

this friend may come to believe, now, at least, he holds him—Dorian—clear and pure from this gross evil that has been imputed to him.

He throws up his head with a freer air; and tries, with a quick effort, to conquer the morbid feeling that for hours past has been pressing upon him heavily.

"I know nothing," he says, presently, in answer to Sir James's last remark.

"It is such an unaccountable story, says Scrope, lifting his brows. 'Where did she go? and with whom? Such a quiet little mouse, of a girl, one hardly understands her being the heroine of a tragedy. But how does it particularly affect you?'

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Her eyes were deeper than the depth of waters still at even."

"Dorian," says Clarissa.

"Clarissa," says Dorian.

"I really think I shall give a ball."

"What?" cries a small, sweet, plaintive voice from the corner, and Georgie, emerging from obscurity and the tremendous volume she has been studying, comes to the front, in her usual vehement fashion, and stands before Miss Peyton, expectation in every feature.

"Oh, Clarissa, do say again."

"Papa says I must entertain the country in some way," says Clarissa, meditatively, "and I really think a ball will be the best way. Don't you?"

"Don't I, though?" says Miss Broughton, with much vivacity. "Clarissa, you grow sweeter daily. Let me offer you some small return for your happy thought."

She laughs, and, stooping, presses her warm ripe lips against her friend's cheek. She blushes as she performs this graceful act, and a small, bright, mischievous gleam grows within her eye. The whole action is half-mocking, half tender.

"A reward set with little white thorns, and sweet as English air can make her, she," she comes hurriedly to Bramscombe's mind, and lingers there, raising her head again, her eyes meet him, and she laughs, for the second time, out of pure gladness of her heart.

"I think it was my happy thought," says Bramscombe, mildly. "I suggested this dance to Clarissa only yesterday. Might not I, too, partake of the 'small return'?"

"It is no longer belongs to me; I have given it all away,—here," says Georgie, touching Clarissa's cheek with one finger; "but for that," with a slow, adorable glance, "I should be charmed."

"I think I shall get pencil and paper and write down the names," says Clarissa, energetically, raising and going toward the door. "Dorian takes care of Georgie until I return."

"I wish I knew how," says Bramscombe, in a tone so low that only Georgie can hear it. Then, as the door closes he says, "Did you mean your last speech?"

"My last? What was it? I never remember anything," she very seldom blushes, but now again a soft delicate color creeps into her face.

"If you hadn't given it all away, would you have given me a little of that small return?"

"No."

"Not even if I were to give a ball for you?"

"No—no."

"Not if I were to do for you the one thing you most desired?"

"No—no—no!" She speaks hastily, and glances at him somewhat confusedly from beneath her long lashes.

"Well, of course, it is too much to expect," says Bramscombe; "yet I would do a good deal for you, even without a hope of payment."

He comes a little nearer to her, and lays his hand upon the table close to her.

"If you really made the suggestion to Clarissa, you deserve some reward," says Georgie, nodding her head. "Now what shall it be?"

"Dance half the night with me."

"That would bore you,—sir, may I—No; but if dancing delights you,—and may I—I have the pleasure of the first quadrille?"

"Madam," says Bramscombe, laying his hand upon his heart, "you do me much honor; I am at your service now and forever."

"It is too large a promise."

"A true one, nevertheless."

A little earnest shade shows itself upon his face, but Georgie laughs lightly, and moves away from him over to the widow, and at this moment Clarissa returns armed with paper and pencils but a very much pleased smile.

"Can't I have the gardeners lighted?" she says, "with Chinese lanterns, and that? I have been thinking of it."

"I don't know about that," says Dorian.

"I'm not sure but it might blow us all to atoms; but the celestial lights will be quite 'too, too.' It must be a splendid thing, Clarissa, to have a brain like yours. Now, neither Miss Broughton nor I have a particle between us."

"Speak for yourself, please," says Miss Broughton, very justly pleased.

"I'm doing even more than that, I'm speaking for you too. Don't put up too many Chinese lanterns, Clarissa, or it will be awkward; we shall be seen."

"What matter? I love light," says Georgie, innocently. "How I do hope there will be a moon! Not a mean effort at one, but a good, round, substantial, vast moon, such as there was two months ago."

She has her wish; such another moonlight night as comes to Pullingham on the night of Miss Peyton's ball has been rarely, if ever seen. It breaks over the whole place in a flood of light so whitely brilliant that the very sleeping flowers lift up their heads, as though believing the soft mystic light to be the early birds of morn.

All around is calm and drowsy sweet. The stars come forth to light the world, and, perhaps, to do homage to Clarissa on this the night of her first ball.

About six weeks have passed since Ruth Annersley left her home, and as yet no tidings of her have reached Pullingham. All ready people are beginning to forget that such an eclatante ever occurred in their quiet village. The minutest inquiries have been made (chiefly by Lord Sartoris, who is now very seldom at home); rewards offered; numerous paragraphs, addressed to "R. A.," have appeared in the London papers, but without result. The world is growing tired of the miserable scandal, and Ruth's disappearance ceases to be the one engrossing topic of conversation at village teas and bar-room revelries.

To-night is fair enough, to make one believe impossible. It is touched by heaven; great waves of light, sent by the silver queen of night, lie languidly on air and bowers; the very paths are bright with its stray beams.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

HONOR TO THE PATRON OF IRELAND

The Procession—The Solemn Religious Services—Sermon by the Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan—St. Patrick's Church—The Arches and Decorations—Incidents.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day is an event looked forward to by Irishmen the world over with feelings of rejoicing and pride, and in no part of the Empire is the day more loyally observed and honored than in the Dominion of Canada. The 17th of March has a peculiar charm for the people of Ireland, commemorating as it does the birth of her patron saint, St. Patrick, whose long life was devoted to the temporal and spiritual welfare of his beloved people, and who labored incessantly in the cause of his Master. It is eminently fitting, therefore, that Irishmen should observe the natal day of their Patron Saint with religious zeal and appropriate rejoicing.

The enthusiasm exhibited by the Irish residents of Montreal to-day was unusually great; and, to be brief, the procession was perhaps one of the largest ever witnessed in this city. Many circumstances tended to promote this satisfactory result. The weather was delightful, yet cold; the streets through which the procession passed were clean and dry; the arrangements were perfect, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion. From an early hour crowds of well dressed people began to muster at the corner of St. Alexander and Craig streets and in the vicinity of Victoria Square, all appropriately bedecked with some national emblem, but conspicuously the dear little shamrocks, of which so much has been sung and said, and which refuses to bloom in any other soil than Irish. Throngs of respectably-dressed people lined the streets through which the procession passed and in the vicinity of St. Patrick's Church the crush was very great. On the houses of many of our citizens flags and other decorations were observed, and on the Christian Brother's residence, Young street, the green banner of old Ireland floated majestically. Along the route of the parade, which this year took place in the East End, beautiful and gaily adorned arches spanned the streets at intervals adding considerably to the appearance of the ceremonial. Bands of music also contributed much to the success of the proceedings, and the edifying strains of "St. Patrick's Day," "Garry-owen," "The Wearing of the Green," &c., had an exhilarating effect on those who participated in the procession, as well as the thousands of spectators.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

At about half-past ten o'clock St. Patrick's Church, where the solemn religious services in connection with the celebration of Ireland's anniversary were held, was packed from the Sanctuary to the portico. The sacred edifice was fairly lined with the emblematic colors of Faith and Fatherland, the white and the green. Every pillar has its motto and its flag, and from the high dome hung imposing streamers. A life sized portrait of the great O'Connell, in his attitude of power and command, was suspended from the choir gallery, and attracted general attention. Overhead ran the glorious and honorable title, "The Liberator of His Country," in golden letters. The altars were brilliant with variegated lights, the high altar especially testifying to skill and taste in the way of decorations. On the Gospel side stood the statue of the great and immortal patron raised on high and with a crown of emerald lights and brilliant encircling his head. Then the organ, under the touch of Professor Fowler, sent forth volumes of inspiring music, the old Irish airs bringing back many recollections and telling in harmonious tones of faith and patriotism. The celebration of Pontifical High Mass was now commenced. His Lordship Mgr. Fabre, Bishop of Montreal, officiated, assisted by Deacon and sub-Deacon and several clergy. At the end of the Gospel the Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, pastor of White River Junction, of the diocese of Burlington, delivered an eloquent and impressive sermon.

He said:—The most precious element in the life of a nation is that which most enables it to promote the good of humanity, the glory of God, and its own permanence and power, that such an element is the spirit of faith, I hope to be able to show from a brief study of the working of that spirit in general—and particularly in the Irish nation. The spirit of faith is that deep conviction of faith which does not imprison religious belief in the sanctuary of the soul, but gives it expression and realization in every sphere of life and action. It is that conviction which stamps our lives with high aims and just methods that wear the impress of faith; it is the spirit of God, abiding in His Church and made manifest in its members.

There is another spirit which comes up from the depths of hell—laden with destruction and death. Its mission is reinforced by its allies, doubt and mistrust; to undermine, to blacken, to destroy the work of faith and of God. It is this spirit, the spirit of unbelief, that the spirit of faith has to grapple and contend in its glorious struggle for humanity, for God and for nations. But I have said, the spirit of faith is its most powerful impulse to promote the true welfare of man, and when I say a nation, I do not refer to the action of the Government, but to the general result of the moral character of its people. Faith shows man standing upon that high, resplendent plain of supernatural life whence he reaches almost to God. It reveals the grandeur of his destiny, the priceless value of his soul, the boundless extent of his capabilities. The spirit of faith loves that being, because it sees the glory of God bound up in it. And at once it proceeds with earnest zeal to enable man by developing the power which God has deposited within him to teach his sublime calling. She must grasp his hand and turn towards the beneficent light of faith and science. She must anticipate the degrading influence of labor wickedness, and to his physical existence she must secure the amount of liberty required for the highest and best development of his faculties. Here is the secret of that fervor of apostolic zeal and of the wondrous, active and vital character of the Catholic Church and of her children in every land. Here is what makes her the messenger of light, the benefactress of the afflicted, and the champion of the oppressed. From the first moment that the night of ignorance that had long brooded over the earth, began to flee before the ever advancing sun of divine faith to the latest ordination

of a priest, to the latest departure of a Catholic missionary for Pagan lands, to the last life-sacrifice made by heroic men, and those at the altar, out of love for instruction of youth, we have only the spectacle of the spirit of faith seeking in its thirst for souls, to enlighten them by true faith and true science. It was this holy ambition that first civilized nations, then civilized them, and afterwards refined them. It was her life for the enlightenment of man that prompted the Church to rescue, and to guard from the wreck of ages, the intellectual treasures of the past. Within the sacred precincts of the sanctuaries there arose those towering geniuses who are the luminaries of their own and the amazement of all subsequent ages. The deep and lasting traces of their power still remain in the greatest sources of human and divine knowledge which the world possesses to-day. From that germinal idea of the love of souls, from the spirit of faith, has sprung up those most admirable teaching orders, whose only ambition and whose only position, without hope of earthly reward, is to show the ecclesiae of the Church and the fondness of Jesus for the young. Thus is the Church, actuated by her spirit of faith, the permanent possessor of true science and the great dispenser of knowledge. Again do we find the same spirit prompting the Church to labor constantly for the improvement of man's social condition. From the beginning she upbraided tyrants for the abuse of their power and threatened them with the anger of God. Whilst enjoining submission even to tyrants when submission was not sin, and when resistance would be unproductive of good she upbraided tyrants for their abuse of power and threatened them with the vengeance of that God, before whom Emperor and slave are equal. She despised the persecutor, and the poor were her favorites. The first use she made of her ascendancy over the rulers of the world was to overthrow slavery. Gradually the ordinances of her councils, the authority of her Popes, the influence of her bishops swept it off the face of Catholic Europe. During the confusion that attended and followed the barbarian invasion she sheltered in her bosom the relics of civilization and thought her rude children the science of faith and government. She skillfully prepared the way for the fall of the empire of the Caesars, the mother of liberty. In a word, as the Church is the mother of faith and true science, so she is the foster-mother of the best forms of social and civil life. And from her and her influence has emanated every beneficial element of social and civil life, that the world has ever possessed since the dawn of Christianity, and whatever has been promulgated contrary to or diverging from her teaching and her spirit is positively destructive and baneful to the world. I commend this assertion to the consideration of the thinking youth and of any who feel disposed to prove the contrary. It is unnecessary for me to enlarge on the work of the Church in alleviating the physical wants of man. She has taught the astonished world her true faith: works by charity. She has exemplified the divine teaching of brotherly love. No vanity of sufferings, no horrors of loathsome disease, no increasing multitude of helplessness and poverty can ever exhaust the resources or the patience of her love. Are not her charities to-day a wonder and a mystery to the world? Do not the ministers and the dispensers of her mercy surpass in beauty and heroism the grandest ideals ever pictured in the imagination of the most enthusiastic philanthropist or social reformer? Compared with her do not the efforts of any other institution dwindle into barren and puny insignificance? When the Church was unimpeded in the guardianship of the poor, the pariahs of society; but now the monopolizing spirit of the State steps in and thrusts the Church aside, and the poor, or the masses, as they are contemptuously called, are made the slaves of instruments of greed and power and Capitalism, and when the tool is worthless it is cast aside. If they become poor, degraded, and loyal, charity, with its eyes that are blind, and its hearts of steel and hands of iron, must remove them far away from the sea of suffering, cold, cruel, disdainful public benevolence outside of the Catholic Church and the institutions inspired and governed by the spirit of Faith. There is no power capable of civilizing rude or barbarous nations. Civilization in non-Catholic nations, by the civil power, has come to all even within their own borders, and without they have never civilized nor evangelized a single tribe or people. The explanation is easy. They were never propelled by the spirit of Faith, but of cruel greed and conquest. And, far from redeeming the ignorant or the savage, they have in every instance, as the history of our own continent testifies, decimated and annihilated them. To show how the spirit of faith in a nation shows forth the glory of God would be to repeat what I have already said, for the more perfectly a man that is redeemed and mentally and morally elevated the more resplendently does he manifest the glory of his Creator. Show me a people in which subjects and rulers are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of faith and I will show you a nation that is not merely Christian in name, when the divine supremacy is practically recognized; I will show you a ruler who will before men the justice, the wisdom, the power, the magnanimity of his God; I will show you a people who are all the better citizens because they are devoted patriots because they hold their allegiance to God; I will show you a people whose children at home swell the ranks of the peaceful armies of the Lord, and who send the messages of faith and civilization to the confines of the earth, laborers for God and humanity, who would penetrate the Indies, almost christianize Japan, and lay deep in the very heart of Buddhism foundations of faith that the most furious waves of sanguinary persecution have been unable to overthrow. These are the nations that will leave behind them monuments of their faith—testimonials of their high aspirations and their sublime lives—that may perhaps excite the derision of shallow unbelief, but will show at least that they were not a puny race, that they dared to make a sacrifice for the glory of God. To make successful terms for the government of man with success it is necessary to take into account his supernatural destiny, to remember that he is necessarily a religious being, or else he ceases almost to be human. Human laws, then, to fit the wants of man to be wise, to be just, must at least be in harmony with the spirit of faith. Spirit of faith gives to those laws a divine authority and a divine sanction. Patriotism is fed and strengthened by the traditions of the past, by the associations that bind the heart of man to his native soil. For him that soil is sanctified by the labors and the blood of great men, sanctified by the heroic deeds of great men. It is the sanctification that cradled his childhood—the sanctuary which his youthful soul was first brought into communion with God; there lies the subject of his thoughts. Take away the spirit of faith, and you annihilate the sacred past.

Man becomes a mere earthworm, and his country is wherein he can gather comfort or gold. It is to this spirit of religious patriotism that Christendom and its savior arose at the call of Faith, and hurled back the forever crumpled legions of encroaching Islamism. And if even the fate of Christendom or the security of true liberty is endangered, you will find their readiest and their staunchest champions not amongst the disciples of unbelief or false philosophy, but amongst the faithful children of the Church.

The rev. speaker then unfolded the results of the influence of this spirit of faith on the Irish nation. He said they should not be surprised if the glories of the Old Land had not been broached before, for while he deemed a nation by its spirit of faith, he was implicitly glorifying Ireland, towards which his heart—all the hearts of his hearers—gravitated to this glorious anniversary. "That the spirit of faith which animated the people of Ireland was the source of their intellectual supremacy and high standard of civilization in centuries gone by, was a fact beyond doubt, and that the perpetuity and power of that nation were founded on it was equally evident. It is through that spirit of faith that Ireland to-day is able to stand up and say to her children and the world, 'I am still alive, and I am still a nation.' Yes, destroy the faith of Ireland, and her individuality vanishes, her reason of existence is taken away. 'The duty, therefore, of all Irishmen is to cultivate and practice that faith which was the source of the honor and glory of their forefathers as it will continue to be the strong mainstay of Ireland's union, permanence, power and prosperity."

The musical part of the service, under the direction of Prof. Fowler, the organist of St. Patrick's, was rather in advance of than behind the performances of former years. An Italian composition by Luzzani, consisting of three numbers, *Kyrie, Gloria and Credo*, procured by Prof. Fowler in the author's manuscript, was prepared for this occasion and received an effective rendering by a choir of about 50 voices, men and boys, accompanied by the organ and a string orchestra; Mr. Wm. McCaffrey, the soloist. The *Sonata and Gloria*, were chosen from Gounod's Grand Mass. The soloists were Master P. McCaffrey (soprano), Master Eddy Clark (alto), Messrs. W. J. O'Hara, McQuirk and Hickey (tenors), and Jas. Crompton and Edward Casey (bass). Master McCaffrey sang leading parts in all the numbers, Master Clark in the *Kyrie and Credo*, W. O'Hara, in the *Kyrie and Gloria*, took the tenor parts in a quartette, Gno and Gno. Mr. Crompton (bass) sang in the *Gloria*, duo and solo in the *Credo*. Mr. Casey had basso parts in the *Kyrie and Quoniam*, and Messrs. McQuirk and Hickey in the *Sonata and Agnus Dei*, sang the tenor solos. Prof. Fowler evidently believes in decentralization, for he distributed the tasks and divided the honors. He proved successful in his choice in every case, and may be felicitated on the harmony and brilliancy of the musical part of the day's celebration. We almost forgot to mention that at the Organist Mr. Foley sang Gounod's *Ave Maria* (tenor solo), and the chorus was taken up by the whole choir. We are likely to hear these numbers repeated at a sacred concert to be held shortly by the choir in aid of one of our charitable institutions.

At the conclusion of mass the societies reformed and followed up the line of march in the following order:—

ALDERMAN PATRICK KENNEDY.

Marshal-in-Chief.

Band—Banner.

1. The Montreal Hackmen's Union and Benefit Society—Mounted Band.

2. Congregation of St. Mary (not members of any Society).

3. Boys of St. Bridget's Christian Brothers' School.

4. Young Men's Literary and Social Union.

5. St. Bridget's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.

6. Boys of St. Ann's Christian Brothers' School.

7. Congregation of St. Ann (not members of any Society).

Band—Flag.

8. Shamrock Lacrosse Club.

Band—Banner.

9. The "M" Legion Guards.

Band—Flag.

10. The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society—Mounted Band.

Band.

11. St. Ann's Banner.

12. Boys of St. Lawrence Christian Brothers' School.

13. St. Patrick's Congregation (not members of any Society).

Band—Flag.

14. Students of St. Mary's College.

Band—Flag.

15. St. Patrick's National Association.

Band—Flag.

16. Irish Catholic Benefit Society.

Band—Banner.

17. The St. Patrick's Benevolent Society.

Band—Banner.

18. St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.

The "St. Bridget Banner."

Band—Banner.

19. The St. Patrick's Society.

The Mayor and Invited Guests.

The Clergy.

The streets were lined with crowds of people as the procession filed down Beaver Hall Hill. The Montreal Hackmen's Union and Benefit Society, mounted, led the way, headed by the band. A Union discourse, the inspiring strains of "St. Patrick's Day," The hackmen made really a splendid show, turning out over a hundred strong and presenting a very creditable appearance. The horses, as they paraded behind the music, the flash as they extended nostrils, gave the procession a martial look, their riders being gaily attired in green sashes and ribbons. Through some mismanagement, however, a rather extended gap was visible after the horsemen, which a little further along the line of route was rectified by the marshals.

The Young Men's Literary and Social Union looked exceedingly well.

The St. Bridget's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society turned out in great force, as did the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society, whose appearance as they marched past in large numbers was the subject of very flattering comments.

THE SPEECHES.

The procession arrived at St. Patrick's Hall at about three o'clock, when Mr. F. B. McNamee mounted a pulpit and attempted to address the crowd. He was, however, for a long time unable to do so owing to derisive shouts and cries of "informant." After he had succeeded in partially getting a hearing, he thanked those present for taking part in the procession, for which the Irishmen of Montreal were to be congratulated. After referring to the concert he concluded.

Hon. Mr. B. Saubien, President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, who was most enthusiastically received, said the Irishmen of the city had reason to be proud of the grand turnout of the day. He said that in this country, where all enjoyed equal liberty, the Irish were a progressive people, and he trusted that the day was not far distant when another land they would enjoy the same liberty.

Mr. J. P. Weiland, of the Post, was here repeatedly called for, and not appearing, Mr. Barry proceeded to deliver an address, but was interrupted, and unable to do so for some

time, owing to the repeated cries of "Whelan, Whelan!"

Mr. James McShane, M.P., was well received and followed in a few well chosen remarks, and after Mr. Barry had called for three cheers for Parnell and three for the Queen the assemblage separated.

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

HAVE HOPE.

Before you despair of curing a troublesome cough just verging on consumption try Haggard's Pectoral Balsam; it has cured others, why may it not cure you? All dealers sell it.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Spirits are composed of—well, gnome matter.

An artist is not as strong as a horse; but he can draw a larger object.

Some tailors would make capital dragons. They charge so.

"Parting in such sweet sorrow"—particularly with a cracked looking glass and a toothless comb.

A man who is intimate on a short acquaintance is very apt to be "short" on more intimate acquaintance.

Mr. Blamey, suddenly missing from Ballarat, simultaneously with a good deal of other people's money, occupied a pulpit on the 9th ult.

She (of a literary turn)—Doesn't this remind you of a lawn fete under Louis XIV.? He (matter-of-fact)—Beg pardon, that was rather before my time, you know. (Silence.)

"It is not right to spoil a golden wedding," was the ground on which a Missouri judge recently refused a divorce in a case where the parties had lived together forty-nine years.

Some of the girls of the period, it is said, are parting their hair on one side. They do this because they do not wish to look like the soft young men who part their hair in the middle.

"You made a fool of me," said an irritated man to his wife. "My love," she sweetly responded, "you do yourself injustice; remember that you are in all respects a self-made man."

Indignant Boarding-Mistress—"Why, what are you for?" Fat boy on table—"Mr. Howlett put me here. He says it's his birthday, and he wants to see something on the table besides hash."

The impudencious man who married an always-epoke of her as a capital wife. It was to his interest to do so. If he had not done so she would have daily reminded him of "my money."

A little boy on being rebuked for his noisy conduct in which his sister had some share, declared that she ought to be included in the scolding. "If I was so boisterous," he said, "she was gristlierous."

In a bill for pulling down the old Newgate, in Dublin, and rebuilding it in the same spot, it was enacted that, to prevent unnecessary expense, the prisoners should remain in the old goal till the new one was finished.

George Law, who recently died in New York, started with a hod and quit with a million.—Er. What in the name of common sense did the man want with a million hods? He must have been a hod fellow of eccentric degree.

"Eloise" asks if we will publish her poem on "The Wavelet of the Rivulet." With a smile upon our faces we reply, yes. Write only upon one sidelet of the sheetlet, Eloise, and put on enough stamplets. Your poetist shall have spacelet.

Carlyle being once asked the difference between a natural fool and an educated fool, replied: "Just about the difference between you and me, I suspect." The questioner was never able to determine what kind of a fool he was.

CONSIDERATE.—Mistress (on coming home from the sea-side)—"Why, Jane, what's become of the bull-finch?" "Jane—Well, you see m'm, it didn't say much and looked droopin'-like, so cook put it out of misery, and I 'ed it stuffed for my 'at."

When Sir John Scott (afterwards Lord Eldon) brought in his bill for restraining the liberty of the press, a member moved as an additional clause that all anonymous works should have the name of the author printed on the title-page.

There is only one woman we know of who can let other women pass by her without looking after them to see whether their polonaises are shirred in the elbow and cut bias on the tobacco pocket. The woman in question is a wacko sign.

"Mamma, I don't think the people who make dolls are very pious people," said a little girl to her mother, one day. "Why not, my child?" "Because you can never make them kneel, I always have to lay my doll on her stomach to say her prayers."

"You don't appear to catch on," remarked the post to the rate; "I like to see a gate well posted." "I feel hinge-ared by your remark," replied the gate; "your railery seems barren of wit." "That's your staple remark when you are shut up," answered the post; "you never like to see a post hold its own."

"What would you do, if you were me and I were you?" tenderly inquired a young swell of his lady friend, as he escorted her home from church. "Well," said she, "if I were you, I would throw away that vile cigarette, cut up my cane for firewood, wear my watch-chain under my coat, and stay home at nights and pray for brains."

A lady from the South, a clerk in the treasury, was telling that she expected soon to be dismissed. The reason assigned was her alleged rebel sentiments. "Do you know," said she, "they charge me with having been a rebel spy? That would make me about forty-five years old. I told them I would submit to a dismissal very gracefully, but I could never forgive the reflection on my age."

Moses Schaumburg was caught by his Aunt's avenue rival in business tearing down the rival's posters, announcing the arrival of Christmas goods. "What do you mean by destroying my posters, you scoundrel?" asked the rival threateningly. "Dot's were you was fooling yourself," replied Moses, badly scared. "I was so much blessed mit dat boster I choost pulled him down to see if there was any more teasing matter on de outer side."

One day a laboring bricklayer was called as a witness in an action before Chief Justice Ellenborough. When he came to be sworn his lordship said to him, "Really, witness, when you have to appear before this court it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance." "Upon my life," replied the witness, "if your lordship comes to this, I'm thinking I'm over by it as well dressed as your lordship." "How do you mean?" said the judge angrily. "Why, faith," said the laborer, "you come here in your working clothes, and I've come in mine."

IRISH NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE

After the Land League—what? This is a question which, in a variety of forms, has been uppermost in the Irish mind for many months past. In some instances it has formed a voice, and not infrequently provoked discussion. When the advanced Irish National party gave their adhesion to the League, and aided in the furtherance of its proclaimed principles, it was easy to foresee that Irish aspiration and action would not end even with the success of the most extended claims of that organization; the men who looked upon so-called constitutional effort as the most incomprehensible of cautions, and regarded the "moral-force" doctrine of prayer and petition to Parliament, as a miserable fatality, could not have pinned their faith as finally on a settlement of the Land question, no matter how satisfactorily adjusted. The security of a tenant in his holding—the adjustment of rents on an equitable basis—the right of compensation for improvements in case of disturbance—the establishment of the occupiers' proprietary—all good in their way, were only still good for a class—a comparatively small section of the people of Ireland, and it was never meant that the pledges which Irish martyrs gave for Ireland's truth, the promises they made of her fidelity, the hopes they cherished of her courage, the trust they had in her perseverance, should be compromised in the end by an acceptance of a small piece of class legislation—the amelioration of the condition of the few at the expense of the satisfied subservience of the many. This certainly was not the logic of the League.

An alternative was looked for. Successful, the League movement would be at an end; defeated, a continuance of the agitation would be a waste of effort and energy. In either case, unless Irish sentiment had become so depraved or so exhausted that old associations—the yearnings of youth-time and the aspirations of age—had been crushed out forever, a new effort in a new direction, with the old hopes ever new and the ancient zeal undiminished, would become a necessity; and man began to grow impatient for some indication as to the scope and shape of the progressive programme of freedom. The Coercion Act cleared the vision a little. The arbitrary arrest of Parnell and the auspices made the