects, in particular, were afflicted at the demands on their charity. One family, a father and mother and six children, with hardly any clothes to wear, and with nothing to eat, were located down in the cold, damp cellar of the Baptist Church where they lived for quite a while. One day, however, the body of the father was carried out and put away in the poor-ground, and in a little while after three little graves were by the side of his.

Some people said that they had starved to death, and that the poor family would soon join the others in the grave yard. A Catholic lady, passing by on her way to the Lazarist College at the Cape, to attend Mass, hearing the sad report, ventured down the stairs leading to the cellar, to see how true the statement was. Her horror was dreadful when she saw a woman, scarcely clothed, her cheek bones sticking out through the shrivelled skin, lying on a few rags in a corner of the dark walls. By her side were the naked forms of her children, too weak to make any effort to rise from their wretched position. The lady approached them and cheered them a little, by a promise to return with some food and clothing. The eldest child was raving from hunger. He pointed to the dark walls of the cellar, exclaiming, "I saw him there, I tell you! He was shining like an angel, and carried a cross on his shoulders!"

"My poor boy!" cried the mother; "his mind is astray."

"Yes," continued the sick child, "I saw him last night. He reached out his hands and his lips moved in prayer. He read from a big book, and six big candles were burning before him. Little angels lifted up the cross on his back, and sweet bells rang as he lifted his hands to the sky. 'He is raising, lady. Oh, I could only get him something to eat or to drink!'"

"My God, what suffering!" said the lady, her eyes streaming with tears. "Wait for a little while, and I will bring you plenty to eat and drink. That poor boy must be dreaming of a priest saying Mass. Are you Catholics?" inquired the lady, of the sick woman.

"No was the answer; 'and my boy has never seen a priest saying Mass.' Bidding them be of good cheer, and promising to return soon, the lady departed. She went to Father D—, one of the Lazarist Fathers, in the College, and told him of the sufferings.

A short while Father D— was down among the sick, the lady accompanying him and carrying some nourishment with her.

No sooner had the priest entered the door of the cellar, the light outside striking his face, than the sick boy exclaimed, "There he is! And the angels are with him! He was here last night!"

The hot tears fell thick and fast down the good Father's cheeks as he viewed their misery and heard their tale of woe, and it is needless to add that besides furnishing them with bodily food he gave to their fainting souls the waters of baptism to refresh them. He found them anxious to believe, and he gave them all the joys of religion. They were too reduced ever to recover, and they died. Father D— stood by them as they passed away from life, feeling in his heart that God had taken pity on their sorrows, and that it was His will who placed in the sick boy's mind the "Vision of a Priest."—The Catholic Youth.

Parliamentary.

He was a member of the Maine Legislature and had been sweet towards an August girl all winter and had taken her to attend to sessions until she was well posted in the rules.

On the last day of the session, as they came near the peanut stand near the door, he said to her:

"May I offer you my handful of peanuts?"

She responded promptly:

"If you intend by omitting all after the word 'hand'."

He blushing accepted the amendment, and they adopted it unanimously.

It was a hand-some wedding that followed.—Detroit Free Press.

DAY KIDNEY PAD CO., Buffalo, N. Y. Gentlemen.—In regard to your Kidney Pad, we would say that we never sold any article that gave so good general satisfaction. Yours truly, DULAM BROS., Flint Mich.

The Diamond Dyes for family use have no equals. All popular colors easily dyed, fast and beautiful. 10 cents a package.

A LEAF.

From the Diary of an Old Priest.

HIS FIRST NIGHT ON HIS FIRST AUSTRALIAN MISSION.

On a cold and darkish day in November, 1854, a young Irish priest sailed from Liverpool in the G—P—for Melbourne. The harsh biting wind blowing over an angry sea, the wretchedly appointed vessel, the hoarse hallooing of sailors and bewildered emigrants, curses, loud and horrible, and all the other strange surroundings in that busy sea-port united in making him regret "the old house at home," and those sacred halls where literature and science met a holy welcome. For a moment "the blinding tears flowed o'er" as a homage to the faithful and the memory of the past, while the ship was gliding swiftly on the waters of the Mersey with six hundred passengers. But the thoughts and sacred longings that had been so long preparing him for this departure from Erin quickly dried the tears and kept under the rising infirmity. When only a boy he had read the "horrors of transportation" by the learned Bishop Ullathorne. It was a thrilling statement, by an eye-witness, of cruelties and wrongdoings of so dark a nature that you could only expect to find the like in Pandemonium. Men, many of them brave and true, with aspirations pure and honorable, wrongfully transported to Australia, were driven at early morning through the prison gates like beasts of burden, their ears ringing in at every step the sounds of their clanking chains and the curses of their ruthless task-masters. Their food was, indeed, little better than that of the Laplander's dog. Their coarse dress, partly gray and partly yellow, marked out the captive from the free. Here you met them yoked in couples pulling loaded carts under the direction of an inhuman driver, whip in hand. Again and again you saw them sink exhausted to the earth, not unfrequently to be caught up in the arms of liberating Death. The lash was the only instrument of reform on which British authority relied. Sentenced often to 50 lashes, the poor captive tied to a triangle, received from some wretch recommended for the office by the strength of his arm and the brutality of his nature, the thrilling screams of the scourged and lacerated patriot gradually sinking into a low moan as his strength faintly away. As the boy read this review his hands trembled, the blood flew to his heart, refusing to return, and a cold sweat spread over his whole body. And at once he resolved, with God's blessing, to seek out in their prisons the Southern Cross, those victims of injustice and haters of oppression, and one with a priest's words, to console and strengthen them. That day had now come. After long and earnest entreating he had received the blessing of the holy Bishop Healy. From him and a host of clerical friends blessings had fallen on him as he left Carlow College, the cross of Christ pointing the way. "Thine true son of slavery at that time had ceased eating into the captives' hearts; but there were other chains, and a slavery still more galling. For these he was hidden to reserve his tears and his pity in the land he was going to."

From his 8th to his 26th year young Ede's stream had flowed on without a ripple within the sacred inclosures of the seminary and the college. His young associates, during his collegiate course, besides giving promise of their own splendid careers, tried to enrich his mind with ennobling ideas, and to stir within his young heart elevating aspirations. Dear Maynooth, his *Alma Mater*, could then as now boast of her learned professors as well as her mild, loving superiors. But of all the virtues adorning and enriching their noble natures, fond memory loves to bring before him their changeless justice, in word and act; their simplicity, made lovelier by a ripe scholarship; and their unaffected devotion to the best interest of the students they so truly loved. That son of slavery at that time had ceased sending authority repulsive and hateful to sensitive natures far from them. They ruled for God's glory and not for their own glorification. The tyranny which always marks and makes odious the superiority lifted by some cruel play of Fortune from slavery and beggary into power and position to torry and fortune, with cat-like instincts, his miserable subjects, was alien to their principles of justice and liberty.

The first three years after his ordination brought still greater happiness to one by nature generous, and yet unacquainted with the selfish crooked ways. They were spent in "old Carlow," of which I have many things to say, but not in this paper. Nearly all the professors, then so happy and joyous in that venerable home of science and virtue, are dead. Only four remain—the present saintly Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, and his gentle, charitable, Vice-Chancellor, the scholarly P. P. of Kildare, and the worried, wasted, old priest, whose feeble hand pens these saddest paragraphs.

But I'm forgetting the main purpose of this communication. Having arrived in Melbourne one day in February 1855, the warm-hearted and generous Bishop of that See had him a hearty welcome, making him feel at once that he was, though in a strange country, in a dear father's house. The good Bishop thought of appointing him to his seminary; but at the urgent request of disinterested friends, he, much against his will, sent him to a lone Mission in the bush. Of his arrival there, and how he spent his first night on that Mission, I shall write in my next paper. B.—Sydney Freeman's Journal, June 17.

Poverty and Distress.

That poverty which produces the greatest distress is not of the pure but of the mixed kind. It is not the want of food, and scant and watery, a condition termed *anemia* in medical writings. Given this condition, and scrofulous swellings and sores, general and nervous debility, loss of flesh and appetite, weak lungs, throat disease, spitting of blood and consumption, are among the common results. If you are a sufferer from this, poor blood employ Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which enriches the blood and cures these grave affections. It is more nutritive than cod liver oil, and is harmless in any condition of the system, yet powerful to cure. By druggists.

UNDER THE SHAMROCK.

Buffalo Union and Times. The Union and Times was about the first to express the hope that the remains of that noblest Irish girl—Fanny Parnell—would be laid to sleep in Irish earth. We felt sure that could those mute lips speak they would breathe the wish of another gifted and noble Irish heart—Thomas Davis—when he sung in such sweet sadness:

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me,
Under the green-wood tree,
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breeze
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no, oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,
Or under the shades of Cathedral doors?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore,
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.

In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes cater on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they ding my corpse in the battle ground,
Where countless thousands lie under the ground?

Just as they fall they are buried so—
Oh, no, oh, no!
Not on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the green, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf—put no tombstone there,
But green sods and wild flowers fair,
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew,
The moist glass-rose may trickle through.

Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
"She served her country, and loved her kind."
Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

Well, that unspoken wish of the now dead singer will be carried out by her loving countrymen in America. The Land League has been honored with the trust of conveying the precious remains to Ireland, and has also been allowed by the family to bear the attending expense. And so the fond true heart, whose throbbings were all for her hapless country, will at last find rest by the murmuring waters of Avon's vale—under "green sods decked with roses fair"—while the weeping Genius of Ireland, kneeling in the shadows of Wicklow's purple hills, will forever guard her sleep.

A HEAVEN OF OUR OWN MAKING.

Do you know why life is so hard, why God and Heaven are so remote? Do you know why He is ever stealing out of sight, leaving our hearts no hint of His presence? It is because we are seeking our own way, absorbed in our personal interests. It is to get the selfishness out of us that we have to be braved in the mortar of experience. The life must be built upon the everlasting foundation of truth and love. Life begins with each one of us in the activity of unmitigated self-love, intent only upon pleasing ourselves and satisfying our own desires. How important and clamorous they are! How hardly they brook denial. If this dear old be withheld will the sun still shine? Shall the love essential as life be withdrawn and the dreary mockery of life go on? Again and again we are ready to break with life, to throw it aside as a worthless toy. Surely, no grief was ever so poignant, no sorrow so hard to bear, how heartless and indifferent seems the world! And God, if there be any God, how can He bear to see us so miserable! But the grass grows green; the flowers bloom, the brook still sings on its way; the sun rises and sets; above the march, in nightly procession, the stars. Nature rebukes our petulance, and we come to learn that nothing vital can ever die—least of all love, which is the life of God. We grow ashamed of our littleness and self-absorption. We learn that it is more blessed to give than to receive. We learn that sorrow is one of God's well-aimed bolts, bound upon his mission. "The Kingdom of heaven is within you," said Jesus. We need not hope to find Heaven awaiting us in another world unless we take it with us; it is not so much a gift as a growth. It is in the life that now is—in the performance of its duties, in learning its lessons, in subordinating the lower to the higher, love of self to love of the neighbor; it is in getting rid of doubt and anxiety and fear, and putting in their place an unflinching trust.—Ill. American.

BRITISH INTERESTS.

"British interests" mean simply the right of John Bull to rob his neighbors, with impunity. Any resistance on their part he considers as an attack on his "interests."

John Mitchell has hit off John Bull's character on this point to a nicety, when he says:

"John Bull is a robber. He robs for a living. He robs his own as well as other nations. He robs at home and he robs abroad; he robs on land and he robs at sea; he robs in season and he robs out of season; he robs by law and he robs without law; he robs by treaties and he robs without treaties; he robs with protocols and he robs without protocols. He is an eternal robber. When he meets his victim on the highway he knocks him down and robs him, and if the forehead victim ventures to remonstrate John forthwith despatches him on the principle that dead men tell no tales. If he meets an ugly customer, however, he lets him pass, fully satisfied that for his present lack of force he will amply compensate by his future success in land."—Jas. Redpath.

The Springs Did No Good.

The following item is given for the consideration of those of our readers who are in search of just such an article as referred to in the following statement of Mrs. Geo. A. Clark, a well-known lady of St. Catharines: "I cannot refrain," says Mrs. C., "from bearing testimony to the wonderful effects produced by the use of the very best remedy in the world, St. Jacobs Oil, for rheumatism. I had rheumatism and dropsy and did not walk a step for fifteen years. I tried nearly everything our most skillful physicians prescribed.—Clifton Springs, St. Catharine Springs, etc., residing with a celebrated German doctor who pronounced my case incurable. Thinking everything of no use I was induced to try St. Jacobs Oil, and it has certainly done wonders for me. I heartily recommend it to any who may be suffering as I did. I have not had any use of my right arm for more than a year; now, however, I can raise it very nearly to my head."