#### With Pipe and Flute.

With pipe and flute the rustic Pan Of old, made music sweet for man; And wonder hushed the warbling bird And closer drew and calm-eyed herd— The rolling river slowlier ran.

Ah! would—sh! would, a little span, Some air of Arcady could fan This age of ours, too seldom stirred With pipo and flute!

But now for gold we plot and plan; And from Beersheba unto Dan, Apolio's self might pass unbeard, Or find the night-jar's note preferr Not so it fared, when time began, With pipe and flute!

### PETROLEUM V. NASBY IN IRELAND.

The cabin in the village of Bantry is the same size as those on farms, say from ten to twelve feet wide, by fifteen or sixteen in length. In the country, however, they do have the apace above, to the thatched roof, but land is more valuable in the villages, and My Lord Bantry's expenses in London and Paris are enormous He must get more money out of the villagers, and he makes two stories out of the wretched hovel, and by crowding in two families makes double rent. The first floor is not above five feet six inches in height, and the upper is a good foot shorter. In neither floor can an ordinary man stand upright.

We went up the miserable stairs in on We went up the miserable stairs in one of them, and gained the still more miserable den above. It was more like a coffin than a room, and the idea of a coffin was brought forcibly to the mind as you glanced at the wretched occupants. On a miserable bed of dried leaves, covered with potatosacks on the one side, was the canaciated form of a man dying of starvation and consumption. He had about forty-eight hours of life in him. Upon my word I felt happy to see he was so near death. For having an excellent reputation, having always been a good man, he was certain to go, after death, where there would not be the slightest possible chance of meeting My slightest possible chance of meeting My Lord Bantry. In the other corner was a flat stone, upon which a consumptive fire of peat was burning, the smoke filling the room. Huddled around this fire were five children, under the watchful eye of a very comely woman. The children were barefooted and stockingless, and clad in the most deplorable rags, while the mother, also barefooted, was clothed in the regular cotton alin without rags, while the mother, also barefooted, was clothed in the regular cotton slip, without a particle of underclothing of any kind or description. And into that garret, poor as it was, came other women, not clothed sufficiently to be decent, to boil their potations at the wretched fire. They have a practice of exchanging fires in this way, that none may be wasted.

"What do you pay for this apartment?"

Ten pence a week, sor."

"Are you in arrears for rent?"
"Yis, sor. He (pointing to her husband)
s been sick, sor, for months, sor, and

cud not worruk."

"What will you do if he dies?"

"We shall be put out, sor."

This with no burst of angaish, with no special tone of anger, or manifestation of emotion. To be "put out" is the common lot of the Irish laborer, and the Irish wife, and they expect it. and they expect it.

And within a mile of that wretched spot,

And within a mile of that wretched apot, of that dying man and starving children. My Lord Bantry has the most beautiful castle, luxuriously furnished, filled with pampered flunkies, his stables crowded with the most wonderful horses, and his table groaning under the weight of the luxuries of every clime.

If I ever leaned toward the doctrine If I ever leaned toward the doctrines taught by the Universalists, a contemplation of the system of Bantryism has entirely and completely convinced me that they are erroneous. If there is not a lake of fire and the British House of Lords meet there there will always be a quorum. And My Lord will lift up his eyes to the widow Flanagan and beg for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue. But he won't get it. He don't deserve it.

It is impossible to make an American comprehend the width, depth and breadth of Irish misery until he has seen it with his own eyes. No other man's eyes are good for anything in this matter, for the reason that nothing parallel exists this side of the water. And besides this the writers for the stage and of general literature have most wofully misrepresented the Irish m m and woman, and very much to his and her disadvantage.

The Irishman is the saddest on the The Irishman is the saddest on the surface of the globe. You may travel a week and never see a smile or hear a laugh. Utter and abject misery, starvation and helplessness, are not conducive of merri-

The Irishman has not only no short The Irishman has not only no short-tailed coat, but ae considers himself for-tunate if he has any coat at all. He has what by courtesy may be called trawsers, but the vest is a myth. He has no comfortable woollen stockings, nor is he possessed of the regulation stage shoes. He does not sing, dance or laugh in. He is a moving pyramid of rags. A many who can't have been sing, dance or laugh in. He is a moving pyramid of rags. A man who cuts bog all day from daylight to dark, whose diet consists of a few potatoes twice a day, is not much in the humor for dancing all night, even were there a place for him to dance in. And as for jollity, a man with a land agent watching him like a hawk to see how much he is improving his land, with the agent watching him like a hawk to see how much he is improving his land, with the charitable intent of raising the rent, if by any possibility he can screw it out of him, is not in the mood to laugh, sing, dance or "hurroo." One might as well think of laughing at a funeral. Ireland is one laughing at a funeral. The chastly procession laughing at a funeral. Ireland is one perpetual funeral. The ghastly procession is constantly passing.

The Irish girl is always comely, and properly clothed and fed, would be be attiful. Still she is comely. Irish landlordism has not been sufficient to destroy her beauty, though it has done its best. But she has ao gown of woollen stuff—a cotton slip without underclothing of any kind makes up her costume. The comfortable stockings and stout shoes, and the red kerchief about her neck, are so many libels upon Irish landlordism. Were My Lord's agent to see such clothing upon a girl he would immediately raise the rent upon her father, and confiscate those clothes. And he would keep on raising the rent till he was certain that shoes and stockings would be forever impossible. Neither does she dance Pat down at rustic balls, for a most excellent reason—there are no balls, and besides, when she has cut and dried a donkey load of peat, and walked beside that donkey barefooted in the cold mud twelve miles and back again and sold that peat for six pence, she is not very much in the humor for dancing barefooted in the cold mud twelve miles and back again and sold that peat for six pence, she is not very much in the humor for dancing down any one. On the centrary she is

mighty glad to get into her wretched bed of dried leaves and pull over her the potato sack which constitutes her sole covering, and soothed to sleep by the gruntings of pigs in the wretched cabin, forget landlords and rent, and go off into the land of happiness, which to her is America. She finds in sleep surcease of sorrow, and besides it refreshes her to the degree of walking barefooted through the mud 24 miles on the morrow, to sell another load of peat for six pence, that she may pay more money to My Lord, whose town-house in London, and whose mistresses in Paris require a great deal of money. Champagne and the delicacies of the season are always expensive, and My Lord's appetite, and the appetite of his wife and mistresses, and his children, legitimate and illigitimate, are delicate. Clearly Katy is in no humor for dancing. She has her share to contribute to all these objects. And so she eats her meal of potatoes or stirabout (she never has both at once), and goes into sleep and dreams.

As to the pricat there never was a wilder delusion than exists in the minds of the American people concerning him. I was at the houses, or rather lodgings, of a great many of them, but one example will suffice. Halt way between Kenmare and Killarney, in a wild desolate country, lives one of the Parish priests, who are supposed to inhabit loxurious houses, and to live gorgeously, and to be perpetually singing the "Cruiske en Lawn," with a pipe in one hand and a glass of potteen in the other.

He is a magnificent man. A man of great learning, of wonderful intuitions, of cool, clear judgment, of great nerve, and unbunded heart; he would, were he to come to America and drop his priestly robes, be President of a great railroad corporation, or a Senator, or anything else he chose to be. But what is he in Ireland! His compartments comprise a bedroom just large enough to hold a very poor bed, and a study, in a better class farm-house, for which he pays

ments comprise a bedroom just large enough to hold a very poor bed, and a study, in a better class farm-house, for which he pays rent the same as everybody else does. His floor is uncarpeted, and the carrier form

But this is a small part of his duties. He has to conduct services at all the chapels in this stretch of country. He has to watch over the morals of all the people, but this is not all. No matter at what hour of night, no matter what the condition of the weather, the summons to the bedside of a dying man to administer the last secrated the church must be aboved. Is or a dying man to administer the last sacraments of the church must be obeyed. It may be that to do this requires a rice on horseback of twenty miles in a blinding storm, but it must be done Every child must be christened, every death bed must be soothed, every sorrow mitigated by the only comfort this suffering people have—the faith in their church. What do you suppose this manifestable.

the faith in their church.

What do you suppose this magnificent man gets for all this? The largest income he ever received in his life was £100, which, reduced to American money, amounts to exactly \$481. And out of this he has to pay his rent, his food, his clothing, the keeping of his horse, and all that remained goes in charity to the suffering sick—every cent of it.

When the father dies his nephews and neices will not find very good picking from

neices will not find very good picking from what is left, I assure you. "Why do you," I asked, "a man oapa-ble of doing so much in the world, stay and

ot this enormous work, for nothing ?"
"I was called to it," was the answer;
"what would these poor people do without

"I was called to it—what would these poor people do without me?"
I am a very vigorous Protestant, and have no especial love for the Oatholic Church; but I shall be especially fortunate if I can make a record in this world that will give the a place in the next within gan shot of where this man will be placed. I am not capable of making the sacrifices for my fellows that he is doing—I wish to Heaven I was. I found by actual demonstration why the Irish so love their priests. They would be in a still worse way, if possible, without a still worse way, if possible, without

Ignorance of the real condition of the farming Irish is almost as common among the better class of Irishmen, I mean the dwellers in the cities, as it is among Americans. At one of the fine hotels in Glengariff, a watering place, I made the acquaintance of an Irish lady, a resident of Cork. Her husband is a wealthy citizen, a thorough Irishman, a Land Leaguer and all that, and she is a more ardent Land Leaguer than her husband. She is a more than usually intelligent lady, with a warre Leaguer than her husband. She is a more than usually intelligent lady, with a warm heart, and she realized, she thought, the wrongs Ireland was suffering, and was doing, she supposed, all she could to aid the oppressed people.

Now in Glengariff suffering is not permitted to be seen. The hotels are requisited.

Now in Glengariff suffering is not permitted to be seen. The hotels are magniticent, the servants well-clothed and well-fed, and it is so arranged that the people in rags are seldem seen in that vicinity.

But two miles across the bay and you may see all the misery you can endure. I had been over there and gone through a dezen or more cabins, and on my return I expressed myself to the lady in as strong terms as my command of language permit ted.

ted.
"Are you not exaggerating?" asked she

"I have never seen such misery as not describe. It cannot be."

"Because you have never sought it out. But it is there. Fifteen minutes in a boat will take you to it. Will you go over now, and see for yourself if I have exaggerated?"

She went. The land was, as everywhere, bog and rock, with here and there a spot reclaimed, which smiled in green. We approached one of the

"How far have we to go before we come to one of the houses you spoke of?"
"We are at one now."

The v oman stood petrified.

"Do people live in such places?"

"Madam, that cabin holds a man, his wife, six children, the wife's father and brother, pies calves and potential. pigs, calves and poultry. But you must see for yourself that I did not exaggerate. Come

The lady entered, wading ptuckily through The lady entered, wading puckers through the slush and mud that surrounded the cabin, and saw all and more than I had told her. There was the cold earth floor, wet and slip-

meal, and more money than twey and everseen before.

It is to be hoped that they ate the provisions, but the money—that went to My
Lord's agent for rent beyond a doubt. And
if My Lord's agent was certain that he
could depend upon the lady from Cork as a
permanent almoner he would ascertain to
a penny just how much she intended to
give and raise the rent to that amount.

My Lord's agent is as ravenous and insatiable as the grave—he takes all that comes.

### PURITANISM PASSING AWAY.

That the stern old Sabbatarian principles of old fashioned English Puritanism are speedliv passing away is evident from the following which we clip from a long editorial in the Daily Telegraph of Lon-

don, of October 1st:

"The question of how to observe Sunbetter class tarm-house, the rent the same as everybody else does. His rent the same as everybody else does. His floor is uncarpeted, and the entire furniture of his rooms, leaving out his library, would not invoice ten dollars. His parish is one of the wildest and bleakest in Ireland, and that they should tolerate where they did not co-operate with those who desired to see galleries and museums open sired to see galleries and museums open. of the wildest and bleakes.

Is 25 miles long and 18 wide.

Now, understand that this man is the lawyer, the friend, the guide and director, in temporal as well as spiritual matters, of the entire population of this district. If a husband and wife quarrel, it is his duty to hear and decide If a tenant gets into trouble with his landlord, he is the go of activity, and not inactive repose. It is a south that the rest contemplated was a change of activity, and not inactive repose. Canon Shuttleworth boldly declared that he had learned more from pictures and be had learned more from pictures and oratorios than from sermons. On this steir lawyer as well as their priest. He me their everything.

But this is a small part of his duties their everything.

But this is a small part of his duties their everything.

But this is a small part of his duties and he had learned more from pictures and practices their everything.

But this is a small part of his duties their everything.

But this is a small part of his duties and look at them in a portfolio or on the walls of a drawing-room. Walking that the Regent's Park than to look at them in a portfolio or on the walls of a drawing-room. Walking in the gardens of the Crystal Palace or listening to a band in the Regent's Park can not possibly be more wicked than a walk by the Bishop of London, or any other eminent Christian, in his private grounds, or playing of a harmonium at home. Nor does the fact of paid service or attendance come in for the most pions home. Nor does the fact of paid service or attendance come in, for the most pious peoplo exact Sunday duty from their bired helps. The real question remains, Is it not as justifiable to engage a few attendants and door-keepers to give rest and refreshment to the eyes and souls of toilers worn with a week's work, acto complex domatic servator to wait upon employ domestic servants to wait upon the people at home? A Sunday outing for the poor is much more a work of charity and necessity than the preparation of a Sunday dinner for the rich. On this shows a distinct advance.

#### THE ECCLESIASTICAL SITUATION IN GERMANY.

The ecclesiastical situation in Germany has not altered during the last couple of That was all. Here is a man capable of three days with Prince Dismarch at Var That was all. Here is a man capable of anything, who deliberately sacrifices a rearrange of a suffering people.

It has called to it—what would these people de without many anything to the 23rd of September, whence he departed on the 26th for Hamburg, when he the 23rd of September, whence he de-parted on the 26th for Hamburg, when he took the steamer for America. A Washington he is to present his letters of re-call, when (and not sooner) the Prussian Landtag will have voted the salary for an Envoy accredited to the Holy See. But already a modification of this arrangement is being suggested; and it is rumored that the estimates which will be submitted to the Reichstag rext month may contain a proposal for establishing an Imperial Ger-man Embassy at the Vatican. This, of course, will be a considerable advance, so far as dignity is concerned, upon the proposal to send a Prussian E voy; but perhaps, at least at first, the more modest proposal would be the more useful and is

likely to be adopted after all. As to the intentions of the Government. absolutely nothing is known. The semi-official papers are not concordant in their versions. One rumor has it that, even versions. One rumor has it that, even while Herr von Schlozer is away, negoti-ations are being still carried on with Rome through other agencies. It is also stated (and of this there can be little doubt) that the leading features of the Religious Reher Bill to be introducted in the next Session of the Landiag have been settled, and the heads will be submitted to the boration. But here it would appear there is reason for dissatisfaction. At least, the Catholic journals anticipate, from the statements and hints contained both in the Governmental and the Liberal journals, that the new Bill will proceed on the lines of last year's measure, the great feature of which, it will be remembered, was the discretionary power. That is: instead of repealing any of the enactments which are so directly contrary to Catholic rights and to the free exercise of the Catholic religion, the Government would be auth orized to a stain from enforcing the strict letter of the law, in such cases as they might in their "discretion" think fit. Of course, a measure of this kind would not, and ought not to satisfy the Catholics. But should it appear that the Holy See will be so for with date. will be so far satisfied as to consent to make certain concessions upon the passing of such a measure, then the Catholic members will doubtless assist in passing it

into law.

Canonical institution has been lately given by the Bishop of Etmland to two addititional parish priests and one vicar

fattered, not for their eating, but that My Lord may have his rent. There was the flat stone in one corner, with the smoky peat fire, no chimney to carry the smoke away, there was the half-ragged men the half-naked women and children, shoeless, stockingless, skirtless, less everything; in short, there were all the horrors of absolute destitution, with out one single redeeming feature.

"Take me out of this place," she gasped. It was not a pleasant sight for a lady delicately nurtured and daintily kept, whose hands had never been in cold water and upon whose face cold wind had never blown.

These people were of her own blood, her own race, almost her own kin. She said never a word on the way back, but that afternoon she left Glengarif for Cork. But before she went a boat went over the bay, and a dozen families had at least one square meal, and more money than they had ever seen before.

It is to be hoped that they ate the provisions, but the money—that went to My of Turkish, though of Russian and the other languages of Eastern Europe he knew no more than I did. I found out by chance that his ruling passion was an unquenchable hatred for everything Scotch. We encamped at some unpronounceable place on the Danube, with old Suvarov's grey coats quartered within three miles of us. It was a few days after our climpse of the enemies request. after our glimpse of the enemies menage that the first state of retribution overtook that the first state of retribution overtook our friend. We were strolling through the camp with a Turkish officer, whose acquaintance we had made the day before, and the interpreter was abusing the Scotch to his heart's content, as usual, when, to his utter astonishment [and mine, too, for that matter], Hassan Bey turned upon him, and broke out fiercely, "I'll tell ye what, ma mon, gip yed day." "I'll tell ye what, ma mon, gin ye daur lowse yer tongue upon ma country like that, I'll gie ye a cloot o' the lug that'll mak' it tingle frac this to Hallowe'en!"

You should have seen the Englishman's face: I think I never saw a man really thunderstruck before. 'Why, good gracious' stammered he at length, 'I thought you were a Tural—'An' sae I am a Turk the noo, ma braw chiel, retorted the irate Glasgow Musaulman, 'an' a better ane than ye'll ever mak' forbye; for ye ken nae mair o' their ways than my faither's nae mair o' their ways than my faither's auld leather breeks, that ne'er trawwelled further than just frae Glaisgo to Greenock, an' back again; but when I gang hame [as I'il do or lang, if it be God's wull I'll just be Wully Forbes, son o' Daddie Forbes o' the Gorbals, for a' that's come an' gane.' At that moment, as if to add to the effect of this wonderful metamorphosis, a splendicly dressed Hungarian whom I remember to have seen among the Russian officers, called out from the other bank of the stream that separated our outposts from the enemy's. eeparated our outposts from the enemy's, 'Wully, mon, there's a truce the noo, for willy, mon, there's a truce the noo, for twa hoors; just come wi' me, an' we'll hae a glass o' whusky the gither.' At this second miracle, the interpreter's face as-sumed a look of undefined apprehension, wonderful and edifying to behold. 'Isn't that fellow a Hungarian' said he, in a

low, horror-stricken tone, 'what on earth makes him talk Scotch?—'Perhaps he's got a bad cold,' I suggested. A few days after this account. after this, a scouting party of which I had command took a Russian officer prisoner; and in order to cheer him up a bit under this misfortune, I asked him to dine with the people at home? A Sunday 'outing' for the poor is much more a work of charity and necessity than the preparation of a Sunday dinner for the rich. On this question the tone of the Church Congress shows a distinct advance." except that my Englishman, was thought no small beer of himself as a philologist, would keep bringing out scraps of what he imagined to be Ru a, making the dis-consolate captive grin like a foxtrap, whenever he thought no one was looking at him. At last after we had drunk each what little wine we had, the Russian called upon me for a song; and as I didn't know any in Rass, I gave him a French one instead, which I had picked up on the voyage out. T en our interpreter fol-lowed with an old Latin drinking seng [which our new friend seemed perfectly to understand]; and when he had finished turned to the Russian, and said, very pobilitely, Won't you oblige us with a song your elf? it ought to go all round. The Russian bowed, leaned back a little, looked at us both will an indescribable grin, and burst forth in the purest native dialect with Auld Lang Synel From that day there was a marked change in my rollick-ing companion. All his former jovi lity disappeared, and a gloomy depression hung over him, broken by const at fits of nervous restlessness, as it he were in perpetual dread of the appearance of some furkish or Austrian, Greek, or Tartar Scotchman. But all things was a trifle to what was coming. For, about this time our corns was detached to meet a Parisis. our corps was detached to meet a Russian force under a certain Gener I Talassoff, who was threatening to fall upon our flank. We fell in with the enemy sooner than we expected, and had some pretty hard skirmishing for two or three weeks, after which an armistice was agreed upon, that the two generals might meet. We were anytons to see T. F. were anxious to see Tarassoff after the trouble he had given us: so I and three or four more [including the interpreter] contrived to be present at the place of meeting. At last he rode up, and the Pasha came forward to receive him. My find the interpretar backed admiring Session of the heads will be submitted to the Emperor on his return to Berlin, in order that, when they have been approved by his Majesty, the complete measure may be handed over to the draughts-men for elaboration. But here it would appear there and was just exclaiming, 'There, think God, a real Russian and a real Turk, and chuirable specimens of their race too!' admirable specimens of their race too!' when suddenly General Tarassoff and

> Let us not be disturbed and disquieted by the attacks of heresy, and liberalism, positivism, or materialism, against God and His Church. If the Church were less stable, the encmy would slumber. force, the vitality, the exaberance of faith which elicits such a rage in the unbelieving.—The Divine Sequence.

Our Lord has, in some sort, ennobled and sanctified buman miseries, by subjecting Himself to all of them except ignorance and sin. He has thus taught us not to despise those that are the most overwhelmed and not to refuse to aid them. -

#### WOMEN VEILED IN CHURCH.

It is the wish of the Church, and has been since the days of the Apostles, that women should be veiled in church. women should be veiled in church.

Saint Paul, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, informs them that "every wo man praying with her head not covered disgraceth her head; for it is all one as if she were shaven. For if a woman be not covered, let her be shorn.
But if it be a shame to a woman to be
shorn, or made bald, let her cover her
head. . You yourselves judge: doth
it become a woman to pray unto God unexcept?"

The Roman Pontiffs have kept up this tredition of modesty, and allow no wo-man, princess or peasant, to assist at Mass offered by them unless she be attired in black and have her face weiled.

The Councils of the Province of Milan

have decreed that women going to divine service with their heads unveiled are to

be excommunicated.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has long insisted on this practice of a decorous head dress, and, on July 7, 1876, reiterated its decision that women must be veiled at

Cardinal Manning, in one of his sermons to his people in London, said: "There was a custom only a little while ago, and it prevails now in Catholic countries, that no woman came into the house of God except her head was covered by the wearing of a veil, or at least some such covering of the head. It is enjoined in Scripture, and enjoined, too, by a law on the doors of every church in Rome, aye, and at this moment I believe it is still to be found there, I doubt even if the Revolution has taken it down." And, while his Eminence did not peremptorily insist his Eminence did not peremptorily insist that the women of his congregation should comply with the wishes of the Church in this matter, he did entreat the members of the fair sex to consider the advisability

of so doing, every one for berself.

The Bishop of Salford, likewise, urging the women to decency in dress, relates this incident. "We read," he says, "in the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, that the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, that when she was obliged by her husband to appear attired at Mass in a manner befitting her station, feeling her utter unworthiness to be present at Mass in her queenly dress, she used, on entering the church, to take off those ornaments which she could remove, such as all her jewelry and even her gloves, and then, with her hands modestly hidden under her mantle to remain absorbed in prayer. So greatly was our Lord pleased by this her modesty and humility that on one occasion He manifested His pleasure in her by a bright and glorious light which covered her person and became visible to others. "-Oatholie Mirror.

## "NOT IF IT WAS MY BOY."

Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was aved from ruin it pays for all the cost and care and labor of establishing anch as increase. labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercise had closed, in that. After the exercise had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman railied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him, "Did you not color that a little, when you said that all expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one boy?" "Not if it was my boy," was the solemn and convicting reply. Ab! there is a wonderful value about "my boy." O her boys may be rude and rough; other boys may be reckless and wild: other boys may be reckless and wild: other boys may seem to require more pains and labor than they ever will repay; other boys may be left to drift unvared for to the ruin which is so near at hand: but "my boy"—it were worth the toil of the pround and trampled on by those whom we held dearest and best! If we could see the foolishness and absurdity of longing for what we cannot attain, of weeping over our fallen inspirations, we perhaps could forget, with a few less team and scught with eagerness.

We cannot go through life without disappointments, and if we steel ourselves so wound, we are infinitely superior to those whom we held dearest and best! If we could see the foolishness and absurdity of longing for what we cannot attain, of weeping over our fallen inspirations, we perhaps could forget, with a few less team and more smiles, what we once cherished and scught with eagerness.

We cannot go through life without disappointments, and if we steel ourselves who give way to gloomy and morbid feelings; who doubt the truth of all goodness its thing world; who hope for nothing because they foolishly make themselves believe but "my boy"—it were worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save him from ruin. We would go the world round to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him help or wel-come. And vet every poor wandering, outcast, homeless man is one whom some fond nother calls "my boy." Every lost woman, sunken in the depths of sin, was somebod, 's daughter in her days of child ish innoence. To-day somebody's son is a hungry outcast, somebody's daughter i a weary, helples wanderer, driven by cruel want into paths of error. Shail we shrink from labor, shall we hesitate at any cost to do what can to bring back the sunshine of happiness to such as

THE FLOWER OF THE HOLY GHOST. There is at present in the Gonservatory of Golden Gate Park an attraction of unusual interest. The Peristeria Etalia or Holy Ghost flower, which recently commenced to bud, has within a few blossomed. In the centre of the blossom of this extraordinary flower, is in mina-ture the figure of a dove, the color being of a snowy whiteness, excepting the wing, which are tinged with brown tude of drinking from a little font. The larger petals of the flower bend about the remarkable figure like an oval frame over some piece of delicate wax-work. The plant now in the east wing of the con-servatory is a remarkable large specimen, the stock on which are the blossoms bei g buds—another stalk, crowing from the same bulb, being five feet tall and having twelve buds. This remarkable plant will when suddenly General Tarassoff and lotaham Pasha, after staring at each other for a mome t, burst forth simultaneously, 'Eh, Donald Cawnell, are ye here?'—'Lord keep us, Sandy Robertson, can this be you?' I involuntarily glanced at the Englishman. 'I thought as much,' said he, with a calmness more dreadful than any emotion. 'It's all over; flesh and idoed can bear it no longer. Torks, Russians, Hungarians, Englishmen—all Scotchmen! It's more than I can bear—I shall go home to England!'" plant arst came to this city from the 1th-mus of Panama, where it is very com-mon, the residents calling it "Est Espiritu S nto," the Holy Spirit. Its growth de-pends greatly on the soil in which it is planted and the temperature of the atmosphere, a warm, moist temperature being ecessary to cause it to bloom-San Fran-

## Care by Absorption

of all diseases of the kindey and urinary organs by the Day Kidney Pad. Read "How a lite was saved,"—one stamp by mail. Day Kidney Pad Co., Buffalo, N.

"Golden Medical Discovery" (words registered as a trade-mark) cures all humors from the pimple or eraption to great vir-ulent eating ulcers.

## HOW YOUNG MEN FAIL.

"There is Alfred Sutton home with bis "There is Alfred Sutton home with his family to live on the old folks," said one neighbor to another. "It seems hard, after all his father has done to fit him is business, and the capital he invested to start him so fairly. It is surprising he has turned out so poorly. He is a steady young man—no bad habits, so far as I know; he has a good education, and was always considered smart; but he doem't succeed in anything. I am told be has tried a number of different sorts of business, and sunk money every time. What ness, and sunk money every time. What can be the trouble with Alfred, I should like to know?—for I don't want my bey

to take his turn."
"Alfred is smart enough," said the other, "and has education enough, but he lacks the one element of success. He never wants to give a dollar's worth of work for a dollar of money, and there is no other way for a young man to make a fortune. He must dig if he would get hold. All the men that have succeeded nonestly or dishonestly—in making money had to work for it, the sharpers sometimes the hardest of all. Alfred wished to set his brain in motion, and let it take care of itself. No wonder it soon it take care of itself.

morrow or next week, and so the golden moments slip by. It is getting to be a rare thing for the sons of rich men to die rich. Too often they squander in half a score of years what their fathers were a lifetime in accumulating. I wish I could ring it in the ear of every aspiring young man that work, hard work of ing young man that work, hard work a -Country Gentleman.

## Disappointment.

If we allow ourselves, we can induge our thoughts on the small and petty disappointments that beset us day by day nutwe feel that our whole life is a disappoint ment, not only to ourselves, but to slaround us. It is only he who looks shead, above the cloud of petty annoyances that surrounds us all, who will fird true happiness. We pass from childhood to youth, from youth to middle age, from middle age to old age, and then to death; and as each change is made we feel that we have lost something that is never to be made up to something that is never to be made up to should be. No matter how dark the pre-sent, how dead our once bright hopes, it is sent, how dead our once bright hopes, it is useless to grieve over them. If we can look shead and build a new future, set up new objects and bury the old ones deep out of sight, we do indeed belong to the sensible people of the world. What is the use of saying we have nothing to live for, because our highest earthly aims have been dashed to the ground and trampled on by those whom we held dearest and best! If we could see the foolishness and absurdity of longing for what we cannot attain, of weeping over our fallen inspirations, we

this world; who hope for nothing because they foolishly make themselves believe there is nothing to be hoped for. In youth we have everything to look for-

ward to, and if disappointment after disappointment comes upon us, we have always heaven to work for and win. We have read somewhere that God never made a heart without one tender spot, and we know God never gave a life without something to live and love for.

## THE SECRET OF A LONG LIFE.

Cardinal de Solis, Archbishop of Seville, died in the year 1785, after a lengthened life of one hundred and ten years, surviving his father [Antonio de Solis, historiographer to Philip IV., and author of "The History of the Conquest in Mexico"] upwards of eighty years. It is recorded of the Cardinal that to the last he possessed the profest, was effective of the conduction of the conduct last he possessed the perfect use of every faculty except hearing. When asked by his friends about the regimen he had observed [which it was supposed had enabled him to ward off disease and death so long), he gave for answer:

"By being old when I was young, I

"By being old when I was young, a find myself comparatively young now that I am old. I have always led a sober and studious, but not sedentary, course of life. My diet was sparing, I rode or walked every day, except in rainy weather walked every day, except in rainy weather when I took in-door exercises for a couple of hours. So far I took care for the body; and as to the mind, I endeavored to preserve it in due temper by a scrupulous obedience to the divine commands, and keeping a conscience void of offence towards God and man. By these innocent towards God and man. means I have arrived at the age of a patriarch, with less injury to my health and constitution than many experience at forty. I am now like the ripe corn, ready for the sickle of death; and by the Redeemer, have strong hopes of being translated into His garner."

translated into His garner."
When the King of Spain was told of the Archbishop's death, he exclaimed: "Glorious old age! would to heaven that he had appointed a successor, for the people of Seville have so long been used to excellence that I fear they will not be satisfied with the best prelate I can send them."—Longhrea Journal.

## A world of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public is Hop Bit-ters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters, as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old fashioned bone set tea that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right try Hop Bit ters .- Nunda Mews.

The modest man, inspired by possion, is more persuasive than the most eloquent man if uninspired.—La Rochefoucauld.

#### Man's Mortaltty

FFRE following poem is justly considered a postical sem of the highest order. The criginal was found in an Irish MS in Trinity Gollege, Dublin. There is reason to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive Christian bards in the reign of King Diarmid, about the year 564 and was sung and chanted at the last grand meambly of kings, chieftains, and bards, held in the samous Halls of Tara. The translation is by 57. Donovan. A manuscript copy of the poem was sent by Professor Siewart, of Trinity College, to the porson who furnished to publication in the Buffalo Commercial Algorithm.

Like a damask rose you see.

Or like a blossom on a tree.
Or like the dainty flowers in May.
Or like the morning to the day.
Or like the sun, or like the shade.
Or like the gourd which Jonah made:
Even such is man whose thread is spun.
Drawn out and out, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hastein,
The son sets, the shadow files,
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung.
Or like the tale that's newly sprung.
Or like the tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's new begun,
Or like the sprung that shore to-day,
Or like the singing of the swan;
Yen such is man who lives by breath.
Yen such is man who lives by breath.
The grass withers, the tale is ended.
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is
done.

Idke to the bubble in the brook.

Or in a glass much like a look.

Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand.

Or like the writing on the sand.

Or like the writing on the sand.

Or like a thought, or like a dream.

Or like the gliding of the stream;

Even such is man, who flyes by breath.

The bubble's out, the look forgot.

The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot, the thought is past, the dream is gone.

The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from a bow,

Or like a swilt course of water flow.

Or like the swilt course of water flow.

Or like the spidor's tender web.

Or like a race, or like a goal,

Or like a race, or like a goal,

Or like the dealing of a dol;

Even such is man, whose brittle state

always subject unto fate.

The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,

The time no time, the web soon rent,

The race soon run, the goal soon won

The dole soon dealt, man's life soon

done.

Like to the lightning from the sky.

Or like a post that quick doth hie,

or like a quaver in a song,

or like a lourney three days long,

Or like snow when summer's come,

or like a pear, or like a plum;

Iven such is man, who heaps up sorrow.

Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.

The lightning's past, the post must go.

The song is short, the journey so,

The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,

The snow dissolves, and so must all.

# THERVIEW WITH THE ARCH-BISHOP OF CASHEL.

A special correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, writing from Thurles on Sun-

day, says: I determined to visit Thurles, in Tipper-I determined to visit Thurles, in Tipperary county, and to speak with its Archbishop, the moral keystene of the land agitation in Ireland. I found Thurles a comparatively small, but tolerably clean town, not far from the Devil's Bit Montains, on the high road to the famous Rock of Cashel, where once upon a time Cormac MacCullinan, "at once King and Archbishop of Cashel," reigned and ministered, and composed his celebrated psalter, and wrote a history of his native land in his native language. All through the night of Friday a tremendous storm of wind rushed through the openings of the night of Friday a tremendous storm of wind rushed through the openings of the hills, and tore across the desolate boggy land, driving the pelting rain between the crevices of the loose windowsaches of the room where I tried, but failed, to sleep. Next morning I looked down upon the town of Cashel, with its thatched houses, small shops and extensive oblong market-place, full of little Kerry cows, and sturdy drovers in coats and knee breeches, and market women with knee breeches and market women their red and blue cloaks over their heads, and barrows full of splendid cabbages— excellent potatoes at 14th for 3d.—butter and all kinds of eatables in what seemed like profusion. Thurles is a poor town, depending upon local agriculture, town, depending upon local agriculture, and its people are steped to the lips in the doctrines of the Land League. These simple peasants and small farmers are not

simple peasants and small farmers are not lawless, but extremely poor and deeply religious. Such as have holdings on the bog found it extremely difficult to eke out a scanty living by bringing in donkey-leads of turnips for sale in the town. Out of such miserable and poor surroundings rises the Catholic College of St. Patrick, divided into headquarters of teaching for ecclesiastical and lay pupils, besides barracks and a parish church. There are several convents, some fine ruins, and a magnificent Catholic chapel of Byzantine architecture, built as a cost of £60,000, a truly noble and florid eath edral, de orated with rare inlaid marble, edral, de orated with rare inlaid marble stained glass memorial windows and altars in verde antique, agate, and other costly stones. Hither come the poor people, the poor people stones. Hitter come the poor people, clothed almost in rags, from the country round to kneel and pray, and among the rich surroundings of the dimly-lighted cathedral to forget their earthly troubles in the promise of happiness hereafter.

The palace of Thurles—a substantial but plain stuccoed house—adjoins the cathedral. Dr. Croke received me most

courteonsly, and entered into the spirit of my inquires with the greatest frankness. His Grace appears to be over middle age; he is a fairly tall, powerfully-built man, and has a strong and highly intelligent countenance, illumined with a pair of clear, keen grey eyes, surmounted by large dark eyebrows—a typical ecclesiastic range dark eyebrows—a typical ecclesisatic of manifestly dominant mind. Although he had been confined to his room with a severe attack of sciatica for a week and severe attack of scintica for a week and more, he was good enough to rise from his bed for the purpose of affording me an interview. Seeing him thus in his robes and gold chain and silver-embroidered slippers, and wearing a valuable emersald on the second finger of the right band, and bis red silk biretts upon his brow, I was sorry that I might not give his picture in lines as well as in words. Cordially sbaking bands, the Archbishop desired me to be seated, and we at once proceeded to dis be seated, and we at once proceeded to discuss the Land Act and the land agitation in relation to the proclaimed League. He told me that the manifesto of the League, which led to its suppression, had filled him with horror and astonishment. It was as if a hand grenade had been thrown into the room, and had he not been so thor-oughly well acquainted with the signatures, he would have believed that they had "sold the pass." Mr. Dillon, M. P. had "sold the pass." Mr. Dillon, at. r. nr. for Tipperary, was a great friend of his, and had stayed at the palace on a visit sin after he was released from gaol, but no personal friendship to any leader of the re