When the Martens Follo

On the roof-iree sparrows chat And the gathering martens Autumn's gold the glades beep As a lover's arts I plied— As I plesded, "Oh, belov'd bosom fold thy wing" "Yea," she answered—look "when the martens follow

So I watched the snowflakes fa With a gladness naught coul In the warmth of hope forestal Joys which patience must For, within, I whispered, low breast my love will cling When the blossoming hawth and the martens follows

Soon the violet doffed her cov.
And the snowdrop rang her b
Catkins treased the hazels ove
And the gorse flamed on the
Then I kneit, and whisp'ring, i
belov'd, the thrushes sing
Faint she answered, "For me i
martens follow spring."

Close I looked, and on her forch Marked the pencillings of pai Saw her limple eyes full stored Like fringed pools o'erfed wit And I cried aloud, sore strick lov'd one I stay thy wing For lite cometh, cometh surel martens follow spring."

They are chattering, chattering. As their neats they mend wit. And I watch them, watch them With a dumbly blank despair. For they home returned from my love, on tired wing. Had just mounted up for every martens followed spring.

-MARIAN PENDLEBURY, in Ca

Written for The Pilo The Convent Porte

BY SISTER MARY STANISLAUS.

These verses will be read with the greater terest when it is stated that the author is e only surviving daughter of the Irish et. Denis Florence McCarty, she is a continuan nun in St. Catherine's Convent, on Hill, Blackrock, bublin.]

in Munich's famous city,
So many miles away,
A block of anow-white marble
First saw the light of day;
And from that block was fashioned,
With loving care and skill,
An image of Our Law,
For distant Sion Hill.

Far has our Mother travelled.
Through regions rich and fair,
Yet on to Ireland hastened;
Her chosen home was there;
Hill on her own sweat, hirthday
She rests, no more to roam.
Within her destined dwelling,
Her Irish convent home.

While stand the walls of Sion,
Through good and evil cheer,
Through darkness and through sunshi
Our Mother will be here;
Still with her rapt eyes gazing
Up through the asure aky,
From earthly toils upraising
Our hearts, our hopes on high.

What, though no giance of kindness
Be cast on us in prayer,
Else eyes meet those of Jesus,
She reads our longings there;
And oh! what sende pleading
Her loving eyes then fill,
And oh! how sweet His answer,
"My Mother, have thy will!"

When, one by one, departing
From earth's low, rugged ways,
We leave our Mother's innege,
Upon Herself to gaze;
With those who shall succeed as
She'll dwell in peace and love,
Till Ston's last child reaches
The Sion that's above.

THE DEPTH OF IRISH DISTRESS.

Miss A. G. Thomas, in the Catholic World, "There are two things which it is utterly impossible for any Englishman who has never lived in the west or south of Ireland to imagine—the depth of the wretchedness of the poor, and the depth of their family affection." It is illustrative of this state-

to imagine—the depth of the wretchedness of the poor, and the depth of their family affection." It is illustrative of this statement that these two chapters are written. Since they cannot be quoted in full, it is doing them an injury to make disjointed extracts. But we cannot refrain from giving the reader a specimen of their quality. Molly Morony has been given a hunch of "white" bread by the priest's with her playfellow and little brother, Mick. Mick is surly, and protests he will not eat a bit of it.

Mick's surliness proceeded neither from sullenness or self-sacrifice, but from a sense of honor. An implicit agreement, which had never once been expressed in words, had somehow of itself grown up between these two—that each should share with the other any windfall that came in the way. Now, it happened sometimes that one, coming in for, in the other's absence, an apple, turnip, or similar luxury, was unable to refrain from devouring forth with his or her moiety thereof; and in this case, the chance of the absence getting the balance was slight. Sleeping hunger once roused would, as it were, in spite of the trustee's resistance, spring upon the remaining moiety and eat it

made practical confession and reparation by the refusal of half the next godsend offered by the other.

Molly knew at once, therefore, that Mick had eaten her half of what had last fallen to him, and she was glad—very glad for a moment—Make's luck, whatever it was, couldn's nave been as splendid as hers of this dorning—this great hunch of white kead, the whole of which was now surly hers! But even while she desured it greedily with her hungry eyes the thought that just because Mick's luck couldn't have been as great as hers she

morning, and might to morrow strap and of their home—these things moved Father Mac, albeit not unused to them. generous Molly, they snuggle together and share the bread. While they are en-loying the feast Molly suddenly says: "Ye niver tashte nothin', Mick, ye ate so fasht."

"Shure I can't help it, whin I'm so

"Shure I can't help it, whin I'm so hungry," querulously.

"An' I couldn't help it wansht," replied Molly, with the air of one who had come out of gross darkness. "But now I says a 'Hail Mary' betune aich bite whin it's white bread." . . . Mick meditated for a moment upon this new 10sary, then tried it and gave it up, and of course disparaged what he despaired of attaining. "Shure ye can't think of it that way at all"—meaning by "it" the morsel, not the prayer. "I says 'em in bed whin I can't sheep wid the hunger, and they sinds me

shieep wid the hunger, and they sinds me off almosht always."
Mick's meal so revives his high animal spirits that he must climb to the top of a haystack to get a view. The voice of Dan Douelly, owner of the haystack, startles him, and the poor little man misses his footing, tumbles off the haystack, strikes against a javyed wall and is visked any against a jagged wall, and is picked up covered with blood, to Molly's frantic grief. Dan Donelly, a tender-hearted fellow, carries him into the house, where his word wife restores him to the house, where

his good wife restores him.

As she was sponging away the blood, preparatory to bandaging his wounds, she said pitifully to Dan, "He's no shirt, the

Shure it's at the wash," cried Mick, "Shure it's at the wash," cried Mick, with an Irish zeal for the family credit.

"Have you only wan, Mick?" asked Mrs. Donelly, relieved exceedingly to find him take notice of a matter in which he would have certainly shown no interest if he had been in great pain.

"Arrah, Mrs. Donelly, would ye have a little roy have a tousand shirts?" cried Mick, in his eagerness (for the family's credit) to persuade her that he was sumptuouly furnished with that article of dress, when his age was considered. Mrs.

dress, when his age was considered. Mrs. Donelly, laughing and crying at once, kissed him for answer.

Mrs. Donelly, having spent some time 'quieting grief-stricken Molly, turns away for a private talk with her husband: "He's a fine little chap."

of the hunger."
"Sure they'll have the Land Lesgue at

their back now," replied Dan, knowing

well what was coming.
"Yerra, what is it for eight of thim?
Wan male aich a day? It "id take more nor one male to keep him out of his coffin now, he's so far gone." Dan glanced toward the bed, and his kind heart melted at his eyes. He could see only Mick's little wasted arm, which was wound round Molly? neck—for she, her bread and milk untasted, was kissing him in the motherly way that the children of the poor learn so early.
"Is it to keep him all out ye mane, Mary?"

"It is to keep him all out ye mane, Mary ?"

"Till he gets a footin' anyway, Dan."

"Ach, I know how it 'ill be. He's got his futtin' already, Mary"—meaning in her heart.

his futtin' already, Mary"—meaning in her heart.

"Shure the bit he'll ate is nothin', an' he'll be aisy kep' in ahirts anyhow"—smiling tearfully, but thankfully, at Dan, knowing that her point was gained, and that Mick was adopted.

In explanation of this impulsive adoption of the boy we must mention that Dan, notwithstanding his hayrick, was poor and struggling, and therefore generous; and that adoption of this kind is nearly as common in Ireland as infanticide in England.

While this conference between Dan and

nearly as common in Ireland as infanticide in England.

While this conference between Dan and his wife was proceeding, Mick's mind was a carious study—or would have been a curious study—or would have set of the pitifalness of his own state, as reflected in Molly's face as in a mirror; but besides and above these disquietudes he was distressed by his emaciation being, as he fancied, made a reproach to his father and mother and the family generally. Such, at least, was the impression the doctor's joccose remarks upon it to Mrs. Donelly Such, at least, was the impression the doctor's joccose remarks upon it to Mrs. Donelly for his mind. When, therefore, Mrs. Donelly and Dan, after their conference, approached the bed, he hurriedly hid his weszened little arm under his tattered jacket. Mrs. Donelly, not noticing this movement, raised his jacket to justify herself to Dan by showing him the child's emaciation. Poor Mick looked shamefacedly from one pitying face to the other, and then said earnestly: "Indeed, Mrs. Donelly, I was always a thin little chap. I'd niver be nothin' if I ate iver so much."

Whereupon Mrs. Donelly, with a quickness at once Irish and maternal weed his

sence, an apple, turnip, or similar luxury, was unable to refram from devouring forth with his or her moiety thereof; and in this case, the chance of the absentee getting the balance was slight. Sleeping hunger once roused would, as it were, in spite of the trustee's resistance, spring upon the remaining moiety and eat it with a guilty haste which left it half untasted. Now, their confession of this because the compact itself. The transgressor was shamefacedly silent about it in words, but made practical confession and reparation by the refusal of half the next godeend offered by the other.

Molly knew at once, therefore, that fallen to him, and she was glad—very glad for a moment—Moll's lack, whatever it was, couldn's nave been as splendid as hers of this advantage of him, and was the king an unfair advantage of him and was taking an unfair advantage of him gave her pause. Thrusting the bread impulsively behind her back, out of sight, the took to her heels [after Mick] to out run temptation.

Mick's seruples being overcome by the generous Molly, they sauggle together.

Mick's seruples being overcome by the generous Molly, they sauggle together of the transgress of the substitute of the money of the transgress of the special after Mick] to out run temptation.

Mick's seruples being overcome by the generous Molly, they sauggle together of the transgress of the special active to the case the broad. While the money of the transgress of the special and provided the proper hard over the fire, still and sad was taking an unfair advantage of him, pulsively behind her back, out of sight, the took to her heels [after Mick] to out run temptation.

Mick's seruples being overcome by the generous Molly, they sauggle together of the transgress of the special active to the contract of the c

Mac, albeit not unused to them.

After she had told him her troubles in words, and her fears in that look she fastened upon the children, he turned away for a few moments in sileace to busy himself unpacking the basket he had brought. Plainly the first thing to be done was to rouse the children out of their stupor, that their mother might no longer read all she feared written already in their forlorn little faces.

"Well children," he said chearly, speak

longer read all she feared written already in their forlorn little faces.

"Well, children," he said cheerily, speaking in a strong brogue, as he always did when he wished to make humble people or little children feel quite at their case with him—"well, children, did ye say yere prayers this mornin'?"

"We did, yere rivirence," all cried together in a kind of school chorus.

"That's right. An' ye said: "Give us this day our daily bread,' I'll be bound, now?"—interrogatively, and as though venturing upon an acute and daring guess. Chorus: "We did, yere rivirence."

"See that, now!" he cried triumphantly; "I knew ye did. Ay," he added, solemnly pointing upward, "and Somebody else knew it too, and he has sent it. Think of that, children! He has sent it!"—looking impressively from one wondering little face to another. "Come here to me, Patesey. Patsey got off a said of turf and came toddling toward him, rubbing the back of his hand shyly across his eyes.

"There!" cried Father Mac, handing him a thick piece of thickly buttered bread. "What do ye say for it?"

"Thanks, yere rivirence," pulling his forelock. Father Mac affected to be shocked by shaking his head, and by making many times that sucking noise of the tongue against the palate.

"Oh, Patsey!" he exclaimed reprovingly; "ye must give it to Peggy, and see what she says for it."

Patsey, wofully disappointed to the brink of tears, handed the piece over to

Patsey, wofully disappointed to the brink of tears, handed the piece over to Peggy, who, uncertain of her own tenure, was discreet enough to aversage her tenure, onelly, laughing and crying at once, seed him for answer.

Mrs. Donelly, having spent some time iteting grief-stricken Molly, turns away or a private talk with her husband:

"He's a fine little chap."

"He is so."

"Dan, I can't bear to think of his dying the hunger."

ness, cried together: "God, yere rivirence." Then Father Mac banded Pateey another

in the middle of it sincerely, and even fervently:

"He has been good to me, yere rivirence. He has so. He's kep' us out of the workhouse."

Now, Father Mac, like every clergyman of experience, had found out long since that, as a rule, those were least grateful to God to whom He had given everything, and those were most grateful to Hong to Hong, and those were most grateful to He had taken everything; that, for example, if one could see the cloud of curses rising each moment to Heaven, he would find that, as a rule, they proceeded from the mouths of those from whom God had taken everything—the aged, the sick, the suffering, the poor, and him that hath no helper. Though this, we say, was true to triteness in Father Mac's experience, yet there was something in the present instance of it which silenced was true to triteness in Father Mac's experience, yet there was something in the present instance of it which silenced him. That this poor woman with her heart so full of foreboding for her children, should yet have room in it for fervent thankfulness that she and hers were still outside the workhouse, made the good Father feel somehow ashamed of his successful preaching."

From the hand which can give such pictures as these we have a right to expect much. It is to be hoped that the author of "The Wearing of the Green" will stick to Irish subjects, even if they are not fashionable. He can make them fashionable, if he goes on as he has begun. Tourguenieff was banished to the steppes for the "Diary of a Sportsman," and his "Fathers and Sons" offended both the fathers and sons and the Nihilists to whom he gave their nickname.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy of the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchits, Catarth, Ashma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debiling and all Mervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in the control of the suffering fellows. Actated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

If you have a cough or cold do not negative and a suffering it many without a trace of that hereditary disease have drifted into a consumptive's grave by neglecting what was CONSUMPTION CURED.

hereditary disease bave drifted into a consumptive's grave by neglecting what was conjy a slight cold. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. Mr. A. W. Levy, Mitchell, writes:

"I think Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrup the best preparation on the market for coughs and severe colds. About six years ago I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and for three months I had a cough. I had a physician attending me, but gradually grew worse until I was on the verge of Consumption, and had given up hopes of being cured, when I was induced to try Bickle's Syrup. Before I had taken one bottle I found myself greatly relieved, and by the time I had inished the second bottle I was completely cured. I always recommend it for severe colds and consumption."

A Golden Opinion.

Mrs. Wm. Allan, of Acton, declares that Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best household remedy in the world for colds, croup, sore throat, burns, scalds and other painful complaints. Her opinion is well founded.

Easily Caught. It is very easy to catch cold, but not so easy to cure it unless you use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the best remedy for all throat, bronchial and lung troubles, coughs, colds and consumptive tendencies.

Drive it Away. Drive away all poisonous humor from the blood before it develops in scrofula or some chronic form of disease. Burdock Blood Bitters will do it.

cried, holding up one finger interrogatively.

NATIONAL PILLS are sugar-coated, mild but thorough, and are the best Stomach and Live Pill in use.

LETTER FROM "YERITAS."

ness, cried together: "God, yere rivirence."
Then Father Mac handed Patsey another piece.
"An' now what do ye eay, Patsey?"
"Bless us..." the beginning of the Catholic grace before meat, which not Patsey only, but the whole chorus finished off glibly. Upon this the bread and butter, with milk, poured into a bowl out of a wine-bottle, was distributed; Mick and Molly's shares being reserved for them till they returned home.

Then Father Mac handed Patsey another piece.
Then Father Mac handed Patsey another?

Then Father Mac handed Patsey another piece.
"An' now what do ye eay, Patsey?"
"Bless us..." the beginning of the Catholic grace before meat, which not Patsey only, but the whole chorus finished off the Globe (St. John, N. B.)

SIR...—Your correspondent "Catholic" (would that he may yet attain the right to this nom do plume as Saul became St. Paul!) has written, in your issue of the 7th April, a communication in reply to a mine published in your number of the 19th March. As mentioned in that, my former letter, I have no desire for controversy, nor was it otherwise than purely cardently that I read in your esteemed formal, of the 7th March, the letter of "Catholic," having neither seen nor learned, then, anything of the controversial correspondent "Catholic," having neither seen nor learned, then, anything of the controversial correspondent in that, my former letter, I have more seen him and "Cleophas" mor was it as an auxillary to "Cleophas" who, judging from his letters, which I have since read, needs no sid from me), but to place correctly before the public, yas simple and plain statement, the real course of correct and dutiful action, at additional course, as Bishop of St. John, and which course could not be truthfully and accurately inferred from the quotations of his specches, cited in the letter of "Ca

useript, copies of their speeches, and thus work up the matter of his letters for the German newspaper.

Now, all the speeches at the Council were written and delivered in Latin. The newspaper correspondentshould turn them into German. From German the correspondence of "Quirinus" is translated into English; and from this English volume "Catholic" quotes them. Doubtless the newspaper correspondents could obtain any printed conciliar documents, which would be so far, correct and authentic; but every one of experience and judgment must see that on such an occasion as the prolonged Vasican Council, when, besides the five or six hundred Bishops from every part of the universe, there were many others, ecclesiastics and prominent laymen of every rank and profession in Rome, much of the news gathered up and forwarded hastily by correspondents would be sensational, exaggerated, colored, or distorted, according to the on dit's of the day, and to the diverse minds, languages and pens of the narrators. So while the report of Archbishop Connolly's speeches at the Council may be partly true, such report cannot be relied on as certainly correct, especially when coasisting only of extracts separated from the context. and

distorted, according to the on dit's of the distorted, according to the on dit's of the day, and to the diverse minds, languages and pens of the narrators. So while the report of Archbishop Connolly's speeches at the Council may be partly true, such report cannot be relied on as certainly correct, especially when coasisting only of extracts separated from the context, and translated from one to another of different anslated from one to another of different anslated from one to another of different are reported to the fact, namely, that from a sermon preached by the Bishop of Chatham at Richibusto, contained only an argument in favor of the infallibility of the Church, is indeed reasoned out; but also for the recently defined dogma of Papal Infallibility, the decision of the church is indeed reasoned out; but also for the recently defined dogma of Papal Infallibility, the decision of the church is indeed reasoned out; but also for the recently defined dogma of Papal Infallibility, the decision of the church is dogma. Hence if that dogma be erroneous, the whole Church in Council, confirmed by the Pope, is given as the reason for believing and adhering to this dogma. Hence if that dogma be erroneous, the whole Church in Council, confirmed by the Pope, is given as the reason for believing and adhering to this dogma. Hence if that dogma be erroneous, the whole Church in Council, confirmed by the Pope, is given as the reason for believing and adhering to this dogma. Hence if that dogma be erroneous, the whole Church in Council, confirmed by the Pope, is given as the reason for believing and adhering to this dogma. Hence if that dogma be erroneous, the whole Church in Council, confirmed by the Pope, is given as the reason for believing and adhering to this dogma. Hence if that dogma be erroneous, the whole Church in Council, confirmed by the Pope, is given as the reson for believing and adhering to this dogma. Hence if that dogma be erroneous, the whole Church in Council, and the provided that the council of definitio

of one side, sometimes of the other, which correspondents at Rome sent to their respective journals, in all the surrounding countries, Italy, Germany, France, England, America, to which the Bishops, partly by the silence or secrecy which the regulations of the Council imposed, partly from want of leisure, found it impracticable or inconvenient to reply in order to rectify the matter complained of. A pressure of this kind, of outside public opinion, of lay influence, was unpleasantly experienced. But on the other hand these shadows were relieved by much cheerful intercourse between the Bishops, and clerical and lay friends, new and old, visiting Rome during the Council; by the agreeable excitement of the religious ceremonies; and by the occasional short excursions to the surrounding towns and places of interest, whenever a day or two of interval between the conciliary meetings permitted such absence. On these occasions the Archbishop of Halifax was the most genial and interesting of companions.

"Catholic" speaks of Archbishop Con-

"Catholic" speaks of Archbishop Connolly as knowing but little of Rome before he went to attend the Council; whereas it was in Rome that he made his clerical

were in the disposition to abide by the final decision gives us the supreme motive of credibility on which our faith is grounded, namely, the authority of the church."

After that decision we have a motive of credibility which did not exist before, in regard to the dogma defined, namely, the authority of the church. It was that aame authority, St. Augustin tells us, that moved him to believe the Scriptures.

Before the definition of the dogma many, very many, learned Catholics believed on the strength of the scriptural and theological reasons on which they based their judgment, the same doctrine, but not as a dogma or definition of faith, but as a theological opinion. Others, influenced by the objections of points of history (such as that of Honorius) in the past, and possible, or imaginable future contingencies or other reasons, did not receive or believe this doctrine. These latter did not thereby cease to be Catholic, because they did not contradict an article of defined faith; and especially so if they were in the disposition to believe all which the Catholic church would teach; for such is the meaning of the article of the creed, "I believe in the Holy Ottobic Church." But after the definition of the dogma no Catholic is free to deny or disbelieve it; if he does so, he incurs the penalty, excommunication!

Is there anything wrong or novel or unreasonable in this? Has not every law, whether Divine or human, its obligation, its sanction, its rewards and penalties? When God gave to the first man in Paradise a law or ordinance to not eat the formation of the desth?"

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH ON THE SCOTT ACT.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH ON THE SCOTT ACT.

Is meyen every every even to the Scott Act. I shall give a general answer in which the legislature has competency.

When a civil law is enacted in a matter in which the legislature has competency.

which course could not be numbried; and successful prices from the latter of "Cathole and coursely inferred from the quiet questions," and the state of "Cathole and the prices of the prices of the course of the c Is there anything wrong or novel or unreasonable in this? Has not every law, whether Divine or human, its obligation, its anotion, its rewards and penalties? When God gave to the first man in Paraldies a law or ordinance to not eat the forbidden freit, did He not attach to His command a specifon? "In the day wherein thou shalf eat thereof thou shalf did the death!"

When a civil law is enacted in a matter in which the legislature has competency, does not such law bind in conscience? Is there not a penalty attached to its violation! If you deny this fundamental principle of natural ethics—not to speak of Revelation—then no social body, whether civil or religious, whether church or state, can exist; for no body—corporate, no society can be kept together without authority—that is, without law or officials to enforce these laws, and sanctions, that is rewards and penalties for their observances or violation.

Now such being the case, where is the justice or common esnas, or honor or manliness in "Catholie's' treating ascowards the Bishops of the minority (socialled) for not writing to assist at the last public session of the Vatican Council on the 18th July, in order to renew there the votes which they had given a few days before, in the general congregation? Cat bono? What would have been the result? Simply to have done as the two of their number who did assist and vote non placet, and then immediately, in the same public and solemn manner, expressed their number who did assist and vote non partial illness of many in the warm weather, which caused them to leave, after, as a matter of course, getting the necessary permission to go. Novith, and when the vote for any of them warm weather, which caused them to read the proposition of the various of the course of the course of the proposition of the various of the course of th

Let the Government have conecientious inspectors of liquore, and also punish all adulterations most severely, and we should not have many cases of habitual drunkenness and delirium tremens. Let the Government also punish severely a repetition of public drunkenness by confinement in jail with hard labor, even by compelling the offender to clean the streets.

It has been asserted that the use of wine is prohibited in the Bible. This is not the case. Our Divine Redeemer instituted one of his greatest sacraments in bread and wine, and St. Paul advises his disciple Timothy to use a little wine for his stomach's sake, for there are persons of weak constitutions that require such nourish-

constitutions that require such nourishment. There is an old and a good saying, "always eat when you drink," and this double nourishment will prevent drunkwe largely depend for wine for sacra-

emess.

We largely depend for wine for sacramental purposes upon vineyards in the south-western part of Ontario, bordering on Lake Erie, and we hope that such an industry will not be disturbed, as we can rely fully on the integrity of those gentlemen who keep these vineyards not to adulterate the wine.

I shall not enter into the financial difficulty that will attend the enforcement of the Scott Act. Tens of thousands will be distorted thrown out of employment in the hop fields, vineyards, cooperages, etc., etc. If there were a public necessity for the Scott Act all these inconveniences should be overlooked. I have not heard of a single county in Ontario where the people are so the out of the south of the side of the county in Ontario where the people are so the out of the side of the county in Ontario where the people are so the out of the side of the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the out of the side of the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county in Ontario where the people are so the county i

Many ladies admire gray hair—on some other person. But few care to try its effect on their own charms. Nor need they, since Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents the hair from turning gray, and restores gray hair to its original color. It cleanses the scalp, prevents the formation of dandruff, and wonderfully stimulates the growth of the hair.

[The following poem is based dent which took place at the Convent, Citta Jacchie, Matia; the author, now proprietor of Ont., Daily Sun, was stationed as a member of H. M. S. 100th | Foot.1

He was an ancient, bearded ma Within the archway seated. Who through the summer, lone. The rosary repeated. He rang the bell for matin praye At architde for the reapers, And, when the evening shadows He raug it for the keepers, And sometimes, too, he knolled For everlasting sleapers.

From day to day he said his bea Within the archway staying: The sun arising found him there And, setting, left him praying. On him would little hands air. And little footfails pattered; Around him, where the fig trees Were purple treasures scattere The whispering cypress was his For him theivy chattered.

But seldom at that convent gate
A traveller dismounted.
The outer world of toil and hate
Passed by it unsecounted,
Monotonous, and quaint, and ca
The prayerful seasons glided;
The vesper hymn and morning r
The days alone divided.
That by the dial, near the palm,
Were left all undecided.

So years went by, until one day
The night-cloud, westward roll;
Came round the rirar's dim retre
Without the vesper tolling.
The birds still sang on ivy spray
The children still were playio.
The Porter, as in former day.
S-emed rosaries still saying
But-Death had found his quiet
And took the old man praying -Ottawa, Can., April 14, 1885.

THE REV. BERNARD O'RE SCRIBES THE RECEPT

THE PRINCE OF WAI Dublin, April 14.-What has Dublin, April 14.—What has within the last twenty-four Mallow and Cork, in connectic journey southward of the Wales, is of such gravity that pelled to devote this letter to tion of the welcome given in the royal visitors, accounting a time for the sudden change in tof the Irish people toward then I was very anxious to see and myself whether or not the Iri in the Dublin population, as dis in the Dublin population, as dis from the English colony in Irela be induced to join in the n demonstration which the latter paring to make on Wednesday inst., and all through the wes sequently obtained a place at on College Green, overlooking Parliament House and the fan of William of Orange. This place, on the route from the ration to the Castle, at which the be the largest concourse, and proximity of Trinity College m that here the loyalists would

greatest force. I took up n observation at 11.45—fully before the arrival of the expect The streets leading to and ad college and Parliament building college and Parliament building with flags, in which the Englin Danish colors largely predominhere and there, from some timit shopkeeper's window, the gre Ireland waving. Before my the broad avenues, the side filled with a quiet, well dressed the middle same stretched. the middle space stretched a d of redcoats and policemen. band was stationed near one v Parliament buildings, and be musicians, at the opening of by-streets, was massed a lar force. Indeed, this was a pre-peated near all the avenues wh on Dame street, especially as approaches to Cork Hill and Well, to a New Yorker the sp well, to a New Yorker the sight these numbers of soldiery would not have been suggestight, of precautions against viotousness. Our citizen sold out a far greater number in I come this same Prince of Wales, the national dissentiments and sion of political passions gave play of force the air of a menad As the crowds increased rapid me I was careful to examine

ments they were made up. I by the frequency on every s Orange emblems. Men and we Orange emblems. Men and we them conspicuously displayed. no mistaking the fact that it and anti-Iriah forces had muster lin on that day. Rare indeed wearers of the green, so rare thish gentleman by my side attractention to a lady who bore plume of green feathers in hwilliam III. from yonder pechave looked up and down Dame an hour before the passage of and Princess, he must have bet by the sight of his colors among crowds below and around, on window and balcony.

But at 12 45 there is a motor that the state of the sight of the sight of his colors among crowds below and around, on window and balcony.