

"Lxori."
BY C. B. LAHATTE.
Within the garden of my heart,
A tender flower grows,
More beautiful, and purer far
Than sweetest, fairest rose,
Its fragrance is sweet and fresh;
From poisonous breath 'tis free
The perfume is by thy smile,
And blooms alone for thee.

It lives within my heart of hearts,
Transplanted pure from heaven;
Its name is Love, and only thrives
Where love for love is given,
Smile kindly on it, dearest one,
Tend it with gentle care,
That it may give new buds and flowers
In each succeeding year.

From the Catholic World.
A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
A MEMORABLE NIGHT—ITS SECOND PART.

Familiarity with crime and danger had developed Nano McDonnell into a charmingly cool-headed lady with a fine talent for intrigue and a great head for calculation. She had just now of some qualities of the kind. Mrs. Strachan, with a gusto equalled only by the wonderful selfishness which she ascribed to herself, had made Nano acquainted with the slanders concerning the Fullertons on that day which saw administered on Killany's person the deserved punishment of his lawlessness. Nano had heard it with indignation and shame. She recalled the night of the reception and Olivia's whispered anguish. The blow had been struck within the shelter of her walls, and the report had spread through the whole circle of fashionable society while she was in ignorance of its existence. Had Killany been so unfortunate as to have made his appearance at that moment a stormy and unquieting scene might have taken place. The haughty and aggrieved lady was in the mood of acting upon impulse—an impetuosity of which she was rarely guilty. Killany, however, being engaged in nursing his delicate and broken skin, did not show himself in public for some days.

In the meantime Miss McDonnell had time to consider the situation and to reach wise conclusions. To a certain extent she was in Killany's power—not absolutely, not entirely helpless, for her own feebleness had a countervailing effect. She had treated him so far only with concension, and refused to marry him. It would not do to drive him into desperation. The reward upon which he had counted so hopefully had been denied to him, and to deprive him now of his office of trustee, as in her first anger she had contemplated, would be folly. He could do her serious harm if he were so minded. She determined, therefore, to forbid him her house, and to have only such personal communication with him as was indispensable. This would be severe enough.

While awaiting his appearance her mind was filled with gloomy presentiments of evil. Disordered liver, the assigned medical cause, and if correct, she was far gone in disorders. The air seemed heavy about her. Her daily amusements and work had lost their coloring, did not give her the pleasure she expected, and were at times insipid and tiresome. She was filled with the idea of fast approaching dangers. Ordinarily she expected them and awaited their coming cheerfully. She was prepared. It would be hard to move her from her position, and the consciousness of its strength had made her confident. The dangers seemed nearer, more portentous, more vague at this moment. She would not permit herself to dwell upon her gloomy thoughts. She could not endure sadness. Having at a high price purchased perpetual and unending enjoyment, she felt that she ought to get the full worth of a bargain in which sadness was certainly not included. The feeling of deeper melancholy had been fastening upon her since that day when she had paid her first visit to Olivia. The distress of mind which the presence of that little lady then occasioned her made her unendurable of seeing her too often, and the chilliness of the visit was sufficient of itself to daunt her in the attempt.

Nano reasoned with herself, of course, on the absurdity of her feelings, but found that logic cannot minister to a mind diseased or plucked from the heart a rooted sorrow. In despair and indifference she waited for her presentiments to develop themselves into substantial facts.

In thinking, as she often did, on the incidents of the past few weeks and their probable or possible consequence, she was surprised yet not grieved to find that a new phase of feeling had appeared in her character. A feeling of harshness and bitterness and cynicism against her destiny and the persons concerned in it most was slowly encasing her nature as in a network of steel. A strong sense of rebellion, akin to the sense of injustice, was roused when she thought of revealing her crime to the world or of losing her estate, and not the commonest justice to herself and to others. The peculiarity of the feeling was that it seemed to clothe her heart and her mind to every appeal of affection, interest, and reason, and in such a state she felt herself quite ready to kick against the god-petishly and stubbornly, though it should be to her own sure and terrible destruction. This did not alarm her. She did not see then to what lengths it was able to lead her. It only pleased her that the natural softness of her disposition was gradually yielding to something more stern, and useful in present circumstances.

Killany's first visit was on the evening of McDonnell's escape from the asylum. His first out-of-door appearance was made fittingly on this stormy night of riot and miracle. He was compelled to disguise himself partially and to make his way by the unfrequented streets; for the region of disorder lay thickly in his path. She had received him as she had late been accustomed to receive him, and in order to make his discomfort more telling. His recent misadventure had reached her ears, and she rejoiced that to it she could add another severe punishment—he had become so utterly contemptible in her eyes. His villainous nature she could have forgiven him, in so much as it was like her own; but the slayer, the assassin, was too detestable a thing for association with, and was to be got rid of at any hazard. It touched her to see that the man had really suffered from the bitter humiliation of his horsewhipping. His smile was a long time in getting itself together

on his smooth face, and its first glimmering was sickly. The recollection of his shame looked out from every new face, and brought a dark, hateful shadow over his countenance. She respected him a trifle more, perhaps, for that display of human sensitiveness, but it did not alter her intentions in his regard. "For once, I believe," he said in taking his seat, "I come without a business of any kind. The other trustees have managed affairs in my absence, and I do not exactly know our position. It is fortunate, is it not? It will be more pleasant for us when my office has lapsed, and we may take up old relations, talk philosophy and poetry, and renew the circle which has suffered so severely this winter."

"I believe it does not matter much," letting her eyes rest on his meaningly. The picture which you have drawn will never be put on canvas. I have decided that our meetings hereafter be strictly confined to business matters, and I must request now that your visits in future be made on that condition, and never without a previous warning.

"You surprise me," he answered, confused at her cool, matter-of-fact ways. "Are you quite certain of the extent of ground your request covers?"

"Quite certain. I have thought upon it for four days. In fact since your late difficulty—"

"I beg of you not to mention that name. It is too painful."

He spoke low and passionately, and his face, paling, showed for an instant the traces of the whip on his cheek and forehead.

"Not so painful, not so disgraceful, as the act by which you deserved it so richly. You struck at a woman through a slander."

"Slander!" he angrily interrupted. "How do you know that it was a slander?"

"Because of the man who conceived and published it, and the manner he adopted. You were certain of it, you would not be content with a secret stab at your victim. It pleased you to choose for your scene of operations this house, and so have you dishonored it that after this night it must not know you again, unless under pressing necessity."

"You are not in earnest," he said, quite subdued, "or perhaps I do not understand."

"My meaning is clear enough, unless your late illness has affected your mind."

"As illness affected another's," he said maliciously.

"Having dishonored this house, it is closed against you. You will continue, I suppose, in your trusteeship. I shall not attempt to disturb you, but the offerer you do your business by deputy the more agreeable will it be to me."

"It is quite plain," he said slowly—"yes, quite plain. You dare not take from me that position. But you inflict upon me every wrong consistent with your own safety. Can you guess why I trumped up that charge against the Fullertons?"

"Virtue and innocence is your natural prey, perhaps?"

"As age, and helplessness, and other people's gold is yours," he answered savagely, stung into passion by her scorn. She laughed, partly in derision, partly from joy at finding the feeling of reckless indifference and ostentatious stealing over her. "I did it," he went on, "for your sake and because I loved you. If you had been swayed by the Fullertons you would not stand as you stand to-day. You would be decidedly virtuous and decidedly poor. The house which you live in might not have been yours to close against me. I wished to destroy their influence on you, and I have not failed. No," he added, smiling, "I have not failed, but my work is not yet complete."

"I am curious to know what lower depths you can reach."

"These, I loved you, as I said, and I feared a rival. That rival was, and is, Dr. Fullerton. Perhaps you do not know that the man, poor and nameless though he be, presumes to love you."

"His presumption," said she, "is not more startling, and is far more acceptable, than yours."

"Well, you see I was right in fearing him. I had reason. You might have put him out of the way with cunning poisons, but with such things I never meddle. I let him live and destroyed his good name. Unfortunately, I destroyed myself, too."

"For him I have sympathy; for you, congratulation."

"Thank you. You will not congratulate always. I shall not tell you how I have been tortured by your words, for I shall do so now. Indeed I shall not. But I ask you not to execute your purpose of turning me from your doors. My stay in the city is to be short and will be retired. Until I go I ask that you receive me here on the old footing."

"You ask an impossibility."

"Yet I did them wrong for your sake. Is that not exact?"

"It is rather an aggravating circumstance, and you caused terrible sufferings to my best friends."

"They are your friends no longer. You are drifting apart and will soon be strangers."

"To you I owe this in part. I am not angry or overwhelmed. The loss of friends can be easily supplied."

"But not the loss of their good opinion. In this case it is sure to follow."

"I begin to see your drift," she answered in tones of scorn. You will betray me to them. You justify every moment my opinion of your meanness. Even that misfortune cannot move me."

He was silent from despair. Nothing that he could say seemed able to shake her resolution, and his desperation was rapidly depriving him of his self-command. He fixed his eyes on the floor in thought. The shutters had been opened and one of the curtains had been pushed aside. In the dark space between, its outlines sharply and awfully traced on the outer darkness, was her father's face. His beard was gone, and his white hair. But she recognized the countenance on the instant. His dark eyes were fixed on her pityingly, and a smile rested on his fixed lips. She could not speak or move with horror, and a moment later to Killany's astonishment, had fallen unconscious to the floor. He rushed to her side, after one swift glance around the room to find some cause for the phenomenon; but McDonnell's face had vanished when his sharp eyes fell on the windows,

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE, QUEBEC.

But there steamed come, and soon two thousand pilgrims land on the wharf. A brass band leads the way, and the people file up in long processions, dusty but devoted, many, no doubt, with mingled hopes and fears. Over forty cripples limp along on crutches, or supported by friends, and a pitiable sight it is. The procession enters the nave church, where at the high altar, and at the side, a number of priests preside. As you enter you see a large money-box, of ancient date and curious construction, fastened to a pillar by iron shackles. The quaint padlock is opened by an old fashioned key. Over the side doors are rude *ex voto* paintings, representing wonderful rescues from peril by water through intercession to Ste. Anne. Over the altar is a picture of the saint by LeBrun, the eminent French artist, and the side altars contain paintings by the Franciscan monk Lefrancois, who died in 1655. Hung up on a decorated pedestal is a handsome oval frame or reliquary like a large locket, surrounded with garnets, and besides its centre a rich cross of pearls. Having this you see the collection of bones said to be the remains of the saint, consisting of one finger-bone, obtained in 1663, by Bishop Lavall, from the chapter of Carcassonne, and which was first exposed to view on the 12th of March, 1660. In another case there is a piece of bone of the saint, obtained in 1877, but the Reformatist relations who gave charge of the mission do not know to what part of the body it belongs. The church also claims to own a piece of the true cross upon which our Saviour died, and a piece of stone from the foundation of the house in which Ste. Anne lived, brought from France in 1879. Also a silver casket containing a relic, given by Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., and some silver crucifixes.

Nothing however, will excite more curiosity than the great pyramid of crutches and aids to the sick and the cripple, twenty-two feet high, divided into six tiers, and crowned by a very tall gilt statue of the Virgin. The crutches are dry and principally home-made, comprising plain waxen-sticks, odd-knobbed fancies of seagull-garbs, queer handles, and padded arm and shoulder rests, made of pine, oak, birch, hickory, rock-elm—of all common and many novel designs. A half-leg support testifies to a recent removal of anchylosis of the knee, and by intercession to the saint. Among the long list of reputed miracles, the following from a manual of devotion will be sufficiently suggestive: "In the year 1674, a woman broke her leg. As the bone was fractured in four places, it was impossible to set it. For eight months she was unable to walk. She made a *novena* in honor of the saint, and vowed that if she was cured she would visit the shrine every year. She was carried to the church, and during the communion she put aside her crutches and was cured at once. Sworn testimony is given as to the instant recovery in diseases ordinary means, and among the particular favors accorded to the parish, the temporal as well as spiritual is not forgotten. The bishop of Montreal says that it is St. Anne who obtains for it 'rain in time of drought.'"—W. G. Beers in the Century.

If bilious, or suffering from impurity of blood, or weak lungs and fear consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs), take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and it will cure you. By druggists.

A Child's Good Resolution.
A little girl six years old was short time ago taken by the angels home to God. About six months before her death she had a small writing desk given her. After her death her mother unlocked it and found this writing:
"I will mind my father and mother always.
"I will try to have my lessons perfect.
"I will try to be kind and not get cross."
Dear heart, she did try to keep those resolutions, and was an obedient daughter, a loving sister and a gentle playmate; and now she has her reward.

Make your old things look like new by using the Diamond Dyes, and you will be happy. Any of the fashionable colors for ten cents.

POLYGAMY IN NEW ENGLAND.

Contrasted with Polygamy in Utah—Abandonment of the Christian Rule for Marriage.

We have on sundry occasions spoken about the metamorphoses that New England society is undergoing in consequence of its abandonment of the Christian rule for marriage. From time to time we have given figures showing the enormous increase of divorcees in all the New England States. We have pointed out some of the evils and embarrassments growing out of this state of things. Knowing that history shows ideas and practices concerning the marital relation were ever followed by corruption and vice in every other relation of life and that the upshot of all was the destruction of the people, it was difficult to understand how so enlightened a people could fall into the ways that had led others before them to ruin and death, and we were anxious to do something towards keeping them back from the often travelled road. But it seems that we were mistaken in supposing that the road was the old one over which the Roman Empire went to wreck. Dr. Leonard Bacon, in the July number of the Princeton Review, shows that it is a new path of the New Englanders own devising, and that it has special claims to our studious attention.

To be sure, as Dr. Bacon says, polygamy in New England is very similar in some respects to polygamy in Utah. Like the Mormonism, it exists in spite of the direct interdict of the sacred books that are held in reverence among the people: in both it is defended on the ground of later and fuller light on the subject, and in both it is blessed by ministers claiming to possess divine authority. On the other hand there are many striking dissimilarities between the two. Mormonism is unlawful, and, as Dr. Bacon remarks, it is scarcely just to speak of it as an institution of Utah Territory, when it is only a prevailing social usage, sustained by some religious sections. In the New England States, on the other hand, the thing under consideration is distinctly instituted by act of the Legislature, and the new unions which are formed between men and women already married to other women and men, "instead of being 'sealed' in some private sacristy of a religious sect, are authorized by the highest judicial officers of the State under the seal of its Superior Court, a dignity which is not bestowed by these commonwealths on ordinary Christian wedlock." Dr. Bacon calls the two by the same name. He terms them concubinage, and declares that although the Utah style of union is usually denounced from the pulpits of New England Christianity, the New England variety is "usually blessed in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and declared to be a Christian marriage by a minister of the Christian religion." He also informs those unacquainted with New England customs that "this singular rite is frequently made the occasion of a good deal of social festivity and merry-making," and that "the perfect solemnity of the ceremony is not less than that of a Christian marriage by a minister of the Christian religion." He also informs those unacquainted with New England customs that "this singular rite is frequently made the occasion of a good deal of social festivity and merry-making," and that "the perfect solemnity of the ceremony is not less than that of a Christian marriage by a minister of the Christian religion."

TO BE CONTINUED.

One point of difference between what Dr. Bacon calls the Puritan and the Mormon polygamies is that which has had, perhaps, most to do with preventing people confounding the two. This point is that the Puritan polygamy is consecutive, while the Mormon polygamy is simultaneous. This leads Dr. Bacon to say that "a superficial observer, the latter may have the advantage in point of humanity over the Puritan institution, which requires ordinarily, under severe penalties, that the first wife, with or without her children, and with or without provision for her support, as the case may be, shall be put out into the street before the new wife is received." This to Dr. Bacon, as to others "seems a harsh requirement, partaking of the austerity of the Puritan traditions, or perhaps dictated by the narrow views of domestic economy which are sometimes imputed to the New England character." Being a Puritan himself, Dr. Bacon can make a more charitable view of the matter. It is among the gravest accusations against the polygamy of Utah," he says, "that it results in incessant and protracted jealousies, heart-burnings and domestic discords." The founders of New England polygamy animated by a "stern but not unkindly wisdom," provided against such "direful possibilities" by carefully insisting that they shall be concentrated into one single pang and over with it." Kind and considerate Puritans!

Another point wherein the New England institution differs from the Mormon and the old time harem systems, is in its impartiality. This awakens Dr. Bacon's admiration. "The ancient patriarchal system, as well as that of Utah and that in vogue in the East, is a one-sided affair in so far as the distribution of privileges is concerned. The man alone was and is permitted to indulge in the luxury of more than one mate during that mate's lifetime. The Puritan system extends the privilege to the woman also. To be sure, this form of the institution has been practiced among savage tribes, or the practice of female infanticide as a protection against such raids, had reduced the number of women so low that there was not enough to go around, but in other stages of society polygamy has been known to be a concession to the woman's rights women, and is the most striking and most just feature of the Puritan licence to commit bigamy. It is questionable whether this feature is an unqualified good; in fact, he who has met some New England women who wear a plain gold ring on each finger with as much pride as an Indian brave wears his enemy's scalps, and who has come across young boys and maidens who have had a succession of a half-dozen fathers and mothers, all still living, and who will have to turn over their memorandum books to tell who their real parents are, has no doubt at all that this latest and most impartial of arrangements pertaining to the low propensities of mankind is quite the worst.—Catholic Columbian.

SECRET OF A DEATH-BED CONFESSION.

AN ILLUSTRATION SHOWING WHY GOD SOME TIMES PERMITS A REPENTANCE AT THE LAST MOMENT—HOW AN ACT OF CHARITY WAS PROBABLY REWARDED.

(From the Indo-European Correspondence.)
We have often heard of and witnessed conversions which impressed us deeply with the conviction of God's boundless mercy. The conversion of M. Litre from infidelity is perhaps one of the most remarkable which has occurred since that of La Harpe. The following one of which we give an account from the Hongkong Catholic Register, deserves a place amongst the foremost of this century.

Emile de Girardin, one of the writers who contributed most extensively towards spreading a revolutionary spirit among the French, was vouchsafed the wonderful grace of a death-bed repentance. He made his confession in the most edifying manner to l'Abbe Sabatier, a Paris priest. Oscar de Poli now relates an incident in the life of M. de Girardin, which probably obtained for him such great mercy at the last hour.

Several years ago an Italian refugee and correspondent for some Italian newspapers was hiding in Paris. All his life he had been struggling for the unification of Italy against the Pope; yet, notwithstanding his errors, he was mercifully granted the grace of receiving all the consolations of religion before death. With faithful respect for the last wish of her husband, the widow was most anxious to give him suitable religious obsequies, but his long sickness had exhausted their modest resources, and she had not enough to bury him. In her dire distress she went to one of his companions who had rapidly accumulated a very large fortune, and told her trouble with the greatest confidence, for he had been her husband's companion-in-arms and had proved himself a friend to the last hour.

But the millionaire belonged to an intolerant Masonic lodge. At first he kindly received the unhappy widow's request, and turned towards his secretary, purposing to relieve her need, when a thought struck him, and he brusquely asked: "Are you going to take him to the church?" "Certainly," answered the weeping widow. "Madam, either no church or no money," said the insolent man, in a rough voice. "What!" exclaimed the poor woman, "you the friend of thirty years—you so rich—you would easily—"

"Take your choice," he interrupted. "Is this your final answer?" she asked. He answered only by an affirmative nod. The sorrowful widow's heart was cruelly hurt, but she quietly said, as she left the room: "He whom you call your friend will have the funeral of the poor, but the funeral will go to the church."

The same day Emile de Girardin learned through a third party the particulars of this awful distress, and the shameful behavior of the wealthy Italian.

"It is abominable," he cried "it makes humanity blush for shame! There should be an ignominious pillory for such actions."

Right away he sent the poor woman fifty Louis-d'Or anonymously, and thanks to his liberal generosity, she had the sad satisfaction of giving the remains of her late husband suitable burial.

A long time afterwards she succeeded in ascertaining the name of her direct benefactor. We may easily believe she offered many a fervent prayer for his conversion, and her prayers were heard in heaven.

In the crowd which followed the body of Mr. de Girardin to its last resting-place was noticed this white-haired woman, weeping bitterly and praying earnestly for the repose of his soul.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

An amusing incident reaches us from the Catholic mission among the pagans in the Ahmednuggur districts. The families in those parts that have been gradually led from the darkness of idolatry into the light of Catholic faith have now their own priest and chapel close to each of their villages, and the work of Catholic life goes on amongst them, just as in our congregations on the islands of Salsete. The Rev. Marcellus de Souza, the parish priest of Kendal, is hard at work there now, quite after the same manner and with the same success as some months ago when he was at St. Joseph's, Omercurary. At the Sunday mass he has the children to sing simple motets and hymns, and again in the evening they sing the litany and pieces for benediction. When he himself is present the singing is all in good order and rightly selected. But when he is absent, as was the case two Sundays ago when he went to celebrate a mass at Wallan, about two miles off, all may be not quite according to rule. On the Sunday in question, the superior of the pagan mission at Ahmednuggur, Rev. Fr. C. Eberschweiler, said the parish mass at Kendal, and after the mass there was benediction. The children sang the Tantum ergo as usual; but after the benediction, instead of singing the "Daily, daily, sing to Mary," in Marathi, they thought they would have something new, and straight away began one of their recreation songs: "do re do do re mi—mi fa sol—sol cantando estou cansado," etc., but the latter part in Marathi with different words. The effect was supremely laughable, and a hasty flight out of the chapel was the only thing to be done by the good people on their knees.—Bombay Cath. Examiner.

A Great Enterprise.

The Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company is one of Rochester's greatest business enterprises. Their Hop Bitters have reached a sale beyond all precedent, having from their intrinsic value found their way into almost every household in the land.—Graphic.

A Wise Precaution.

During the Summer and Fall people are liable to sudden attacks of bowel complaint, and with no prompt remedy or medical aid at hand, life may be in danger. Those whose experience has been than wisdom, always keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry at hand for prompt relief, and a Physician is seldom required.

A RELIC OF O'CONNELL.

Derryman rejoices in many memorals of the Liberator, but the relic of "Old Dan" that all visitors, and especially Irishmen, are most anxious to see, is in the oblong mahogany box lying on the tall desk at which he was wont to stand and write. It is that article of furniture without which no Irish gentleman's equipment was more complete than his house without an avenue. "My pistols with which I shot Captain Marker," as poor Rawdon Crawley put it. There reposes peacefully enough now by the side of the companion, the weapon with which the Liberator shot Mr. D'Este. It is a flint-lock pistol of very large size and with a stock reaching to the muzzle. One peculiarity about this pistol is worthy of note. Beneath the trigger-guard a piece of steel extends, curving downwards and outwards towards the muzzle, a convenient device for steadying it when used by aid of the second finger. On the stock is cut rudely a capital D, for D'Este. There are no other marks, although the pistols have a pedigree and a story attached to them. One day an English officer, stationed in Ireland, found himself in the painful position of waiting for remittances. Knowing nobody likely to be useful to him, he applied to the most noteworthy Irishman of his day, and stating his pressing need, asked him to lend him £50 until his funds came to hand. Daniel O'Connell, who was a keen judge of character, lent him the money without hesitation, and was shortly repaid, with many expressions of gratitude. About a year afterwards the Englishman was ordered on a foreign station and, unwilling to leave Ireland without giving some tangible expression of his thankfulness to O'Connell, called upon him and presenting him with the dueling pistols in question, which were accepted as heartily as the money was lent. On taking his leave the Englishman said, "If you should ever have occasion to use these pistols you will find them very good ones; they have already killed ten men." The first and only time "Old Dan" used them he killed Mr. D'Este, to whose family it must be added, he afterwards did him he could atone for that injury.—B. H. Becker.

The Irish Priesthood.

"England was a Protestant power when she undertook the reconquest of Ireland. The Irish were required to accept both the rule and the faith of their conquerors. They were saddled with the political yoke and the religious yoke at the same time and by the same hand. The same blow which struck down the power of the native chiefs struck down the native Irish Church, and these companions in misfortune became fast friends for ever. In this way fidelity to the ancient faith became associated with revolt against English rule. The State selected its weapons accordingly, and it was held to be the only sure method by which England might hope to keep Ireland in its power was the uprooting of the ancient faith. This plan was tried till it failed, and had to be given up; but in the meantime the Irish priest had trimmed and kept alive the national lamp, had stood by the people in the darkest days of oppression, and solemnized once and for all the sacred ties of religion and patriotism. Brighter days have dawned since then, but we have not effectually disarmed the hostility of the priesthood. The Irish priest is true to his traditions. He is persuaded that he hates his religion, that we would uproot it if we could, that much of our legislation as regards Ireland has had its origin in an unwelcome aim, that our friendship is as dangerous as our hostility, and that our gifts are to be received with fear.—Manchester Examiner.

English Brutality.

Who is it requires Coercion Acts? Week after week, in English papers, we read such atrocities as make the blood curdle. Here is a specimen afforded us by an old gamekeeper. It was the habit of little children to play in the yard of which this hater of his kindred was the keeper. The children became a nuisance. This gallant Englishman caught a bull-dog. Having caught one of those "little nuisances," he chained him to a cart and set the dog upon him. "Bite him, Jack," he hissed, and Jack accordingly went for that little boy with all his animal vigor. During the process of worrying, a little girl appeared upon the scene to render aid, and Jack's attention was transferred to her at the suggestion of his master. What would have been the result but for timely succor it would be hard to say; indeed, the worst results may yet follow. The little boy was unchained and brought to the hospital, and the humane bull-dog, who was so little elevated above his brute companion, was brought to the police station. The magistrate thought a fine of £5 a sufficient penalty. Had he been treated to the same punishment as he imposed upon the innocent child he would have richly deserved it.

Guard Your Thoughts.

Thoughts are words, words are deeds, Sin begins in the heart. If you keep your thoughts pure, your life will be blessed and blameless. The indulgence of sinful thoughts and desires, produces sinful actions. Never allow yourself to pause and consider the pleasures or profit you might derive from this or that sin. Close your mind against the suggestion at once, as you would lock and bolt your doors against a robber. If Eve had not stood parrying with the devil, and admiring the beautiful fruit, the earth might have yet been a paradise. The heart is first corrupted by wicked thoughts.

* * * Magnificent promises sometimes end in paltry performances." A magnificent exception to this is found in Kidney-Wort which invariably performs even more cures than it promises. Here is a single instance; "Mother has recovered," wrote an Illinois boy to her Eastern relatives, "She took bitters for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtue of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it has completely cured her liver complaint."