

The Sinner in the Rain.

The rain is falling in guided beads,
The earth is refreshed as by holy chrism;
The trees like neophytes bow their heads
Under the waters of baptism.

God is bending his beautiful bow,
Tinged with the beams of his light super-natural;
And He stretches it forth o'er the earth to show
That His justice is long but His love eternal.

The sun looks out at dawn the sky
To give the revived earth a blessing,
And over the woods the breeze
As penitents sigh when their sins confessing.

Now the world is cleansed and no soil remains,
And the fields laugh back at the skies re-
-deeming;
But I stand haggard here still in my stains,
Though to wash me the blood of a God fell
streaming.

From the Catholic World.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER VIII.
AN EVENING-DROPPER.

The sixth day of his illness was sinking into a soft-colored twilight when John McDonnell could be said to have recovered in some degree the use of his limbs, though not of his tongue, to have been roused from the deadly nightmare which had so long held him fast, and to have come forth almost a second Lazarus from his living tomb. The danger was past; he was to live, and the unutterable sweetness of life, the delicious content and security of that state so often misunderstood, so woefully loved or hated, so miserably treated by its possessors, filled him with vague thankfulness to somebody—for he scarcely dared think of God—that the boon was still his and that he had delayed for a little the day of reckoning.

On that memorable evening when, sitting in the library, the hand of God had struck him, and he lay stunned, dazed, helpless, ignorant of what had befallen him, when from the hurrying steps, the frightened faces, and smothered expressions of alarm and grief from those around him he learned that he was become mortally ill, that his life hung in the balance, an agony had overshadowed him as terrible as the peace and security of the present moment were grateful. He died so helplessly and miserably, without a single movement of limb or feature, without a voice to call for assistance and sympathy, more than a child, less than a brute, his dying pain expressions, his despair unconsoling, was a fate whose justice he acknowledged, but whose fearful intensity of suffering could even now set him trembling with apprehension, and was to bring the glistening drops to his brow for many a day to come. To die with his manifold sins unconfessed, to go down to the grave laden with the possessions of others, to appear before God as a traitor who had defiled him and sold him like Judas for gold, as a bad father, responsible for the soul of his daughter, as a husband who might have rescued his wife from error, yet allowed her to go blindly to death, were circumstances that took a breathing personality for him, and stood before and mocking, demon-forms, threatening him separate vengeance, around his bed. He would have cried out the name of God to banish them, but there was no voice to come at his bidding. He would have hurled at them the sign of the cross, but his hands mocked his will and lay motionless. Bound and gagged with invisible cords, ready, like the guest who had no on his wedding-garments, to be thrown into the outer darkness, he saw opening for him that hell which he had made, and his first cry, secure past had seemed an impossible thing, a weak superstition, the barbarous invention of priests. He had laughed at it with the world; now it yawned laughing for him. Its reality was piercing his soul with anticipated agonies, and he excited himself, tired in the very room, a part of the very bed, where he lay. He saw his flames stealing insidiously through the floor, along the walls, by the curtains, along the coverlet, hanging over him, dancing around his helpless hands that could feel no pain, the smoke stifling him, the cries of unnumbered lost ringings, he could not fly nor call for help. One word he strove to scream out to his valet—a word which the man never heard but with abhorrence, and which had a cursed meaning in all but Catholic ears. With fatal prudence he had kept Catholic servants far from him, that he might never be in the mind of what he had been, and he should be still. His servants could not understand the great wail which his eyes expressed, and which to the Catholic would have been his most intelligible sign. The devil had been at great pains to make these last moments as hideous almost as those which were to follow. To whom? To the God against whom every action of his life had been directed in enmity? To the man whom he had rejected and betrayed for gain? To the mother whom he had insulted by his passive neglect and secret ridicule? To his friends, whose holiness had been to him scorn and by word? He would rather blaspheme, and he did in his madness.

The physicians came, handled him, discussed him, shook their heads doubtfully, nodded encouragingly when they thought he was looking, and said not a word in answer to his appealing eyes. They forced stimulants down his throat, and he performed many medical incantations over him; yet the one assurance that would have benefited him more than all this they withheld. "Shall I get well?" his eyes said as plainly as eyes could speak, and they were politely ignorant of such language. "Shall I recover my speech?" he groaned, and they retired to the outer room to discuss the matter privately. It was at this moment that Killany and his daughter returned from the opera. To have Nano's hands clasped around his neck, and to hear the sweet luring and agonized words from her lips, was an unusual sensation for him, and at another time he would have wondered and put her away with smiling refusal. He did not now think of this, hoping only that her affection would discover his greatest need. Alas! even she, unknowing, could not interpret his anguish. His child was his own reflex, who might have been his good angel at this hour had he felt long ago the importance of a father's position, the littleness of the power and wealth he had sinned and struggled to win, the truth and force and majesty of the religion he had deserted. She knew more of

the Zandavosta, of the Norse-sages, of the moral follies, madneses, and idiotic gyrations of philosophers, than of the Christian faith and its necessities. He had lived a pagan, she would help him to die one. Every accessory of death only added to his despair. It would have been a relief to toss himself about and scream his blasphemies in the ears of horrified listeners. "Yet even this was denied him. Cold, dead, ready for the tomb and yet alive, every inward sense sharpened by peril to ten times its ordinary acuteness, down to the grave and into the terrible beyond he was destined to go.

Killany's assurance to Nano that his illness was not absolutely dangerous relieved him of many of his apprehensions. The fear that had weighed him down as a nightmare departed, and he slept from exhaustion. His sleeping thoughts were scarcely less fearful than his waking ones. The deadly burden of his helpless limbs intruded itself everywhere. He walked in lands blossomed with eternal summer, but with the presence of venomous reptiles. They filled every place with their loathsomeness, and the more beautiful the spot the more terribly was it infested. If the appearance of fruit tempted him, and he approached to pluck it, a snake started from a concealment, and he could not fly with his dead limbs. When thirst brought him to a spring a coiled serpent lay beside it, forbidding all approach, or his helplessness was so great to bear him to the wished-for spot. Hungering and thirsting with water and food within easy reach, Tantalus-like he moved through the weary night, waking at times in deadly fear, and always unable to express it more than a smothered groan.

The days wearing on brought him but little rest or satisfaction. The sun, that came through the window and lay in a golden heap on the floor for some hours each day, was his only companion. It was dumb like him, but it came from heaven, and as he had learned to pray, he sent childishly enough his prayers to God with the fair messenger, begging that it, at least, would understand him and bring back a speedy and favorable answer. Each morning his eyes waited for the first ray that illumined the glass, watching until a thousand of them were flooding the room with light; and then he asked in his mind what news, and pretended to feel comfort that the answer was never made. His limbs were not the only parts which disease had affected.

Nano's devotion and filial tenderness were surprising but very acceptable. He wondered that he had not claimed so much that was sweet from her before, and remembered with shame how he had rejected her childlike advances. His neglect had now recoiled on himself. She, whose loving eyes should have been first to interpret his suffering, was last to understand. And, alas! the tempter had won her into direct disobedience when the knowledge had reached her through others. The very essence which she shared with her father was prompted as by remorse by affection. She was wronging him in his helplessness, playing the hypocrite instead of the true daughter, because of the same love of wealth and station which had been his characteristic and was the cause of his present despair and suffering. Killany's presence he could not endure. It was like the sight of a devil, and yet he dared not show his disgust and hatred. He would be out of his power soon when the great restitution would be made. Nothing could delay that now, he thought. He was an old man, broken down by disease, and his name would know him no more. He must prepare for death, and his first duty would be to cleanse from his soul those stains whose existence there had made the past week so terrible. He did not think of consequences but in the vaguest way. He was only anxious that a priest should come to take his confession and direct him in the thorny path which he and his daughter might have to tread. In Nano he had still great faith, and was angry with himself when Killany's assertions as to her utter want of the religious principle found a lodging-place in his disturbed mind. She would not retain the wealth of another at any cost. Her pride, at least, would push her down to comparative poverty in preference to maintaining her present state at the expense of others.

There was a moment of supreme satisfaction to him when, after eight days of enforced silence, he was able to articulate a little, and could move his hands sufficiently to write his name, which was a relief. He thanked the sun that morning with glad tears that at last he had been heard, and very gratefully, very humbly and penitently, received the priest and his admonitions. He was ready, anxious, and willing to do all that was required of him; but being unable to speak connectedly or continuously, or even to form a long sentence, the priest contented himself with putting him in the proper dispositions for the confession to be made three days later. McDonnell determined to spend those days in planning his method of restitution.

Here the work of the evil one began. Confession is a humbling and irksome thing even to the humblest of souls, and the devil, whose personality nowadays culture has banished from the circle of the truthful or possible, finds in it the occasion of his greatest triumphs as well as of his sorest defeats. The greater the sin and the more hidden, the greater the difficulty of confessing. McDonnell was about to strike, as he thought, a death-blow in the mind of one man at his own commercial integrity and purity of character, which was highly estimated in the world. This was no temptation to him, who had so severely suffered from remorse. Health and confidence were slowly returning. The misery of the past few days was becoming no more than a dream, and its sting was already half lost. The price which confession would cost him was tremendous—full restitution of his ill-gotten goods. The question rose vague and shadowy, yet importunate and daring. Why go to confession now if you will have to do as first intended? He put the thought away with a shudder, receding the flames that heaped about his bed on that dreadful night of his early sickness. Still the idea thrust itself forward. His mind was pitifully weak. He yielded to every influence brought to bear upon him, and magnified terrors or securities to an extraordinary degree. This act of justice which he was about to per-

form haunted him day and night. It looked at him from every object about which his disordered fancy could throw the attributes of life. The portraits on the wall, the marble figures on the mantel, the dragon-heads about the grate seemed to leer at him and say, "If you do this you are yours no more." Nano's pale face and troubled eyes disturbed him. She would be the chief sufferer. Wealth was not what it had been to him, but to her, so beautiful, so talented, so deeply in love with it, there was nothing he could offer to compensate for its loss. She would not be poor, but her present condition of life would be reduced to more than one-half of its magnificence.

The struggle in his breast between good and evil went on with varying fortune until that day which the priest had appointed to make his second visit. It was the turning-point of his career, and it found him undecided. Under such circumstances he who hesitates is lost. He could not resolve upon a final effort, could not determine to thrust aside the devil and do right at once and with honest courage. It was evening, and he sat in his invalid chair near the window through which the messenger sun had shone so cheerily during his illness. It might have reproached him now for his weakness, as before it had comforted him; but he was already below the horizon, and the reddening clouds were the only indications of its presence. He could feel that he was losing his feeble hold on heaven, and knew in a confused way that the blame must rest with himself. He would not pray. He feared almost that his petition for help might be granted, and the resolution he had taken would so cripple his daughter's fortune while he yet lived. The fading sun seemed to be receding less than he from heaven. Its rosy pathway downward seemed to be his own over which he was hastening back to earth again when he had been almost at the gates. The twilight slowly darkened. He heard the ringing of bells and the tramping of horses' feet on the avenue, and listened trembling to hear the sound of the priest's voice in the hall. He was mistaken. The priest had not yet come. There was a few minutes' respite for the unfortunate. He lay back in his chair relieved, and with the weariness of a child, fell asleep in the midst of his harassing thoughts.

It was an evening of anxiety to more than him in the cold, lonely, sin-stricken dwelling. Nano had listened with no less dread for the priest's coming. She no longer doubted the story of her father's sin, so many had been the confirming circumstances in his late behavior, but for his sake she continued to look coldly upon Killany, his pressing advances, and his eager offers for assistance. To-night the dreaded confession was to be made, and it was to be presumed that restitution would follow. She had learned that the absolute poverty which at first she had apprehended was not to reach her, but the loss of three-fifths of their present fortune was as keenly felt as if they were to lose all. The power which she loved to wield must necessarily go with the money. Where had been a constellation in society's heaven would now be a star of an ordinary grade, and even its moderate brilliancy might be clouded by disgrace if the story of her father's crime went forth. Poverty was nothing to such shame. Yet out of her misfortunes there seemed no avenue of successful and honorable escape, and she grieved and fretted, and the hours of grace went by, in hopeless misery. When Killany arrived with the intention of persuading her to adopt his method of deliverance from the danger, he found her in one of her strangest moods.

"Let me not mention to you," he said, "the crisis that is to be developed this night. You have thought of it often enough. The last time that the priest has had your father it was agreed that he should make confession at his window, which means simply that he will throw away his property and yours on the poor, or rather on such money-begging adventurers as the priest."

"You were listening," said Nano, with scornful composure, "to that last interview? You could not respect the privacy of your father's room?"

"Let it knock," she returned haughtily. "I do not fear one penny of a property which is another's! Whatever my father does in the matter, if it is within the bounds of reason, shall have my full approval and support."

"I applied your resolution," he said calmly. "The property belongs to no one, and your father, with his already weakened mind, will not act within the bounds of reason. The heirs of the property are dead. To no one can restitution be properly made. But the British Church requires that it be made to the poor, to some good work—a very fortunate arrangement for his reverence, who will now be enabled to pay off the debts on the asylums and other institutions of his diocese."

Nano was startled at this piece of intelligence, but she was careful to allow no tell-tale expressions to appear on her countenance.

"It is not our property, nevertheless," she said. "I leave all to the wisdom of my father and the priest."

"The mind of your father," answered Killany, with a calmness he did not feel, "is partially shattered, and the wisdom of his reverence is of a kind that will certainly appreciate the position in which you have placed yourselves. Once his grasping fingers close upon this wealth you will have to cut out your own eye to save your soul." Nano, that your mind was as much affected as your father's.

"I am not often prejudiced in favor of good," said she, with exasperating indifference, "and this is a fair opportunity to distinguish myself in the cause of virtue."

"Since you are to scatter your goods among the poor, then, I pray you end the comedy by taking the veil or retiring into the wilderness. But there is the bell, and I surmise that the priest has arrived. I shall not remain to see the game of foot-ball with your father. Commit me to his reverence as a

good kicker, for he will safely toe it into his strong-box. Take my advice and hear what passes between—"

"Sir!"

"I beg your pardon. Where great interests at stake one should not be too nice in taking risks. I wish you, cousin, a merry evening."

He went away chagrined but hopeful, half conscious of the dimly left behind. Nano was now face to face with her destiny, as the "cultured" love to say of those delicate situations where nature and the devil on one side struggle fiercely with the soul and grace on the other. It was easy to submit, while the danger was remote and looked like the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, to roll out platitudes of transcendental virtue, heroism, and self-denial, and to be politely scornful towards the practical but foul-smelling suggestions of Killany. Yet here was the hour of her trial. The feeble step of an old man on the stairs without was sounding a war-cry in her soul. Alas! instead of meeting the enemy with calm, unshaken demeanor, according to the best and most approved and most inspiring rules of the school, she had so lately met Killany's dark suggestions, she was meditating a parley and a disgraceful surrender. The maxims of Confucius and Seneca were making of her a helter-skelter retreat over the moral plain, being, very much more ornate of peace than the sneers of war. "No heirs," Killany had said. "The poor will have all." Why not she rather than the poor—she whose father had garnered, preserved and increased the wealth which its original owners were not living to claim?

The priest's step was at the head of the stairs. If she decides at all it must be done quickly. One minute of time is given her, for his reverence stops to rest after his ascent, and then comes slowly to the door on his bad legs. One minute, and the battle is fought and lost—lost, but not for Satan. Honor and self, mere material things, have been vanquished by the powers of darkness. Transcendentalism, to no one's surprise, has scorned another defeat.

The priest has entered and is shaking hands in his paternal way with a pale, composed woman whose whole demeanor is one of studied cordiality and self-possession. He is led down to the sick-room, where McDonnell still sleeps with his face upturned to the evening sky. "Father," she says, touching him arm-gently. The slightest touch awakes him.

"The priest has come," he cries, with a start, and his voice is joyous and dead.

"His reverence has been so kind," Nano says, "I shall leave you to talk with him."

Lights were brought in by the servant, and she goes out with him. The priest is looking towards his penitent with anxious eyes; he hears the door close, and he turns to see that the room is entirely free before the solemn conference begins. She has slipped noiselessly behind the screen, and has crept to the bed and round it, and is standing deep in the shadow near another door whence flight is easy, yet close enough to hear every word that is to be uttered. It does not matter that her heart is beating to suffocation under the humiliation which she has put upon herself. She has done a mean, unwomanly thing, and feels that she is capable of descending to lower depths of degradation. Her face is burning there in the darkness with shame. She thinks of Olivia, and the thought almost turns her from her purpose. But no; interest, passion is stronger in her soul, and she remains until the end.

Father Leonard was too experienced a man not to perceive that in the disposition of his penitent some serious and unfavorable change had occurred, and determining to take the devil by surprise and by the horns as well, he opened up briskly, taking it for granted that McDonnell was quite ready to do all that his religion required. But the unfortunate man stopped ere he had well begun, and more and more he decided that the right interest, when both were departed, decided as imperatively for the wrong.

When he looked up, in waking into Nano's face he fancied that in her eyes there was an expression of pain and appeal, as if she knew of the misfortune about to happen her and were nutely entreating him to spare her this blow. His heart shut out the grace proffered with a suddenness and decision that were appalling.

"I have concluded," he said coldly, when the priest began to speak, "to put off this matter of confession until a more convenient time. Your reverence will excuse me if I decline to discuss my reasons."

"I cannot excuse you," answered the priest mildly. "You are not aware of the risk you are running in acting thus. Where is your good sense and your gratitude? He who rescued you from death, and gave you time to save your soul, I repeat, at least ordinary thankfulness. You are showing extraordinary ingratitude. If you maintain this resolution you will have every reason to expect that when death stands at your door again God will be less merciful. It is the commonest justice."

"I have thought of all these things," he answered, unmoved, "and am not less determined. Pray excuse me if I insist on your withdrawal. I am weak, and you are taking an unfair advantage."

"Not more unfair than that which you have taken of yourself. The devil thinks little of such a proceeding, and we, his enemies, still less."

McDonnell reached for a hand-bell and rang it impudently.

"I am quite settled in my resolution," said he, smiling, "and if you will talk it must be before others."

"As you will," answered the priest in deep accents of pity. "I have not been wanting in my duty, as you in yours. My prayer is that the divine vengeance may be averted from your soul and find its satisfaction only in physical suffering. But your sin is great, McDonnell, and must find a better atonement."

The paralytic did not answer. His immovable lower limbs, his palsied tongue and hands, his shattered body should have spoken to him more loudly than any of the priest's arguments; but they did not. He was possessed of the devil, it would seem, for a harsh spirit reigned in the bosom, so lately full of the benign grace of repentance. He could almost laugh at the priest's forbiddings. His reverence

rose to take his leave at once, and in so doing saw the vanishing form of Nano in the gloom beyond. The stars had betrayed her presence.

"Some spirit of evil," thought he, "is working in this house. The wise have lost their wisdom, and the honorable their honor."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE REDCOATS AND THE "FEELERS."

The Royal Irish Constabulary is a respectable corps physically and intellectually, and has a high regard for its reputation. The ordinary Royal Irish constable stands six feet in his stocking-nails—oil his hair and splits it rectilinearly behind—is ready at taking a note—can do patrol duty, including the arrest of stray pigs, goats, and hens—and altogether is a highly estimable member of society. Since the appointment of the new chief magistrates—far be it from us to call them satraps—it has been deemed necessary to considerably augment the force of Royal Irish constables. An appeal has been made to discharged soldiers of the army belonging to the reserve class to join the ranks of the police, and aid them in their duties. But the police piqued in their self-respect, threaten a mutiny. They consider that to exercise control over adventurous poultry, ambitious pigs, erratic goats—to protect process-servers, to calm the nerves of funky agents and escort travelling judges of assize, is a far more exalted position than to wear a red coat and wield an arm in defence of country. In fact the police look down upon the soldiers as low fellows, and will not have them enter their sacred circle or near their uniform. But the soldiers are equal to the occasion. If the police disrespect them, they deride the police; when X 999 contemptuously winks at Private TOMMY ATKINS, Private TOMMY metaphorically jumps upon X 999. As Sir LUCAS O'TRIGGER says in *The Rivals*, "The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands." The people who, perhaps, are the most concerned, after all, take a very slender interest in it. But the Government has found a way out of the difficulty. They have come to the determination of withdrawing the police from the duties which were formerly committed to them, viz, those of protecting obnoxious landlords, and sending in their place not soldiers of the reserve, but active soldiers—soldiers of the Household Brigade—to keep watch and ward over the affrighted territorial proprietors. These busy giants in bearskin are usually supposed to form the private bodyguard of the Sovereign at Windsor and Buckingham Palace. In other days they have turned the tide of victory on many a tempestuous field in America, in the Peninsula, and the Crimea. Now they are relegated, in parties of half a dozen each, to the inglorious duty of defending dastardly and oppressive village despots against the natural indignation which their injustice has engendered. To speak plainly, her Majesty's *corps d'élite* has now simply become a set of lullabies' bull-dogs; in time they may attain the distinction of "Blayne's Bloodhounds," of inodorous reputation in the troublous times of '98.

But no matter: the Royal Irish Constabulary are most royally and Irishly satisfied. It would be a very terrible affair if they were to quarrel with their friends of the household Brigade, who look upon them with such lordly contempt, or if their friends of the Household Brigade were to come to fistfuls with those who look upon them with such aristocratic disdain. But there might be one advantage in this encounter. The moral is conveyed in a proverb which we shall go as near repeating as we can, when, well—you know what we mean—fall out, honest people come by their own.

All said and done, it is a useful lesson with regard to English statecraft, that after a country has been maladministered for seven centuries, its maladministration cannot be continued without creating contemptible jealousies among those who carry out the dirty work.—London University.

A Monk Who Was Emperor of Germany.

A beautiful story is told of St. Henry, the second Emperor of the name, of Germany, away back in olden Catholic times, XI century. Being a most holy man, and becoming desirous to lead a more perfect life than he conceived was possible in the age of faith, he resolved, like many another great Catholic King and some Sovereign Pontiffs, to leave his throne and bury himself in a monastery. Repairing secretly to the religious house of St. Amens in Verdun, he begged admission as a postulant. Abbot Richard solemnly assembled all his monks in Chapter and calling the royal applicant before him, demanded in a tone of authority: "I am ready to obey even until death." "I am," answered Henry. "And I will receive you," continued the abbot, "into the number of my religious. I will answer for the salvation of your soul if you promise to fulfill all I enjoin upon you."

"I swear obedience," interrupted the king. "Then," rejoined the abbot, "it is my will that you resume the government of the German Empire." We know the sequel of this story.

St. Henry, however, is not the only royal monk or religious man put at the head of the Christian Kingdoms in the ages of faith in every land. Most of the present kingdoms of Europe were at one time or other offered as fief to the grand sultan of Christendom, the Pope of Rome, kings thinking it hard to be counted among the vassals of the Father of Christians and Vicar of God.

Catholics and Jews.

Dr. Ignaz Kuranda, the old and celebrated publicist and statesman, for many years a member of the Austrian Parliament and President of the Hebrew Congregation of Vienna, addressed a private petition to the Pope's Secretary of State that the Pope, in one way or other as it may seem most appropriate to him, give utterance to his sentiments in favor of the protection of the Jews, especially as in their troubles, the Catholic bishops and potentates, have demonstrated their good will and a sense of unalloyed justice toward the Jews. We have no doubt but Mr. Kuranda's petition will be favorably received at the Vatican, and the Pope will give utterance to some just sentiments. It is also reported by the

cable that the bishops and some of the higher aristocracy of England have started a subscription list in support of the Russian Jews to assist them in emigrating from that country and that a Jewish millionaire has headed the list with ten thousand pounds sterling.—American Israelite.

A Significant Story.

A wealthy banker in one of our large cities, who is noted for his large subscriptions to charities and for his kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on by his pastor, one evening, and asked to send him to the help of a man who had attempted suicide. They found the man in a wretched house, in an alley, not far from the banker's dwelling. The front room was a cobbler's shop; behind it, on a miserable bed, in the kitchen, lay the poor shoemaker with a gaping gash in his throat, while his wife and children were gathered about him.

"We have been without food for days," said the woman, when he returned. "It is not my husband's fault. He is a hard-working, sober man. But he could neither get work, nor pay for the shoes he had done. To-day he went for the last time to collect a debt due him by a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So he ended that way," turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker, having fed and warmed the family, hurried home, opened his desk and took out a file of little bills. All his large debts were promptly met quarterly, but he was apt to be careless about the accounts of milk, bread, etc., because they were so petty.

He found there a bill of Michael Goodlow for repairing children's shoes, \$10. Michael Goodlow was the shoemaker. It was the banker's unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave, and driven this man to desperation, while, at the very time, the banker had been giving away thousands in charity.

The cobbler recovered, and will never want a friend while the banker lives, nor will a small unpaid bill ever again be found on the banker's table.

No man has a right to be generous until his debts are paid, and the most efficient use of money is not alone in giving, but to pay liberally and promptly the expense whom we employ.—Youth's Companion.

Crime and Sensational Literature.

The direct connection between Penny Dreadful and crime has been demonstrated over and over again by the annals of our own Police Courts. The mischievous lad who sometime since presented a pistol at her Majesty's head, and got well whipped for his pains, was found in possession of a collection of lives of celebrated highwaymen; and the various gangs of youthful burglars and would-be high-way-men who have lately appeared in the dock, have one and all, modelled their career upon the heroes of criminal novels. Only the other day a terrible illustration occurred of the actual effect of this gallow literature upon weak minds. A young man, nineteen years of age, named Wesley, shot his father dead at Nottingham having first murdered a little office boy at the office of the solicitor where he was employed, "merely to strengthen his nerve," and then took refuge in a foul house, where he was captured with a revolver in his possession, with which, as he frankly owned, he intended when the police came, to shoot as many as possible.

The key to this otherwise inexplicable outbreak of homicidal fury was afforded by the poor mother's words, "My son was very fond of reading, and would sit for hours at his favorite amusement studying periodicals and sensational literature," his habits appear to have been formed.—London Saturday Review.

A "Suspect" Lord Mayor.

An announcement was made in Drogheda on Tuesday to the effect that Alderman Mangam, mayor-elect, at present a suspect in Dundalk jail, had applied for and been refused permission by the chief secretary to come to Drogheda, on giving his parole of honor, on the 24 January, in order to be installed into office as Mayor of Drogheda. Patrick Connolly, Esq., of Drogheda, visited the mayor-elect on Tuesday in Dundalk Prison, and there learned from him the above intelligence. Mr. Connolly on leaving the prison immediately wired to the mayor, Nicholas Leech, Esq., requesting that an application might be at once made to the permanent of the Prisons Board asking permission to visit the prison for the purpose specified. A meeting of the corporation is to be held, at which some definite arrangement will be come to.—Freeman, Dec.ember 31.

The following interesting account is extracted from a private letter of a lady resident in Grahamstown:—"Mr. ... me most interesting accounts of his visit to the Catholic Mission at Roma, where he always receives a loving and cordial welcome. A great work has been done there; about one thousand natives have been received into the true Church, and when you remember all the opposition they have to fight through outside, the severe probation they have to undergo before being admitted, and the strict discipline (very much like that of the Primitive Church) they have to submit to when received, this large number is surprising. The Mission lies in a deep den, surrounded by high mountains crowned with precipitous rocks. On the top of a very conspicuous one, at the head of the gorge, stands a tall stone cross, commanding the whole valley and visible for miles. There is also a beautiful little grove of Louries, in which the children of the Mission make a pilgrimage every morning before their daily work begins. The church, convent and mission houses are of the simplest, and the working priests, the nuns and lay brothers have a noble work to show in their schools within, in all the cultivation around, and in the fervor of the native Catholics, which is most edifying.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove that mankind is not without a noble climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs.—Maine Farmer.