RESEDA:

Or, Sorrows and Joys.

Second Part.

Madeline bowed to them and smiled, and let Mrs. Dubouloy, who had taken her by the hand, lead her close to them.

"My dear children," she said, "do you know this young lady? Open your eyes wide and look at her."

This advice was not needed. Ten great eyes were fixed on Madeline and she bore their gaze bravely, half-smiling and half-blushing, but really not much put out of countenance, for by this time she had recognized in each of the youths one of the companions of her childhood, and the sisterly affection which she had felt for them all had revived in all its ancient simplicity.

The curiosity of the boys, as Mrs. Dubouloy called them, was excited to the utmost.

At last a murmur passed through the group; George had given a hint, and Louis exclaimed, "Miss Madeline Lemoyne."

Mrs. Dubouloy burst into a hearty peal of laughter. "Why not Miss Mignonette?" she said, gaily; "that would have sounded more amusing. Miss! Ah! that is very funny, is it not, Rector? Is that the way," she added, looking at them all, "that you receive the friend of your childhood, your sister? There you stand like stocks, and not one of you has the politeness to give her a kiss!"

For now that Mrs. Dubouloy has got over her first surprise, she quite forgot that Madeline had grown up, and treated her much as she treated her boys whom she still seemed to look upon as mere children. The youths, most of whom had only left the paternal home for school and college, were somewhat embarrassed and looked at their mother reproachfully. At last Louis came forward with a smile and asked Madeline to permit him to kiss her. The others said not a word but lost no time in taking advantage of her acquiescence. This fraternal greeting set everything to rights and all awkwardness was at an end.

"Can you tell them by name, Madeline?" asked Mrs Dubouloy; "they have grown and altered a little."

Madeline looked at them and nodded her head in a manner which said, "Oh! I shall not make any mistake amongst them."

"We shall see," exclaimed the mother, laughing again; "I say nothing of George, for anyone can see that he is the eldest, but what is the name of this one?"

"Louis."

"And the little sailor?"

"Johnny."

"And this great fair fellow?"

"Charles."

"And the Saint-Cyr boy?"

"Paul."

"And this tall May-poll?"

"Henry."

The Rector and the young people laughed as well as Mrs. Dubouloy; and as she finished her roll-call a cloud suddenly came over her countenance, she took Madeline's hand and pressed it, saying, with a sigh, "Alas! that two are wanting!"

There was a moment of silence, and then turning from sorrowful memories, she seated herself at the Rector's side and left Madeline to her boys. They gathered round her, they talked of early days, and the formal "Miss Lemoyne," with which their conversation had begun was soon dropped for the old familiar name.

George kept a little aloof from the group and spoke less than his brothers did.

At last the Rector arose and said, "We must not forget that we have to go further."

"Where are you going to take her?"

"To Old Castle."

"A dreary abode," observed the merry Henry.

"Alan is growing gloomier and gloomier," added Louis. "You will see, Madeline! He will soon be like Don Quixote."

"And it is a pity, too," said Paul, "he is such a good fellow."

"He is unhappy," remarked George, gravely.

"Poor Alan," said Madeline, beginning to wonder what might be the cause of Alan's grief. "I shall be delighted to see him again; he used to be so kind to me."

"You will be in luck if you find him at Old Castle," said Paul; "he is always wandering about the country, in spite of the heart complaint which Miss Bridget says he has got."

"He certainly is suffering from the heart!" declared Louis.

"Oh! young people! young people!" exclaimed the Rector, with a sigh. "Are you coming, Madeline?"

They took leave of Mrs. Dubouloy and were accompanied by the boys to the cross-roads. There they turned back and the following remarks were made while they went home.

CHAPTER XIII.

OLD CASTLE.

"How was it that I did not know her again at once?" exclaimed Johnny; "she is just the same. Dear little Madeline!"

"She was very nice when she was a little girl," said Louis.

"Well!" said Charles, "she is just what she used to be."

"Yes," observed George, "she is still a child, though she is changed; she is just what I thought she would be. If she were very tall and larger, or very handsome or pretty and blooming, like Miss Bertha, I should not have recognized her so quickly."

"Miss Bertha is prettier than Madeline," said Paul.

"I don't think so," answered Johnny.

"But she is."

"She is not."

"Come, George," cried Johnny, eagerly; "what do you think of Madeline?"

"She is charming."

"Ah! now you see!"

"I don't mean to say that Paul is mistaken," continued George; "Miss Bertha may be more regularly pretty, but the expression and the charm!——"

"And her simple, pleasant way," added Johnny.

At this moment a sea-bird flew by and changed the subject of conversation.

"Well, what do you think of your old playmates?" inquired the Rector of Madeline.

"Oh! they are very nice," answered the girl.

"And very good boys, too," said the old priest; "dutiful to their mother, industrious, and well-conducted. Each one of them promises to make his way in the world. God has been very good to them in leaving them their mother, who has a most energetic nature and a firm will. She has worked hard and prayed much; she has been a devoted mother and a valiant woman, and she has her reward, her children are going in the right way, and they have kept the treasure of faith unimpaired; she has every right to be proud of them and she may still call herself a happy woman. How pleased they all were to see you! You must not be annoyed with George if he did not seem quite so cordial as his brothers."

"I am not the least annoyed with him," said Madeline, with a little smile.

"Very good," replied Father Larnec; "for you see it is his nature to be very quiet. He has a very good heart, and I was vexed that he was not so gay or so outspoken as his brothers. 'Madeline will think him indifferent,' I said to myself, 'when really it is only timidity.' He is as much pleased to see you as any of them can be, though he does not show it. I am sure he is."

Madeline raised her sweet eyes to her old friend's face, and said, "I do not doubt it;" and to do her justice she had not felt the slightest misgiving.

Her answer satisfied the priest, he put his stick under his arm, opened his Breviary, and never closed it till they reached the old manor house.

As Madeline entered the drawing-room where the family was assembled, her thoughts went back to her first six years before. Nothing was changed. In other places time had left its mark; Elizabeth had vanished from the presbytery, Martha had grown stouter, and the Rector's form was somewhat bent; there were lanks in the Dubouloy household, and the boys were becoming young men; but here no change was visible, it was the same picture in the same frame. But when she looked a little more closely she saw that Miss Hermine's face was careworn, and observed that a great white and brown dog lay at the old man's feet; it was one of Alan's sporting dogs, and the noble creature was dying of old age.

No surprise was attempted in this case. Miss Hermine looked far too grave, and the Rector simply said, "I have brought Madeline to see you."

Then the old wrinkled faces lighted up, the stiff figures moved and Madeline affectionately kissed each of the good kind creatures who had loved her enough to make sacrifices for her sake. Barbara, the idiot, allowed herself to be kissed, and uttered an inarticulate murmur of satisfaction. Madeline placed herself at Mr. Oldcastle's left hand in order to make it possible for him to share in the conversation, Miss Hermine having told her that he did not hear with his right ear.

During the old gentleman's adventurous youth, which dated back to a very bad part of the last century, he had been on several occasions on board an English vessel, and as a native of Brittany he had a deep-rooted aversion to England. He began by congratulating his young visitor on her escape from that detestable country. During the half-hour which Madeline spent at Old Castle, Bridget and her sisters hardly spoke, so anxious were they not to lose a word that Madeline might say; they had not been so happy for many a long day. The young girl, with the grace which characterised her, expressed to each one of the company the pleasure which she felt in being again in the midst, and her caresses, her smiles, and her loning words gave new life to the tender feelings which they had ever cherished for the child they had known in former days.

Madeline could not neglect to ask for Alan; his aunts suddenly grew sad when his name was mentioned.

"He never laughs now," said one of them.

"And he does not eat," added another.

"As far as I can remember, he used to have a good appetite," answered Mignonette, with a smile.

"His expedition to Italy could not tell upon his health," observed Miss Hermine; "I do not say it to make the most of his merits, if he underwant privations bravely he had to pay for it."

"And even then he was suffering from an affection of the heart," rejoined Bridget who was something of a doctor amongst the poor; "maladies of that kind often go on for a long time without being observed."

"Tut! tut!" cried the grandfather, "he is not ill. Why put such things into his head? None of the Oldcastles ever needed a doctor at his age. He is dull. I tell you there is nothing more the matter."

"He used not to be dull," murmered one of the ladies.

"No, he used not, certainly; but now he has travelled and seen the world, and his taste have changed. Formerly he never opened a book and now he reads; he used to turn his back if you put pen and ink before him; now he writes pages and pages to his friends in the Pontifical army. The worst of it is he wishes to go back to Italy, and yet I am so old that now, as he has paid his debt to the cause of the Church, I want him to stay at home, at least till he has closed my eyes. Have you spoken to him on the subject I mentioned to you, Rector?"

"I have said what I could," answered the Rector with some embarrassment. and a furtive glance at Miss Hermine; "he will not hear of it."

"Must my name then die out?" rejoined the old gentleman. "Since it is the Will of God to let me live so long, it would have been a happiness for me to bless my grandson's children before I go hence." And he shook his head with a sigh.

The Rector turned the conversation. It was getting late when he and Madeline Left Old Castle and a meeting was arranged for the following day, which was Sunday.

Madeline begged to return by a cross road which led back to Kerprat by the White House.

"What are you looking for?" asked Father Larnec, when he saw her stand still and gaze in every direction as if in search of something.

"I am looking for an old oak which ought to be somwhere hereabouts," replied Mignonette. "Ah! there it is, that great hollow tree at the right."

"Yes, that is the patriarch of the grove."

"Well! grandpapa and I were close to that tree when Alan took it into his head to carry me off on his horse. I can still see poor grandpapa's face alarm."

"Nothing could be more appropriate than such a remembrance. There is the horse and there is the rider!"

A man was riding towards them; the Rector stood aside but barred the way with his stick. Alan, for it was Alan riding Diaoul, drew in the reins and took off his cap. Madeline could observe the change which had taken place in his appearance. He was extremely thin, he looked gloomy and had quite lost his former bold and careless air; Madeline, however, thought him improved.

"I cannot let you pass without bidding us good-day," said Father Larnec. "Cheer up, my dear fellow, we are both old friends."

Alan kept his cap in his hand, but did not seem to cheer up in the least.

"One cannot be too tedious when Diaoul is in the case," continued the Rector. "Alan, this is Madeline, little Mignonette, you know!"

"You! Madeline!" exclaimed the young man, whose gloom gave away, and leaping from his horse he came and shook hands with her.

They exchanged a few words and Alan was just about to remount when the sound of horses' feet made them turn their heads.

They saw a young lady riding on a black horse, and attended by a groom. The lady was small; beneath her little round hat was a bright, rosy, smiling face, and she had abundant tresses of fair hair. As she passed by she bowed gracefully, and her blue eyes rested for a moment on Madeline, who turned to Alan to ask her name, but Alan was pale and agitated, and stood gazing after her. The question died on Madeline's lips, and indeed the young man could not have answered it for he at once mounted his horse and with a hasty salutation galloped off in another direction.

Madeline greatly astonished by the apparition of the horsewoman and by Alan's emotion, at once asked the Rector for an explanation; but as his answer was incomplete and somewhat confused, it would not fully satisfy the curiosity of our reader, and to make the matter clearer we substitute the following chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALAN.

Three years before Madeline's visit to Kerprat, an old country-house in the neighborhood of Old Castle had been purchased by a retired armourer of Brest. Having been repaired, restored and embellished, it became a summer residence of its rich proprietor, who liked to be there both because of its magnificent situation, and because he looked on that part of Brittany as the cradle of his wife's family. She was related to the Oldcastles, and a good deal of intercourse had accordingly taken place between the two houses, especially during the first season spent by Mr. and Mrs. Vaulorin on their new property.

The unsociable Alan, who excelled in every exercise that required strength and agility, had been courteous enough to train a horse for the fair Bertha, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vaulorin. When she went out riding with her father he had often joined them, and he had taught Bertha fearlessly to ascend the rugged mountain paths. Thanks for her able guide the delicate timid denizen of the city had become a fearless horsewoman, and her parents joyfully observed that her active country life was most beneficial to her once feeble health. When the winter winds made bare the trees, and desolation resumed its sway on the sandy coast, the new owners of Kerlouazon returned to Brest. Alan seemed depressed, and his depression continued through the whole winter. His aunts consulted together as to the cause of his sudden change. Bridget the doctor perceived symptoms of heart complaint; the others suggeste various trifling causes; Miss Hermine alone kept silence. That day at dinner she spoke of his cousazon and of Bertha, and in the evening, having already made her own conclusions, she drew an avowal of his feelings from Alan's lips. He told her he adored Bertha, and had quite made up his mind never to marry if he could not win her. Miss Hermine spoke of unequal marriages, and referred to the pedigree in order to recal to Alan's mind the former greatness of his race; but at last, perceiving that her nephew's happiness was really at stake, she said to herself that after all Bertha was a nice girl, of good family on her mother's side, and that if the Oldcastles had anything to recommend them it was their good blood. She lived so completely out of the world, and had so faithfully cherished the traditions of the past, that it never occurred to her mind that Alan might be refused on his own account, or that he was a poor match for an heiress with more than two thousand a year of her own. She thought much of the concessions which were to be made by his family, generously sacrificed some of her prejudices, and having obtained her father's consent, dressed herself in her best and went to Kerlouazon.

Mr. and Vaulorin had arrived the day pefore; she asked for Bertha's hand for her nephew with all due dignity and solemnity, and took her leave, fully persuaded that the reply would be a favorable one. Her amazement may be more easily amagined than described, when the reply proved to be a courteous refusal. She read the fatal letter twice before she could believe her own eyes The honor of the proffered alliance was declined; could such a thing be possible? It was but too true. Bertha, when consulted by her parents, who themselves were very well disposed to accept Alan, had simply laughed at the idea. During the winter season she had enjoyed the society of polished men of the world, possessed of every charm of manner and refinement; she had already shown herself to be very hard to please in regard to the choice of a partner for life; and she had no idea of becoming the wife of the rustic Alan, the silent though useful companion of her summer rides Her "Go," was unhesitating, and the very proposal seemed to her most astonishing.

The two families met no more; but weeks and months and even years passed by without curing Alan's grief. He hunted, but not with his former ardour, he wandered about the cliffs and on the sands with his gun on his shoulder, or took long aimless rides on Diaoul.

Affairs of grave general interest alone had power to turn his thoughts in some degree from his private sorrows. The Pope was in need of defenders and the men of Brittany rose to the call. Alan was one of the foremost in offering himself, and in so doing he followed the inspirations of his faith and the traditions inherited from his ancestors. Born in the middle of the nineteenth century, he knew of doubt only by report, and he had lived amid those wholesome surroundings which tend to preserve energy of character. All else gave way before what he believed to be his duty as a Catholic, and one day on his return from hunting he asked his grandfather to allow him to go to Rome. Not a single objection was made to his plan, although it took every one by surpise; and such was the power exercised by faith over those devoted hearts, that although each was pierced with bitter grief no voice was raised against the project.

"You belong to God, before you belong to me," said the old man, and these words conveyed his consent. Silent tears were shed, but they were the only protest, and on the morrow Alan left Old Castle.

When the moment of parting came, the strongest grew weak, and Miss Hermine could not refrain from sobbing as she embraced him. The brave young fellow was himself moved, when after having kissed his grandfather he knelt down and begged him to bless him. The picture was one worthy of former ages. In the great hall with its severe-looking furniture knelt this fine young man before the old grandfather who was bowed beneath the weight of many years; around them stood, with folded arms, and tearful eyes, four women who in their hearts offered to God the thing which they loved best on earth, the being in whom centered all their interests and every hope that bound them to this world.

Mr. Oldcastle raised his bowed down head with an effort, and laid his two thin trembling hands on Alan's thick hair. He raised his eyes and looked towards heaven. "My God," he prayed, "protect my last descendant. But Thy Holy Will be done; if the last of my race is to shed his blood for Thy Church, it could not be shed for a holier cause."

His grandfather's blessing seemed to have been Alan's safeguard. He had been numbered amongst the most undaunted defenders of the Holy Father, and had returned to Old Castle with a wound in his arm which compelled him to rest for a while, but was not of an alarming character.

And had Bertha been forgotten?

When Alan came back Miss Hermine made the inquiry in the most delicate manner possible.

"But for the love I bear you all," answered Alan, "I should be sorry to have escaped the Piedmontese bullets."

Clearly the wound in his heart was incurable.

CHAPTER XV.

KERPRAT AND PARIS.

After that eventful Saturday, Madeline found the hard bed at the Presbytery most uncomfortable, and the next morning when she woke a strange feeling came over her. She had often revisited Kerprat in her dreams, but on this occasion the vision of the night did not vanish from her waking eyes. The room with its whitewashed walls, the chintz curtains, the stone spire which rose before her, the chiming bells, and all the other old familiar sounds were no illusions.

She rose and looked out of each of her two windows in turn. Her eyes no longer rested on the pretty surroundings of the cottage, on the great trees in the park, on the well-cleared vistas, the velvet-like turf or the wide smooth avenues. On one side were sea and rocks, sands, cliffs, narrow winding paths and deep-sunk roads, and on the other the churchyard and the church, which formed a granite boundary between the Presbytery and the village.

She had not time to give herself up to the contemplation of the striking contrast. A great dinner was to be given at the Presbytery in her honour, and Martha, who had not inherited the powers of the departed Elizabeth, begged for her advice and assistance. Until the hour of High Mass, Madeline obligingly accompanied Martha from kitchen to dining-room, and from dining-room to kitchen. But when the bells sounded forth their last appeal she left her friend to her culinary cares and prepared to go to the church. As she opened the little wicket which led into the churchyard, she saw two vehicles of very different aspect coming from two different directions.

One was from Old Castle; a strong and quiet Normandy mare drew a great dingy leather-curtained coach, of massive proportions and antique style.

The other came from Kerlouazon. In an open carriage, drawn by two beautiful thoroughbred horses, sat side by side a lady and gentleman who seemed to have reached the narrow boundary that separates maturity from old age. On the blue cushions of the seat opposite to them was Bertha, the horsewoman of the previous day, in a tasteful dress which set off her good looks.

The stylish equipage drew up a few paces from the ancient coach. From the latter emerged Mr. Oldcastle and his five daughters; it was certainly spacious if not fashionable. Alan, who came on foot, joined the elder members of his family, and all went towards the church with the Vaulorin party had already entered. Mr. Oldcastle walked slowly, and his daughters and grandson measured their steps by his; Madeline had accordingly time to take her place in Martha's seat before they reached theirs. The seat of the Oldcastles was raised above the level of all the other seats in the church, and had a carved back. Madeline observed the very dignified air with which Miss Hermine passed the Vaulorin family. Alan who was dressed with a certain care, occupied a place within the choir, and was most reverent and devout in his bearing; the young Duboulloys were also there in full force. Those among the men of the parish who were able, assisted in the music. George, who was a very good musician, played the harmonium, and in certain parts of the Mass the cracked voice of the Sacristan and the false shrill notes of the choir-men were lost in a chorus of young strong, and true voices, amongst which Alan's beautiful tenor might be distinguished.

The Presbytery was literally invaded when Mass was over. The Rector had made it his special request that the whole of the Dubouloy family should come, and the young people were by no means sorry that their mother had been, so to speak, compelled to accept the invitation. The Oldcastles did not appear, they had declined and they had not been pressed; their reason being that they were afraid of meeting the Vaulorins, who generally dined at the Presbytery on Sundays.

Madeline was seated opposite to her grandfather's old friend, and gracefully did the honors. The dinner was very pleasant and cheerful. Louis Doubouloy paid assiduous attention to the pretty Bertha, who seemed insensible. In the course of the conversation, someone spoke of the inhabitants of Old Castle, and a young priest from a neighboring parish expressed his astonishment at the change which had taken place in Alan, and at his increasing shyness and unsociability. To Madeline's great satisfaction, George took the opportunity of saying all that could be said in praise of Alan, though of course without attempting to explain the motives which had induced him to cultivate his mind after so long allowing it to lie fallow She fancied that Bertha listened with surprise and with a certain interest, and accordingly, being near her after dinner, she took another opportunity of bringing Alan's merits before the lady, who had refused hem. Having been so long absent from Kerprat, Madeline could speak freely of her early friends, and when Bertha questioned her about her life at Kerprat, she spoke with sincere feeling of the sacrifices which her friends had been ready to make on her behalf, and especially of Allan's generous conduct. She had heard every particular and she spoke with much feeling. Bertha replied that Mr. Alan Oldcastle must indeed be a noble-hearted young man.

In the evening there was a friendly gathering at Mrs. Dubouloy's; Alan was there, and Madeline could see that George's praises were well deserved. Fully occupied by the interests of an active life the young man had in his earlier days neglected all intellectual culture. When at college he thought of nothing but shooting and fishing, and if he attempted to study, merely yawned over his books. His fellow-students used to say that they believed him to be incapable of writing his own name correctly, and his ignorance was laid down to stupidity. In reality, however, he was merely idle and fond of amusing himself. The day came when the most fatiguing athletic sports and exercises had no power to dispel his bitter grief; he secretly tried the virtue of another remedy and an unconsious change came over him.

(To be Continued.

JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND.

—AT THE TIME OF THE—

CRUCIFIXION.

The grandest work of Art in America, pronounced by the clergy of all creeds, and by th thousands of people who have visited it, as unequalled anywhere for magnificence of conception beauty of colors, harmony in composition, and so LIFE LIKE that one feels actually as if on the sacred ground. THE CRUCIFIXION scene is a marvellous work, alone worth coming many miles to see, apart from the CITY, Mount OLIVET, MORIAH, MIZPAH and ZION. This grand PANORAMA to be seen at the CYCLORAMA, corner St. Catherine and St. Urbain streets, Montreal. Open every day from morning till 10:30 p.m., and on Sundays from 1 to 10:30 p.m. Street cars pass the door.

[FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

THE TRAPPISTS.

BY JAS. T. NOONAN.

Self-forgetful, holy men,
Dwelling lone 'mid hill and glen;
How can I laudation pen
Worthy of my theme!
Living far from men apart,
Bound to God in hand and heart;
Faith thy sea and Heaven thy chart;
Pilots true I deem.

Striving to appease the wrong
Caused by every idle tongue,
Yours to Heaven devoted long
Throughout life's career.
Recognizing comrades now,
Only by a gentle bow,
Devotion only dost allow
Thy heart to persevere.

Dear Saint Robert thy fond chief
Held his life a humble fief,
Penance rigid made it brief,
But glorious and sweet.
Neath Kentucky's vine-clad shade,
In far Iowa's swarthy glade,
And in Nova Scotia thou has made
Sanctuaries meet.

God protect thee for thy worth,
Resigning e'en thy name of birth—
A simple cross it shows the dearth
Of wealth above thy tomb.
Would that worldlings only knew
What sacrifice is made by you;
Then thy example just and true
Might lead them from their doom.

Brockville, May 16th, 1889.

A Land Agent Ashamed.

A number of eviction notices have been served on the tenants of the Luggacurren estate of Lord Landsdowne. Those who have received notices are said to be busily engaged in barricading their houses. During the week both the Luggacurren and Clongorey estates were visited by Messrs. T A. Cooke and T. H. Ashwell, who represented the Nottingham papers, and by Mr. Crabtree of Bradford. They are reported to have been received rather discourteously by Mr. Routledge, the agent of the Clongorey estate, who refused to answer questions put to him. An emergency-man informed them, however, that the land was very bad indeed. Routledge appeared to be ashamed of his position on the estate, for when asked his business about the place he informed the English visitors that he had no special business.—*The London Star.*

Tipperary and Mr. O'Mahony's Imprisonment.

At the last fortnightly meeting of the Tipperary National League, Very Rev. Canon Cahill, P.P., V.G., presiding, the following resolution, on the motion of Rev. Michael Power, C.C., was passed unanimously:—"That we, the members of the Tipperary National League, fully sensible of the services rendered to the cause in Tipperary by the able, earnest, and self-sacrificing editor of the *Tipperary Nationalist*, Mr. John E. O'Mahony, protest indignantly against his imprisonment for simply defending the independence of the people and pointing out the path of patriotic duty; and we tender to Mr. O'Mahony, to-day a prisoner in Clonmel Jail, the sincere expression of our appreciation of his labours, and that he has earned the approbation and esteem of all patriotic Tipperarymen." The Chairman said—That is a very proper resolution. Mr. O'Mahony has indeed worked earnestly and laboriously for the cause of the country, and he well deserves the applause of all true and earnest Nationalists (applause).

The Laughing Plant.

Palgrave, in his work on Central and Eastern Arabia, mentions a plant whose seeds produce effects analogous to those of laughing gas. The plant is a native of Arabia. A dwarf variety is found at Kasum, and another variety at Oman, which attains a height of from three to four feet, with woody stems, wide-spreading branches, and light green foliage. The flowers are produced in clusters and yellow in color. The seed pods contain two or three black seeds of the size and shape of a French bean. Their flavor is a little like that of opium, the taste is sweet, and the odor from them produces a sickening sensation and is slightly offensive. These seeds, when pulverized and taken in small doses, operate upon a person in a peculiar manner. He begins to laugh loudly and boisterously, and then sings, dances, and cuts up all kinds of fantastic capers. The effect continues about an hour, and the patient is extremely comical.

The Future of France.

Max O'Reil, in an interview on Saturday, said: The French are approaching one of their historical crises, which occur at intervals, but the new master will not be Boulanger. The Communists may triumph for a time. Then will follow a Ceasar, but he will not be Boulanger. The Comte de Paris is the man, even if he has to wait ten or twenty years. An English lady moving in the highest circles said Boulanger will never move in the best English society, quoting as an example the fact that three-fourths of those Lord Randolph Churchill invited to meet him at a dinner refused the invitation. As to a Franco-German war, France will not take the initiative. Her millions of peasants know too well what war means. The real danger lies in the excitable and erratic character of the German Emperor. His violent nature at any moment may make Europe burst into war. France is far stronger and better prepared than is supposed, particularly in great artillery. Certainly no nation in Europe can command her financial resources.

Is Parnell a Statesman?

Writing in *Truth*, Mr. Labouchere, M.P., says:

The cross-examination of Mr. Parnell has revealed no new fact. When Mr. Parnell became a member of Parliament, the Parliamentary party was under Mr. Butt, a clever, brilliant man, but neither trusted nor worthy of trust The majority of the Irish M.P.'s who followed him were more anxious for place than for Home Rule. Outside Parliament, the Irish, both in Ireland and in America, distrusted the Parliamentary party, and looked to physical force as the only means to secure to Ireland her just rights.

Ireland was honeycombed with secret socities. Mr. Parnell perceived that if Parliamentary action was to replace revolution, the former must be conducted upon very different lines to those adopted heretofore. By his determined energy he forced Ireland to the front in Parliament, and made the Irish question the Parliamentary question of the day. He neither denounced Irishmen who did not share his views, nor did he inquire what had been the views of any individual. He invited them all to join him, and urged all to be Parliamentarians, much as the Apostles called upon saints and sinners to become Christians. As his party grew Fenianism and secret societies lost their hold upon the Irish people, until at length the Irish were banded together in one great Parliamentary party. Mr. Parnell's mode of winning adherents was to assure all that, if only they would support him in his Parliamentary action, Home Rule must eventually be won, and so long as they believe that he will win it for them, so long will he retain his power. His great glory is that he has substituted Parliamentary action for the outrages and the revolutionary tactics that were rife before he came to the fore.

Of course, in the Irish party, as in every party, there are men who either disbelieve in Parliamentary action, or who find that their occupation is gone so long as their countrymen believe in it. Many of them have seen themselves obliged to accept the Parnell gospel because it is popular, some of them still remain obdurate. Mr. Parnell has pursued the even tenor of his way, neither ruling the former out of the fold, nor shutting the gate to those who persist in remaining outside. To blame him for this is to blame him for being a statesman.

Gems from George Eliot.

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.

One morsel's as good as another when your mouth is out of taste.

I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men.

Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

No! I aint one to see the cat walking into the dairy and wonder what she's come after.

You must love your work, and not be always looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin.

When one sees a perfect woman, one never thinks of her attributes—one is conscious of her presence.

I wouldn't give a penny for a man who would drive a nail in slack because he didn't get extra pay for it.

My daughter, every bond of your life is a debt; the right lies in the payment of that debt; it can lie nowhere else.

There is no sorrow that I have thought more about than that—to love what is great, and try to reach it, and yet to fail.

A fine lady is a squirrel-headed thing, with small airs and small notions, about as applicable to the business of life as a pair of tweezers to the forest.

It takes something else besides 'cuteness to make folks see what'll be their interest in the long run. It takes some conscience and belief in right and wrong.

There are different sorts of human nature, Some are given to discontent and longing, others to securing and enjoying. And let me tell you the discontented, longing style is unpleasant to live with.

The Example Set by Parents.

Children are naturally influenced by what they see and hear. In the schoolroom, as they gradually reach the age of discernment, the are taught the truths of Catholic faith, and are instructed in the practice of their religion. At home, which should be but another class-room, with the parents as teachers, this instrutsion ought to be continued. Many parents who have fallen into neglect of their duties, do insist on their children living up to the teachings of the Church, and never pause to think how inconsistent they are in not setting them a practical example themselves. Should such children in time follow in the footsteps of their parents and become neglectful of their duties, to the parents alone will belong the blame.

The Dearest Book in the World.

What was the highest price ever given for any book? We may venture to say that we know of one for which a sum of 250,000 france ($50,000) was paid by its present owner, the German Government. The book is a missal, formerly given by Pope Leo X. to King Henry VIII. of England, along with a parchment conferring on that sovereign the right of assuming the title of "Defender of the Faith," borne ever since by English kings. Charles II. made a present of the missal to the ancestor of the Duke of Hamilton, whose extensive and valuable library was sold some years ago by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkison & Hodge of London. The book which secured the highest offer was a Hewbrew Bible, in the possession of the Vatican. In 1512 the Jews of Venice proposed to Pope Julius II. to buy the Bible, and to pay for its weight in gold. It was so heavy that it required two men to carry it. Indeed, it weighed 325 pounds, thus representing the value of half a million francs ($100,000. Though being much pressed for money, in order to keep up the "Holy League" against King Louis XII. of France, Julius II. declined to part with the volume. *Bulletin de l' Imprimerie.*

The Cause of Earthquakes.

At a recent meeting of the Manchester Geological society, Mr. Thomas Oldham read a paper on "The Cause of Earthquakes, of Dislocation and Overlapping of Strata, and of Similar Phenomena." The author said this was a subject which had caused much perplexity and doubt in the minds of many eminent geologist, in endeavoring to account for the cause of some of the greatest phenomena in nature continually taking place. These were the cause of earthquakes, the dislocation and overlapping of strata, and the submerging and upheaval of continents, etc.

The hypothesis he intended to submit was leased upon pureiy physical laws, and he had often felt surprised that such views had not previously been promulgated. He must premise by stating it had been ascertained this globe is about nine miles smaller in diameter at the poles than at the equator—in the next place, it was known that the globe rotates on its axis at about 26,000 miles every twenty-four hours, which is nearly equal to the speed of a cannon ball.

Another thing that had been ascertained was that the axis of the globe is gradually altering by becoming more oblique, and that it requires about 39,000 years before this alteration arrives at its maximum. When they took into consideration the great velocity at which the globe rotates, it was evident that a large amount of centrifugal force must be exerted, and as Nature never did anything without a motive, it would be seen that this force is the cause of the globe being nine miles different at the equator and the poles. As the axis got gradually more oblique, so the direction of the equator would alter.

It is supposed that the crust of the earth is only fifteen to sixteen miles in thickness, and below that distance there is a mass of incandescent minerals. This has been proved, in one way by mining, where they find it sinking the first 1,000 feet the temperature rises very considerably, and becomes greater as they get lower. In order to bring these thing practically before them, he would suppose a model to be made to represent the globe in exactly the same proportions as they stood toward each other, for this purpose he would take a mass of some plastic material say potter's clay, of sufficient consistency to allow of its being formed into a sphere of about 9 feet in diameter; he would then pass an iron rod through it, and connect the whole with a steam engine to obtain the required motion. If they gradually raised one end of the axis, the equator would get more oblique and more toward the north and south as the case might be. It is known that centrifugal force acts not only at right angles to the earth, but has also a lateral motion.

Astronomers told them that the deviation of the axis arrives at its maximum every 39,000 years, so that consequently the south pole, when the climax occurs, would occupy the place where the north pole is now.

It was supposed that the last great climax was a glacial one, and there are plenty of evidences to prove this. In the river Amazon, which is now exactly on the equator, there are many evidences of glaciers, and in like manner these are also come across in northern latitudes. When they looked upon human life in comparison with geological ages, the life of a man seemed but an atom, and their historical records only went back 2,000 years, anything further being purely legendary. It was supposed that at one time the spaces now occupied by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans were large continents, and when naturalists go up mountains, they frequently come across beautiful specimens of conchology which could only have got there by the upheaval of oceans. These changes, the author concluded, were the source of much perplexity to geologists, and were of grert interest. —*Scientific American.*

For Quiet Moments.

The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.—[Milton.

A man is never so much a master of himself as when he has given himself up.

The wise prove, and the foolish confess, by their conduct, that a life of employment is the only life worth living.—[Paley.

We are not saved by nations, or by churches, or by families, but as individuals through a personal interest in a personal Saviour.—[John James.

How many go forth at morning,
Who never go home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can never set right.
—Margaret E. Sangster,

Let the thought of Christ rest on anything about us, great or small and it will forwith reflect in the awakened soul some new image of his power and love. What ever is was made through him and subsists in him.—[Canon Westcott.

We do not want to go to heaven, but heaven comes to us. They whose inner eye is opened to see heaven, and they who see it, are in it; and the air to them is thick with angels, like the background of Raphael's "Mother in glory." —[F. Hedge.

There is a peculiar and appropriate reward for every act, only remember the reward is not given for the merit of the act, but follows on it as inevitably in the spiritual kingdom, as wheat springs from the grain, and barley from its grain in the natural world.—[F. W. Robertson.

By shaking the magnetic needle, you may move it from its place, but it returns to it the moment it is left to itself. In like manner, believers may fall into sin; but no sooner do they wake to reflection, than they repent, and endeavor to mend their ways, and rasume a life of godliness,—[Gotthold.

There are many ways in which it would be well for us all to carry our childhood with us, even into old age, if it were possible, in its trustfulness and open-heartedness, and willingness not only to love, but to show that we love, as well. Why, that alone would cure many a heartache of to-day.—[May F. McKean.

Beauty is akin to joy, and the beauty of heavenly things has the same effect of making us unwordly. Much of worldliness consists in mental and moral atmosphere; and the beauty of Divine things, bringing with them their own especial joy, surrounds us with a supernatural atmosphere, which assimilates our inward life to itself after a time.—[Faber.

Fireside Sparks.

Dies hard—the man who is frozen to death.

A hand-to-hand affair—courting in the dark.

Never kick a men when he is down. He may get up again.

A Bolt from the Blue—Running away from the policeman.

A vessel at sea need not have a clock in the cabin, but must always have a watch on deck.

Professional farmer: "I have a cartload of fertilisers out here for you." Amateur farmer: "Oh, thanks, offally!"

A man who formerly acted as a fireman to a locomotive refers to his recollections of that time as tender reminiscences.

A New York museum is exhibiting an "ossified man." He will probably be secured by some minstrel company to impersonate Bones.

"Your uncle will probably remember you when making his will." "Confound it! that's what I'm afraid of. If he remembers me, it's all up with me."

The different kinds of laughs they have: Dodge, Ha! Ha! Farmers, Ho! Ho! Teamsters, Haw! Haw! Feed dealers, Hay! Hay Women, He! He!