

The Rabby Puzzle—Solution.
BY F. O'G. MACL.

I have travelled on that line.
And paid to take a ticket.
For bringing me to Malahide or Sutton;
But I never was in doubt.
Why the puzzle was laid out.
Full of politics from top to lowest button.
I have watched him as he walked.
Near travellers, when they talked.
Though the weather might be chronically fair.
And I know his noble lot.
Was to learn some rebel plot.
Gaining the gentles and the nobles round
Rabney.

A member might fly past.
Like a demon on a blast.
Bringing wiles and blights and actions to
some village;
Might be going down to tell
The tenants of some well.
That his just demands were almost open
pillage!

The members, or their wives.
Might be bringing swords and knives
To murder men like Mr. Robert Freney;
So I saw the reason d'etre
Of that Irish Irelander
On "patrol" upon the station at Rabney.

And the blessings that I cast
At that peevish old priest.
Must, like fog-signals, often have exploded,
Till I could see a man.
Strike the peeler with an sublimated that was
leaded.

So the peeler, with the Crown
In their ears, in every town.
Must watch the peeler with a weather bright or
rainy—
Thus the monument in green
Stands forever, to be seen
Seeing nothing, at the station at Rabney!
—Dublin Nation.

KNOCKNAGOW
OR,
THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.
BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XLII.—CONTINUED.

"The Kearneys are coming up through the fields," Lory observed—reminded of the fact by his sister's last remark.
"How do you know?" Rose asked.
"Because I'm after seeing them," returned Lory.
"I suppose Richard is with them?" Kathleen inquired with a yawn.
"Yes, he was on before the rest. He was looking back at them, or I would have spoken to him."
"Is Grace with them?"
"She and Hugh were talking to Tom Hogan, who is making drains in the field next the grove."
"Kathleen!" exclaimed Mrs. Hanly, bustling about the room to put everything in its proper place, "throw away that wretched little dog, and be doing some thing."
Kathleen started up, and flung her favourite from her—whose doleful wail was suddenly changed into a yelp. Lory having accelerated its exit with the toe of his heavy boot, so he hurried out to meet the visitors. Kathleen looked about her, at a loss as to the "something" she ought to be doing. She had a vague idea that her sleeves should be tucked up above her elbows; but as there was not a moment to be lost, she snatched a bunch of keys from the table and ran up stairs; with a view to coming down when called, with the keys at her girdle, and looking greatly surprised on finding her friends in the parlour.

The doctor's devotion was always looked upon by Mrs. Hanly as a means to an end; and was very much far the fact Kathleen herself had come round to that way of thinking also. A lecture from her father—illustrated by divers examples within his own personal knowledge, of what the worthy attorney called "general beggary"—made a deep impression upon his charming daughter. And a question eagerly put by her mother, apropos of Dr. Richard Kearney, to the effect, "was it in his pocket he'd put her," helped also to give Kathleen's thoughts a practical turn. So that she only yawned and went on pulling her dog's ears as she asked "was Richard with them?" But the moment she heard that Hugh was coming Kathleen started up to "be doing something."

But it must not by any means be inferred that Hugh Kearney had won the heart of the beauty of Castleview; except in a general way. She had come to connect the very opposite of that dreaded "general beggary" with the idea of an extensive farmer, and had no opportunity of recommending herself to that class of wooers. She had on one occasion all but made sure of a wealthy young farmer from the county Limerick, who had purchased some cattle from the attorney, and spent the evening at Castleview. The knowledge she displayed of every thing connected with farming—and particularly the wisdom of her views as to the making of butter—made such an impression upon the gentleman from Limerick, that, over and over again (as he afterwards confessed), he found himself repeating the words, "This is the girl for me." And as Kathleen talked and talked in her bewitching way, the only question that troubled the young man's mind was, whether he would then and there ask the attorney off hand to give him his treasure of a daughter, or put it off to the first Wednesday in the ensuing month, which was the fair day of Kiltubber. But in the very moment of her triumph, Kathleen asked, with a look of the profoundest wisdom—"How many hundreds of butter do you put in a firkin in your part of the country?"

The young man stared; but Kathleen repeated her question with a look of self-satisfied experience that absolutely appalled him. In vain her mother made signs to signify that she had blundered; in vain her father's sarcastic laugh; Kathleen would know how many hundred weight of butter went to a firkin in his part of the country. And she snatched her lips and closed as if she had thought of nothing but filling firkins for the best part of her life, as she panted for a reply. To her astonishment, however, the young county Limerick farmer suddenly rose and took his leave; looking as if he found himself picked off by a delayed another instant.

"O Lord!" exclaimed the young farmer, looking back at the house on his way, "as if to assure himself that he was safe—O Lord, there's no depending on any of them. I was—O Lord, I was being taken in!" "How many hundreds of butter do you put in a firkin?" "Eis my opinion she don't know a firkin from a herring-stand. O, and the way she talked!"

thought she was the best manager in Munster. The fact is," he added, as if he had quite made up his mind upon the point, "they're not to be depended on."
For nearly a year after, the young county Limerick farmer lived in perpetual dread of being "taken in"—the sight of a delicate white hand affecting him like a snake in the grass—and to put an end to his misery, by effectually guarding against the apprehended danger, one fine morning married his dairy-maid; the dairy-maid, in the innocence of her heart attributing her good fortune to her blooming cheeks and a pair of soft brown eyes—never dreaming that she owed it all to Miss Kathleen Hanly's Brobdignagian ideas of firkins of butter.

And now Kathleen tripped down stairs with the keys at her girdle, and stopping in the middle of her song, looked so surprised to find that Rose was not all alone. She recovered herself sufficiently to welcome her visitors in the prescribed fashion. But as she looked around, and caught something like a malicious smile in Rose's eyes, Kathleen bit her lip, and immediately became intensely amiable.
"The keys were a mistake; for Hugh did not come in at all. The lap dog on the sofa would have done much better under the circumstances."
But that unhappy little lap dog! How dearly he paid for these little mistakes and disappointments! The Brobdignagian firkin had well-nigh proved the death of him. For when his mistress flung herself on the sofa, after being informed that a firkin was never known to contain even one hundred of butter, she squeezed the poor creature's windpipe till its eyes seemed starting out of its head. And—as if the application of Lory's "blucher" were not enough punishment for one day—the fair Kathleen, on returning her place on the sofa after seeing her visitor part the way home, commenced knocking the persecuted little animal upon the skull with the bunch of keys; as if she were determined to practically test the truth of the proverb, "There's many a way of killing a dog besides choking him with butter."

CHAPTER XLIII.
A HAUNTED FARM.
When Attorney Hanly had delivered up the contents of all his pockets to his son, and left himself penniless, he fixed his eyes on Mr. Isaac Pender who was immediately assailed by the midges, and rubbed his face all over, as if those imaginary tormentors threatened to set him out of his wits. Still Attorney Hanly kept his eye upon him, and Mr. Pender turned upon his heel for relief, and looked towards the three poplars on the hill.
"A little outlay," he said, "would make that farm of Beresford's a nice place. Look at Maurice Kearney's farm a little below it, and drawing would make the other place superior to it, for it is better situated. I think," he added, venturing to look at the attorney, "I think Beresford would give it up."
"I wouldn't suit me at all," replied Mr. Hanly.
"If the presentment for the new road passes," Mr. Pender ventured to observe, "it will be as convenient to the market as your own house. And I know you could manage a satisfactory lease."
"I wouldn't take a present of it," said Mr. Hanly.
"So I thought. So I said. I know you wouldn't care for it," rejoined Mr. Pender, as if he quite approved of his friend's view on the subject, or, at all events, fully appreciated his motives for not wishing to have anything to do with the farm. "I know you only want some land adjoining this place. And 'tis a pity your farm is not larger, when you have such a good house and offices built on it. I know you only want what will make the farm suitable for such a house and offices."
To some extent Mr. Isaac Pender was right. It was land adjoining his own that Attorney Hanly was most anxious to get. But a farm even some distance from Castleview would have suited him very well. And when Mr. Pender first spoke of "that farm of Beresford's" Mr. Hanly looked up towards the poplar trees as if they possessed considerable attraction for him; quite as much, one would have supposed from the expression of his face, as the same three trees seemed to possess for Mr. Donovan. And, curiously enough, Attorney Hanly, standing in the middle of his own lawn, and gazing at the poplar trees, did precisely what Mr. Donovan had done when he was gazing at them from the middle of Maurice Kearney's wheat field an hour or two before. That is, Attorney Hanly turned quickly round and fixed his eyes on a cluster of whitethorn trees near the foot of another hill behind Maurice Kearney's fort. And it was after looking in this direction that Attorney Hanly said abruptly he would not "take a present of it," making the farm where Benny Morris was born—as the old Gally boy says—Murry—and which looked so desolate in the eyes of Barney Broderick as he stood on the double ditch trying to catch a sight of Mr. Beresford Pender's servant, to send him to take charge of the book needed steed. It was a rather remarkable coincidence that Mr. Donovan and Benny Morris and Attorney Hanly were all looking towards the three poplar trees at the same time.
"Who knows!" said Mr. Donovan, as he went on castle building; "greater wonders come to pass every day." And then Mr. Pender turned round and looked towards the whitethorn at the foot of the hill beyond the pit.
"Something tells me that I will live there yet," said Benny Morris, as he stood upon the rustic seat in the little garden under Mary Kearney's window, in order to have a better view of the poplar trees over the hedge. And then she, too, turned round and looked towards the whitethorn.
"Yes, it would do very well," thought Attorney Hanly, as he looked up at the three trees; "but—I would not take a present of it!" he added aloud, as he turned round and looked towards the cluster of whitethorn at the foot of the hill.
Since the day Dick Morris left the hill for dead, who had flung his fair, delicate young wife from the door, and made her escape, the place had been left without a tenant. Many and many a greedy eye was turned to the three tall trees; but no one ventured to send in a proposal for the farm. Mr. Beresford Pender undertook to manage it for the

landlord to the best advantage by taking in grazing stock and mowing so much of the land as was fit for it; and so long had the state of things continued that his worthy father always spoke of the farm as "that place of Beresford's." Yet even Beresford would not have ventured to formally become the tenant. He was even occasionally heard to declare that his keeping the place was a disagreeable necessity, and that nothing would please him better than to hand it over to anyone who would be acceptable to the landlord. The fact was, that lone some farm, with no living thing visible upon it that bright winter day but two earless crows in the midst of a sheet of water, and a magpie upon the roof of the tumble down barn, was haunted by the ghost of Black Humphrey, whose fate was commemorated by the firm near the sand pit, but by an old lame man, who usually kept his lips closed very hard, and whose grey eyes gleamed in a piercing sort of way that made some people feel uneasy as he stamped about the place at regular intervals, marking the ravages that time was making in it, and seeming to derive particular satisfaction from the grass growing through the floors of the out-offices. Old Phil Morris was never accompanied by his granddaughter on these occasions, though she often asked to be let go with him.

"No," he would say in reply to her request, "you are making it in, and this is how Dick Morris's farm was haunted, and remained tenanted in consequence. This is why Attorney Hanly would not 'take a present of it.'"
"I'm going to tell Tom Hogan," said Mr. Isaac Pender, "that his rent is raised."
"I'm Tom Hogan's rent raised?" Attorney Hanly asked while his eyes almost flashed with pleasure and surprise.
"Only a trifle; only a trifle," replied the agent, "unless you care to go and get Sir Garrett to understand these things. Sir Thomas was a great loss to the country. He understood the proper system; but Sir Garrett knows no more about the management of a property than a child. His nephew nearly all his life abroad. And his nephew tells me he's going again immediately. Why, I believe this morning he's coming to see the field with those ladies." Mr. Pender added in surprise. "I thought he was with Beresford. But I suppose he didn't mind seeing many of the tenants. Mr. Lowe is a nice young fellow—a very nice young fellow; and doesn't want to meddle in the affairs of the tenants at all. His mother wrote to Beresford to have an eye to him and keep him out of harm's way. She understands the state of the country much better than Sir Garrett. And still she thinks she ought to get her rent charge without any delay. Her eldest son is in India, and he ought to be able to send his mother something. His pay is high, and he ought to be able to do something for his mother. She's always writing for money."
The doctor, who thought Mr. Hanly was away from home, looked considerably put out on discovering his mistake. In fact, the doctor was never able to reason himself out of a very unreasonable and absurd feeling of awe of Mrs. Kathleen's wife. The attorney's habit of accosting him with "Well, lad," whenever he happened to encounter him about the house; and no amount of pulling his moustache and looking down at his long legs, could altogether satisfy the doctor that he was not a middle-sized boy on those occasions. He felt so disgustingly in the attorney's presence that he made it a point to avoid him as much as possible. A short time before he was strolling up through the same field, when the attorney called out from the grove at the opposite side—"Well, lad; the girls are out."
Whereupon the doctor replied, pointing to the castle in the distance, "The girls are out, but the boys are in the view from the top is very good." "Ay, ay, very interesting old ruin!" replied the attorney; and his dry laugh made several workmen about the place grin from ear to ear, and Dr. Richard Kearney roared up to the eyes. And now the doctor reddened again, lest Kathleen's eyes should rest on him as he walked by her friends. It was a slight relief to him that Grace was so far behind, as he dreaded her more than any of them. He walked back under the pretence of helping her over the fence, but in reality to keep out of Mr. Hanly's reach as long as possible, and until Mr. Lowe and Mrs. Pender had engaged his attention. Grace was highly gratified on seeing her uncle to hand her over the fence, and immediately forgot Hugh's existence, though he had not allowed as much as a beam to touch her all the way, while the doctor thought of nothing but his own boots and Kathleen Hanly. Hugh was taking her hand to help her up when she raised her eyes and saw the doctor. He had no notion that it was she, for his dignity and sheer terror of finding himself suddenly metamorphosed into a schoolboy that drove the doctor back to her. And as she tripped on gaily by his side to overtake Mary and Mr. Lowe, Hugh thought her a very pleasant sight to look at, even though she had deserted him so unceremoniously.

"O, Grace!" exclaimed, looking back with surprise, "what has become of Hugh?" And she looked so sad for a moment that Mary felt alarmed, imagining that some accident might have happened to him. But seeing him emerge from a clump of trees and go towards a stile which she knew led to the lower part of their own farm, Mary laughed at her own fears, and asked Grace why she looked so sad.
"Well, then," Grace replied, "I fear I may have offended Hugh."
"Offended Hugh! How could that be?" Grace told what had just occurred, and Mary laughed so heartily that the doctor turned sharply round, under the impression that she was laughing at herself.
"What are you laughing at?" he asked.
"O, I can't help it. This young lady is so fully of humility. She attaches no importance to herself at all! Ah! poor Hugh! I have no doubt he is quite miserable!"
"O, you may look at it in that light if you choose. But I feel that I have been ungrateful, and must really do something to make it up with him."
The doctor was in the act of snapping his fingers, and in fact showed some symptoms of cutting a caper, when his sister's laugh made him turn round under the

impression that he himself was the occasion of it. The attorney and the agent were walking away by a footpath that led to the road, apparently as if they had not seen him or his friends. And this was such a decided piece of good luck in the doctor's eyes, that he really might in the joy of the moment have executed one of "Callaghan's steps," as Mr. Barney Broderick had not Mary's laugh checked him.
"That is Mr. Hanly walking with the agent," said Mary. "They seem to be going to Tom Hogan's."
"Fair weather after them," returned Grace. "I'm glad they did not see us."
"If all the tenants were like Tom Hogan," the agent remarked, "it would be a nice property. 'Tis a pity his farm is so small. But when these three other farms will be added to it, 'twill be easy to make a nice place of it."
"Two thousand pounds," returned the attorney, "wouldn't make the rest of it like that." And he pointed to what really looked like "a piece of the Golden Vein" dropped among the rushes and yellow clay all around," to quote Mr. Donovan's agent.
"That's true; that's true," old Isaac muttered. "But if they did like Tom Hogan," he added, half reproachfully, half sorrowfully, "they wouldn't feel it. There is Tom at the drains."
Tom Hogan got that trembling in his hands when he saw the agent and his neighbors. Attracted by the agent's words, he came to such an extent that the spade dropped from them; and not caring that this should be observed, he looked about him for some excuse for having left off his work. Seeing a solitary crow pitch in the middle of his wheat-field—which looked as if a veil of green gauze were flung over the red-brown ridges—and fearing that the marauder would commence pulling up the young blades for the sake of the grains of wheat at the roots, he got out of the drain and hurried away.
"One would think he was afraid of us," said the attorney.
"No, no," returned Mr. Pender. "He knows nothing; unless Darby told him about this trifling rise in his rent, and that would not frighten him. He's only going into the house for something he wants."
"There was a very suspicious-looking fellow," Mr. Hanly observed, "lying in the grove there early this morning, and if I'm not much mistaken 'twas a pistol he thrust into his breast when he saw me coming towards him."
"What sort of looking fellow was he?" the agent asked, rubbing his face nervously.
"A tall, wild-looking fellow, with his clothes all in rags."
"I was that unfortunate man, Mick Brien," returned the agent. "I'm sorry now ever he'd put any hopes to him. Darby told me they don't like at all the way he is going on. He got straw from Maurice Kearney to-day to thatch his cabin, though they told him 'twas to be thrown down."
"Well, to come to business," said the attorney; "you're sure there'll be no difficulty in getting a renewal of my lease, without any increase of rent?"
"I'll walk with you," the agent answered. "I think I saw some one moving behind those trees in the corner. Yes, I'm almost sure we can manage the lease of your own place. But what hurry are you in? I'm sure Kearney knew just now you were getting a renewal, there's no knowing what he might do."
"I think the man has a right to a renewal," said Mr. Hanly; "who possibly was thinking of settling one of his blooming daughters comfortably."
"Well, well," muttered old Isaac, taken quite aback, "just let us walk this way."
"The pity Tom Hogan is so unreasonable. He can't be got to see that his farm is too small, and that he ought to give up possessable possession like the Ryans and Tom Donnelly. And his son," added the agent, rubbing his face, and looking around, as if he feared some one was about pouncing upon him to tear him to pieces—"his son is a wild young fellow."
"Is it of a barndoor boy you are afraid?" the attorney asked contemptuously.
There was something in old Phil Morris's grey eye that struck terror to the heart of Attorney Hanly. But he would have entered into possession of Tom Hogan's farm without the slightest misgiving!
"I'm afraid of a barndoor boy!" he muttered. "B. H."
TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.
Parkman in Ave Maria.
Marquette was a devout votary of the Virgin Mary, who, imaged to his mind in shapes of the most transcendent loveliness with which the pencil of human genius has ever informed the canvas, was to him the object of a veneration not unmingled with a sentiment of chivalrous devotion. The longing of a sensitive heart, divorced from all element of romance was blended with the fervor of his worship, and hung like an illumined cloud over the harsh and hard realities of his daily lot. Kindled by a smile of his celestial Mistress, his gentle and noble nature knew no fear. For her he burned to dare and to suffer, discover new lands and conquer new realms to her glory.

He begins the journal of his voyage thus: "The day of the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin—whom I had continually invoked, since I came to this country of the Ottawa to obtain from God the favor of being enabled to visit the nations on the River Mississippi—this very day was precisely that on which M. Jollet arrived with orders from Constantine, our governor, and from M. Talon, our intendant, to go with me on this discovery. I was all the more delighted with this good news, because I saw my plans about to be accomplished, and found myself in the happy necessity of exposing my life for the salvation of all these tribes, and especially of the Illinois, who, when I was at Fort St. Esprit, had begged me very earnestly to bring the word of God among them."
The outfit of the travelers was very simple. They provided themselves with two birch canoes, and a supply of smoked meat and Indian corn; and embarked with five men, and began their voyage on the 17th of May. They had obtained all possible information from the Indians, and had made, by means of it, a species of map of their intended route. "Above all," writes Marquette, "I placed our voyage under the protection of the Holy Virgin Immaculate, promising that if she granted us the favor of discovering the great river I would give it the name of the Conception."
Their course was westward; and, plying their paddles, they passed the Straits of Michilimackinac and coasted the northern shore of Lake Michigan, landing at evening to build their camp fire at the edge of the forest, and draw up their canoes on the strand. They soon reached the River Menomonee, and ascended it to the village of the Menomonees, or Wild-rice Indians. When they told them the object of their voyage they were filled with astonishment, and used their best ingenuity to dissuade them. The backs of the men who called the Pope anti-christian, the Roman Catholics idolaters, and used other language which would not bear repeating in mixed company, has "the sympathy of the lady members of his congregation on his side," or how can that colossal fraud who had the honesty to admit that he had never read the Confession of Faith in his life appear next Sunday before his congregation in the role of a spiritual teacher. "I'll preach no such creed as that," he is reported to have said after reading for the first time the Confession of Faith to which he had sworn allegiance prior to entering the Presbyterian ministry. "and if I am disciplined for my refusal to do so, I will go around the corner and start a church of my own."
Shades of Calvin! No wonder the old men would turn in his grave.
We Catholics, standing on the firm rock of Peter, view with sorrow not unmixed with sympathy, this spectacle of our Presbyterian brethren stumbling over the marshes of a groundless and unstable faith, leaping from one hillcock of opinion to another, and at last sprawling into the mire of religious doubt. We commend for their careful perusal the following extract from a pastoral letter of the great Archbishop of Westminster:
"The age of heresies is past. No one now dreams of revising the teachings of the Church or of making a new form of Christianity. For this the age is too resolute and consistent. Faith or unbelief is an intelligible alternative, but between variations and fragments of Christianity men have no care to choose. All or none is clear and consistent, and to reject any of it is to reject the whole law of divine faith."
And now comes a ruthless and unprincipled iconoclast who says that the idea of keeping Church and school separate is all wrong. He would wipe out the idea as with a sponge and in the hand of every public school pupil he would now and for all time put a bible with the understanding that the bible should form part and parcel of the public school curriculum.
There is nothing we appreciate so much as a good joke, and the action of the Presbyterians assailing the Catholic Church as the enemy of the Republic in demanding that religion and education go hand in hand together, who yet, demanding bible lessons as a necessary part of the public school system, to say the least, ludicrous. Taking it all in all, the Presbyterian convention was a remarkable gathering which has done more than anything we know of to demonstrate our oft-repeated assertion that the whole fabric of Presbyterianism is an antiquated relic of a patent absurdity.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE GRAVE OF THE POET PRIEST.
From the Mobile, Ala., Register, May 17.
When some wandering newspaper writer called attention to the fact that the warm sun had brought out the luxuriant vegetation so that the grave of Father Thomas J. Ryan, the poet priest, was overgrown and hidden from view, there was considerable public comment, and kind hands tended the grave from that time on. Later the proposition was made to erect a monument to the beloved dead, and the Children of Mary of the cathedral parish began raising a fund in support of this undertaking. They have progressed very satisfactorily, and will no doubt be surprised in learning that there is already a monument on the grave of the priest.
It is a plain marble slab about seven feet in length and three and a half feet in width, and bears the following inscription:
REV. A. J. RYAN,
PRIEST, PATRIOT AND POET.
Died April 22, 1886,
R. I. P.
At the head of the slab is carved in the marble the flag of the Confederacy, resting upon a rock.

MOSES HAD ASTHMA.
My husband had asthma for eight years with severe cough, and his lungs also were affected. He could neither rest, work, nor get relief from any medicine he tried. Some time ago we got Hagar's Eclectic Balm, and after taking six or eight bottles his cough is entirely cured, his asthma greatly relieved, and his lungs greatly benefited.
Mrs. MOSES COUCH, Appleton, Ont.
Lowe's Sulphur Soap is an elegant toilet article, and cleanses and purifies the skin most effectually.
Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

What It Will Do.
1 to 2 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Head-ache.
1 to 2 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Biliousness.
1 to 4 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Constipation.
1 to 4 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Dyspepsia.
1 to 6 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Bad Blood.
1 to 6 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Scrofula.
In any case relief will be had from the first few doses.
Biliousness and Acid Stomach.
Having used your Buckle Blood Purifier successfully for some time past for my complaint, biliousness and acid stomach, I have never found its equal.
Thos. W. SURROS, St. Thomas, Ont.
Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

water and the languid woods baked breathless in the sultry glare.
On the 17th of June they saw on their right the broad meadows, bounded in the distance by rugged hills, where now stand the town and fort of Prairie du Chien. Before them, a wide and rapid current coursed athwart their way, by the foot of lofty heights wrapped thick in forests. They had found what they sought, and "with a joy" writes Marquette, "which I cannot express," they steered forth their canoes on the eddies of the Mississippi.

THE SANTIMONIOUS CONCLAVE.
In one of Walter Besant's novels there is a delightful story of a shrewd, uneducated lawyer who amassed a large fortune and rose to distinction in the ranks of his profession. Being asked one day what the secret of his success was, he laconically replied: "Whenever I had had case and no defence to offer, I always made it a point to abuse the plaintiff's attorney."
This work is evidently the highest product of a fertile imagination, but had the author visited the Presbyterian Convention, now at session in Saratoga, he would have found abundant material for a novel, which, in point of humor and grotesqueness, would rival even Carlson's sales of the "Thompson Street Poker Club." We are inclined to laugh at their bewilderment, and had this convention been called for the purpose of fostering the growth and development of American mirth amongst us, we would undoubtedly have been the guests of all American humorists, and the delegates representing the Presbyterian Church of this country.
Fortunately, however, for the reputation of our local humorists, this convention is called for a more serious object, namely, the revision of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, which, like the character of a discharged domestic, don't bear investigation any longer.

Driven to desperation by the onslaughts which popular intelligence has made upon the breastworks of their religion during the last two hundred and fifty years, and being no longer able to defend the empty phantoms which they so long pursued, and the silly and un-Christian edicts which condemn infants to everlasting torments, these goodly-godies, like the lawyer of old, pour upon the Pope and the Catholic Church the long envenomed hatred of many years, and seek to cover up their own peccadilloes and the errors and inconsistencies of Calvinism by a tirade of vituperation and Billingsgate which would do credit to an Irish fishmonger. We are at a loss to know if the gentleman who called the Pope anti-christian, the Roman Catholics idolaters, and used other language which would not bear repeating in mixed company, has "the sympathy of the lady members of his congregation on his side," or how can that colossal fraud who had the honesty to admit that he had never read the Confession of Faith in his life appear next Sunday before his congregation in the role of a spiritual teacher. "I'll preach no such creed as that," he is reported to have said after reading for the first time the Confession of Faith to which he had sworn allegiance prior to entering the Presbyterian ministry. "and if I am disciplined for my refusal to do so, I will go around the corner and start a church of my own."
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"The age of heresies is past. No one now dreams of revising the teachings of the Church or of making a new form of Christianity. For this the age is too resolute and consistent. Faith or unbelief is an intelligible alternative, but between variations and fragments of Christianity men have no care to choose. All or none is clear and consistent, and to reject any of it is to reject the whole law of divine faith."
And now comes a ruthless and unprincipled iconoclast who says that the idea of keeping Church and school separate is all wrong. He would wipe out the idea as with a sponge and in the hand of every public school pupil he would now and for all time put a bible with the understanding that the bible should form part and parcel of the public school curriculum.
There is nothing we appreciate so much as a good joke, and the action of the Presbyterians assailing the Catholic Church as the enemy of the Republic in demanding that religion and education go hand in hand together, who yet, demanding bible lessons as a necessary part of the public school system, to say the least, ludicrous. Taking it all in all, the Presbyterian convention was a remarkable gathering which has done more than anything we know of to demonstrate our oft-repeated assertion that the whole fabric of Presbyterianism is an antiquated relic of a patent absurdity.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE GRAVE OF THE POET PRIEST.
From the Mobile, Ala., Register, May 17.
When some wandering newspaper writer called attention to the fact that the warm sun had brought out the luxuriant vegetation so that the grave of Father Thomas J. Ryan, the poet priest, was overgrown and hidden from view, there was considerable public comment, and kind hands tended the grave from that time on. Later the proposition was made to erect a monument to the beloved dead, and the Children of Mary of the cathedral parish began raising a fund in support of this undertaking. They have progressed very satisfactorily, and will no doubt be surprised in learning that there is already a monument on the grave of the priest.
It is a plain marble slab about seven feet in length and three and a half feet in width, and bears the following inscription:
REV. A. J. RYAN,
PRIEST, PATRIOT AND POET.
Died April 22, 1886,
R. I. P.
At the head of the slab is carved in the marble the flag of the Confederacy, resting upon a rock.

MOSES HAD ASTHMA.
My husband had asthma for eight years with severe cough, and his lungs also were affected. He could neither rest, work, nor get relief from any medicine he tried. Some time ago we got Hagar's Eclectic Balm, and after taking six or eight bottles his cough is entirely cured, his asthma greatly relieved, and his lungs greatly benefited.
Mrs. MOSES COUCH, Appleton, Ont.
Lowe's Sulphur Soap is an elegant toilet article, and cleanses and purifies the skin most effectually.
Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

What It Will Do.
1 to 2 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Head-ache.
1 to 2 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Biliousness.
1 to 4 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Constipation.
1 to 4 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Dyspepsia.
1 to 6 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Bad Blood.
1 to 6 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Scrofula.
In any case relief will be had from the first few doses.
Biliousness and Acid Stomach.
Having used your Buckle Blood Purifier successfully for some time past for my complaint, biliousness and acid stomach, I have never found its equal.
Thos. W. SURROS, St. Thomas, Ont.
Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.