THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Infant Burial. BY LORD LYTTON.

2

To and fro the bells are swinging, Heavily heaving to and fro; Sadly go the mourners, bringing Dust to join the dust below. Through the church aisle, lighted dim. Chanted knells the ghostly nymn, Dies twe, dies tila, Solvet sæclum in favilia?

Softer section in favilla. Softer section in favilla. Softer and the section of the section. Bursts to glory from the clay. Distinguish and the section of the section

Happy are the old that die With the sins of life repented; Happier he whose parting sigh Breaks a heart from sin prevented; Let the earth thine infant cover From the cares the living know; Happier than the guilty lover-Memory is at rest below: Dist irre, diss illa, Solvet soclum in favilla;

Memory, like a fiend, shall follow, Night and day, the steps of Crime; Hark the church-bell, dull and hollow, Shakes another sand from time! Through the church-aisle, lighted dim, Chanted knells the ghostly hymn; Hear it, False One, where thou fliest, Shriek to hear it when thou diest— Dies irw, diesilla, Solvet seeclum in favilla!

QUEER DOINGS IN QUALITY ROW.

:00m.

purchas

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA.

[From the Dublin Shamrock.]

[From the Dublin Shamfock.] I love a quiet life, and I live in a quiet neighborhood of southwestern London. The locality of my residence is eminently decorous and reputable. There are no shops there—all the houses are private. The view at one end of the street is hurded here aburchasing at the other here. decorous and reputable. There are no shops there—all the houses are private. The view at one end of the street is bounded by a church spire, at the other by the facade of a Methodist conventicle. My supporter on the right flank is a retired general officer of the Bengal army, on the left a dowager countes: over the way is a well known mathematician, who inter-ests himself in following out the studies inaugurated by the late Mr. Babbage, and partakes of some of his prejudices. In-spect the entire row of dwellings on either side, and you will not find one of their inhabitants who does not belong to the sedate and dignified orders of society— clergymen, annuitants, railway directors, clergymen, annuitants, railway directors, financiers and affluent tallow-chandlers withdrawn from business. There is not a solitary surgeon, Royal Academician or a solution shape of the state of the theory school, and whom my friends prosperois lawyer in the place. There is utilized as a marker, began to assume a nothing low about Quality row. Quality row would not brook the incessant quer-ulous tininabulation at the surgeon's invariable want of luck. The dowager hall door; would not tolerate the shock-countess, my left hand neighbor, got wind ing medley of possible visitors-slaternly models, hook nosed picture dealers and eccentric cognoscenti—to the Royal Acad-emician's studio; would turn up its chin at the train of out-at-elbow clients to the "The Gambler's Doom," "Remember you

lawyer's consulting room. There was no traffic in Quality row. have an immortal soul," "Do you even ask yourself 'Am I going to hell ?" and The policeman receives a gratuity for warning off the organ grinders, Punch and the nigger minstrels; we carefully keep up the like. But there was one compensation. The general, my right-hand neighbor, left his general, my right-hand heightor, let ms card on me, and grew quite cordial when he learned that I had once spent a few months in India. Not that he was cordial of his nature, nothing of the kind; he was network L wight aren are available, but a tradition that somebody is on the point of death there, and that the slightest distur-bance would be fatal to the sufferer; and, thanks to this pious fraud, the milkman subdues his cry to a watery whisper, the muffinman tinkles a muffled bell, and the newspaper-boy drops his daily paper silently as a snow-flake into the areas.

newspaper-boy drops his daily paper silently as a snow-flake into the areas. With my predilection for the tranquil, you can easily understand how lucky I thought myself in securing a residence in Quality row. I could not get a house on a lease—they were too much in request for that; for months before one was vacant it was snapped up at a premium. Fortu-nately I met a University chum at my elub, an army man, who had taken up his abode in a street on on agreement, two years and a quarter of which had yet to expire. He had received a staff appoint-ment in Malta, and had just instructed his agent to sell his furniture by auction. ""Tis just the ticket for you," he urged, "as steady-going as if it were in the heart of the country, and yet within a

the upholstering of sofas and chairs ; and the upholstering of sofas and chairs; and there was not a nook in the entire build-ing that was not embellished with some exquisite trifle in the shape of terra-cotta statuette, rare print, or artistic timepiece. I had made up my mind to "hang the crane" in a-for my means-right royal fashion. But in totting up my expenses, when I had discharged all outstanding bills, I discovered that my means would not warrant extravagance, and I believe not warrant extravagance, and I believe in living within my means. I did not even abscess, and now preaches beautiful ser-mons in the Great Arthur street Mission Hall.

in living within my means. I did not even fit up the billard room but turned it into a receptacle for lumber. I was walking home one frosty evening about a week after my installation had been completed, when, in Evergreen square, I knocked up against my friend, John Spot. Quality row is off Evergreen square. The evening, as I have remarked, was frosty; the least I could do was to ask John Spot to drop in and take a cup of coffee and a cigar. I conducted him over my mansion. He was lost in admira-tion. I never read them, not I, but "Perky," the page boy, took an extreme pleasure in getting them off by rote and retailing them to the company, subsequently turninterstices of the window-blind. interstices of the window-blind. interstices of the window-blind. interstices of the window-blind. There was a great uproar outside—a noise of wheels, a succession of cheers from small throats, a champing of bits, and a neighing and a mighty cracking of a whip. The general turned round to me able that I consulted my visitors as to what measures should be adopted to put an end to it. "L. S. D.," hissed the general. I wish I had her at Fakeerapore; I'd soon know what to do there." Our honest langhter water Our honest langhter water interstices of the window-blind. There was a great uproar outside—a noise of wheels, a succession of cheers from small throats, a champing of bits, and a neighting and a mighty cracking of a whip. The general turned round to me and beckoned. His features were purple with rage, his head wagged from side to side, and his words escaped in spasmodic jerks, as he called out, "Look here! Scan-dalous ! I always expected that d—_____d 'I

"The house is a model," he said, "or "The house is a model," he said, "or "What's that?" I asked. "You have no table in that billard "Can't afford it."

"Nonsense. You can always get ac-commodation for a table. Slatey & Balls will hire you out one at $\pounds 5$ a month, and let the payments go towards its ultimate ter-box," I said. r-box," I said. "Ha!" said the general. "An idea. As

we are denounced as gamblers, we may as well vex the harradan by having an odd 'Tis not that, my dear fellow," I objected; "but a billiard table implies the constant visits of friends and acquaint-ances, and that implies, at the very least, bet on.'

"Bravo !" chimed in John Spot, "we can kill two birds with one stone-beggar ourselves and bother our neighbor." more bitter beer than my pocket will per-I am averse to gambling on principle, and I gently but firmly protested against

"Ridiculous !" said John Spot. "To hear you speak one would think you were not master under your own roof, or that you had no firmness of mind. D'ye think the innovation. "I don't see any harm in having an oc

"I don't see any harm in having an oc-casion little beton—a quiet pool—a some-thing just to give an interest to the game, persevered John Spot. They continued to press me, but I was obdurate. At last I consented to compro-mise the matter; we all agreed to subscribe towards the purchase of a silver jug to be contended for in a handicap. To the gen-eral this ingenious proposition was due, and to the general, as the oldest man in the society, the office of handicapper was

and to the general, as the oldest man in the society, the office of handicapper was assigned. The general won the jug. I own I felt mortified by my failure to carry off the prize, and secretly resolved to take a series of private lessons from Mr. S. W. Stanley to improve my hand— not that I had any ambition to become an adept at the game, bût I wished to be able to rattle about the ivories sufficiently well not to excite derision every time I over the green cloth-but they had their drawbacks. The gas bill mounted to an inordinate figure, and my page boy, a precocious youth, whom I had taken out of a charity school, and whom my friends well not to excite derision every time

handled a cue. Stepping out of Stanley's room one evening, I was tapped on the shoulder. It was a companion of boyhood, Jemmy Trix-dear old fellow ! He had given me Trix—dear old fellow! He had given me the soundest punching in the head I ever got at school. Thereafter we were sworn friends. I had not met him for years and years—not since he had gone up to Sand-hurst to prepare for a commission. I had completely lost sight of him, though the recollection of his dapper figure, his sprightly walk, his madcap whimsicalities and his big, genial heart had never faded from my memory. of what was going on—I am sure she did —for regularly as clock-work every morn-

from my memory. The first greeting over, we adjourned

to the nearest tavern—bosh! Mr. Good Templar, who reads this and sneers, it is what ninety-nine men in this country out of every hundred do on the like occasions -and interchanged confidences. I told Jemmy my own chequered story—how I had been bitten by a tarantule, and had cought the caccebtes scribendi—how I had come to London to build my fortune and ame, and organize a new conflagration by setting the Thames on fire-how I had failed, ignobly failed-how--but whom oes it concern ? "And you?" I asked ; "have you left

he service. the service." "Years ago," answered Jemmy; "left it, but in no dishonor—have had my ups and downs, but feel my feet firmly planted on my native heath at last." "Glad to hear it. In London here?"

tented field in the gold summer." "But I thought you told me you had

Quality row cuts me dead. I love a quiet life, but I am afraid I cannot live much longer in this very quiet neighborhood. I am not a vicious man, or I should revenge myself by starting a small menagerie in the backyard, practis-ing the bass drum in the front parlor, planting a *Eucalyptus globolus* in the con-servatory, and giving the free use of my kitchen to the Antediluvian Buffaloes for the initiation of their Worthy Primoes. I scorn to resort to those measures. I calmed from Covent Garden market because they had tossed for a drink on the previous Sunday afternoon; an impressive moral was pointed by the fate of a duke who spent his patrimony playing "nap," and is now reduced to carrying round the washing for a suburban laundry; but there was a cheering promise of the peace that awaits all by repentance in the history of a blackleg who was rescued from dark-ness through the instrumentality of an abscess, and now preaches beautiful ser-

the "Devil's Tattoo." I left the room to give some instructions as to the wine, and to warn "Perky" to cease the stealthy rehearsal of gymnastics in the hall, where he was lying in wait to open the door. As I re-entered the parlor, the general was peeping into the street, through the interstices of the window-blind.

i had her at Fakeerapore; i'd soon know what to do there." Our honest laughter grates on her sour temper," said John Spot sententiously. "I am more annoyed at the feeling that she evidently thinks us a lot of gamblers, I confess, than on the intrusion on my let-ter-box," I said.

brase was an elaborately ornamented phaeton, with yellow body and white wheels picked with gold: a pair of heral-dic animals of the griffin species were at either side of the driver's seat, and in that behind sat a negro boy in correct Tiger costume—gold banded hat with cockade, green tunic, doeskin, brown tops and the rest, and his arms folded on his breast. The team attached to this extraordinary ehicle was rather too flashily harness ut was certainly superbly matched, and ooked well-bred-four sprightly cream-blored ponies with long manes and tails weeping the ground. A crowd of exulsweeping the ground. A crowd of exul-tant boys were gathered round; some were at the ponies' head, others patted them on the sides, while others criticised the phaeton or regarded the colored page with an air half of banter, half of venerawith an air half of banter, half of venera-tion. They were in a state of the most gleeful excitement. Quality row had never witnessed such a spectacle before. Every window was thrown up, every door was thrown open; for once it had been galvan-ized out of its propriety. The crowd mo-mentarile increased

mentarily increased. The hall of 44 was surrounded by compact knot of inquisitive urchins. Sud-denly a figure emerged, as if from the presence of royalty, backwards, salaaming to the mathematician, whose bald head could be seen looming behind like a theatrical moon. The figure turned. Horror! It was Jemmy Trix, and, as he caught

some hydraulic imp was pumping all the blood in my body into my face, the general gave me one scowling glance, pushed past me without deigning a word, shook is fist and bolted.

A loud rat-tat-too resounded in the hall and woke the echoes of the street, and the instant after Jemmy sprang into the par-lor and grasped both my hands in his.

boy, but 'tis your own fault. You gave me the wrong number—44 instead of 4. Have you any place I could run the trap "Why-what-in the name of all that's

ing too !" Thought I'd give you a surprise. Sty-lish turnout, eh? But who's that old dust I nearly stumbled over in the passage? An impudent old ruffian ; he only said one word, 'budmash'-but I know what that means. You have some queer cus-tomers in your quarters, Jack !"

ON THE ADVANTAGE OF HEARING

MASS.

A devout man, now deceased, used to say that Mass was his harbor of refuge, and that during that brief half-hour he fitted himself to meet the excessive labors. anxieties and contentions in which he was professionally engaged all day. He would far rather have missed his breakfast than

have missed mass. It is said that all the Catholic Kings of England, except perhaps Rufus and John, heard Mass daily. Henry VIII. in his early days heard three or four Masses daily. We read in the life of St. John the

and nephews to provide for, but was so successful in everything that he not only

near home of industrial people and men of business going daily to Mass. All tes-tify to the fact that it has been their gain;

. The Scene of Saint Paul's Conversion.

Hon, S. S. Cox in the "Sunday Sun "

the initiation of their Worthy Primoes. I scorn to resort to those measures, I calmed my indignation when I replaced the bil-liard table by a mangle. But prithee, if you know anybody who desires an eligible residence in an eminently decorous and reputable district, send him to me. He can have the furniture at a moderate rel can have the furniture at a moderate val-uation, and the good will for nothing, with Almoner of two men in trade, who had been brought up at the same school, and had both much the same advantages. One of them married, and had many children my benediction to boot.

THE "TIMES" AND THE EMER-GENCY MAN.

The Irish outrage manufacturer to the Times newspaper has fallen in love with the Landlords Emergency men. Of course be should, therefore, endeavor to screen the should, therefore, endeavor to screen them in their little faults, and he does so with a yengeance. Whether this same newspaper willingly misrepresents the facts in favor of the Emergency men, let the following from an English daily news-nearer witness: ing a decent maintenance. I will call to-morrow morning and show you the secret

the following from an English daily news-paper witness : The Daily Telegraph of yesterday says : "On Wednesday night an Emergency officer, who was in a public house at Fer-moy, shot the landlady's son, David Howe, a lad, wounding him dangerously, and immediately afterwards attempted to shoot some young men who were drinking in the house. They, however, disarmed him and took him to the police station." The Daily News and Daily Chronicle give precisely the same report of the oc-currence, while the Standard and Morn-ing Post do not mention the case at all. The following report from the Times of all my success', was the reply. He called early in the morning and asked the poor man to accompany him to church. The poor man was astonished; the prosperou tradesman called again the next day with tradesman called again the next day with a similar invitation, and the next. 'Well', said the poor man, 'If all I have to do is to go to Mass, you need not call, for I know the way to church.' 'Precisely so,' said the prosperous tradesman, 'I never go to business without having first been to Mass; and try to act up strictly to the injunction of the General-"Sack we first the King. of the Gospel—"Seek ye first the King-dom of God and His justice, and all things shall be added unto you." (Matt. vi, 33.) The poor man followed the advice he had The following report from the Times goes to show what little reliance can be

goes to show what little reliance can be placed on statements appearing in that paper touching Irish matters: "A young lad named David Howe was accidently shot last night in his mother's public house at Fermoy, under the follow ing circumstances: William Turpin, an Emergency man, who had been engaged in protection duty in the neighborhood, but had been discharged, was drinking in Mrs. Howe's public house. He produced a revolver and it went off accidentally, the bullet lodging in the side of young Howe, who happened to be sitting in the room. received, and God began speedily to bless him, giving him an ease and prosperity even in this life such as he had never enjoyed before. These are the examples of temporal blessings received by hearing Mass but, though temporal blessings are not always the fruit of the Mass, internal, unspeakable blessings are its natural fruit, such as you will never appreciate until you con-template them in the light of heavenly glory. Thank God, we have many examples

who happened to be sitting in the room. Great indignation was felt against Turpin and he was roughly handled by two men, who assaulted him and forcibly took pos-session of his revolver. The boy is in a critical state, and Turpin has been detained

no one is heard to say that it has been their loss. To be within reach of daily Mass durpending an inquiry." We presume to attempt to shoot several other young men would also have been accidental had the fellow succeeded in his ing life, and voluntarily to throw away this inestimable privilege and its benefits alleged murderous design. Had the Emis a folly, great enough to set the soul wondering at his blindness for'all eternity. ergency man been a member of the Land League, how different would be the word--Bishop Vaughan. ing of the Times report !

A PROFESSIONAL BLASPHEMER.

If you are skeptical as to the story of Paul's conversion, go with me to the Christianity and everything connected with it," says the Chicago Tribune, "Mr. Bob Ingersoll rarely fails to use it to his traditional places, and, although you may doubt the miracle, and call it, out of courtesy, a beautiful fable, you will not doubt that right here—somewhere in, own and his client's advantage in the law own and his cient's advantage in the law practise. In closing his defence for Dorsey and Brady, in the star route trial, the other day, Mr. Ingersoll dwelt with such eloquence on the picture of Mary kneel-ing at the cross that many an eye was filled with tears, and the pathos of the scene was impressed on even the hardest about, or on these walls—the scenes des-cribed in the tenth chapter of "Acts" are verifies. The precise spot is shown where the slaughter-breathing Saul saw new scene was impressed on even the hardest heart. In the course of a few weeks this light. It is near Damascus, and on the old Roman road. We know that it is the same road, and that it was at the eastern gifted orator in some other presence may be describing the same incident in an altogate he entered, "led by the hand." If we are not certain that the spot we are gether different manner. And for a very different purpose. His audience may then be composed of unbelievers, like him-self, and the part which he then may be about to visit is the house of Ananias certainly it was in the eastern quarter, and in "the street which is called Straight," which was the lodging-place of Paul. Let us not be too critical. Certainly this is a but in no dishonor—have had my ups nd downs, but feel my feet firmly planted n my native heath at last." "Glad to hear it. In London here?" "In London in the russet winter, on the ented field in the gold summer." "But I thought you told me you had

COT. 20, 1882.

A Legend of the Rosary. In the bright land of fair Provence A lowly orphan dwelt. And day by day at Mary's shrine The little maiden knelt.

No watchful mother's tender care The child had ever known; And so the simple peasant folks Had called her "Mary's own,"

And as among the woods and fields The little orphan grew. The old church windows' storied pane Were all the books she knew.

And never passed a day, whate'er The orphan's task might be, But at our Lady's feet she kneit To say the Rosary. When lo! within her little room

She saw a wondrous light; And by her bed our Lady stood In robes most fair and bright. She knew her by the twelve bright st That crowned the radiant head, And by the mantle azure blue, With fairest roses spread.

The child knelt down, while love an Her wondering spirit fill; When lo! upon our Lady's robe A rose is wanting still.

And softly, sweetly, Mary spoke:— "My child, these roses see, The fragrant wreath that love has tw From day to day for me.

"But wherefore hast thou left undon The work of loye to-day? How comes it that thou hast forgot My Rosary to say?

"So many on this great, wide earth Forget their Lord and me, And bring no flowers; but surely the Wilt not unfaithful be?"

The little child bowed down her hea In shame upon her breast, And ere our Blessed Lady left With tears her fault confessed,

And, kneeling, said the Rosary,— But ever since that day The child drooped slowly, like a flo That fades from earth away.

As though she could not linger here To whom it had been given To see our Lady, and to have That moment's glimpse of heaven

And pilgrims to out Lady's shrine, Would often go to see Her grave, whom Mary's self had ta To say the Rosary!

CONFESSION.

Catholic, Review. Catholic; Review. There is perhaps no word i Catholic vocabulary which so al disgusts our Protestant friends a the Confessional. We have the of knowing numbers of intell well-disposed Protestants—we haps, more accurately designate-non-Catholics—who, as the resu naps, more accuracy designate non-Catholics—who, as the resu cistion with intelligent and Catholics, together with some I Catholics, together with some 1 ing and more experience of the sufficingness of Protestantism for of the ϑ ul, are very much incl Catholics. When addressed on t they are ready to admit that th the Church, so far as they ha gated them, seem to be well fo that the spiritual provisions of are adminably adapted, upon th strengthen the full of believ give peace, and comfort, an give peace, and comfort, an strength to all her true children strength to all her true children only one exception : that is 1 sional. As they sometimes exp can swallow everything in the C tem but that—the idea of going sion—and that to a man like were, they are not out a property were, they are not quite prepa that step. It seems unrease that step. It seems unrease they have an instinctive repug Now, we are not going init argument to prove the Catho of confession, though we cam

of confession, though we can marking, in passing, how very that people who profess to ta for their guide should so persi overlooked the very empha answerable testimony of Chris that remarkable passage in with formed upon His representative ferred upon His representation of absolution. "Whose sins mit they are remitted unter you shall retain

sight of me at the window, he lifted his hat, kissed hands and rushed across. As I drew back, with a feeling as if

"Sorry to have kept you waiting old "Although a professional scoffer at

merciful, how does it happen that you came in this fashion? On a Sunday even-

It was impossible to deny that under the circumstances. I sunk into a chair and hid my flushed countenance in my pocket

OCT. 20, 1882.

heart of the country, and yet within a few minutes ride of the bustle of the town; country house of a friend-in Surrey, say -to stroll on the lawn for the vesperti adjacent to the Park, Opera, Houses of Parliament, law courts and the theatres, as they say in the advertisements in Bradcigar, and be recalled from your pl to be invited by the *chatelaine*, in the well-worn words of the Egyptian queen, "Let shaw. You have the Pimlico pier for the river steam-boats within a hundred yards, a 'bus to the bank crosses Lupus street us go to billiards." By the way, I wonder did Cleopatra ose by, and the Victoria station to the carry chalk in her pocket and address the marker by her Christian name! The movement round the table exactly Underground is only a shilling cab fare

distant. Take it off my hands if you're supplies the gentle post-prandial exercise that helps the good digestion that should "Pimlico, Pimlico-I hardly like the sound ; there are associations you know,"

wait on appetite. You need not soil your hands or soul at billiards; there is educa-tion in the pastime of the mental sort and I said. "Then call it South Belgravia; the tradesthe physical discipline of the calculating powers, training of the nerve and teach men always do on their bills, and charge for it.

ing of the sight, practise in judging dis-tance and forming angles, and you can console yourself for small losses by the "But are you quite sure its respectable ?

"Awfully respectable ; in fact, the most respectible place I ever took up my quarreflection that you are engaged in the so-lution of scientific problems. If the pleas-ure is such for the loser, what must it not ters in." "Then you really think it would be an

be for the winner? I was a constant loser; the bridge was

elegant residence for me ?" "As elegant a residence as ever George Robins advertised. There is a jolly bathfor me a pons asinorum. Try my best, I made the stroke from the forearm not the room, a conservatory where you can grow ferns, a billard room and such a nice little library. This enumeration of its advantages de-

shoulder; I would bend my knees and raise my elbows; and yet I read every treatise on the subject. With pardon to ciaed me. I did take it off his hands atter some trouble. The agent was exacting in billiards from books or by intuition than cided me. I did take it off his hands atter the matter of references and called person-ally on all I gave, and the agreement was equitation from poring over Mr. Neville's volume or sitting in the gallery of a riding school. But this is digressive.

wery binding in some of its clauses. I moved in, and after quite three months hard labor, hanging chandeliers, altering We played our games as gentlemen should; there was no racket or disputacarpets and curtains, renewing papering to barmonize with my furniture, buying hard labor, hanging chandeliers, altering should; there was no racket of disputa-a carpets and curtains, renewing papering to harmonize with my furniture, buying fresh stair rods and going through the in-numerable details of fitting up a new dom-icile, at length I flattered myself that all my difficulties were over, and that I was the happy tenant of as handsome a minia-the app tenant of as handsome a minia-the many comparison of the meeting, and then that a structure in a convertige of the structure of investiges the many tenant of as handsome a minia-tion yustice, when he was roused, instead s the happy tenant of as handsome a minin-ture mansion as any struggling *literatural* of justice, when he was foldering interves, in London could boast of possessing. But at what a cost ! Dear me ! If one only foresaw half the expenses of getting into a torrent of invectives, in consigning the gas, the cushion, the and consigning the gas, the cushion, the state of invectives, into a torrent of invectives, into a consigning the gas, the cushion, the had serious intentions of qualifying for employment as a mute. In short it is a most deliciously quite street, a perfect bast letter, and all was over. Users is a demand upon your purse.

would be quitted! At every hand's turn there is a demand upon your purse. I was very proud of my new house, as well I might be. I had schedter, and all was over. I can appeal to the tribunal of my con-science, and acquit myself of having well I might be. I had schedter, and acquit myself of having taste and money in fitting it out. I had hung the hall with trophies from Wardour street that gave it quite a manorial appear-ance; I had selected the patterns of the wall paper so as to form a Ruskinesque combination of colors with draperies and

eft the service." "I did and so I have."

"Ah, now I understand." On the turk in the betting business, I thought to yself, but did not like to express my ughts aloud.

"Well, Jemmy, I'm delighted to meet you, anyhow, and as I have a house of my own here at present, I trust you won's be a stranger. I am most anxious to hear what you have been doing since we par-

"It's a long yarn. Where do you live?'

"Quality row." "I know, Pimlico," said Jemmy.

"No. South Belgravia. Come over and ine with me and see for yourself." "Nothing will please me more: but Sun

ay's my only off day." "Sunday be it then, 6 o'clock sharp."

"What's the number ?"

"What did you say ?" again asked emmy, producing his pencil and pocket ook to take a memorandum. "Four-four."

"All right, time is on the wing, and I am on the wain; good-by till Sunday," and light-spirited Jemmy jumped on a passing omnibus." the free list.'

If Quality row is eminently decorous and eputable on week days, it is superemi-tently so on Sunday. There is awesome olemnity about it, the air is heavy, the stillness is oppressive, the Venetian blinds are carefully lowered as if it were a time of national humiliation, the maid-servants go about their work with a sanctified meekness, the passing guardsman turns with a shake of the head from the corner, as much as to say, "no thorough are for me here;" the sound of the church bells strike upon the car like a funeral knell,

sake of a new acquaintance. But I'm pranks. Why, this beats Joey "On the turf, I'm not on the turf ! Who told you that ?" "Yourself. Did you not say you were in town in winter, and on the tented field in summer ?" Jemmy gave a joyous laugh, which de-veloped into a "Hoop la !" "Your humble servant to command," said he, as he finished his cry, "is no votary of the short grass—a simple ring-master in a circus, and no more. But just take "On the turf, I'm not on the turf ! Who

of the short grass—a simple ring-master in a circus, and no more. But just take a look at my pasteboard. I flatter myself it is rather a success, and he handed me a card with the following inscription. Mr. James Trix. Imperial Amphitheatre, Author, Chirurgeon, Soldier, Gentleman Poet, and Bill-Sticker. (Late 110th Mounted Highlanders.) "Come round to the shop some night," said Jemmy, "will you not? and see my neophytes 'witch the world with noble horsemanship." I'll take care that your name is inscribed on the luminous roll of the final list."

used, and an ignorant brawler who had To this had Jemmy's outlandish pro-ensities led him! The ponies he had iriven over were a celebrated team of broken the laws and deserved punishment. Instead of finding something touching in the devotion of the two trick-animals of his own training, of whom he was justly vain, and so jealous that he he was justly vain, and so jealous that he would not trust them to the guidance of vilement. Some of these choice remarks anyone else, even for their daily exercise. read in connection with his star-route ora-"No help for spilt milk," he said philos-phically, as he brought the recital of his tory might have had an evaporating effect on the tears of the multitude, which are adventures to a close after dinner. said in the newspaper reports to have been very profuse." "Consider yourself lucky. D'ye know, old fellow, I had half a mind to come over

on Tuscarora, the white elephant !" It has Entered the Capitol Buildings. The general glares like a man-eating tiger and mutters frightful oaths in Hin dustani (I know they are oaths, though do not speak a word of Hindustani) whenever he meets me. The dowager countess purses her mouth and pulls down the blinds when I pass. If

I might venture to interpret the expre

at least is my opinion. The Diamond Dyes always do more than they claim to do. Color over that old dress. It will look like new. Only 10 cts. It will look like new. Only 10 cts.

he sake of a new acquaintance. But I'm touching Scriptural incident, which he in Christendom; in whose name temple has passed his life in denying and ridicul. of the Lord have arisen for 2,000 yearsing, to embellish one of his speeches, than a clergyman has to quote freely and apconversion, to proud old Rome which im-prisoned him; and from Rome to New York: from the little church we saw under the midnight sun in Arctic Norway, to the mighty minster of Christopher Wren, at London-this grand teacher of the Gentiles certainly had great agony of spirit and darkness of mind until the cales fell from his eyes on this very road to Damascus !

to Damascus! "Go," we say to our guide, Sawabeni, "to the house of Ananias!" Would you expect it to be above ground? Not after so long a time, for time will cover with filled the earth with awe, suggests the possibility that Mr. Ingersoll is not only impious but insincere and mercenary. The best answer which Attorney General Brewster could have made to the starits mounds all things sacred, even when the substructures remain. Winding among narrow streets and walls, whose route attorney's tearful reference to the heavy doors show significantly the precauscene on Calvary would have been a tions of these habitants of the Christian copious extract from one or more of his ribald 'lectures,' delivered at 50 cents a head, on that event. In those choice litquarter, the canvass at length touches a knocker, and we are quietly ushered through some rooms occupied by poor people. We pass down into a vaulted chamber where there is a little Catholic chamber some wints representing the chapel. Several prints, representing the martyrdom, by the cross, of priests in China, and pictures of St. Jerome and St. Francis, are upon the plain walls. Over the simple altar is a good painting of St. Paul. His black beard and hair and intellectual courage are well represented. He is kneeling before a fair-haired man. This s the good and truthful Ananias, who baptizes him. In one corner of the room is a large bronze lamp, which is lit after night fall. Our Catholic dragoman grows eloquent over the scene, and as the cavass cannot understand his English he breaks forth in praise of his own father, who fell in

thas Entered the Capitol Buildings. It has finally gained its point and no as a personage than the Sergeant-at-medans. His last words were, I die for It bas finally gained its point and no less a personage than the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, Mr. D. W. McDonnell, Ottawa, thus indorses the Great German Remedy: "St. Jacobs Oil is a splendid remedy. I used it on my left hand and wrist for rheumatism, and found it all that it is claimed to be. Mrs. McDonnell used it for a most severely sprained ankle; by steady use of the article for a few days a complete cure was effected. St. Jacobs Oil does its work and flowers in the court as we leave the very satisfactorily and also rapidly; such house of Ananias.

"Rough on RATS." clears out rats, mice,

tained." How shall they know what How shall they know what and what to retain unless t confessed—made known with particulars to enable the ju intelligently as to the real ch Does not the very la sins? confers the power of remis time necessarily constitute judge and imply the necess But what we wish no to insist upon is that confess in reason and common sense the other institutions of the mirably adapted to supply a ing—of the human soul. W impulse of a soul burdened of some great crime? Is it then itself by communicati confidential friend? The ve the heart to another is an Cherished alone—brooded reflection-the mind feeds aggravates its own misery. lieves it of more than half now suppose that in additi of mere confession the fr the confession is made ha the confession is made had declaring your sin forgive of your true repentance, c of a greater boon within th yen to bestow? Admit, ven to that multitudes go to con functory manner. Admit confessional, like everythi abused by bad men-thou immensely exag has been immensely exag Catholic bigots. Yet, think of the millio

pressed, sin-sick, sin-burth have found a refuge of pe in the confessional. Thin and a that have be ands that have been sav and from the horrible dea by the soothing sympathy itative voice of God's ow nouncing absolution in H His authority in the conf is a refuge of mercy and felt to be so not only by t with the guilt of some gr ing forgiveness, but also for perfection and needin Indeed, we all nee tion whether we are con-he most needy, perhap scious of his need. But souls who have a special higher life of which we but for which we have n ations, nothing is more i more blessed or consoling and advice of a wise and rector. Indeed, we do that, considering the s