Bad Prayers.

I'd rather see him go to mill
And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill
And laugh beneath their humble shed,

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let bleasings on the widow be."
Who never seeks her home, to say,
"If want o'erteke you, come to me."

I hate the prayer so loud and long
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong
And only with his lips doth feel,

I do not like to hear her pray, With jeweled ear and silken dress, Whose washerwoman toils all day, And then is asked to work for less.

"What else?"
"O'Brien," he answered; "but they only call me Mick."
"What's your father doing?"
"He's in 'Merica, they say."
"And where's your mother?"
"Buried," he said, softly.
"And where do you live?"
"Anywhere where they will let me,"

"Anywhere where they will let me," he replied.

A sad feeling came over me as I thought of that vague address. Yet it is the only one which can be furnished by hundreds of those little camp followers of that weird and ghastly army of those whom some of our rising and promising politicians do not hesitate to term the "surplus population." Huddling, as they are forced to do, night after night, in corners and passages, with the frosty wind wailing a lullaby for them—while your chubby children, my Lady Dives, are nestled beneath eider down quilts in carefully warmed nurseries—what other address could these small outcasts give? Ragged, and unwashed, and penniless, they are of no importance in the eyes of the tax-collector, and their whereabouts, therefore, is of no moment to the State until they require a cheap contract coffin, and we are obliged, for our own protection, to give them a few teet of that earth which, with the fulness thereof, still is the Lord's. If only they were young calves or pigs, their housing and feeding would be the subject of thereof, still is the Lord's. If only they were young calves or pigs, their housing and feeding would be the subject of scientific "proceedings" of Royal, and anything but Royal, learned societies, for they could be made to contribute their quota to that increase in the national wealth which we vaunt so much; but being only street children, made in the image of God despite their dirt and their famished looks, it doesn't much matter where they herd, so long as they keep out of the way of respectability taking, after an evening party, a short cut homewards through the back streets, and of authority personified in the policeman, with his Darwinian belief in the evolution of latent possibilities of crime.

I looked at the lad pityingly, and then after a pause he went on:

"I'm living now at Lazarus street, at
Tim Grogan's. They let me sleep in a
bed with Pat, and Joseph, and little
Denis."

Denis."
"Do they feed you?" I said.
"Oh, yes," he replied promptly, "when they have anything; but Tim's out of work some days, and I don't sell any Talagrafts."

and the poor little chap nearly choked in the paroxysm. With the fear of stern political economists and all sorts of charity organisation people before my eyes, I ought to be afraid to confess that I gave him something to get the "Tim Grogans" and Pat and Joseph and little Denis a warm supper; but if I sinned in the way of "indiscriminate charity," I am, like noble John Buskin, content to leave my conscience burdened with the memory of the coins given not "systematically," but simply because of the pale face and thin waist.

On my way home I called upon a medical friend who frequently on his rounds prescribes leaves and mutton chops, and, after having prescribed, acts as his own pharmacien and provides them, and asked him to look in at Lasarus street the following morning and ascertain what could be done for Mick and the Grogans.

The part evening also was wratchedly

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

would see a parison before the Died.

It was a dark and stormy night in the year 18—, and the wind howled mournfally in the tops of the tall fir-trees. It was also bitterly cold; the snow had fallen uninterruptedly through the day, and had obliterated all traces of a path over the mountains, while, drifting into the hollows, it rendered traveling unusually dangerous. Yet it was on this night, and in one of the wildest parts of the Scottish Highlands, that a venerable old man was pursuing his difficult path. His elliver hair was blown about over his shoulders in spite of his hat firmly placed on his head; and he attempted in vain to hold closely round him a kind of great coat, which flying open from time to time, displayed a cross attached round his neck, and which had escaped from within his west. This cross was the insignia of his rank; for this old man, though dressed in coarse clothes, though wandering on foot over snowy mountains in such a stormy night, was the Catholic Bishop of the district.

A Blahop! Pethape the idea of a Blahop in the misds of some of my young read-

"Will you allow me to speak to him a little?" asked the Bishop. "Perhaps the opinion of a stranger may have more effect on him. At any rate I shall do my best to convince him of his approaching end."

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DANGEROUS FOOD ADULTERATION.

THE FRAUDULENT USE OF ALUM AND LIME

DARGEROUS POOD ADULTERATION.
THE PRADUCLERY UND OF ALUM AND LINE IN CREATER PARTIC POURDER.
If CHAIN PARTIC PART The Irish blood! Its watered hill and p Wherever there were wire freemen's rights to held it tamely by, When there were noble noble deaths to die The Irish heart! The I keep it fair and fre The fulness of its kin wealth of honest g. Its generous strength, its uncomplaining tru Though every worshipped crumbles into dust. And Irish hands, aye, librowned by honest
The champions of the Woguardians of the so
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bravest of them all.
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held the foe at bay,
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prouder than that So when a craven fain
birthmark of his re
Or slighty speak of Erin
children's face,
Breathe no weak word of
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With Irish worth and Ir
by Irish hands.
MARY E. BLAKE in I THE CARDINAL ARC London Universe,
On Sunday morning th
bishop delivered the fitt
Lenten course of sermo
Cathedral, Kensington.
took for his text the word
ence in this very thing, the
begun a good work in
the same unto the day of
and said: It is not enou the same unto the day of and said: It is not enou all its power and brave morning sun and the forth to sea. If in mid of no one shall touch the shot enough to plough I and for the plough to a man who does this shall golden harvest in the autubas said. "He who endure

bas said, "He who endure the same shall be raved"— "and no other." Without the best outset comes to n verance half way to etern inherit the kingdom of Go fore what we have been a Sundays may be summed and we may put the seal u seal is this, Perseverance t have got a warfare to figh WE HAVE A PILGRIMAG even to the last. Well, clear and certain. One will persevere to the end.
ie, that in God, and by th
you may, every one of yo
the end. For persevers beyond our power, as we show, and therefore persecering gift of God over other gifts and graces we received. God has not machines; for He has give a will like His own. If wate, irresponsible, immoral A MACHINE HAS NO we should not be men.

London Universe,

MAY 5, 1888.

Irish Hearts and

Who casts a slur on Irion Irish fame,
Who dreads to own his I
his Irish name,
Who scorns the warmth
the clasp of Irish
Let us but raise the v
shame him as he s

The Irish fame! It rest in its own proud li Wherever sword or tor fashioned deed of From battle charge of I tan's thunder tone It holds its storied past of and alone.

A MACHINE HAS NO
we should not be men,
have the dignity of men,
have "the glory of the son
God has given us the great
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that free will depends on
tion. But our free wil
enough. There is anoth
in us, and that is the Divit
But our nature has been in us, and that is the Divil But our nature has been three great wounds by the and the will that is in us con and departs and deviates f God. Nevertheless, the will tinually in us, residing will actual grace or habitual grour will to Himself, if w There are two other truths that every soul that enter life will be saved by the gi other is that every soul that enter life will be saved by the gi other is that every soul tinto "the outer darkness" its own will. St. Paul ex this when he says, "Have this very thing that He wh good work in you will pe unto the day of Christ beginning and the perfection God. God by His will created all things. The when we were not—when WE WERE A MERE PO

WE WERE A MERE POLY
WE might exist if the will
call us out of a mere p
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beginning of our existence.
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His own infinitely free will,
and His Son, by the same
will, gave Himself to rede.
And therefore we were rede
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More than this. When we
to the font to be baptized w
scious; we knew not any
second great gift of God,
born again of water and th
God also was the beginni
our regeneration. But, as
says, "God has created us, a
in our baptism, without as