ミザツル つぶ

ODDS AND ENDS.

Chloago eats \$3,000 worth of ice cream dally.

Syracuse claims to be the residence of 500 adrummers. *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is

daily working wonderful cures in female dis-The only policeman in a New Hampshire

sown was so excited over the arrival of the It is unaccountable that most people prefer circus that he got drunk and had to be car-Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers and others

whose occupation gives but little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpld Liver and biliousness. One is a dose. The New Hampshire Legislature costs the taxpayers \$1,000 a day, and the "old farmers"

are unanimous in thinking the services renclered "ain't worth it." A good Baptast clergyman of Bergen, N.Y. a strong temperance man, suffered with kid-

ney trouble, neuralgia and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would ours him, because he "was afraid of and prejudiced against " Bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters. The Swiss National Festival and Federal

The Swiss National Festival and Federal healthy respiration. The average respiration. Biffis Competition is to be held this year at of man is estimated at 24 cubic inches, and Lugano, and will extend from the 8th to the 19th of July. Competitors will be admitted from all friendly nations.

THROAT, BRONCHIAL, AND LUNG DISEASES

a specialty. Send two stamps for large treatise giving self treatment. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, M T

Boston is said to be one of the three places where the business of counterfeiting postage stamps expressly to delude collectors is most largely carried on. Glasgow and Hamburg are the other members of the trio.

LETTER FROM MEMBER OF CONGRESS House of Representatives,

Washington, D. C., Feb. 19th, 1882. Gentlemen-Enclosed find one dollar, and will you send me some of N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, by express. I have s bad cold, as has almost everyone else here, but cannot find the Elixir, which I use frequently at home, and consider a most valuable medicine; in fact, the very best remedy for a cough that I ever used.

Very truly yours, William W. Grout.
To Henry, Johnsons & Lord, Burlington, Vt. Downs' Elixir is sold by all Druggists throughout Canada.

The famous mud hole at Hot Springs, Ark. will hereafter, by order of the Government authorities, be free at all hours to pauper bathers, and the proposed erection of a hotel over the spot is prohibited. Heretofore paupers have been excluded at certain hours.

DEOLINE OF MAN.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsis, Impotence Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Benewer." \$1.

White of egg, heated to 212 degrees, and kept there awhile, will become dry, shrunken and horny. If the heat is carried a little further, it becomes converted into a sub-Stance which is so hard and tough that a valuable cement is obtained by simply smearing the edges of the article to be cemented with white of egg and then heating it to a little above 212 degrees.

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE.

All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more less subject to derangements of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a changeable climate like ours, the United States. It was an Irish blue wine, as I can in the distance. leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. Man's son, Robert Fulton, that gave An occasional dose of McGale's Compound America the credit of inventing steam healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale every-There. Price, 25c per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. McGale, chemist, Montreal. 95 tf

From an inventory of the effects of the late John Brown, the Queen's "Gillie," it appears that he was possessed of furniture, silver plate, etc., to the value of \$379; jewelry, pictures, books, etc., \$208; salary and pen-Blon due, \$101; cash \$1,185; and deposits in three Scotch banks, \$4,940.

EPPS'S COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMPORTING. --- "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and yet by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Occoa Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the indicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to at. tack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished trame."-Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (2 lb and 1 lb) by grocers, labelled-" JAMES EPPS & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England. Also makers of Erre's Chocolate Es-

LINIMENT. The Best External Remedy for

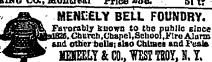
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Sprains, Flesh Wounds, Burns and Scalds, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. As a Liniment for Horses it has no equal. One trial will prove its merits. Its effects

are in most cases Instantaneous. Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction. Price 25 cts. & 50 cts. per Bottle. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

ADVERTISING

Contracts made for the paper, which is kept on file at office of I.ORD & THOMAS, McCormick Block, Chicago, 115.

"TILL WARNED, OR BY EXPERIENCE TAUGHT" people will continue to weaken their systems by the use of the ordinary disagreeable drugs, when the Oriental Fruit Laxative is a greater purifier and attengthener of the digestive organs. It is prepared by the Medical Specialties Manufacturing Co., Montreal Price 25c. 51 t:



EFFECTS OF THE NIGHT AIR. The Westminster Review quotes from Miss Nightingale some very sensible remarks on the subject of night air. Her accomplishments as a scholar and her experience as a nurse give great weight to her views on this important subject. bhe says the dread of night air is an extraordinary fallacy. air can we breathe at night but night air! Our only choice lies between pure night air from without or foul night air from within. the latter. What would they say if it is proved to be true that one-half of the diseases that we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window during most nights of the year can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the purest and best that can be obtsined during the twenty-four hours. Therefore, in town it would be better, if either must be done, to shut the windows during the day than during the night for the sake of the sick. The absence of the smoke and the quiet of the streets make the night the best time for siring the patients. A physician considered as high medical authority on consumption and climate, asserts that the air in London is never so pure as after 10 o'clook at night. An immense amount of fresh air is required for the average number of respirations during a minute is 20. Therefore, 400 cubic feet of air pass through the lungs of an ordinary man in 24 hours. And yet, knowing this fact, we shut up our house and go to sleep without a thought for the supply of the life giving oxygen, as necessary for the well-being of the delicate tissues of the lungs as food is for the renewal of the tissues of the body. If we had to buy pure air as we do precious stones we would soon appreciate its worth. Because il is as "free as air" we are unwilling to take the pains and care to regulate our windows for its judicious supply, and carelessly breathe a tainted atmosphere, which brings disease and a thousand ills that flesh is heir to as a penalty for the transgression of physical laws.

NOTES ON INGERSOLL. BY REV. LOUIS A. LAMBERT.

The latest and most crushing answer to Ingersoli's infidel arguments. It pleases all; Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile are equally delighted with Father Lambert's terrible extinguishment of the " Modern Voltaire." Three editions in three months; the fourth now in press. Clergymen of all denominations are ordering large numbers for distribution amongst their flocks. Price, elegantly bound in cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. Address, Buffalo Catholic Publi Co., St. Stephen's Hall, Buffalo, N. Y. Address, Buffalo Catholic Publication

A liberal discount to the trade. A million copies can be sold. 46 D

OELEBRATED IRISHMEN. It was an Irishman from Maghera, Charles Thompson, who was the guiding spirit of the Congress and Convention that adopted our Declaration of Independence and framed our Constitution. It was an Irishman's son from Wexford, John Nixon, that first read the Declaration of Independence in public to the people of Independence square; it was an Irishman from Tyrone, John Dunlap, that first printed and published the Declaration. It was an Irishman.this same John Dunlap, that published the first daily paper printed in the United States. It was an Irishman from Donegal, General Bichard Monigomery, that first fell while commanding an army fighting for independence. It was an Irishman from Wexford, John Barry, who was first commander of the American Navy. It was an Irishman's con, General Henry Knox, that fought in every battle in which Washington was engaged, and was first Secretary of War. It was an Irishman that wrote the first history of in's grandson. Samuel Finley Breeze Morse, that invented telegraphy. It was the descendant of an Irishman, McCormick, that invented the reaping and mowing machines, and another descendant of an Irish emigrant, horace Greeley, with a smashed-down hat and breeches no better than corduroy, that founded the Tribune." It was Irishmen and their sons, in Philadelphia, merchants and soldiers, heroes and patriots, who in the darkest hours of the Revolution, when the English elements were rejoicing the disasters of Washington and his army that gave their money and their swords to the cause, which, without them might have been lost. They were mostly members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, a society then flourishing in Philadelphia, General Stephen Moylan, of Cork, and his three brothers; George Meade, one of whose descendants commanded and conquered at Gettysburg; Matthew Meade, who fought with Paul Jones on the Bonhomme Blohard, and his brothers; Thomas Fitzsimmons, one of the framers of the Constitution. All these, and many more who contributed liberally in money and service to the cause of Washington, were members of

THE "DESTROYER'S" ARMAMENT. NEW YORK, July 18 .- The torpedo bost Destroyer," built by the inventor of the monitors, has been lying at the brewery wharf. Tompkinsville, S.I., for a week. She will start for Sandy Hook this morning, where the preparations that have been in progress for some time past will be completed, and the latter part of this week preliminary tests will be made of the boat when operating in deep sea waters. A target set at on eighty-yard range will be used for these tests. It consists of a wide net set on floating reels, and which drops into the sea.

the same Irish Society, the Friendly Sons of

It will show the distance and accuracy with which it is possible to throw the missiles. The torpedoes used weigh 1,500 pounds, and are shot from a gun of peculiar construction that required extensive experiments to reach its present effectiveness, which Mr. Ericason and his employees think perfect. The torpedo is placed in the breech of the gun, and is conical in shape, like a Minnie rifiball. It explodes instantly on touching the

object fired at, without allowing any recoil.

The gun is placed in the bow, and is ten feet under water, so that it is impossible to disable it by shot from the heaviest armament. When the charge is exploded, two valves that form the mouth of the gun are forced apart automatically and let the torpedo pass out Into the water. The gunner gets his aim by means of a small lookout hole in the front of the cabin, the latter being protected by heavy steel plate armor. The range is regulated by a wheal, which the guaner turns at pleasure,

and is like an ordinary steering wheel.

There are nine engines on board the craft-All these are under not less than seven feet of water, and cannot be resched by shot or shell. The Destroyer is 90 feet long, and has cost Mr. Ericsson about \$1,100 per foot, or upward of \$60,000. He says that ten such ressels could destroy the finest mavy extant. and amply protect the Harbor of New York from the heaviest inveding force known to modern warfare. for you have been unmanly! I do not

EDITH YORKE

CHAPTER XXVIII .- (CONTINUED.) GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD-BY.

"Because you told me that your life hung in the balance, and then I was your only hope and aim," she answered. Her voice trembled slightly, and her eyes softened as she remembered how nearly he had spoken the truth. You had been my first and most faithful friend. I considered my obligations stronger to you than any one else. I could not tolerate the thought of your suffering through me. when I was the only person you cared for." While she spoke, his eyes were downcast, and a deep color burned in his face. "Did my dependence on you attract your affec-

tion?" he asked, still looking down. "It attracted my pity and anxiety," she replied, without hesitation. "I should respect more a man who would be able to live without me. I do not believe that these violent feelings are either healthy or lasting; and I would not choose to act the Eastern myth of the tortoise supporting a world." "Oh! how mean 1 was!" he exclaimed.

How contemptibly selfish! Let me tell you all. I had a strong affection for you, that is true; but I can see now that there were unworthy motives mingled with it. There were pride, ambition, and self-will. I was determined to take you away from Carl Yorke. I knew that he thought of you, and I believed that he would win you, unless I prevented it. Your antecedents of birth. your tastes and social position, your kind of education, all were the same, and made you suited to each other. I said to myself that my being a Catholic gave me the precedence; my heart 1 know that there but in was no reason why he, as well as I, should not receive the gift of faith. I knew, indeed, that his friendship for Alice Mills had predisposed him toward it, and that he read Catholic books. But I was determined to have you. I did not dare to ask if you would be quite content. I would not contemplate any other possibility. When I asked you if you were willing, it was only after you had promised. I confess this with shame and contrition!"

"Dick," Edith asked breathlessly, "have you quite got over caring very much about Are you not disappointed?"

He raised his face and all the shame and distress passed away from it. "The only disappointment I am now capable of feeling, he said, with the emphasis of truth, "would be in case any earthly object should come between me and God. In the last few weeks I have learned to shrink with fear and aversion from all earthly affection. There is nothing but harm in those attachments which are so strong that the loss of their object brings destruction. They are mistaken in their aim. Why, Edith, what I worshipped in you was not simply what you are, a good and amiable girl, but a goddess. You were magnified to my eyes, I put you in a niche. That riche is now empty. Or, no!" be added, raising his brightening eyes, "it is not empty, but the right one stands there. You could never have satisfied the enthusiasm of my expectation. The great and wonderful good which I vaguely looked for with you, I should never

have won. I mistook my object." He looked out thoughtfully, and she sat looking at him. At length he said, with a faint smile, "I wrote you last year of a visit I paid to the island and cave of Capri. That scene is like my past life. That cave was an enchanted place, so so bide, so unreal! All ordinary critical sense deserted me as I gazed. I could easily have believed that the walls and ceiling were of jewels, and the watery floor some magical Everything but that, and a long white ray from it, was blue. I rowed toward that star, I looked at it as my goal, just as I made you my goal. But when I came near, I found that it was no star. It was only the low entrance to the cave. Or, rather, it was for me the passage to sunshine and the beavens. And that you have been to me Edith," he said, turning toward her. "Thank God that your influence with me has always been for good, and that in leaving you, I progress rather than change You inspired me and kept me from what was low when I had no religion to help me. can see it all now. The very excess and enthusiasm of my affection for you was necessary in order to govern me and keep me from harm. Besides, it is my nature to do with my might what my hands find to do. I was

the sake of right; but when I was strong enough, then you drew aside, and left me face to face with God!" His breath came quickly, and his wideopened eyes were fixed on the western sky, and caught its golden light.

not then capable of resolving to do right for

"Of couse there was a struggle," he resumed, " for I was sincere. But that is over My unreasonable affection for you is as thoroughly eradicted as if it had never been a part of my life. I am ashamed of having so given myself up to it."

Edith hesitated, then put the test. Dick, I must be satisfied that I am free. If you were sure now really that no other, deeper sympathy stood between me and you, and that I were ready and willing to fulfil my engagement with you, would you still say that God alone held your

heart?" His expression was one of terror and shrinking. "It is not so, Edith!" he exclaimed. "God forbid that it should be so! I could no more go back to those hopes and wishes of the past than I could be a little boy

azain After the momentary fear and suspense that had accompanied her question, Edith's first feeling was one of joyful relief and freedom, her second and indignant sense of the wrong that had been done her. She rose from her chair, walked to the other window, and stood there looking out with eyes that saw no object before her. Her mind glanced swiftly back over the last year and a half. She remembered the bright peacefulness of her life, yet half-enshrouded in the mists of childhood, the vision of her womanhood shining large | you feel still and speak lowly. You want to and vague just above the line of her eyelids; for she cared not yet to look at or question that future. She recollected the hopes and sime that had begun to form themselves, of nothing is small, and nothing is great. doing good, of making herself such a Catholic If you see any one suffer, you pity as would be a credit to the faith, of helping and try to help, and, perhaps, you weep and instructing her poor, of trying to bring her uncle's family into the church; and she ramembered a faint rose-tinge of personal happiness, soft and rare, and too dellcare to be seen, but felt by some finer intuition. Then came the sudden call that had put her life in confusion, the future wrenched rudely open, the many clustering interests trampled by one that demanded to be made paramount. And there was no more cause

than this! Indignation swelled to the point of speech She turned about, and faced Dick Rowan, and her eves flashed.

curtained chamber. there peace between us?"
"All is peace, Edith," he answered. "You may well be ashamed," she said.

speak of what I have suffered in my own mind; but you have exposed my reputation; which, next to my character, I hold sacred. You have deprived me of your mother's friendship; for she will never cease to blame me. You have had me proclaimed as your promised wife, every one supposing that the promise was freely given. Yet, when I went down stairs that day, I was like a victim going to be immolated. Nothing but prayer had strengthened my resolution. I thought that a refusal would be your destruction. You had said as much. You have exposed me to the condemnation of shallow udges, who will be only too glad to find fault. Those people who pronounce without knowing, and think they can include the motives of another's whole life in three words, will all condemn me. I, who have tried with constant watchfulness, to walk to a hair's breadth in the path of womanly propriety, shall be pointed at as the girl who jilted you and proke your heart. And all this, not from the blindness of real affection, which would have excused you in my eyes, but from will, and pride, and a mere fascination. Don't tell me of eradicating a real affection. It may be conquered and made subject to duty; but sympathy is not to be eradicated. That feeling which has died in your heart, was, indeed, a talse blossom."

She turned and stretched her hands out toward the East, where, far away, the steamer that bore Carl Yorke ploughed the twilight wave. "O Carl! you would not have done it," she cried, and burst into tears; the usual womanly peroration to such a discourse. "O God, accept my humiliation!"

She heard that tremulous prayer through hor sobs, and, starting, looked at Dick. His face was bowed forward in his hands, as though he could never again raise it. She recollected herself. It was God who had cured and enligtened him. He was not a man who had turned from one fickle fancy to an-

other. He was in the hands of God. She wiped her eyes, and after a little while went and knelt beside his chair, "Forgive me Dick, for reprosching you so," she said. "It is over now. We all make mistakes, and those only do well who acknowledge them, and forgive others. My childhood's dear friend, let us forget that is painful in the past. God all will direct. There is much in life besides marrying and giving in marriage, and I do not wish to think of that again, not for a long. long time, if at all. Set the seal on the events of the last two years. They never happened. I am happy now. You know that, though I was born at the North, I have a Southern temper. See! the little cyclone is past, and I am clear from every cloud. We are two sober friends, who wish each other no end of good. Tell me

what you mean to do."

He raised his head, and the one absorbing interest of his new life came back and obliterated the passing trouble. "I do not know, Edith, and I lay no plans. I have no reason to trust my own will or wish. I give myself up entirely to direction, and am certain on but one point: God will not let me go, and I will not let him go. When I lay bruised and helpless before him, he took me in his arms and healed me, and l will never know another love. He has kindled a fire in my heart which my life shall guard. I rejected him once, but will never gain. That night I spent in the church, before my baptism, a voice from the altar asked me, I thought, to give up all for God; and it would have been easy then for me to promise. As I meditated on heaven, the Mother of Christ drew to herself all that is genli? I always wont to say genii." lovely in woman; all that was strong and true and protecting in a guide clustered around the church; all that was adorable, that passed beyond speech, was there before to be a brother in any religious order, or a Mass, all that would be the highest honor and happiness. I think so now, but I ask nothing. I thought then with self-con-tempt how I had tolled to earn money, when the 'inexhaustible riches of God' had lain untouched at my hand; how I had travelled to see the wonders of the earth, when the | said. "But if one does not live in the city, | wonders of God had appealed to me in valu. the city should be near. A man or a woman But when daylight came, I treated the whole as a dream, a mere exaliation of the fancy, and impracticable. I know now that what I took for a dream is the only reality, has in the city! There is music. O the vioand what I thought reality is but a dream. I line!—the soprano witch among instruments! lacerated on the briers of my own obstinacy."

He paused, looking out toward the west, and in the fine golden light that was leit from sunset, with the new moon and the evening star half drowned there his face looked beautiful. Calmness, humility, solmnity, and sweetness mingled in its expression.

Edith whispered a low "Well, Dick?" to make him speak again; for he had, apparently, forgotten her.

"Father John has promised me that I may make a retreat as soon as he thinks me well enough," he said, rousing himself at the sound of her voice. "I do not look beyond that. I do not know anything. I wait." And again there was silence.

After a while, Edith said timidly, for he seemed butted in a reverle, "Do you remember last year, Dick, when we went about the city, like two strange sight-seers? You said then that the poor and the suffering looked at you in an asking way different from the look they gave others. Don't you think it might have been the Lord who asked through their eyes?"

"I have no doubt of it," he answered. "Nothing else is of worth?" he said after a minute, as if speaking to himself-" nothing else is of worth!' And again, "O miserable

wa:te " Presently she spoke again, very softly Sometimes, when one has meditated a long while, everything seems unspeakably good and beautiful, as if it were in God. A warmth and sweetness flow around the soul. If your enemy should come to injure you, you would embrace him. If your friend were taken away from you, you would smile and let him go. For, turning to the Lord, you find all there. Nothing is lost. When you go away, do something for some one; and, wherever you look, you see the Lord, and whatever you do is done for him. He accepts it all, and but the agony of pain you feel at other times at the sight of suffering, you do not feel now. You get a glimpse of the reason why angels can witness so much pain, yet still be happy.

Dick, looking out at the sky, smiled. "Yes !" he said, "yes !" A carriage drove up to the door Hester's carriage, come for Edith.

Twilight had fallen softly around them, and their faces were dim to each other in that " My dear friend," Edith said carnestly, " is

to put your hand on my head, and say, 'God smilingly to his niece. "Well, Edith, if you He did as she bade him, laid his hand on her head, and said, "God bless you for ever

Good night !" --Both of them knew that good-night meant good-by, yet they parted with a smile.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EVERYBODY'S CHAPTER. The family had come to Boston and were settled in their old home. The change had not been effected without emotion, and, to the surprise of all, the one most moved was Mr. Yorke. Whether, with that noble self-control in which men so much excel women, he had carefully concealed the real misery of his life in Seaton, or whether the return to their former home reminded him that it had been lost by his act, we will not attempt to say, for he did not. He was silent very pale, and, as he entered and the house, stood on the threshold a moment, with an expression in his face which touched the hearts of all. One might read in his look the consciousness that a great change had passed over him since last he stood there. and that the return did not bring him the happiness he had anticipated. Perhaps nothing in life is more sad than to

have a boon long sought for at length accorded to us, and to find that we have lost the power to take delight in its possession.

The furniture and baggage had been sent in advance, and Hester and Edith had superintended the arrangement of everything, so that all was ready for them. Their last week in Seaton had been spent with Major Cleaveland, at his house there. He had kept it open for that purpose, and remained to assist and accompany them, while his wife and children had preceded him to the city.

Hester went to meet her family at the depot, and Edith stood in the door when they drove up, and ran joyfully out to embrace them. The house was bright, and dinner was ready. To Mrs. Yorke there was but one blot on the occasion, and that was her son's absence. But he had written her with such affection and cheerfulness that she did not grieve too much. Besides, she expected him soon to return. Dinger over, Hester and her husband went

to their own home, and the family sat once more together in their old, familiar sitting room. The situation was one to provoke emotion or thoughtfulness. Clara set herself to cheer the company, and put sentiment into the background.

"The first trouble in changing one's residence," she said, "is to make people remember one's address. Fortunately, our number, 96, is peculiar. It is the only created thing l know, except the planets, which is not changed nor disconcerted by being turned upside down. Turn it as you will, stand on your head and look at it, tear the house down, still the number 96 smiles on you unchanged, and as chargeless as a star. It is a very proper number to have on a house."

They all eat and looked at her, smiling

slightly, glad to be amused. "The next thing is," she pursued, "to prevent our friends going to extremes in making their new estimate of us. They must be made to comprehend that, though we have positively renounced the German, we are not Puritans nor ascetics; and that, though w have written, do write, and mean to write in inture, and put ourselves in print whenever we feel so disposed, we do not set up as geniuses. Papa," she said suddenly interrupting herself, "why is not the plural of genius

"They mean about the same thing," Mr. Yorke remarked; and there was slience again for a while.

The night was calm, the street quiet, but me in the tabernacle. I thought then that there was that unmistakable feeling that a great press of human life is near. It was servent in the church, to sleep under the same | not that presence which one feels in the roof that sheltered the head of Christ, to light | woods, where nature is obedient to its Maker. the candles, to care for His altar, to serve and the soul is lifted by the constantly as- her arrival; and, though the writer had kep influence, electrical and exciting, of contend. ing human wills.

Clara was again the one to break silence. Trees, and toads, and mosses, and no market, are all very charming for a change," she without society is no better than a vegetable. You remember, paps, how Bolingbroke took root among his trees. And what delights one resisted the inspiration, and have been If Pan invented the pipe, the original of the organ, then Molus invented this instrument of airy octaves. Those old painters were right who put violing into the hands of their musical angels. Give a violin time enough and the music of it will gradually eat up the whole body, or etherealize it, till some day the musician, touching carefully his precious film of a Oremona, will find it melt in his hands and disappear in a harmonious sigh. Ladies and gentlemen, I should like to hear this moment a whirlwind of violins, ten thousand say, blowing through a vast hall with clustered pillars, and dusky nooks and reaches, and arches everywhere, and a sultry, fregrant dimness through it all, and an immense crowd holding their breaths to listen, and away up in the roof, like birds perched as they are in Notre Dame at Paris, and trembling with fear and wonder through all their downy feathers. And when it was over, people would look at each other, and some him." would smile and some laugh out with delight; and the birds would venture two or three little silvery peeps, then flutter about as though nothing had happened. Yes, the city is the place to live in.

"And then," said Edith, "one can always go to church." Clara immediately gave her cousin an en-thusiastic embrace. "Oh! you darling little

bigoted Papist!" she exclaimed. Melicent, sitting in the chimney-corner, was engrossed in her own thoughts. She was. perhaps, meditating on that romance of which Clara had written to Edith. A villainously ugly, but tenderly-beloved Scotch terrier lay on the hearth-rug, his eyes fixed on the fire, and seemed to muse. Mrs. Yorke bent toward him, touched him lightly, and quoted Champfleuri, opropos of cats: " A quoi pense in which she described the great work she "animal qui pense?" and added a definition she had heard somewhere : "The brute creation is a syllogism, of which the conclusion is in the mind of God.'"

This brought them to the point to which their thoughts-naturally tended that even. ing. God and the meanings of God, claimed their attention. "We are all tired," Melicent said. "Shall

we have prayers now papa ?" The Bible was brought, Betsy sent for, and they waited in silence for Mr. Yorke to begin the reading. He sat with his hand on the open page, and looked into the fire a moment, then looked at his wife.

"Amy, I would like, for to-night, to have all my family worship together," he said. "After to-night, we can go our different ways. Let Patrick and Mary and Anne be called in, and, since they cannot unite with us, let us unite with them. Are you willing?"

Mrs. Yorke blushed with surprise, but made no objection. Melicent drew herself up, but "Then, before I go," she said, "I want you no one observed her. Mr. Yorke turned Catholics will listen to a chapter from me, I will listen to your prayers, and join in them as far as I can."

She did not say anything as she rose to call the servants, but, in passing her uncle, she laid a loving hand on his shoulder, and looked her gratitude and delight.

Patrick and the girls had too much confidence in Edith to hesitate, though they wondered much at her summons. Beated in the midet of the circle, they listened while Mr. Yorke read a psaim, then they knelt down. There was a moment's pause. The Yorkes were accustomed to sit while their prayers were read. Then Mr. Yorke knelt. and wife and daughters followed his example, Melicent involuntarily, and making a motion to get up again as soon as she was down, but concluding to stay. Episco-palians kneel, she reflected, and she could mentally kneel with them. Edith led the prayers, and her tremulous voice conclliated the good will of the listeners.

It was the first time any of this family had ever assisted at a private Catholic devotion, and they were astonished to perceive how every circumstance and need of man was met by this perfect spiritual science. The devotion was not something apart from life, but an aspiration and petition from every thought and act of life. The invocation to the Holy Spirit, the recommendation to place themselves in the presence of God, the pause for the examination of conscience, the act of contrition following it, the preparation for death-s Catholic knows them all, but to a Protestant their effect is startling.

Never again would their own devolions seem to this family other than dry and unsate isfying; never would one of them again bein trouble or danger, but the impulse would be to utter the voice of Catholic prayer.

In taking up their old life again, the Yorkes were surprised to find that they had grown more earnest and simple during the years they had spent in retirement. Mrs. Yorke had lost much of her love for fashion and luxury, the daughters were astonished at the hivolity of some of their former pleasures, and Mr. Yorke cared less for heathen liters. ture, and felt more interest in the poor and ignorant.

w

Υı

ret

to

ore

доі

hac

trlj

rob

and

aui

Τh

apc set

jou

Ca'

mc

do:

th

inc far chi

COI

noi dri

bro If v

if o

hea I ti

you cal: agi

aH,

rup of 1

mei

giv mu

not T heli lear

hea and any a h

goi: mbi the

glac

OTU

Edith was happy in her religion; but, though she went to Mass every day when she could, had a mind too enlightened and well balanced to find her religion only in going to church. She was not in the least a gushing young lady; hers was a deep and silent enthuslasm which moved to action rather than speech. The persecution of Oatholics was going on in Massachuserts also, and Governor Gardner and his motley legislature were making juries the judges of the law as well as of the facts, and disband. ing Irish regiments (which were allowed to reorganize for 1862), and making a law which would enable them to send a troop of men to search the dermitories and closets and cellars of convent schools. But all this troubled Edith very little. She could laugh at the Transcript's paredy:

Half a league, half :: league out of the city. All to the boarding-school rode the commit

and could see how the enemies of the church were covering themselves with ridicale and disgrace, and securing their own ultimate de-

"They're hanging themselves! They're hanging themselves!" Mr. Yorke would say with giee, at each new extravagance.

When the Yorkes first returned to the city, Melicent's affairs chiefly occupied their minds. There was no engagement, and there had been no private intercourse between her and Mr. Griffeth; but she had not broken with him entirely, and had requested permission to receive friendly letters from him. After Mr. Griffeth had been bound over to commit no act and write no word aggressively sentimental, this permission was unwillingly given. One of these friendly missives had come the wack after the letter of his promise, he had so broken the spirit of it that Mrs. Yorke, to whom the letter was dutifully shown, frowned on reading it, and had a mind to answer it herself Melicent, indeed, seemed desirous to alarm her family as much as possible regarding this affair, and carried herself with such a conscious heroine of s-novel air as both amused and annoyed her family.

Among their earliest visitors was the Rev. Doctor Stewart, Mrs. Yorke's former pastor and good friend. The mother confided to him her distress, and besought him to speak to Melicent on the subject.

"She always had a high respect for you and Mrs. Stewart, and would be influenced by what you say," she concluded. The minister made enquiries concerning

the sultor's orthodoxy as a Universalist. "He is orthodox in nothing, doctor!" Mrs. Yorke exclaimed. "He wears his creed as he wears his clothes, changing, when convenient. the one with as little scruple as the other. He is a moral Sybarite, who adjusts his conscience comfortably to his wishes, and looks about with an air of calm rectitude, and an sesumption of pitying superiority over people who are so bigoted as to believe the same vesterday and to-day."

"I know the kind of man," the minister said, with an expression of severity and mortification. "They are one of the pests of the time, and a disgrace to the ministry. I will do all I can to separate Melicent irom Doctor Stewart was a stately gentleman,

something over fifty years of age, gray-haired, rather heavy, and slightly old-fashioned. He was amiable in disposition, believed that great respect should be paid to the clergy, wore a white neck-cloth; and was fairly eduented in everything but theology. Since the Yorkes left Boston, he had lost his wife, an excellent lady several years older than himself. He was left with three children, a son of nineteen, who was a student in Harvard College; another son, ten years older, who wasm aking his fortune in the West; and a daughter, the eldest of the family, married to a foreign missionary, and industriously distributing Bibles to the Chinese. Once a month, in the missionary-meeting, the reverend doctor read a letter from this daughter, was doing, and asked for more Bibles and

money. This was the gentleman to whose management Mrs. Yorke entrusted her aldest

daughter's love affair. Nothing of their first interview transpired, except that the minister seemed to be hopeful. Melicent became more inscrutable and consequential than ever.

About this time, Miss Clara Yorke began to grow exceedingly merry in her disposition. She would smile in season and out of season, and burst into laughter without spparent cause. At the mention of Dr. Stewart's name, her eyes always began to dance, and at the sight of him, approaching their house her gravity deserted her immediately. Mrs. Yorke was both astonished and puzzled

by her daughter's levity. "I esteem Dr. Stewart very highly," the lady said. He is a dignified and agreeable person. I am glad he feels like running in here often.

Continued on 3rd page.