

Kathleen Mavourneen.

Kathleen Mavourneen, the grey dawn is breaking
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is
shaking;
Kathleen Mavourneen, what I am biding still?
Or hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever;
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my
heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever;
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavour-
neen?
Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers;
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden
light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my
numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night;
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are
falling.
To think that from Erin and thee I must part
It may be for years, and it may be forever;
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my
heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever;
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavour-
neen?

"Katy Darling."

Oh! they tell me thou art dead, Katy Darling,
That thy smile I may never more behold!
Did they tell thee I was false, Katy Darling,
Or my love for thee had e'er grown cold?
Oh, they know not the loving
Of the heart of Erin's sons,
When a love like to thine, Katy Darling,
Is the goal to the race that he runs.
Oh, hear me, sweet Katy,
For the wildflowers greet me, Katy Darling,
And the love-birds are singing on each tree;
Wilt thou never more hear me, Katy Darling?
Behold, love, I'm waiting for thee.
I'm kneeling by the grave, Katy Darling;
This world is all a blank world to me!
Oh, couldst thou hear my wailing, Katy Darling,
Or think, love, I am sighing for thee.
Oh, me thinks the stars are weeping,
By their soft and lamplit light;
And thy heart would be melting, Katy Darling,
Couldst thou see thy lone Dermot this night.
Oh, listen, sweet Katy,
For the wildflowers are sleeping, Katy Darling,
And the love-birds are nestling in each tree;
Wilt thou never more hear me, Katy Darling,
Or know, love, I'm kneeling by thee!
"Tis useless all my weeping, Katy Darling!
But I'll pray that thy spirit be my guide;
And that when my life is spent, Katy Darling,
They will lay me down to rest by thy side.
Oh, a huge great grief I'm bearing,
Thou' I scarce can leave a sigh,
And I'll ever be dreaming, Katy Darling,
Of thy love every day till I die!
Farewell, then, sweet Katy,
For the wildflowers will blow down Katy Darling,
And the love-birds will warble on each tree;
But in heaven I shall meet thee, Katy Darling,
For there, love, thou art waiting for me!

The Boy in Court.

In a law case a little boy of eight
years was presented by one side as a
witness, and the opposing counsel
objected to him on the probability
that the child was unaware of the nature
of an oath.
"Do you know what an oath is?"
asked the court.
"Yes, sir," answered Charlie. "It
is to ask God to help you to tell the
truth."
"Where did you learn all this?"
frowned the opposing counsel.
"In the catechism," said Charlie,
not to be frowned down or sat upon by
the biggest lawyer in the business.
"In the catechism! What cate-
chism?"
"In the penny catechism, sir."
"Who told you to look in the cate-
chism for the definition of an oath?"
"My sister. She told me last night,
and I got it and learned it."
"Have you got your catechism with
you?"
"Yes, sir. Here it is," and the well-
thumbed little pamphlet was forthwith
produced from the depths of that
mysterious receptacle for all known odds
and ends, the trousers pocket.
"You see, the boy has his documents,"
interposed the court, with a smile, and
a quiet titter went round the courtroom
as it became evident that the legal
luminary was being puzzled by the child.
"H'm! Let me see the book. I
wonder if you know anything more
that's in it. Who made you?"
"Why, God, of course," was the reply,
as if the lad pool-pooled the idea of
being asked such a simple question, and
wanted something hard.
Several questions were asked, and
elicited ready replies. The lawyer,
though loth to, accepted defeat as grace-
fully as possible. Turning to the court,
he said:
"Your lordship, we will accept this
witness, and, for this little book, I would
submit it to my learned friend the
counsel for the other side, and recom-
mend its careful perusal by him. It
will do him good."—*H.*

As our body cast a shadow, so does
our character cast a influence. As a
shadow may be either healing or hurtful,
so does influence either bless or damn.—
Carlos Martyn.

A Minister's Shirts.

A Scotch minister who was preaching
on trial in a country kirk was watched
with keen eyes by the faithful but criti-
cal flock. The preaching was good. The
man was earnest and quick-witted, and
the people liked his cheery ways and
plain common sense.
But a scotchman is sure to find a flaw
in human conduct, if there is one; and
one of the most influential men in the
village shook his head gravely and de-
clared that the candidate would not do.
When he mentioned the fault of which
he complained to the chief men of the
kirk they agreed with him that it was a
serious matter, but thought that it might
be possible to remedy the defect.
"The good man's objection was based
upon a single detail of the minister's
dress. He wore collars and cuffs which
could be detached from his shirt. The
cuffs, moreover, could be reversed. It
seemed a petty thing, but the pious critic
considered it something very serious.
"How are we to know, brethren," he
said "whether his shirt is clean or not?"
The collars and cuffs may be fresh and
neat, while the shirt may have been on
his back for a fortnight. It betokens
insincerity. A minister who avoids that
which is misleading, and is honest and
trustworthy, would wear a shirt with its
own collar and wrists hands."

The good man who agreed with him,
suggested that the young clergyman
could probably be induced to buy a new
set of proper shirts. Accordingly he was
invited to a private conference, and his
fault was pointed out by the stern critic
with great plainness of speech.
"You see, sir," was the closing re-
mark, "we like your preaching, but we
want to be sure that you are what you
seem to be, and to know with certainty
that your shirt is as clean as your collar
or your cuffs."

The minister received the suggestion
with humility, and said that he was not
absolutely unwilling to change his man-
ner of dress and buy a set of "proper
shirts." "But, brethren," he added,
"I do not like to do it. I was born a
poor boy in the Oranprians, and my good
mother taught me to save the pennies.
It is very wasteful, it seems to me,
to have the whole shirt washed, when
only the collar and cuffs are soiled. My
pious mother would not have approved
of it."

The brethren moved uneasily in their
seats.
"Besides," the minister went on,
"there ought not to be one rule for the
pulpit and another for the pew. When
I preach I see good men in front of me
who seem to have fine heads of hair, but
who are really bald and wear wigs which,
at least in some cases, deceive persons
who see them. Would it not be more
honest for them to take off their wigs
and show their bald pates?"

This was a home thrust. The chief
critic was very bald, and wore a long
flaxen wig. Other brethren in the church
also had wigs, and were not what they
seemed to be.
There was a long pause; then the man
objector remarked grimly:
"You ought to heed your mother's
words. Wear what shirts you like."—
Youth's Companion.

No Time.

A busy man recently approached upon
the subject of religion said, "I really
have no time to spare from my business
for religion. I wish I could get time
and hope to do so in a few years from
now." This very same answer is so
often given by the careless and the
indifferent, that we must tell the follow-
ing story picked up from some forgotten
source. It carries its own moral and
will bear repeating.

A pious farmer was busy clearing his
lands. He had a number of hands
employed, and was anxious to accom-
plish a large amount of work while the
weather was favorable. He called them
early and went out with them before
breakfast was ready. A horn was
blown, and they came and ate, and re-
turned to their work.

The farmer had been accustomed to
have prayers every morning in his
family. But to keep so many men from
chopping and log-rolling while he read
and prayed was more than he could
afford; so Satan suggested, and the
good man yielded. His pious wife saw
with grief that the family altar was
neglected, and her husband, in his haste
to get rich, was departing from God.
She talked with him, she pleaded with

him, but in vain. At last she deter-
mined to try another experiment.

The next morning the farmer and
his men went out as usual to their
work. The sun began to climb up in
the sky, but no breakfast horn was
heard. They, now hungry, and looked
anxiously toward the house; they listen-
ed, but the expected summons did not
come. After waiting an hour they went
into the house. No table was set, no
coffee was boiling on the fire, no cook
over or before it. The good wife was
knitting quietly with the Bible on her
lap.

"What does this mean?" cried the
husband. "Why isn't our breakfast
ready?"
"I thought you were in such a hurry
about your work that you hadn't time
to eat."

"Haven't time to eat! Do you think
we can live without eating?"

"You can live without eating as well
as you can live without praying. The
spirit needs the bread of heaven as
much as the body needs the bread of
earth."

"Well, well," said the farmer, "get
us some breakfast, and we will have
prayers every morning, no matter how
busy we are, or how many workmen I
have."

She got the breakfast and he kept his
word. The lesson was a good one, and
never forgotten.—*Christian Index.*

A Remarkable Echo.

A Killarney tourist, so the story goes,
was assured by a guide that the echo on
Loch Gill was worth hearing. So off
went the tourist to hear it, and hired
two men to row him out, accomplished
the transaction so swiftly that there was
no time for them to arrange for the
usual echo to be in attendance. In des-
pair they broke an oar, and one swam
ashore to fetch another. The echo bo-
gan. "Good morrow," cried the tourist.
"Good morrow," said the echo, with a
brogue. "Fine day, God bless it," cried
the tourist. "Foine day, God bless it,"
said the echo. "Will you have a drink?"
cried the tourist. "Begorra, I will!"
roared the echo.

The Furrows of Time.

There is a world of truth in the follow-
ing anecdote, which those who desire to
keep young would do well to remember:
On one occasion an actress grew tem-
pestuous with Perrin, the Parisian man-
ager, and gave him a stormy quarter of
an hour. "And what did you do, my
dear Perrin?" asked Febvre. "I said
nothing—and watched her grow old."

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Dovercourt Road, at 11 a. m.
General Central Y. M. C. A., Cor. Spadina Ave.
and College Street, at 3 p. m. Lower—Steeles,
Danforth, Brimley and others.
East End meetings, Cor. Parliament and Oak
Streets. Service at 11 a. m. every Sunday.
MUSIC CLASS—Every Wednesday evening at 8
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Trebble Hall, John St. north near King.
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corner Jackson and James Sts. President, J. H.
Byrnes; Vice-President, Thom Thompson; Secy-
Treasurer, Wm. Bryce; Serjeant-at-arms, J. H.
Moshier.
Meetings are open to all natives and friends
interested.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
WEST—3:15 a. m.; 1:20 p. m.; 11:35 a. m.; 3:15 p. m.
EAST—1:45 a. m.; 6:20 a. m.; 11:55 a. m.; 12:25 p. m.;
6:00 p. m.
MILTON AND PETERBORO' BRANCH—3:45 a. m.
1:00 p. m. 12:15 a. m.; 3:10 p. m.; 3:45 p. m.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:—

SCHOOL HOURS. From 9 a. m. to 1
from 1:30 to 3 p. m.
DRAWING CLASSES from 3:30 to 5 p. m.
day and Thursday afternoons of
GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASSES on
Wednesday afternoons of each
week from 3:30 to 5
SINGING CLASSES for Junior Teachers on
Mondays of Monday and Wednes-
days from 5:10 to 1.
EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8:30 p. m.
pupils and from 7 to 8 for Junior

Articulation Classes:—

From 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1

Religious Exercises:—

EVERY SUNDAY.—Primary pupils
senior pupils at 11 a. m.; General
at 12 o'clock, immediately after which
Class will assemble.
EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are
in the Chapel at 8:45 a. m. and the
in-charge for the week, will open
and afterwards dismiss them so
they reach their respective schools
later than 9 o'clock. In the af-
ternoon the pupils will again as-
semble after prayer will be dismissed in an
orderly manner.
REGULAR VISITING CLASSES.—Rev.
Burke, Light Rev. Monsignor Farrer,
Rev. E. J. Thompson, M. A., Street
Rev. E. N. Baker, (Methodist); Rev.
Cawcutt, (Baptist); Rev. M. W. Mack
(Presbyterian); Rev. Father Carson.
MUSIC CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 1
national series of Sunday School;
Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

Clergymen of all Denominations
cordially invited to visit us at any

Industrial Departments

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOP AND
STORE from 7:30 to 8:30 a. m. and from
5:30 p. m. for pupils who attend
those who do not from 7:30 a. m. to
and from 1:30 to 3:30 p. m. each week
except Saturday, when the office
will be closed at noon.
THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from
12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 3
those who do not attend school,
3:30 to 5 p. m. for those who do
on Saturday afternoons.
The Printing Office, Shops all
rooms to be left each day when we
in a clean and tidy condition.
PUPILS are not to be excused
various classes or Industrial Dep-
except on account of sickness, with
intention of the Superintendent.
Teachers, Officers and others are
allowed matters foreign to the work
interfere with the performance of
several duties.

Visitors:—

Persons who are interested, desiring
to visit the Institution, will be made
welcome any school day. No visitors are
admitted on Saturdays, Sundays or
the regular chapel exercises at 12:30
day afternoons. The best time to
on ordinary school days is as soon
in the afternoon as possible, as the
are dismissed at 3:00 o'clock.

Admission of Children:—

When pupils are admitted and per-
mitted to the Institution, they are
advised not to linger and pro-
tracting with their children. It can
discomfort for all concerned, parties
the parent. The child will be ten-
der, and if left in our charge will
will be quite happy with the others
days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:—

It is not beneficial to the pupils for
to visit them frequently. If par-
ents come, however, they will be made
to the class-rooms and allowed every
facility of seeing the general work
of the school. We cannot furnish lodging
or entertain guests at the Institution
accommodation may be had in the
Palmer Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen
American and Dominion Hotels at
rates.

Clothing and Management

Parents will be good enough to give
instructions concerning clothing and man-
agement of their children to the Superintend-
correspondence will be allowed to
parents and employees under any
stances without special permission
each occasion.

Sickness and Correspondence

In case of the serious illness of pupils
or telegrams will be sent daily to par-
ent. IN THE ABSENCE OF P-
PARENTS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE
AND WILL.
All pupils who are capable of doing
will be required to write home every three
letters will be written by the teachers
little ones who cannot write, stating, as
possible, their wishes.
No medical preparations that have
been used at home, or prescribed by family
doctors will be allowed to be taken
except with the consent and direct
Physician of the Institution.
Parents and friends of deaf children are
against Quack Doctors who advert
cures and appliances for the cure of
deafness. In 99 cases out of 100 there is
no return. Consult well known
practitioners in cases of deafness
and be guided by their own
advice.
R. MATHISON
Superintendent