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EDITH YORKE.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED. THE OLD HOME.

"And Mr. Rowan wished to make a Catholic of you?" Mr. Yorke said, his lip beginning to curl.

The child lifted her head. "Mr. Rowan had nothing to say about me," she replied. "It was my mother."

A slight smile went round the circle. They quite approved of her reply.

"But you cannot recollect your mother?" Mr. Yorke continued.

"Oh! yes," Edith said with animation. "I remember how she looked, and what she said. She made me hold up my hands, and promised that I would be a Roman Catholic if I had to die for it. And that was the last word she ever said."

Mr. Yorke gave a short nod. To his mind the matter was settled. "N'est ce pas?" he said to his wife.

She bowed gravely. "There is no other word so given. When she is older she can choose for herself."

"Well, you hear, girls?" Mr. Yorke said, looking at his daughters. "Now take her, and make her feel at home."

Miss Yorke was dignified and inscrutable, Hester unmistakably cold, but Clara took her cousin's hand with the utmost cordiality, and was leading her from the room, when Edith stopped short, her eyes attracted by a cabinet portrait in oils that stood on a shelf near the door. This portrait represented a young man, with one of those ugly, beautiful faces which fascinate us, we know not why. Careless, profuse locks of golden brown clustered around his head, steady, gray-colored eyes followed the beholder wherever he went, and seemed at once defying him to escape and entreating him not to go, and the sunshine of a hidden smile softened the curves of the mouth and chin.

Edith's eyes sparkled, her face grew crimson, and she clasped her hands tightly on her breast.

"That is your father's portrait, my dear?" Mrs. Yorke said, going to her. "Do you recognize it?"

The child restrained herself one moment, then she ran to the picture, clasped her arms around it, and kissed it over and over, weeping passionately. "It is mine! It is mine!" she cried out, when her aunt tried to soothe her.

"You are right, dear?" Mrs. Yorke said, much affected. "I am sure no one will object to your having the portrait. You may take it to your own chamber, if you wish."

Edith controlled herself, wiped her eyes, and put the picture down. "Dear Aunt Amy," she said, "you know I want it; but I won't take it unless you and Uncle Charles are quite willing."

It was quite touching, her first acknowledgment of kinship, and expression of trust and submission. They cordially assured her of their willingness, kissed her again in token of a closer adoption, and smiled after her as she went off with her father's portrait clasped to her heart.

Mellencamp and Hester still lingered. Mellencamp remembered faintly her Uncle Robert's marriage, and the disagreeable feeling in the family at that time. It had left on her mind a prejudice against "that Polish girl," and a shade of disfavor towards her daughter. But she said nothing.

"It will be so disagreeable having a Catholic in the family!" Hester complained.

"Hester, listen to me!" her father said severely. "I want no bigotry nor petty persecutions in my family. Your Cousin Edith has as good a right to her religion as you have to yours; and if either should find herself disagreeably situated, it is she, for she is alone. Don't forget this; and don't let there be anything offensive said, or hinted, or looked. I mean to be consistent, and let all others the same freedom which I claim myself. Now, let me hear no more of this."

Hester took refuge in tears. It was her sole argument. She was one of those soft creatures who required to be petted, and have a talent for being abused. Possibly, too, she was a little jealous of this new member of the family.

"Mellencamp, will you lead away this weeping nymph, and dry her tears?" the father said impatiently. "Common sense is too robust for her constitution."

The sisters went up stairs, and Edith followed them presently, and climbed to the cupola. Leaning on the window-sill, she looked off over the country. The horizon was a ring of low blue hills, with a grand amethyst glittering to tell where the sea lay. Through the center of this vast circle glistened the river, silver, and gold, and steel-blue, and the white houses of the town lay like a heap of lilies scattered on its banks. Everything else was forest.

Shadows of varying thought swept over the young man's face as he looked off, and drew freer breath from the distance. "Henceforth my shield must bear a martlet," he muttered. "But whether shall I fly?"

That was the problem he was studying. He had come to this place only to see his family settled, and collect his own thoughts after their sudden fall from prosperity; then he would go out into the world, and work his own way. It was not pleasant, the chance from that life of leisure and lofty work which he had planned, to one where compulsory labor for mere bread must occupy the greater part of his time, but it was inevitable. And so he looked away, and breathed the fresh air that came frolicly out of the northwest, and remembered how wide the world is, and how many veins in it are wrought, his young courage rose, and the plans he had been building up for that year crumbled and ceased to excite his regret.

Only a few months before their change of circumstances, his mother had been won to consent that he might visit Asia. He had meant to go north, south, east and west, in that shabby, glorious old land, make himself for the nonce Tartar, Chinese, Indian, Persian, what not, and get a look at creation through the eyes of each. This young man's sympathies were by no means narrow. He had never been able to believe that God smiles with peculiar fondness on any particular continent, island, peninsula, or part of either, and is but a step-father to the rest of the world. He was born with a hatred of barriers. He sympathized with Swift, who "hated all nations, professions, and communities, and gave all his love to individuals." Or, better than Swift, he had at least a theoretical love for mankind unfeigned. He did not have to learn to love, that came naturally to him; he had to learn to hate. But he was a good hater. Take him all in all, Carl Owen Yorke was at twenty-one a noble, generous youth, of good mind and an unshaken reputation; and it was no proof of excessive vanity to say that he believed himself capable of taking any position he might strive for.

"My dear Minerva tells me that I have in me some of the elements of failure," he said. "I wonder what they are?"

This "dear Minerva" was Miss Alice Mills, Mr. Robert Yorke's deserted fiancee. She and Owen were very close friends. It was one of those friendships which sometimes grow up between a woman whose youth is past and a youth whose manhood has scarcely arrived. Such a friendship may effect incalculable or incalculable harm, as the woman shall choose.

"Well," he concluded, not caring to puzzle over the riddle, "she will explain, I suppose, when she writes. And if anybody can get at the cube-root of the difficulty, she can."

Meantime, while the son was musing, and the daughters selecting their chambers, and making up a toilet for Edith, Mr. Yorke had sent for Patrick Ochester in the sitting room, and was questioning him concerning Catholic affairs in Boston. They did not seem to be in a flourishing condition.

"There was no priest settled there, Patrick said; but one came over from Boston—once in two months, and said Mass for them. They had no church yet, but a little chapel, what there was left of it."

"What do you mean by that?" his master asked.

"Why, sir, some of the Boston rowdies got into the chapel, one night, not long ago, and smashed the windows, and broke up the tabernacle, and destroyed the pictures entirely. And they twisted off the crucifix, though it was of iron, two inches wide and half an inch thick. The devil must have helped the man that did it, sayin' your presence, ma'am."

"Are they vandals here?" demanded Mr. Yorke.

"There are some fine folks in Boston," said Pat, who did not know what vandals are. "But the rowdies have everything pretty much their own way."

"And is there no law in the town?" asked Mr. Yorke wrathfully.

"There's a good many lawyers," said Pat, scratching his head.

"You mean to say that there was no effort made to discover and punish the perpetrators of such an outrage?" exclaimed Mr. Yorke.

"Indeed there was not, sir," Pat answered. "People knew pretty well who did the mischief, and that the fellow that broke off the crucifix was taken bleeding at the lungs just before he was shot. It wouldn't be well for the one who would lift his voice against the Boston rowdies. Why, some of 'em belong to as wealthy families as there are in town. They began with a cast-iron hand years ago, and everybody laughed at 'em. All the harm they did was to wake people out of sleep. Then they broke up a lecture. It was a Mr. Fowle, from Boston, who was preaching about education. And then they did a little mischief here and there to people they didn't like, and now they are too strong to put down. And, indeed, sir, when it's against the Catholics they are, nobody wants to put 'em down."

Mr. Yorke glanced at his wife. She did not look up or deny Patrick's charges. She was a little ashamed of the character of her native town in that respect; for at that time Boston was notorious for its lawlessness, and was even proud of its reputation. No great harm had been done, they said. It was only the boy's fun. They were sorry, it is true, that a respectable lecturer should have been insulted; but that a Catholic chapel should be desecrated, that was nothing. They did not give it a second thought.

"Well, Patrick," Mr. Yorke resumed, "my niece, Miss Edith Yorke, is a Catholic, and I wish her to have proper instructions, and to attend to the services of her church when there is opportunity. Let me know the next time your priest comes here, and I will call to see him. Now you go."

Enough is not only as good as a feast, it is better; and a little less than enough is better yet. How dear is that affection in which we have something to forgive! How charming is that beauty where the defects serve as indices to point out how great the beauty is! How wholesome is that salt of labor which gives a taste to leisure! For since the time of Eve, the pole of perfection, save with God, has been the point of decay; and profuse wealth has often deprived its possessor of great riches.

What we arrive at by this preamble is that the Yorkes had been unconsciously suffering from theopathy of satisfied wants, and were now delighted to find that comparative poverty brings many a pleasure in its train.

"Mamma," Clara exclaimed, "do believe there is a certain pleasure in making the best of things."

It was the morning after their arrival, and the young woman was standing in a chair, diving a nail to hang a picture on. She had begun by gazing at sight of the wall, a white stucco painted over with brown flower-pots, holding blossoming roses. But the cord of the frame matched those roses, and in some unexplained way the picture looked well on that background.

Mrs. Yorke, looking on, smiled at the remark. "There is a very certain pleasure in it, my dear," she said; "and I am glad that you have found it out."

Clara considered, gave the nail another blow, evaded the picture, and contemplated it with her head on one side. It was an engraving of La Bruin's picture of Alexander at the camp of Darius. "Mamma," she began again, "I think that Alexander the Great ought to have had another name after the adjective."

"What name, child?"

"Goose!" Why didn't he, instead of crying for more words to conquer, try to get at the inside of the one he had conquered the hawk out? Why did he not study botany, geology, and—poetry?"

"You are right, Clara," the mother replied. "Excess is always blinding. Why, we might have our whole house covered with morning-glories, yet never see the little silver tree that stands down in the garden of light at the bottom of each."

Clara clasped her hands with delight. "But fancy the house covered from top to bottom with morning-glories all in bloom! It would be magical!"

"Fancy yourself falling out of that chair," suggested Mrs. Yorke.

The girls' heads down, and walked thoughtfully toward the door. "How odd it is," she said, pausing on the threshold, and looking back; "I never see one truth, but immediately I perceive another looking over its shoulder. And the last is greater than the first."

"It is perhaps an example of truth which you see at first," Mrs. Yorke said. "And afterward you perceive the truth itself."

Clara went slowly toward the stairs, and her mother listened after her, expecting to hear some philosophical remark flung down over the battens. Instead of that, she heard a loud call to Betsey that the hens and chickens were all in the parlor, some of them laughing at the scene of their violent expulsion, then a clear lark-song as Clara finished her ascent.

Up-stairs, Mellencamp and Hester were busy and cheerful, quiet, too, till Clara came. She soon came down, and sounds of eager discussion came down to their mother's ears. They were laying plans for the summer. They would have company down from Boston, and when winter came, would each in turn visit the city. They would have more

help in the house; and, in order to pay for it, would write for publication. Every one else wrote; why not they? Indeed, Mellencamp had appeared in print, a friendly editor having taken, with thanks, some sketches she had written between dinner and opera. "What is worth printing is worth paying for," she said now; "and I shall feel no reluctance in announcing that in future my Feagans runs for a purse."

Clara had never been before the public; but she had resums of paper written over with stories, poems, plays, and seven sermons. She caught fire at everything, and, in the first excitement, dashed off some crude composition, but seldom or never went over it coolly. Mellencamp, to whom alone she showed her productions, had discouraged her. "You are like Nick Bottom, and insist on doing everything," she said. "It is a sign of incompetence."

Miss Yorke was one of those hyper-fastidious persons who establish a reputation for critical ability simply by finding fault with everything. Clara, on the contrary, was supposed to have a defective taste, because she was always admiring, and searching out hidden beauties.

But now at least Mellencamp condescended to admit that her sister might be able to accomplish something in a small way, and it was agreed that they should broach the subject to the assembled family that very evening.

At this encouragement, Clara rejoiced. "You see," she exclaimed, "I've been afraid that I might gradually grow into one of those lugubrious Dorcas who go round laying everybody out."

Edith, following her aunt and cousin about, rejoiced in everything. To her, this house, with its rat-holes and its dingy paint and plaster, was superb. The space, the sunshine, the air of elegance in spite of defects, the gentle voices and ways, all enchanted her. She found herself at home. Her own room was the last bubble on her cup of joy. They had given her the middle chamber over the front door, with a window opening out on to the portico, and each of the family had contributed some article of use or adornment. Mrs. Yorke gave an alabaster statuette of the Blessed Virgin, Mr. Yorke a Dowsy Bible, Mellencamp an engraving of the Signe Madonna where Edith's first waking glance would fall upon it, Clara gave an olive wood crucifix from Jerusalem, with a shell for holy water, Hester brought an ivory rosary, and Carl a missal in Latin and French, which she must learn to read, he said.

They covered the floor with a soft Turkey carpet, set up a little iron bed, and draped it whitely, and put a crimson valance over the lace curtain of her window. The sisters worked sweetly and harmoniously in fitting up this bower for their young cousin, and were pleased to see her delight in what to them were common things. When she gratefully embraced each one, and kissed her on both cheeks, they felt more than repaid. Clara blushed up with pleasure at her cousin's caress.

"The little gypsy has taking ways," Carl thought; and he said, "If you kiss Clara that way many times, she will have roses grow in her cheeks."

Then Edith went down-stairs to her aunt, and Carl went out to assist his father.

Mr. Yorke was no exception to the general cheerfulness. He found himself more interested, while planning his summer's work with Patrick, than he had ever been while engaged in the finest landscape gardening, with an artist at his orders. Early in the morning he had captured two boys who were loitering about, and they willingly engaged themselves for the day to pick up wheel-barrows loads of small stones, and throw them into the mud of the avenue.

"Mr. Yorke has got himself into business," Patrick remarked to Carl. "That avenue has a wonderful appetite of its own."

Carl repeated this observation to his father. "And I think Pat is right," he added. "See how complacently that mud takes in all you throw to it. It seems to smile over the last load of pebbles."

Mr. Yorke put up his eye-glasses. He always did that when he wished to intensify a remark or a glance. "I intend to make these avenues sold, if I have to upset the whole estate into them," he remarked.

Mrs. Yorke sat in a front window holding an embroidery-needle, and Edith occupied a stool at her feet. The child had told all her story; her recollections of her mother, her life with the Rowans, of Captain Carv, and her ring. But of Mr. Rowan's burial she said nothing. That was to remain a secret with those who had assisted.

When Mrs. Yorke occasionally dropped her work, and cast looking out at her husband and son, Edith caressed the hand lying idly on that glowing wool, and held her own slender brown fingers beside those fair ones, for a contrast. She could not enough admire her aunt's snowdrop delicacy, rich hair, and soft eyes.

Mr. Yorke was too much engrossed to notice his wife; but Carl looked up now and then for a glance and smile.

"Do you recollect anything that happened when you were a little girl, Aunt Amy?" Edith said.

"The lady smiled and sighed in the same breath. 'I was this moment thinking of a tea-party I had on that large rock you can just see at the flat. I had heard my father read *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and my fancy was captivated by it. So I invited Titania, Oberon, and all the fairies and they came. It was an enchanting banquet. The plates were acorn-cups, the knives and forks were pine needles, the cakes were white pebbles, and we drank drops of dew out of moss vases."

"I've read that play too," Edith said brightly. "Mr. Rowan had it. And I read about Ariel. But I didn't like Caliban nor Bottom, and I think it was a shame to chat Titania so. Do you remember anything else?"

"Yes. When I was five or six years old, my father brought home a new map of the State of Maine, and hung it on that wall opposite. It was bright and shining, and had the name in great letters across the whole. My father held me up before it in his arms, and told him what the great letters spell. How I tried it not so much for the silver, though I wanted it, as for the honor of success, and to please my father. But I couldn't make less than two syllables of it. To me M, A, I, N, E, meant Maine. But my father gave me the quarter. I suppose he thought that the language, and not I, was at fault."

"I don't see why letters should be put into words when they are not needed there," Edith remarked. "I would like to have them left out. It makes a bother, and takes time."

The child did not know that she was uttering revolutionary sentiments, and that the reddest of red republicanism lurked in her speech.

Mr. Yorke mused over her embroidery, set a golden siskin in a violet, drew it too tightly, and had to loosen it.

"Oh!" Edith exclaimed, her memory catching on that thread. "That makes me recollect that I knifed a tight strip into the heel of Mrs. Rowan's stocking, and I can see just

how it looked. But I didn't know it then." There was a sound of wheels, and Mrs. Yorke looked up to see a carriage drawn by a pair of greys coming up the avenue. Major Cleveland had lost no time in calling on his neighbors.

Mr. Yorke went down to meet his visitor, the road being too pentential for travel, and the two walked up together. They had known each other by sight in Boston, where the major spent his winters, but had no further acquaintance. Now they met cordially, and stood a while talking in the portico before going in to see the ladies. Major Cleveland was fresh-faced, pleasant-looking, and rather pompous in manner. A deep crease on his brow proclaimed him a widower. Indeed, Mrs. Cleveland had not long survived young Mrs. Yorke, and the two had, ere this, let us hope, amicably settled the question of precedence.

The visit was an agreeable one to all, though it was evident that the visitor felt more at ease with the ladies than with his host. He was slightly disconcerted by Mr. Yorke's piercing eyes, aquiline nose, and emphatic mode of speech, and on the whole found him too dominant in manner. It appeared that there were to be two lords in Boston instead of one.

We doubt if the most amiable of Bengal lions would be altogether pleased at seeing his proper jungle invaded by even the politest of Nubian lions, and we may be pretty sure that the lioness would hear in private more than one remark detrimental to the dignity of that odious black monster with his desert manners. And in return, it is not unlikely that the African desert-king might sneer at his lawful brother as rather an effeminate creature. It is not the lionesses alone who have their rights. Certain it is that, when Major Cleveland had gone, and the ladies chose to praise him very highly, Mellencamp pronounced him to be a superior person. Mr. Yorke saw fit to greet the remark with one of his most disagreeable smiles.

"Don't you think so, papa?" asks Mellencamp.

"He has intellectual tastes, but no intellectual power," answered "papa" most decidedly. "He has glimmerings."

But for all that, the call was a pleasant one, the gentleman lingering half an hour, and then going with reluctance. The presence of Edith had caused him a momentary embarrassment. He was not sure that it would be delicate to remember having ever seen her before, and yet her smiling eyes seemed to expect a recognition. But Mrs. Yorke brought her forward immediately. "Edith tells me you are an acquaintance," she said, "and that you have been very kind to her."

Before going, Major Cleveland placed his paws in the meeting house at their disposal, and offered to send a carriage for them the next morning. "I have two of the best pews in Dr. Martin's church," he said, "and since my boys went away to school, there has been no one but myself to occupy them. There is room in each for six persons; and I sit in one, and put my hat in the other. Of course, we look like two asses in red velvet desert. Do come, ladies, and make a garden of the place."

They all went out to the portico with him when he took leave, and he went away charmed with their cordiality, and with several new ideas in his mind. One of the first effects of this enlightenment was that the major appeared at meeting the next day without a crape on his hat.

It was a fatiguing day, that Saturday; but at sunset their labors were over, all but arranging the books. The boxes containing them, Mr. Yorke had brought into the sitting-room after tea, and the young people assisted him. He classified his library in a way of his own. Metaphysical works he placed over science, since "metaphysics is only physics etherized," he said. One shelf, named the Beehive, was filled with epigrams and satires. History and fiction were indiscriminately mingled. Mr. Yorke liked to quote Fielding—"pages which some dull authors have been facetiously pleased to call the history of England."

"There are certain time-honored lies which every intelligent and well-informed person is expected to be familiar with," he said. "Not to know Hume, De Foe, Fox, Corvantes, Froude, Le Sage, etc., argues one's self unlearned."

In a corner of the case was the Olympus where Mr. Yorke's special intellectual favorites were placed—among them Bolingbroke, Carlyle, Emerson and Theodore Parker. "They are five pagans," he said of the two last.

Mrs. Yorke mused in the chimney-corner, her head resting on her hand, the shoulder-strap fire throwing a faint glow up in her face. Edith sat by a table looking over William Blake's illustrations of Blair's *Grave*—a set of plates that had just been sent from England. The daughters took books from the boxes, and called their names; Carl, mounted on steps, placed the apparatus; and Mr. Yorke did everything they did, and more. He scolded, ordered, commented, and now and then opened a book to read a passage, or give an opinion of the author.

"Don't put Robert Browning beside Crashaw!" he cried out. "You might as well put Lucretius beside St. John."

"Why, I thought you admired Browning, papa," Mellencamp said.

"So do; but half his metre is phosphorescent. It is a spiritual decay and the lightning of a superb mind. But Crashaw's was an angel. Edith must read him."

Looking at such a library, a Catholic remembers well that the serpent still coils about the tree of knowledge, hisses in the rustling of it, and roams many a blossom with his breath. Worse yet, though the antidote is near, few or none take it. Those for whom slanders against the church are written, never read the refutation. How many who read in Motley's *Dutch Republic* that absolutism were sold in Germany at so many ducats for each crime, the most horrible crimes, either committed or to be committed, having an easy price—how many of those readers ask if it be true, or glance at a page which disproves the slander? Who on reading Prescott looks to the other side to see exposed his insinuations, his false deductions from true facts? How many of those countless thousands who have been nurtured on the calumnies of Peter Parley, drawing them in from their earliest childhood, have ever read a page on which his condemnation is written? And later, in the periodical literature of the day, with a thousand kindred attacks, how many of those who, within a few months, have read in the *Atlantic Monthly* Mrs. Child's impertinent article on Catholicism and Buddhism, stopped to see that her argument, such as it was, was directed less against the church than against Christianity itself? Or looked in Marshall's *Christian Missions* to find that the resemblance is simply a reflection of the early labors of the only missionaries who have ever influenced Asia—the faint echoes of the voice of one crying in the wilderness?

But it is vain to multiply names. "The trail of the serpent is over them all." The books in their places, Mr. Yorke seated himself to look over a basket of precious coins and rings. "Wouldn't you think that papa was dreaming over some old love-token of

his boyhood?" whispered Clara to her brother.

Her father had fallen into a dream over an old ring with a Latin poem in it; and what he saw was this: a blue sky, jewel-blue, over Florence, in whose hair, says Vasari, "lies an immense stimulus to aspire after fame and honor." He saw a superb garden, peopled with sculptured forms, and three men standing before an antique marble. It is Bertoldo, Donatello's pupil, young Michael Angelo, and Lorenzo the Magnificent, the glory of Florence, whose face all the people and all the children love; and they are waiting in the gardens of San Marco, the art-treasury of the Medici. Farther off, moving slowly under the trees, with his hands behind his back, and his eagle face bent in thought; is the learned and elegant Poliziano. Suddenly he pauses, a smile flashes across his face, he brings his hands forward to clap them together, and goes to meet the three who have respected his seclusion. "How now, Poliziano," laughs the duke, "do we not deserve to hear the result of those musings which we were so careful not to intrude upon?" And the scholar, whose epigrams no less than his Greek and his translations are the pride of the court, bows lowly, and repeats the very poem engraved on this ring over which Mr. Yorke now dreams in the nineteenth century, in the woods of Maine, in April weather.

The bright Italian picture faded. Mr. Yorke sighed and put the magical ring away, and took up a volume of Villemain's *Histoire de la Littérature Française*, turning the leaves idly.

Mellencamp made a slight movement, and begged to be heard. "We girls have been talking matters over to-day," she said, "and would like to submit our plans to you. We have divided the house-work into three parts, which we take in rotation. One is to be lady-maid and companion for mamma, another is to make the beds and dust all the rooms, and the third will set the table, wash the china and silver, and trim the lamps."

Mr. Yorke looked up quickly as his daughter began, but immediately dropped his eyes again, and sat with a flushed face, frowning slightly. It was his first intimation that his daughters had not only lost society and luxury, but that their personal ease was gone. They would have to perform menial labors.

"I think your arrangement a very good one, Mellencamp," Mrs. Yorke replied tranquilly. She had all the time seen the necessity. "But the post of lady-maid will be a sinecure. However, let it stay. It will be a time of leisure for each."

"Cannot Betsey do the work?" Mr. Yorke asked sharply.

"Why, papa?" Clara cried out, "Betsey can scarcely spare time out of the kitchen to do the sweeping. When we come to making butter, we girls will have to help in the fine ironing."

"I can churn!" Mr. Yorke exclaimed desperately.

"My dear!" expostulated his wife.

"I churned once when I was a boy," he protested; "and the butter came."

They all laughed, except Betsey, who affectionately embraced her father's arm. "Why shouldn't the butter come when you churn, dear papa?" she asked.

"You must have been in very good humor, sir," said Carl slyly.

"We don't mean to do this sort of work long," Mellencamp resumed. "There is no merit in doing servile work, if one can do better. Clara and I will write and so pay for extra help. I think—very indulgently—that with practice Clara may make something of a writer. I shall write a volume of European travels. On the whole, looking at our reverses in this light they seem fortunate. Living here in quiet, we can accomplish a literary labor for which we should never otherwise have found time."

"That is true," Mr. Yorke said; but his look was doubtful and troubled. "Still, Mellencamp, I would not have you too confident. I would advise you to try a story. It would be more likely to sell. Europe's *recherche* has become a drug in the market, and our experiences abroad were pretty much what those of others are. A vagabond adventurer would have a much better chance of catching public attention."

Edith gazed in awe at her companions. She was in the midst of people who undertook to show them face to face. So might pretty Psyche have gazed when first her husband's celestial relatives received her, when she saw Juno among her parents, Minerva laying aside her helmet, Hebe pouring nectar. This, then, is Olympus!

"If you write a story, do take one suggestion from me, Mellencamp. Carl said, 'Pray give your hero and heroine brushes to dress their hair with. Have you observed that even the finest characters in books have to use a broom? The hair is always swept back.'"

Miss Yorke did not notice this triviality. She was looking rather displeased. "I don't want to discourage my daughter," her father went on. "But you must recollect that it is no thing to give a sketch to an editor who is a friend and dines with you, and another thing to offer him a book which is expected to pay for. Then he must look to the market and his reputation. Some of the finest writers in the world have described these very scenes which you would describe. Can you tell more of Rome than Madame de Staël has? or paint a more enchanting picture of Capri than that of Hans Andersen? If not, you run the risk of reminding your reader of Sidney Smith's reply to the dull tourist who held out his walking-stick, boasting that it had been round the world. 'Yes; and still it is a stick!' says Sidney."

Miss Yorke held her head very high, and her color deepened. "I will then put my MS. into the fire," she said in a quiet tone, casting her eyes down.

Her father gave an impatient shrug. "Not at all!" he replied. "But you will take advice, and try to think you are not above criticism."

"Clara has an idea," Carl interposed. He had been bending over some papers with his younger sister. "She also turns to travel, but very modestly. She calls them gleanings, and her motto is from De Quincy: 'Not the flowers are for the pole, but the pole is for the flowers.' Here is the preface. Shall I read it?"

"Oh! I am afraid of papa!" Clara cried, blushing very much. But Mr. Yorke, who only now learned that his second daughter was also a scribbler, laughingly promised to be lenient, and she suffered herself to be persuaded. They all looked kindly on her, even Mellencamp in spite of her own mortification; and Carl read:

"I do not presume to write a volume descriptive of European travel. Many, great and small, have been in that field, some repeating what others binding up in tales. These leaves are offered by one who gathered a few new things which no one valued, seeing them there, but which some one may, it fortune favor, smile at, since they grew there. One such might say: 'You're but a weed; but you grew in a thicket of crumbling history; I know where, for I measured the arch, and sketched the colon-

ade. And I recognize the green leaves of you, and the silver thread of a roof, with a speck of rich old soil clinging to it. And, a propos, I saw there a child asleep in the shade, with a group of spotted yellow lilies standing guard, as if they had sprung up since, and because she had closed her eyes, and might change to a group of tigers if you should go too near. She had long eyelashes, and she smiled in her sleep."

"I do not claim to be an artist, O travelled reader! but I stretch a hand to touch the artist."

"That isn't bad!" Mr. Yorke said immediately. "And your motto is very pretty. I am glad to have you familiar with De Quincy. He is good company. He is a man who does not overlook delicate hints, and he is respectful and just to children. He annoys me sometimes by a weak irony, and by explaining too much; but I repeat he is good company."

Immediately Clara passed from the deep to the heights. Her bosom heaved, her eyes flashed; she felt herself famous.

"Now let us hear a chapter of the gleanings," said her father.

"Why, I haven't written anything but the preface," Clara was forced to acknowledge.

Mr. Yor

and sublimity. Patrick dropped his paper, and listened to the story of the martyrdom of St. Stephen. He knew it well, but seemed now to hear it for the first time. He saw no book; he heard a voice calling him to the martyr's tomb before his accusers, and "his face as the face of an angel," and "gashed with their teeth at him."

"Faith!" he muttered excitedly; "but he had them there!" As Mr. Yorke went on with the story, and the saint, looking steadily upward, declared that he saw the heavens open, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God, Patrick rose unconsciously to his feet, and blessed himself. To his pure faith and unobscured imagination the scene was vividly clear. He heard the outcry of the multitude, saw them rush upon their victim, drive him out of the city and stone him, till he fell asleep in the Lord.

"And a young man named Saul was consenting to his death," said the voice. "Glory be to God!" exclaimed Patrick taking breath.

The prayer that followed gratified on his feeling. The reader lost his fire, and merely got through this part of the exercises. Evidently, Mr. Yorke did not believe that he was praying. Neither did Patrick believe that he was.

The next morning Major Cleaveland's carriage came to take them to what they called church. Mellicent and Clara had already set out to walk. Carl stayed at home with Edith, and only Mr. and Mrs. Yorke and Hester drove. They overtook the others at the steps of the meeting house, and found Major Cleaveland waiting in the porch for them.

Mrs. Yorke was one of those sweet, unreasoning souls who fancy themselves Protestant because they were born and trained to be called so, but who yield as unquestioning an obedience to their spiritual teachers as any Catholic in the world. She unconsciously obeyed the recommendation, "Don't be consistent, but be simply true." Aburdly illogical in her theology, she followed unerringly, as far as she knew, her instincts of worship, and the opinions that grew naturally from them. It would be hard to define what her husband thought and believed of Dr. Martin's sermon. He did not find it a feast of reason, certainly; but he swallowed it from a firm sense of duty, though with rather a wry face.

The young ladies knew about as much of theology as Protestant ladies usually do, and that is—nothing. They left it all to the minister; and, provided he did not require them to believe anything disagreeable, were quite satisfied with him. Coming home, they entertained their brother with a laughing account of their experience. The major had escorted Mellicent to her seat, to the great amusement of the two sisters following. For Miss Yorke, sublimely conscious of herself, and that they were the observed of all observers, had walked with a measured tread, utterly irrespective of her companion; and the major, equally important, and slightly confused by his hospitable cares, had neglected to modify his usual short, quick steps. The result was, as Clara said, that "they chopped up the aisle in different places," thus oversetting the gravity of the younger damsel following. Then their minds had been kept on the rack by an old gentleman who went to sleep several times, following the customary programme: first a vacant stare, then a drooping of the eyelids, then a shutting of them, then several low bows, finally a sharp, short nod that threatened to snap his head off, followed by a start, and a manner that resentfully repudiated ever having been asleep.

"Poor old gentleman!" Mrs. Yorke said. "The day was warm, and Dr. Martin's voice jolled. How could he help it?" "But, mamma," Clara answered, "he could have pinched himself; or I would have pinched him cheerfully."

A good many people called on them that week, and the family were surprised to find among them persons of cultivated minds. Beginning by wondering what they were to talk about with these people, they found that they had to talk their best.

They had made the mistake often made by city people, taking for granted that the finest and most cultivated minds are to be found in town. They forgot that city life fritters away the time and attention by a thousand varied and trivial distractions, so that deep thought and study become almost impossible. They neglect to observe that cities would degenerate if they were not constantly supplied with fresh life from the country; that the fathers that achieve are followed by the sons that dawdle, that the artist gives birth to the dilettante. "The country that nurses the tree which bears its fruit in the city. But, also, the country often hides its treasures, and the poet's fancy of 'mute, inglorious Milton' is as true as it is poetical. In the country, painting and sculpture and architecture are, it is true, only guessed at; but they have nature, which, as St. Thomas Brown says, 'is the art of God,' and books are appreciated there as nowhere else. The country reader dives like a bee into the poet's verse, and lingers to suck up all its sweetness; the city reader skims it like a butterfly. In the country the thinker's best thought is weighed, and pondered, and mused; in the city it is glanced at, and dismissed. In those retired nooks are women who quote Shakespeare over their wash-tubs, and read the English classics after the cows are milked, while their city sisters powder the fashions, or listen to some third-rate lecturer, whose only good thought is, perhaps, a borrowed thought."

Still, all honor to that strong, swift life which glides a man as under a millstone, and proves what is in him; which shames his sluggishness, breaks the katana wings of him, and forces him out of a cotter and into humanity. One day Dr. Martin called. Mrs. Yorke and her daughters, with Carl, were out searching for May flowers, and there was no one at home to receive him but Mr. Yorke and Edith. Dr. Martin and the child met with great coldness, and instantly separated; but the two gentlemen kept up a conversation, though neither was quite at his ease. They needed a gentler companionship to bring them together. The minister was a man of good mind and education, and a kind heart; but his prejudices were strong and bitter, and the presence of that little "papist" disconcerted him. He soon took occasion, in answer to Mr. Yorke's civil inquiries respecting the churches in Boston, to give expression to this feeling.

"We have, of course, a good many papists, but all of the lowest class," he said; "I have tried to do something for them; but they are so ignorant, and so enslaved by their priests, that it is impossible to induce them to listen to the Gospel."

Mr. Yorke drew himself up. "Perhaps you are not aware that my niece, Miss Edith Yorke, is a Catholic, he said in his steepest manner."

Edith, standing in a window near, had not

made a sound; but she looked at the minister, and fixed at him two shots out of her two eyes. He in turn raised himself with an offended air at Mr. Yorke's reproof. "I was certainly not aware that your sympathies were with the Papists, sir," he said.

"Neither are they," was the cold reply. "But I profess to be a gentleman, and I try to be a Christian. One of my principles is never to insult the religious beliefs of another."

"But," objected the minister, stifling his anger, "if you never attack their errors, you lose the chance of enlightening them."

"Doctor," Mr. Yorke said with a slight laugh, "I don't believe you can ever enlighten a man's mind by pounding a hole in his head."

And so they dropped that part of the subject. But Mr. Yorke thought it best to define his own position, and thus prevent future mistakes.

"I believe in God," he said. "A man is a fool who does not. And I believe that the Bible was written by men inspired by him. But there is no one thing in it for the truth of which I would suffer with my life. It is the old fable of the divinity visiting earth wrapped in a cloud. Somewhere hidden in the Bible is the truth, but I see it as in a glass darkly. I think as little about it as possible. To study would be to entangle myself in a labyrinth. It is natural and necessary for man to worship; but it is neither natural nor responsible for him to comprehend what he worships. To take in the divine, your brain must crack."

The minister perceived that argument was useless, and shortly after took leave.

SIGNIFICANT SPRING.

A Dissertation upon its advent, and its effect upon mankind.

"The green leaf of the new come Spring."—Shaks.

Everybody recognizes spring, when it is once upon us, but many persons are not familiar with the exact date of its appearance. Webster, the world-renowned lexicographer, gives us a definition, which may not be inappropriate here. "Spring," says he, "is the season of the year when plants begin to vegetate and rise; the vernal season, comprehending the months of March, April and May, in the middle latitudes north of the equator."

Thomson, in his "Seasons," and Shakspeare, in many of his works, have, perhaps, no peers in describing it, and yet "ethereal spring" is freighted with malaria, "that insidious foe, lurking unseen in the very air we breathe." It spreads over the fairest portions of our land; brings death and disease to thousands; cuts off scores upon scores of our children and youth, as well as those in advanced life. A pestilence is regarded with little less apprehension, and people everywhere are asking, "What is it?" "Where does it come from?" "What will cure it?"

KIDNEY-WORT, AS A SPRING MEDICINE.

When you begin to lose appetite;—have a headache, a pain in your side, back, and shoulders;—to toss about at night in restless dreams;—wake in the morning with a foul mouth and furred tongue;—feel disinclined to go about your work, heavy in body and oppressed in mind;—have a fit of the blues;—when your urine gets scanty or high colored;—to suffer with constipation, diarrhoea, or indigestion;—have a pesty, sallid face, dull eyes, and a blotched skin;—one of all these common complaints will certainly be evidence that your liver is disordered, torpid, or perhaps diseased. A bottle of Kidney-Wort is, under such circumstances, a priceless boon to such a person.

Bara assertions of proprietors have come to possess less force than they frequently merit. The cause of this condition of popular skepticism is, in the main, to be found in the fact that charlatanism covers our broad land. Meritorious articles are too frequently found in bad company.

The proprietors of Kidney-Wort always prove all their assertions, touching the merits of their preparations. When we affirm, therefore, that Kidney-Wort is a specific for just such disorders as have been mentioned in this article, the proof, too, belongs to and shall, follow this statement.

A PHYSICIAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Dr. R. K. Clark, a regular physician of extensive practice in Grand Isle County, and a worthy deacon of the Congregational Church, at South Hero, Vt., has used Kidney-Wort for several years in his practice, and before the present proprietors purchased an interest in it, he had given his unbiased opinion. "I have used it better than any other remedy I have ever used," says the Doctor, and, further on he writes: "I do not recollect an instance where the patient to whom I have given it has failed to receive benefit from its use, and in some severe cases most decidedly so." These are strong words. They are from a representative, conscientious, ever-approachable public citizen, however, and—rather still—they are true.

Kidney-Wort will bear all the encomiums lavished upon it by its friends;—and their names is legion. "I will swear by Kidney-Wort all the time," writes Mr. J. R. Knappman, of Lancaster, Pa. We will supplement this by asserting, as a matter of fact, and one capable of demonstration, that all honest patrons of this remedy are its friends and advocates.

THE ALLEGED FENIAN BAIT.

New York, April 13.—Holland, the owner of the alleged Fenian torpedo ram, which quietly left Jersey City the other day, and has not been heard of since, says the vessel was taken away because it was watched by an Irishman employed by the English consulate. Holland intimates that the Fenians intend to use the vessel.

"THE ONLY ONE IN AMERICA."

The International Throat and Lung Institute, Toronto and Montreal, is positively the only one in America where diseases of the six passages alone are treated. Gold inhalations are used through the Spirometer, an instrument or inhaler invented by Dr. M. Nouvelle of Paris, ex-aid surgeon of the French army, with proper dietetic, hygienic and constitutional treatment suitable to each case. Thousands of cases of Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness, and Consumption have been cured. Write, enclosing stamp, for pamphlet, giving full particulars and reliable references to 173 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.; 13 Phillips Square, Montreal, P. Q.

Jefferson wrote that "great cities are peculiarly liable to the morals, health, and liberties of man," and to-day everybody is swarming into great cities; not encouraging for the future.

IF YOU ARE RUINED.

In health from any cause, especially from the use of any of the thousand nostrums that promise so largely, with long "hot-dog" testimonials, have no fear. Resort to Hip Bitters at once, and in a short time you will have the most robust and blooming health.

PAPERS ON REASON AND FAITH.

(Contributed to THE TRUE WITNESS.)

If we apply all those marks to the various so-called rules of faith, it will be easy to determine where and which is the genuine rule of faith. It will be easy to see that those marks must belong to a rule of divine authority, and that this authority must be visible to all mankind; and, consequently, it must be found in God's Church. And among all the Churches in Christendom there is only one that possesses this authority with which the marks of the true rule of faith are in perfect harmony, and that is the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Jesus Christ founded it, and confided to her authority His revealed word, whether oral or written. The authority of this Church constitutes the Apostolic body, or the Pope and bishops, who received power to define and promulgate all the truths that the faithful are bound to believe, to decide without appeal, consequently without doubt, all points of controversy, to condemn all errors in matters of faith and morals. This divine authority is stamped with the seal of infallibility and indefectibility, which are its guarantee against all error in the doctrine which it teaches.

The Holy Roman Catholic Church is therefore the divine organ of revealed truth. Her credentials are her institution, her mission, her marks, and her infallibility in matters of faith and morals. She presents these to all nations and to all peoples; she says to them, take these credentials and examine them for yourself; subject them to the most rigorous examination possible, you may question and cross-question me, I shall give you full satisfaction in truth and justice. She holds the Bible as a divinely inspired volume. She preserves the integrity of the text. She gives the sanction of her approbation to all the versions of the sacred volume which she places in the hands of her children. She presents the symbol of faith to us and requires that all alike, without exception, should accept and believe it.

The Church is at once human and divine and, therefore, subject to disputes in point of doctrine, which are settled beyond appeal by her supreme and infallible tribunal, the Sovereign Pontiff, successor of St. Peter, with or without the bishops. When this sacred tribunal defines and promulgates any point of doctrine relative to faith and morals, all are bound to receive the decision as coming from God. By such decisions the Church never introduces any new doctrine; she never mingles with the divine element, any human or heterogeneous element. She is always guided by the Holy Ghost in her interpretation and tradition; she gives the true dogma and sense of revealed truths, which is the same faith received through the Apostles from Jesus Christ. She exacts a firm belief from all the faithful in all the truths which she defines, which from that moment become articles of divine faith. Such is her office, and such is the allegiance that she requires from her children.

She ardently desires that all her operations, her doctrines and teachings may be seen by the whole world in all the light that truth can shed on them. And as science is a means by which this light is in a great measure obtained she is by no means hostile to it, as her enemies would have us believe. On the contrary, she encourages its progress, and holds out every inducement to advance its development, and even enlists its services on the part of the most eminent theologians to discuss the points of dogma undefined, either to give them a greater clearness so as to render them perceptible to all, or to sustain them, once defined, against the inconstancy of her enemies. She invites and encourages all who may be soar into the sublimest regions of science, historical, sacred or profane, archaeological, sacred and monumental, epigraphical and numismatical, philological, ancient and modern, hermeneutical and Biblical exegesis, and all other branches worthy of the greatest minds that may wish to study them. But when the Catholic would be master of all science, the precious treasure would not constitute for him a motive of divine faith. Since this motive must be founded on the divine authority of God's Church, or the Catholic rule of faith. This rule, when observed, will preserve him from all error in matters of faith and morals during his scientific researches. According to this rule, perfect harmony reigns between the divine and human element, between faith and science, which, once destroyed, man necessarily sinks into the chaos of error and delusion.

The motives of divine faith should not be confounded with its vital principle, which is the grace of God, while the motives by which a man may be brought to a knowledge of the true faith may be various and numerous. Thus, Phillips, of Monrovia, and the celebrated Hartley, were converted by their profound historical studies, especially of the middle ages. Solberg, Stalberg, Mottor and Sath, were converted by their philosophical study of the human mind. De Coux was converted by his deep researches of political economy. Yarko by his profound study of the law. While many others have been converted by the simple examination of the system of the Catholic Church, in which they readily perceive the impress of the divinity. Hence thousands have come to a knowledge of the true faith by as many different ways, but this simple knowledge of the truth would not suffice to make them embrace it. They required something more in order to believe it. And that something constitutes the vital and fundamental principle of divine faith, it is the grace to believe the true doctrine, in virtue of which they become Catholics. It is the grace of submission to the Supreme authority of God's Church, which is like a city to which we may go by various and different routes, some difficult to travel, this way of a laborious and vigorous investigation, others flowery and agreeable, the way delightful to the senses; but from all those different roads we can gain admission to the city only at one place: there is but one single door to its walls, and this door is low and narrow, and consequently we must bow lowly to enter it. We are free to remain outside its walls, admire the beauty of its edifices and thoroughfares, but we may never hope to become its citizens or children unless that we enter by this low and narrow door, which means a full and entire submission, without reserve, to all the teachings of the Church, which is the real city here in question.

Hence the Catholic rule of faith, or the authority of God's Church, stamped with the seal of infallibility, is in perfect harmony with all the distinctive marks of the true rule of faith. Hence this authority must be the true, genuine rule of faith given by God, if the same harmony is not found between the Protestant, or any other rule of faith, and the marks given to find the true rule of faith, which will form the subject of our next.

FULLERNESS.

(To be continued.)

FLIES AND BUGS.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, ophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough n Bats," 15c.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A New Yorker writes that Denver is far more cosmopolitan than Chicago.

A tremendous hurricane completely stopped the outbreak of cholera at Manila. In the list of Irish landowners is Frederick Kennedy, 298,349 acres; value, \$4,215.

Diamond Dyes will color anything any color, and never fade. The easiest and best way to economize. 10 cents, at all druggists.

Until 1882 Russian credit on European bourses always stood higher than that of Austria or Hungary. Since then it has stood lower.

G. A. Dixon, Frankville, Ont., says he was cured of Chronic Bronchitis that troubled him for seventeen years, by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

The late Sir George Jessel's income at the English Bar stagnated for some years at \$3,000 a year. As Solicitor-General he earned \$115,000 a year.

Backache is almost immediately relieved by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Try one and be free from pain. Price 25 cents.

Prince Bismarck owns some 30,000 acres but does not derive much income from them. His whole income is probably \$70,000 a year, official salary included.

Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Restorer is a certain remedy for removing dandruff, making the scalp white and clean and restoring gray hair to its youthful color. It imparts a fine gloss and freshness to the hair, and is highly recommended by physicians, clergymen and scientists as a preparation accomplishing wonderful results.

Mr. de Molinari, the eminent French journalist and statistician, estimates that the municipal expenditure of Paris (equals that of London, although Paris has two-thirds less of population.

In the cure of severe coughs, weak lungs, spitting of blood and the early stages of Consumption, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has astonished the medical faculty. While it cures the severest coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood. By druggists.

At a Hamburg menagerie this month trials were made by German military officers of how camels and dromedaries would serve ambulance purposes. The result is strongly in favor of them.

A. B. Des Rochers, Arthabaskaville, P. Q., writes: "Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, from which I nearly constantly suffered until after having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for nine days, bathing the head, &c., when I was completely cured, and have only need half a bottle."

The subscriptions raised in Great Britain after calamities are often astonishingly large. That for the relief of the families of the 167 fishermen who perished in 1882, off Eye-mouth, amounts to over \$250,000.

Dr. W. Armstrong, Toronto, writes: "I have been using Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of God Liver Oil and Hypophosphates with the best results. I believe it is the best Emulsion in the market. Having tested the different kinds, I unhesitatingly give it the preference when prescribing for my consumptive patients or for throat and lung affections."

The greatest English provincial paper is the Leeds Mercury. It publishes, besides its daily issue, an enormous weekly edition, which is read all over the north of England, and is infinitely superior to the weekly London Times.

A NERVE AND BRAIN FOOD is needed in all cases of nervous and sexual prostration. Mack's Magnetic Medicine meets this want more effectively than any other preparation, and the price brings it within the reach of all. Read the advertisement in another column. Sold in Montreal by Laviolette & Nelson.

The Paris newspaper Evènement of March 30 says: "George Elliot, the well known English novelist, is passing through Paris in company with several friends, among whom is Sir E. Scott, grandson of the author of 'Ivanhoe.'"

"Many ladies who had scarcely enjoyed the luxury of feeling well for years have been so renovated by using Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that they have triumphed over the ill-effects of their ailments, and life has been crowned with the added charm of a fresher beauty."

The population of the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man remains almost stationary. They have ceased to be extraordinarily cheap as compared with many mainland places, and are therefore the less resorted to by families of limited means.

A half or whole bottle of MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER mixed with the water of the bath is of great use to invalids and delicate or nervous persons, as it revives and braces up the falling strength and soothes the most irritable nervous system.

This is what a circus performer does, as described in the bill, when he rides a bicycle up a spiral incline and back: "He makes his way along the dizzy, curving track, seated upon his whirling, racing, fickle wheel, at a breakneck speed. The variation of an inch from the centre of gravity and the desperate man would tangle instant death; but he gracefully emerges with his quivering wheel into the arena, amid the wild and deafening applause of the enthusiastic multitude."

Holloway's Pills.—With the darkening day and changing temperatures the digestion becomes impaired, the liver disordered, and the mind dependent unless the cause of the irregularity be expelled from the blood and body by an alternative like these Pills. They go directly to the source of the evil, they cut off all impurities from the circulation, reduce disordered organs to their natural state, and correct all defective and contaminated secretions. Such easy means of instituting health, strength, and cheerfulness should be in the possession of all whose stomachs are weak, whose minds are much harassed, or whose brains are overworked. Holloway's is essentially a blood-purifying medicine, whereby its influence, reaching the remotest fibres of the frame, effects a universal good.

According to the Continental Journals there will contribute to the Paris Salon this year 611 French painters, 252 sculptors, 246 architects and 127 engravers. The foreign contingent will be 188 painters, 57 sculptors, 42 architects and 31 engravers. Sixty lady artists will exhibit, of whom 50 are French.

THE FORTUNATE NEWS VENDOR.

Schoeffler, the book and news man, who made the big hit in the Louisiana State Lottery the other day, got his money yesterday per Central Express Company. It wasn't much of a package, the amount consisting of three \$5,000 bills. Mr. Schoeffler will continue in business, and not allow his good fortune to spoil him one bit. Thus far he has made a great success out of a small beginning through hard work.—Attention (Pa.) Chronicle and News, March 23.

A FLASH FROM IRELAND'S INMOST SOUL.

Bishop Logue's Appeal from England to the Irish Race.

"Please God we will have the People in Spite of the Chief Secretary."

The successor of John MeHale, the Lion of the Fold of Judah, has arisen in Ireland, and his name is Michael Logue, Bishop of Raphoe. No fonder contempt, no stronger denunciation, no more fearless defiance did patriot ever hurl against an oppressor than are contained in Bishop Logue's telegram to the Irish Chief Secretary, and read in Parliament.

"I will not abandon the workhouse test and the emigration scheme," declared the Chief Secretary from his place in Parliament.

From his humble home on the esplanade of the Market Square, Lutterkenney, and surrounded by his starving people, Bishop Logue thundered his reply into the House of Commons:

"Please God we will save the people in spite of the Chief Secretary. He may give his emigration scheme to the winds. 'I appeal from him to the Irish race.' No grander declaration was ever made by an Irishman. It will live as long as the Irish race lives, and as long as history forms part of the world's literature.

Burke never rose to the sterling sublimity; Curran or Shiel never approached the fiery intensity; Grattan never volumed the sentiment strength of that sentence, while O'Connell was only a babbling in comparison. 'I appeal from him to the Irish race.' There is none of the rage of despair here; no mere threat of the agitator mingled with the whine of the beggar at the gates of a brutal Parliament. It is the lightning of scorn and the thunder of a grand and proud defiance.

'I appeal from him to the Irish race.' This is not merely a heated expression of indignation; it is the cool, calm strength of an exalted—a magnificent—soul, set to a noble purpose, like a fixed star, directed by an overmastering mind and upheld by a heart magnified in courage and seated upon valor.

'I appeal from him to the Irish race.' This is not merely a telegram; it is a magnetic flash from the concentrated soul of that Irish race. The current of electricity that carried that telegram to London went around the world on the circuit of Irish souls that now encompass the globe.

But it was more than all these. It was a declaration of independence, utter and unqualified, a repudiation of English sway, and a trumpet blast to rouse and summon the Irish race.

'We throw English rule to the winds and appeal from the English Government to the Irish race.' And this declaration of Bishop Logue will awake a responsive chord in every Irish race heart it strikes, no matter in what clime.

Servare civis, major est virtus patri patri—preserve the lives of citizens is the greatest virtue in the father of his country—is one of the political maxims of Seneca. But the English Government's policy is to destroy the lives of the people by famine, or to deport them as paupers from their own shores. The people owe no allegiance to such a government as that.

When the convention of the Irish race in the United States meets in Philadelphia in a couple of weeks why not take this declaration of Bishop Logue as their text and inspiration, and, slightly altering the language, declare:

The Irish people owe no allegiance to a government that is trying by the cruellest, the most inhuman of methods, to exterminate them.

'We throw English rule to the winds, and appeal from the inhuman English Government to the Irish race!' As we read the words of that telegram from a letter before us, written by Dr. Logue's own hand, the picture that presents itself is indeed a strikingly dramatic one.

From the Senate chamber of England— from the very foot of the throne, surrounded by all its power and glory, by all its armor, come the voice in tones of inhuman brutality, 'let the Irish go to the workhouse, leave their country, or die.'

Way up in Donegal, sitting alone, and surrounded only by a starving and helpless people, Michael Logue, with the force of truth and the dignity of justice, makes reply that there is a God who protects his creatures; that Ireland has risen above English rule, which is flung to the winds, and—mark it—that there is an Irish race that is greater than the English Government.

Truly the echoes of Clan-Connell's war slogan still sleep along the mountain sides and in the glens of Donegal; and, with a heart large as Erin's, and a spirit as strong as the Atlantic billows that beat upon the cliffs of Horn Head or of desolate Tory Island, Dr. Logue has awakened and hurled one of these echoes against the doors of England's legislative chamber—a thunderbolt against the blood-bull towers of tyrannic wrong and oppression.

Dr. Logue, having thus flung the Government overboard, has made a beginning of what must end in the total independence of Ireland. He relies upon the Irish race to look after all Irish affairs, thus practically ignoring the English Government.

In the present crisis of distress among his people, that Irish race to whom he so proudly appealed must now sustain him. Their failure to do so would be proof of the truth of their enemy's taunt that they are not capable of taking care of themselves—are not fit to be free. Bishop Logue has thrown down the gauntlet for them. Will they not back him up and fight under his banner?—Sunday Democrat.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,

Mental and Bodily Exhaustion, etc.

Dr. G. KALBER, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I have prescribed it for dyspepsia, impotency and mental and bodily exhaustion; and in all cases it has given general satisfaction."

PRESIDENT MOONEY ON THE SITUATION.

BUFFALO, April 11.—Patrick Egan addressed a meeting of the Land League here yesterday, recounting some of the oppressions which he asserted tenants had been compelled to submit to at the hands of the landlords. Several other Land League dignitaries addressed the meeting, among whom was Jas. Mooney, National President. "Mooney said he believed Farrell would attend the convention at Philadelphia. Speaking as the President of the National Land League Association Mr. Mooney gave utterance to some expressions which might be construed as sanctioning to some extent the O'Donovan Rossa policy. Mooney, speaking of the duty of



FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER & URINARY ORGANS THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good. For Diabetics ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng. 12 1/2

Irishmen in the United States, said should they sit still and see men of their race starved, murdered and buried in the ditches? Should five millions of their race be wiped out of existence without a movement to save them? The speaker believed not. They should meet and combat on the best methods of crushing this English tyranny. If it would they could place obstacles that would compel her at no distant day to loose her hold on the throat of their fellow countrymen in Ireland. Every man and woman should join in one solid phalanx to strike England in every possible way that they could to make her loose her hold on the Irish people at home. None would dare impugn the devotion of Irish-Americans to the flag under which they lived. There was a national necessity for union—for the one voice, the one cry, "Irish unity for the protection of the Irish people at home, and destruction for Ireland's oppressors, as far as Irishmen could hurt it."

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.—Dying with the flash of hope on his young face, and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, ease this comforting word to the mother's heart before it is too late. Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to-day whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpasses cod liver oil, hypophosphates and other medicines in curing this disease. Sold by druggists. 86-ws.

ROSS-HANLAN RACE.

St. John, N.B., April 10.—Wallace Ross has received a telegram from Hanlan stating that Odgersburg, N. Y., has offered a purse of \$2,500 and expenses to have the Hanlan-Ross race take place there. Ross telegraphed in reply that he is willing to race at Odgersburg, on the terms mentioned, and instructed him to close with the parties there.

"INDIGESTION."

You have tried everything for it and found no help. We are no doctors, but can offer a prescription that has cured very many, and it might cure you as well: it will cost but a quarter, and can be had at any Druggist—Ask for Perry Davis' Pain-Killer. 86-ws.

BRADLAUGH IN COURT.

London, April 10.—Bradlaugh, Ramsey, proprietor of the Free-Thinker, and Foote, the editor, charged with publishing a sketch of the duty and a blasphemous libel, were arraigned to-day before Lord Chief Justice Colclough and a special jury. Bradlaugh, who denied his responsibility for the publication alleged in the libel, applied for a separate trial, which was granted. The evidence showed that the Free-Thinker was published by the Free-Thought Publishing Company, under which style Bradlaugh and another traded.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINCY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, PROSTITIS, RUSSIAN, SCALDING, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in 12 Languages.

THE TRUE WITNESS

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers in the country should always give the name of their Post Office...

The Post Printing & Publishing Company, MONTREAL, CANADA.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1883.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR.

THURSDAY, 19—Office of the Blessed Sacrament. FRIDAY, 20—Feria. SATURDAY, 21—St. Anselm, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor of the Church.

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

While appealing to the friends and supporters of THE TRUE WITNESS to redouble their efforts in further extending its circulation, we desire at the same time to assure them that every assistance...

THE STOLEN LETTERS.

It is said that the Government is taking steps to investigate the robbery of those letters and documents which passed between Mr. John Alexander Macdonnell and Sir Charles Tupper...

THE DYNAMITE SCARE.

When it is remembered that England has all along been the asylum for continental revolutionists, there was naturally some justification for anxiety and watchfulness on the part of the authorities...

THE NATIONAL DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The national debt of the United States on the 1st of March last was \$1,598,276,114.43 while seventeen years ago, in 1866, it amounted to \$2,773,256,173.69...

CARRY, THE PAID INFORMER AND SPY OF DUBLIN CASTLE.

Carry, the paid informer and spy of Dublin Castle, has succeeded in sending his first victim to the gallows. The perfidious statements of this villainous pet and favorite of English rule and justice were neither substantiated nor corroborated by the testimony

of more honest witnesses, but they were sufficient for a Castle jury to find a verdict of guilty and for a Castle judge to pass sentence of death. Joe Brady will accordingly be hanged on the coming 14th of May—the next.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has exhibited admirable wisdom and foresight in its selection of solicitors at Winnipeg. These legal advisers are Messrs. Macdonald and Tupper, sons of Sir John, the Premier, and Sir Charles, the Minister of Railways respectively.

It is stated that the Hon. T. W. Anglin, the able editor of the St. John Freeman, intends removing to Toronto, where he will enter upon an active journalistic career. What will be New Brunswick's loss will be Ontario's gain, and there can be no doubt that he will be warmly welcomed to the ranks of journalism in the latter province.

O'Donovan Rossa has received a letter from London, by which he is informed that a powerful brotherhood has been formed in England to slay all such murderers as he and his followers, and that a dagger shall be driven through his heart when least expected.

The Irish Parliamentary party held a meeting in London yesterday afternoon, at which Justin McCarthy presided. Parnell's contemplated visit to America was considered and the discussion which ensued showed that his presence could be ill-afforded at the present juncture, and that the exigencies of the situation demanded an uninterrupted attendance to his Parliamentary duties.

LADY DIXIE'S TALE.

Lady Dixie's thrilling tale of her adventure with assassins at Windsor, which has sent John Brown's soul marching on, appears to be creating a little unpleasant discussion among some of our American contemporaries. When the news of the alleged murderous assault was first cabled to this side of the Atlantic many of the Canadian and American press vied with one another in ferocious comments upon the Irish Nationalists as being the authors of the outrage.

BOGUS ANTHEMS FROM ROME.

England and her Press seem to be thoroughly demoralized over the Irish question, and to completely lose their heads. Parliament is consuming itself in passing spurious coercion bills, expatriation measures, explosive acts, and in smothering Irish proposals for remedial legislation; while the British papers are wasting their ink and incurring to mob violence, and setting one race against another for a regular rough and tumble fight.

IRISH MEASURES DOOMED.

Chief Secretary Trevelyan, who has been dubbed by the English Radical members of the House as "Buckshot the younger," is bound on carrying out his policy of extermination against the Irish people, and has given the world to understand that he will allow no measure of relief to interfere with it.

large centres their headquarters for conducting operations against the peace and safety of friendly powers. The Government can no longer protect and encourage Russian Nihilists, German Socialists and French Communists to the exclusion of English Dynamitists.

the most prominent figure in O'Connell's great agitation; but that did not prevent him from becoming an Archbishop, known to and respected by the entire Catholic Hierarchy, beloved by his people and esteemed by the Catholic world. And his mantle has fallen on worthy shoulders, in the person of Archbishop Croke, Bishop Logue and many others of the Irish Episcopate.

WHERE IRELAND'S MILLIONS HAVE GONE.

Thirty-two years will have elapsed on the 1st of May next since the British Government commenced keeping a record of the numbers of the Irish race who, by oppression and artificial famines, have been forced to tear themselves away from the land of their birth and their affections.

THE FRANCHISE BILL.

A step has been taken towards the long promised reform in the electoral franchise for the Dominion of Canada. Sir John Macdonald, on Friday last, introduced in the House a bill respecting the question.

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Zealand, which had increased from 2,524 in 1878 to 3,166 in 1879, decreased to 492 in 1881, and fell to 380 in 1882. Canada received more Irish settlers last year than during any previous period, the number in 1882 being 7,268, as against 2,916 in 1881. There was also an increase in the number of Irish emigrants who left for Australia. In 1882 it was 4,614, as against 2,795 in 1881. In 1880 the number was 2,576; in 1879 it was 3,052; and in 1878 it was 4,251.

Ontario, will be extended to the rest of the Dominion, so that farmers' sons not otherwise qualified as voters, who are residents and have been so continually on the farm of their parents, shall, on the demise of their father, be each entitled to vote if the farm be of sufficient value, that if divided among them they would be qualified under the Act.

It is therefore not extraordinary to see the large majority of our representatives prefer to withhold from the Association legal powers and rights which might be availed of much to the annoyance of the rest of the citizens, probably to its own detriment.

Under this measure it is proposed that the voters in cities, towns and incorporated villages shall have the same qualifications. Thus every person who is of twenty-one years of age and is a Canadian citizen by birth or naturalization, and is not otherwise disqualified, shall have a vote if he is the owner of real property in the city, town or village to the value of \$300.

This is a much-needed provision for the extension of the franchise, and will, no doubt, be received with general approbation. Then, in the rural districts, the qualifications required to vote will be the ownership of property valued at \$200, or a lease at a rental of not less than \$20 per annum.

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A. M. SULLIVAN.

The Emigrant Ship or the Workhouse.

"THEY SHALL NOT DIE AND THEY WILL NOT GO."

An Eloquent and Touching Address.

On Sunday evening, March 11, a lecture was delivered in Battersea Park Church, London, Eng., by Mr. A. M. Sullivan in aid of the distressed people of Ireland.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, on raising was greeted with much cheering. The learned gentleman said that the first meeting in connection with the existing distress in parts of Ireland that he had attended. He objected to appealing to the English people, not but that they were a generous people, and had before behaved nobly and generously, but because the time was past for ever when Ireland would submit to be a beggar upon the charity of the world.

THE CHARITY OF THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. His answer (said Mr. Sullivan) was only the answer that might have been expected of him as the head of the London city companies, but not an answer that properly reflects the generosity and the kindness that I know to prevail among the people of this country.

At the time known as the Papal aggression. It is not the press of London we have to thank for it, it is the Irish homes and Irish hearts have not been fired once more. They have done their best. What we have to thank for is the failure of their malevolent attempts in the spread of knowledge, the generous feeling among the people of this country, and the better understanding of our difficulty which has made its way.

At the door of the big house, the wife of his bosom was torn from his side, to see him no more, as though she were a stranger to him from the other end of the earth. His little children are taken from him, and the baby-boy, torn from his arms, to be placed among 400 others to take his change of receiving the care it needs from the attention of paid nurses.

intentions, and with the best of dispositions, but in this lamentable business he has shown himself to be another instance of the way in which the best men fall under the slimy trail of Dublin Castle, and are dragged to its own level.

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All Christian parents in the matter of education, especially in our day when the enemies of the Church of God were making unceasing efforts to control all education. At the Grand Mass, at 10 o'clock, at which Sir Charles Tupper was present, the singing was very fine, the same Mass being sung on Easter Sunday.

TEACHERS WANTED to subscribe for our PUBLISHED JOURNAL, only \$1.00 a year. Our TEACHERS AGENCY is the largest in the United States. Graduates and teachers desiring new or improved positions anywhere, should at once send for our circular, enclosing stamp for postage. Address, F. E. WILSON & Co., 367 Central Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

[From our own Correspondent.]

OTTAWA, April 16. The orders of the day were rushed through this afternoon and the Orange bill arrived at a little after four o'clock. The House was full, for all knew the long expected debate was come at last. Only a few members were out of their places. Mr. White rose at the head of the Speaker, and after expressing his regret that neither Dilton McCarthy nor Mr. Cameron, of Victoria, had thought proper to introduce the bill, the duty devolved upon him (Mr. White) who had not as much ability as the gentlemen he had named.

Mr. Hackett (P.E.I.) replied to the speech of Mr. Hawkins, and as that gentleman is gifted with considerable power of sarcasm, the member for Bothwell was made to feel the last pretty keenly. He also resented the insult offered Irish Catholics by the member for North Simcoe.

Mr. Mackintosh, of Ottawa, followed, in support of the Act of Incorporation. He said half his constituency was Catholic, but that did not prevent him doing his duty. He was singular, and it was significant, that every time such a bill as the present was refused the Orange Order increased to a great extent.

Mr. Curran followed, and it was apparent that he at least was sincere; he did not say much, but what he did say was terse and to the point.

Mr. Wallace, of York, himself an Orangeman, spoke in favor of the organization, and deplored them as quiet, harmless, and devoted men, who loved religion more than good citizens, who loved religion more than good citizens.

Madame Albani's recent ovation. The Montreal correspondent of the New York Herald and Drama, in its issue of this week, highly eulogizes the magnificent reception accorded to Mrs. Albani on the occasion of her recent visit to this city.

Writing in regard to the instrumental position of the concert, the correspondent makes a very just estimate of Mrs. Carrone's merits as a pianist, and notices also that great esteem in which she is held by our people.

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LOCAL NEWS.

The receipts at the Custom House yesterday were \$12,051.72. During the present month the river has risen 7 feet 4 inches. Canehawauga agriculturists are to have a ploughing match. There are at present 155 male prisoners in the Montreal Jail, and 25 females. The ice is piled all along the harbor from Victoria Bridge to Hochberg. The river is free above the bridge. A large number of farmers are in want of hands and many applications have been made at the Quebec Immigration Office for help. The Jacques Cartier contested election case, Rou. Mr. Monseau, respondent, was called in the third division of the Superior Court yesterday, and the last day of May next was finally fixed for the hearing of the case. The 7th of May has been fixed as Arbor Day for the western division and the 18th of May for the eastern division of the Province. All persons are invited to assist in the above-mentioned days for the planting of forest trees, and all corporations, municipal, religious and others, are especially requested to use their influence for the success of this important work. CARRYING THE WAR INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY. This is verified in the case of Putnam's Corn Extractor, so favorably known throughout Canada. The large demand from the United States for this great corn cure has induced the proprietors to put it up there, and boldly push it to the front as the leading article in its line. From England also a demand has arisen. This is the reverse of the usual methods, as a large portion of the proprietary goods sold here emanate from three countries. This speaks highly in favor of Putnam's Extractor, the great corn cure. We advise sufferers from this discomfit to test its merit. Exchange.

THE GENU.

The Rev. Fr. Devlin preached a very instructive sermon at the 8 o'clock Mass at the Gesù on Sunday. The reverend gentleman, after stating that the date of the concert to be given by the choir of the Gesù was changed from the 18th inst. to the 8th of May, then spoke at length on St. Joseph, of his fidelity to God in the education of the Child Jesus, and of his care, and showing how in this respect how he should be the model of all Christian parents in the matter of education, especially in our day when the enemies of the Church of God were making unceasing efforts to control all education.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Lambert J. Brooke, of the Department of the Interior, died in Ottawa on April 12th. Francis S. Street, proprietor of the New York Weekly, is dead. He leaves an estate valued at a million and a half. Leonard Hodges died at St. Paul on Saturday, aged 60. He was well known in this country and Europe as a writer on forestry. Mrs. Gowen died at Quebec on April 14th. Deceased was the mother-in-law of Hon. Mr. July and of Mr. Oliver, who was buried on the following day in that city. On Wednesday, April 11th, William Dakin a justice of the peace, who lived at Benton, Carleton County, N.B., was fatally crushed between two cars. He died on the following night. Mr. Frederick Oliver, an old and esteemed citizen of Quebec, died rather suddenly on April 12th, from an attack of palsy. Mr. Oliver came to Quebec about thirty years ago and married into the family of the late Hammond Gowen. The deceased gentleman was largely connected with the mining interests of the Province, and was on the eve of inaugurating extensive operations in that direction, when death arrested his career. The funeral of the late Mr. C. A. Therault, one of the translators of the House of Commons, took place on April 11th from his late residence to the French Parish Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Charpentier, of St. Joseph's Church. A choir of 30 voices from the different churches of the city rendered the musical portion of the service. After the Requiem was chanted, the remains were conveyed to their resting place, B. C. Cemetery. The San Francisco correspondent of the Montreal Gazette announces the death of Eugene O'Hallivan, a native of Quebec, aged 28 years. He was a bricklayer and plasterer by trade, and had for the past two years been working on the King's palace at Bonoluit. The sudden change from a very warm climate to Pacific fogs brought on a pulmonary complaint, and he died after a short illness. Deceased was a first cousin to the Shea Brothers, pork-packers, of Quebec, and of Conductor Edward O'Hallivan, of the Grand Trunk Railway, well known to all Canadian travelers. He leaves a widowed mother and a brother to mourn his loss. Mr. William Toplis, well known in journalistic circles, died yesterday in the Montreal General Hospital after a lingering and painful illness. The deceased was born in the parish of Matlock, Derbyshire, England, in or about 1837. He was early the subject of deep religious impressions, and conceiving that the proper sphere of his life's labor was the Christian ministry, entered the Wesleyan College at Didbury, near Manchester, through which he passed with great credit. For several years he labored most acceptably, being earnest, devout, and withal a good preacher. His natural proclivities led him to analyze the writings of the philosophers of the German school, becoming impressed with their contentions and arguments, he concluded that the doubts which had arisen in his

THE ICE IN THE RIVERS.

Point du Lac, Que., April 16.—The ice on Lake St. Peter is still good; water risen two feet since Saturday. Three Rivers, April 16.—Ice firm here; water rose about three feet since Saturday morning; wharves all covered this morning; water still rising. BATHURST, April 16.—The ice is not very strong; no more crossing on it; water risen three feet since yesterday. The wharves are nearly all covered with water. BRUNSWICK, April 16.—Water rose 1 1/2 inches during the last twelve hours. The water covers an immense tract of land, as the low levels are overflowed. The wharves here are all covered; also the streets in the lower parts of the town. The ice is still firm. SOREL, April 16.—Reports from upper parts of the Richelieu state that the river is partly clear as far down as St. Ours Locks. The ice is moving opposite St. Ours Village. Hardly any change opposite this town; slight rise of water with several openings alongside boats. ST. ANNE'S, April 16.—Water still rising; lake ice not moved yet. RIZCOT, April 16.—Ice not yet broken; water three feet higher. POINT FORTUNE, April 16.—Ice has shifted, but people still crossing on foot; water rising fast. GRANBY, April 16.—River clear; water still rising rapidly. OTTAWA, April 16.—A heavy shower of rain fell this morning and started the ice in the Ottawa. The water rose one foot. No further damage is reported from the spring freshet on the Rideau. BREVITIES. The Quebec Government has signed the contract for the care of lunatics for ten years with the proprietors of the Beatoport Lunatic Asylum. The employers in New York have granted the demand of the carpenters for \$3.50 a day, and that eight hours constitute a day's work on Saturdays. High Constable Bissanette, of Montreal, has brought down to the new Industrial School at Levis 25 of the youngest inmates of the Reformatory Prison. Thursday next will be the second anniversary of the death of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, and in accordance with the custom inaugurated last year, his admirers in England will wear the primrose, which was his favorite flower.

[Cincinnati, Irish Citizen.]

EUREKA!

READ AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF. As a general rule we do not pin our faith to specific remedies; but there is no excuse for skepticism in well developed and authenticated facts. Since its introduction to the American public, the great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, has advanced with more rapid strides in the estimation of the public than any thing of a similar character ever brought into notice by the aid of extensive advertising. We write this for the benefit of those who may be afflicted with the divers ailments for which the oil is announced as a specific remedy, and we are induced to do this in consequence of the proof of its curative power brought to our notice; proof voluntarily and gratefully brought by people who have tested its merit and are anxious to acknowledge the great benefit derived. In the enumeration of such people it is necessary to be specific, and to this end we have obtained their permission to give their names and addresses, in order that the afflicted may have the advantage of a personal interview or postal correspondence; and in evidence that what we write is a candid statement and not a mere puffing advertisement. Mr. Frank Letson, of No. 432 1/2 West 5th street, assures us that for a series of years he was afflicted with rheumatism until life became unprofitably a burden. He had exhausted the advertised remedies, and had lost all faith in the efficacy of any thing to afford relief, when a friend, who had tested the virtues of the oil, made him a present of a bottle, and to Frank's wonder and delight, the first application afforded sensible relief; while before the bottle was exhausted the pains and aches had disappeared. He is a new man, and a walking advertisement of the infallibility of St. Jacobs Oil. Aloys Reidy, on the corner of Eastern avenue and Lewis street, was afflicted for three years in a similar manner, and is now hale and hearty, although he still continues the use of the oil. O. O'Callahan, of 171 Sycamore street, is another grateful witness to the infallible power of the remedy, which, he says, has made a new man of him. Thomas Lewis, of 62 Butler street, was for seven years afflicted with the dreadful malady, Sciatica, and being induced to try St. Jacobs Oil, found almost immediate relief therefrom, and is now perfectly cured. He is prepared to substantiate this statement under oath. John Miller, of 54 West Fifth street, was cured of a complicated case of rheumatism of ten years' standing, and George Hollinger, who lives on the corner of Torrence and Columbus avenues, adds his testimony to its efficacy, and has assured us that his pains were relieved as if by magic. The above statements are by well known and respectable citizens of Cincinnati, and with all who know them will carry conviction upon the face. Hence it is we deem it a matter of duty to suffering humanity to give them all the publicity in our power.

THE TROUBLES OF AN ANTIPODEAN. Boston, April 11.—Dr. Tucker, Government agent of New South Wales, who is inspecting the lunatic asylums in this country, visited the Toronto asylum, and afterwards spoke of the deficiencies and defects of the management of the institution. Daniel Clark, superintendent of the asylum, thereon issued a circular to every asylum in the country warning them against Tucker, and when the latter arrived in the vicinity of New York he was met coldly at several asylums, which was inexplicable. He was finally apprised of the circular, and Clark has been asked to retract; he has not done so, and legal action was taken.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY. When Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N.Y., announced that his "Favorite Prescription" would positively cure the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, some doubted, and continued to employ the harsh and caustic local treatments. But the mighty truth gradually became acknowledged. Thousands of ladies employed the "Favorite Prescription" and were speedily cured. By drugstore.

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE. Rome, April 11.—Cavalotti, a Radical member of the Chamber of Deputies, in a published letter, says it is perhaps a fact that the triple alliance was inspired through fears that republican ideas would obtain deeper root and spread throughout Europe. In the Senate to-day the Minister of Foreign Affairs said the sole object desired between Italy, Austria and Germany was the preservation of peace. He emphatically denied that the agreement was characterized by any spirit of hostility towards France. It was useless to seek the manner or form of this agreement. The Senate must be content to know that Italy withdrew from her position of isolation. The agreement with the German powers allowed perfect reciprocity of right, and left free initiative to each.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY DISEASES. Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great purged up pretended cure.

RAILWAY TIME. St. Louis, April 11.—The general railway time convention opened to-day. A large attendance was present. A through time schedule was read and adopted. The changes are to go into effect on May 1st. It was resolved that east of and adjacent to Washington trains shall run by the seventy-fifth meridian; between those points and Kansas City the ninth meridian, or one hour slower than the Eastern; west of Kansas City by 10th and 15th meridian, or two and three hours slower respectively than Eastern time. A committee will be appointed at the next meeting on the signal system.

FOR AGUE, ANEMIA, INTERMITTENT FEVER, CONSUMPTION, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c., &c. BAVENNA, MERGER CO., MO., May, 1879. THE FELLOWS MEDICAL MANUFACTURING CO. GENTS.—We have used your Fellows Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites with gratifying results in our practice, and cheerfully recommend it to Physicians, and others, as a reliable, and agreeable preparation in ague, Intermittent Fever, first and second stages of Pulmonary Consumption or Anemia or General Debility. We would recommend it as the best thing we know of.

The cherry tree which Mr. Gladstone fell in a snow storm during the Easter recess has been presented to the Bureau of Liberal Clubs, whose members purpose holding a banquet in September next, and intend to have a number of articles made of the wood from the tree.

NATIONAL AMATEUR LACROSSE CONVENTION.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The annual convention of the National Amateur Lacrosse Association of Canada opened Friday afternoon in the rooms of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. Mr. Ross McKenzie, Vice-President of the Association, presided, in the absence of the President, Mr. M. J. F. Quinn. The following delegates were in attendance:—Messrs. V. Girouard and A. Gibson of the Le Canadien; M. J. Polan, E. Thoutret and Dr. Guerin of the Shamrock; C. E. McGregor, Dr. Kannon and John Lewis of the Independence; R. B. Rose, W. I. Malby and Angus Grant of the Montreal; Fred Garvin, R. B. Hamilton and G. H. Nelson of the Toronto; John Hughes and Henry Stafford of the Young Shamrocks; G. M. Harrington, of the Toronto Press Club; Wm. Craig and J. W. McCracken, of the Cornwall Club; and J. J. Manning, of the Excelsior of Brantford. After routine business.

Mr. Wm. K. McNaught, said that several matches had been played for the district championships as arranged for at the last meeting, and medals had been distributed. It was the intention of the Association to encourage the country clubs, and the city clubs therefore could not compete at these matches. Mr. Malby presented the following list of clubs that had applied for admission to the Association:—The Independent of Toronto, the Deaver of Senforth, the Victoria of Norwich, the Royal of Guelph, the Dufferin of Orangeville, the Renfrew of Renfrew, the Olympia of Milton, the Excelsior of Uxbridge, the Toronto Press of Toronto, the Athletic of Montreal, the Excelsior of Lancaster, the Mechanic of Montreal, and the Junior Shamrocks of Montreal. Their applications had been considered favorably at the Council meeting, and he moved that they be balloted for en bloc.

Mr. J. B. I. Flynn seconded the motion, which was passed, and Messrs. Gardner and Hughes appointed scrutineers. The clubs were all admitted to the Association. The Secretary gave a brief resume of his annual report, showing the Association to be even more prosperous than last year. During this year their expenses had been rather heavy, \$60 having been spent on district championship medals alone, and they now own over \$400 worth of property in pennants, medals, etc., which may be classed as assets. It was proposed to publish a list of the clubs in the Association, with the addresses of their secretaries, which would facilitate the sending of challenges. The meeting then adjourned till 8 o'clock.

EVENING SESSION.

The Convention re-assembled at 8 30 p. m., when there was a large attendance of delegates. Mr. Malby moved, seconded by Mr. Polan, that Mr. C. P. Orr be admitted to this Convention as the representative of the Louisville, Ky., Lacrosse Club. Carried.

Mr. McNaught, the Secretary, then presented the eleventh report, of which the following is a synopsis:—After referring to the increasing popularity of the game throughout the Dominion and the Western tour of the Montreal Lacrosse team last summer, the establishment of "local championships" in Ontario, and the division of that Province into four districts for that purpose the report goes on to say:—"The Championship of Canada" was held throughout the entire season by the present holders, the Shamrocks of Montreal, and although the competitors were few in number they have never exceeded in scientific play, or the enthusiasm evoked amongst the spectators. In connection with the championship your council are sorry to know that on more than one occasion during the past season the champions were challenged by clubs belonging to this Association, who afterwards refused to play, thereby creating animosity where nothing should have existed but honorable rivalry. Your council would be derelict in their duty to the best interests of the Association and the game did they not publicly express their disapprobation of such conduct, and they trust that a like action may never again have to be recorded in connection with the history of our national championship. The junior championship was successfully held against all comers during the past season by the Young Shamrock Lacrosse Club of Montreal, their record being an unusually brilliant one, as fully fifty per cent. of their matches were won by them in three straight games.

The report was adopted. Mr. McNaught then read some amendments to the by-laws approved at the Council meeting in the afternoon. They were as follows:—"That the captains should nominate the referee in writing; that the referees should obtain from captains the declaration and list of their teams, and secure themselves that the players are bona fide members of the clubs to which they pretended to belong and of 20 or over; that the captain shall furnish the referee with such a declaration; that on a foul being made the men shall be placed in the position they were in before the foul and allowed a free run; that in cases of any disputes as to the records of a match the president and secretary shall make a statutory declaration. Mr. McNaught then moved the following amendment to the constitution: 1. That if a club send only one delegate he shall have power to cast the full vote allowed to the club. Carried.

Mr. McNaught moved, seconded by Mr. Flynn, that a silver medal be provided to be played for by the champion club of each province not competing for the Dominion championship, the medal to become the property of the winners. Mr. McNaught then moved that district medals be provided in Quebec and Manitoba. Carried.

Mr. Malby gave the following notice of motion:—"That the present conditions under which the lacrosse 'championship' is now held are susceptible of improvement, and towards that end the Montreal Lacrosse Club gives notice that at the next annual meeting of the Association they will move that the constitution and by-laws relating to the championship be amended as follows: That the championship be held from the 1st of November in one year to the 30th of October in the following year, by the club winning the majority of a series of matches held throughout the season between a certain number of clubs, who shall be recognized as 'first-class' clubs, and that the present laws governing the championship be altered to provide for the change. Dr. Beers suggested that the first twelve be compelled to have a copy of the by-laws. At a match where he had been referee, ten of the twelve did not have a copy and seven out of the twelve had not seen them. The Chairman then announced that Mr. McNaught had decided to donate a handsome gold medal for long-throwing. He had drawn out a list of rules, and he (the chairman) thought they were very good and they should be adopted.

Dr. Beers moved, seconded by Mr. Starke, that the Association accept the medal with thanks, and that the rules drawn up by Mr. McNaught be adopted as the rules governing all long-throwing competitions under the auspices of the Association. Mr. Malby stated that the rules were the same, with one slight exception, as those used by the Montreal Club for the past three years. The one exception was that the Montreal Club fixed up two posts 100 yards distant from the mark and 40 feet apart, and the ball had to pass between them. He thought this was an improvement, as in lacrosse the object was to throw to a point. Mr. Starke thought this was a good suggestion, as accuracy was more wanted than mere long-throwing. They wanted accuracy as well as strength. The motion was then carried.

Mr. Malby then moved that the Montreal Club rule be added, with the exception that the posts be 100 feet apart. Mr. Hamilton moved in amendment, that the ball must be thrown within two imaginary parallel lines of 120 feet apart. Mr. Malby accepted the amendment, and the motion was amended and carried.

Dr. Guerin suggested that the constitution be suspended in regard to the calling of the next meeting, and that the next meeting be held on the second Friday in April. Mr. Malby moved that the constitution be amended as follows: A long discussion took place as to the legality of the meeting and the best means to make it legal. Finally, Mr. Lewis seconded the "illegal motion," as the chairman styled it, and it was carried. The following gentlemen were then elected officers of the Association for the ensuing year:—President—Mr. McNaught, First Vice-President—Dr. Guerin, Second Vice-President—Mr. Manning, Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. D. A. Ross, Council—Messrs. Malby, Gibson, McCracken, Lebrun, Hamilton, Hughes, Orchard, Burns, Kiely and O'Loughlin.

Votes of thanks were accorded the M.A.A.A. for the use of their rooms and for other kindnesses to this Association, and to the retiring officers for their services. A committee was appointed to draft an address to Mr. McNaught for his valuable services as Secretary. The meeting then adjourned, to meet in Toronto in 1884.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a certain cure for sick headache, and all the ill produced by disordered Liver. Only one pill a dose.

AN HONEST ENGLISHMAN.

He Tells Why the English in Ireland are Hated.

It is a painful thing to know that we are hated. Yet it is well to know the worst. It is always foolish to shut our eyes to facts, however humiliating to our pride. I have for many years looked earnestly at the problem of Irish Government, and I have become convinced, reluctantly, but surely convinced, that the chief cause of the want of success of all our plans is that in the inmost heart of Ireland, England is hated. Good laws, just concessions, the best intentioned legislation, all are spurned. There is something in the heart of the Irishman which cries against the rule of a foreigner. It is a deep but universal hate. The cruel oppression of Ireland from the time of Elizabeth down to the passing of the Catholic Emancipation act has left a memory of wrong which Ireland refuses to obliterate. Centuries of crime do not cease to bear fruit because it suits us to forget the past. As an explanation, I do not say as an excuse for this hatred, it is well to refer to the penal code. In Ireland a schoolmaster was punished with imprisonment. The Catholic clergy were hunted down and rewards were offered for the discovery of their meetings with their people for worship. Any Protestant suspected of holding property in trust for a Catholic was liable to fine and imprisonment. No tenant, being a Catholic, could hold a farm if he produced exceed the rent by more than a third. No person, being a Catholic, could own a horse of more than \$5 in value. Jurymen in such cases must always be Protestants. Protestants who had landed property could not leave it by will to Catholic heirs. It passed to the nearest Protestant heir. A Protestant was forbidden, if he held landed property, to marry a Catholic. Children were encouraged to disobedience, because Catholic fathers lost all parental control if their children declared themselves Protestants. The Church offered thirty pounds a year to every priest who became a Protestant. The Parliament of England, in addition to all this, set itself deliberately to destroy the Irish industries. Woollen yarn might not be spun and exported by the Irish. The wool must be sent to England and spun there. No trade in which the Irish were likely to excel was allowed to develop. It was stippled in the bed. The Protestant colonists of the south of Ireland were forced to emigrate, and the men who won American independence were the Irish settlers who had been first forced to abandon their hard won little industries, and fixed by the English Government, which pursued them with relentless injustice to their new homes over the wide Atlantic. No man in England ever till the time of Mr. Gladstone lifted his head of oppression except from fear. In 1778 indeed the penal code was softened, because America unfurled the standard of independence.

Justice and humanity coupled in vain with the infatuated Government of England and terror only inspired ungracious concessions. Even then penal laws were left to stain the statute book of England. No Roman Catholic peer could take his seat in the House of Lords. No Roman Catholic could sit in the House of Commons. The law excluded all Catholics being members of corporations, from office, except inferior offices in Ireland, from voting in England for members of Parliament, from endowing any school or college, and so on. Nor was Catholic emancipation given as a concession to reason, or justice, or humanity. It was granted because there was no alternative but civil war. No, sir, men will never now listen to any pleading, or admit any need for concision, until Famine, or a Land League, or open murder shames it to the centre of the heart of England. It is easy to see the fault with Mr. Gladstone, but I ask his detractors for an alternative policy. Would they govern Ireland with the bayonet? Should Ireland be disfranchised and martial law again proclaimed? Mr. Gladstone did not destroy Irish commerce, and did not thus create the system of agriculture which divides the land into hundreds of thousands of miserable patches upon which families must struggle for bare subsistence. These evils were the resorts of the crimes of the past. The degradation is the misfortune rather than the fault of the people. But, sir, I do not wonder that even Mr. Gladstone's great measures of mercy and justice do not bear fruit in a day. I doubt if legislation can reach the core of the malady of Ireland.

Hatred of England is the religion of Irishmen. They carry it to the ends of the earth, and their expatriated children suck it with their mothers' milk. If I were an Irishman I am sure I would be tempted to feel in the same way. Fancy even now an Irish peer living at Holywood, and an Irishman, acting as Lord Advocate for Scotland, and the members for Scotland swamped by Irish members in a House of Commons meeting at College Green, Dublin. The liveries of the Lord Lieutenant would be distasteful to us in Prince's street. The Irish noble, however, kind or generous, we would feel as the representative of our conquerors, and while all the offices of the Government were filled by Irishmen from Dublin, and the Chief Secretary for Scotland was an Irishman and a Catholic, we could never be expected to feel represented.

The golden rule has been forgotten—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Sir, it must come to this before peace and confidence and affection can exist. We have gotten no hint from the Almighty to govern, far less to misgovern, Ireland. I would not propose to abandon Ireland to the savage passions which have been created by centuries of misrule. But, sir, I would not force even just laws on a people that hate us. Ireland must be made to feel the responsibility of her own errors. Even if she injures herself, she must be allowed to determine what is best for herself. It is pure arrogance in us to dictate, as if we knew better what was good for her than she knew herself.

The central system of the Oastle must be abandoned, Ireland must be governed by Irishmen in the same sense as Scotland is governed by Scotchmen. Municipal and County Boards must be made to feel that they themselves must keep the peace, repress crime, and restore the confidence which will make capital flow upon the lands left now desolate. Irishmen must be made to know that it is their affair more than ours that their country should be peaceful, contented, and safe. Why, sir, from the one town of Dundee has been sent to America as much capital as would have blessed her with new industries, and with flourishing farms, and herds and flocks.

We must abandon the arrogant assumption that we are the governors of Ireland. A good measure loses half its power to do good just because it emanates from us. The Irish note us. It is a painful thing to write, but it is a fact nevertheless. Let us not like fools shut our eyes to the fact. Let us own it and act accordingly, and in a sense broader and wiser than any politician has as yet dared to announce it; let us leave Irish questions to Irishmen, mind our own social evils (which we have been sadly neglecting), and with all our hearts wish Ireland wisdom to guide, and success to crown, her efforts to unravel the skein which we have done so much to tangle, and which all our well-meant efforts have done so little hitherto to make straight.—Stirling (Scotland) People's Journal.

DECLINE OF MAN. Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1.

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE. DUBLIN, April 11.—The Irish National League met to-day. Five thousand pounds were reported to have been received from Irish sympathisers in Australia. A letter from Edmond, who is agitating the question of Irish wrongs in Australia, was read. It says the developments of the Phoenix Park murder case are doing the League much injury there, and have already materially interfered with his success.

LETTER FROM MEMBER OF CONGRESS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Washington, D. C., Feb. 19th, 1882. Gentlemen—Enclosed find one dollar, and will you send me some of N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, by express. I have a bad cold, as has almost everyone else here, but cannot find the Elixir, which I use frequently at home, and consider a most valuable medicine; in fact, the very best remedy for a cough that I ever used. Very truly yours, WILLIAM W. GRANT. To Messrs. JONSSON & LOAN, Burlington, Vt. Down's Elixir is sold by all Druggists throughout Canada. 25—1f

TAFFY. LONDON, April 11.—At a banquet in the Mansion House this evening Lord Alister eulogized Admiral Nicholson, and said:—"Although representing a country a thousand miles away, he is still very near England in blood. I will never forget the cheers with which the men on the gallant admiral's ship greeted the English whiter steering around our squadron at the bombardment of Alexandria. He did everything in his power to aid us, for which I am afraid he will not receive the thanks of the Irish-American party."

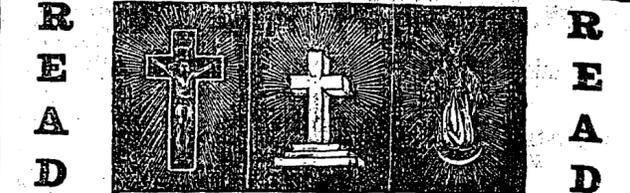
The most reliable preparation yet introduced to the public, for the immediate relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, is SPRUINE. In obstinate Coughs, Pulmonary Consumption, &c., where Cod Liver Oil is recommended, a dose of SPRUINE taken with a dose of the former will make an agreeable and convenient vehicle for the administration of the Oil, and largely promote its efficiency. SPRUINE is put up in Bottles at 25 and 50 cents each. 23—f

Girls of all ages above two and under 17, wear their front hair in a straight Vaucy band, and the back hair slightly crimped and flowing on the shoulders.

KIDNEY DISEASE. Pain, Irritation, Retention, Incontinence, Deposits, Gravel, &c., cured by "Baccharis." \$1.

A MILLIONAIRE'S FORTUNE. SAN FRANCISCO, April 10.—The death of Thos. H. Blythe, last week, leaving a fortune of four millions, is said to have raised up an army of claimants. No will has been discovered. Alice Blythe claims to be his widow, and that the only other heir is a daughter aged 10, living in Manchester, England. The claimant is known as Alice Dickinson, who, prior to Blythe's death, served him as housekeeper. Another claimant is said to be Nellie Turner, who, a few years ago, sued Blythe for alleged seduction. It is said that still another alleged wife will be heard from England shortly.

THE IRISH LEADER. LONDON, April 10.—Mr. Parnell is suffering from a carbuncle. He was in the House to-night but left early. Notwithstanding that he is in receipt of numerous pressing despatches against him to attend the Irish convention in Philadelphia, Parnell has decided not to leave London. The decision is partly due to the condition of his health, and because he desires to attend the discussion in the House of Commons of the Criminal Procedure Act.



NIGHT CRUCIFIXES! NIGHT CROSSES! NIGHT STATUES! ARE VISIBLE

Darkest Room!

WHEN NOTHING ELSE CAN BE SEEN THEY SHINE OUT LIKE GLOWING STARS!

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP WOOD, OF PHILADELPHIA, HAS A

LUMINOUS CRUCIFIX!

AND SAYS: "It is a Great Incentive to Devotion."

READ!

TESTIMONIALS FROM THOSE WHO HAVE CROSSES and CRUCIFIXES

M. CERQUI. Rue Rivoli, 41. MONSIEUR—As the Star of the East led and guided the magi to our Redeemer's feet, so does the crucifix treated with your compound, in the darkness of my chamber, in the solemnity of the night, lead my soul from earth to heaven, where in eternal glory reigns the Being whose embers shines and overshadows my sleeping moments. Yours in X, BRO. JOACHIM. From the New York Correspondence of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, February 16, 1881.

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. R. Maxwell & Co., proprietors of M. Cerqui's Chemica Compound, we were favored with a private view of one of the most wonderful discoveries of the century. I was led into a room, the curtains were drawn and every ray of light was excluded, and in the darkness, where first I saw only plain plaster figures, there stood out in clear, bright, awe-inspiring distinctness, first the figure of the Saviour suspended in space, as it were, then on either side the figures of Mary and Joseph, while looming up in the foreground was the figure of an angel bearing a crown that seemed to rain light. If ever a feeling of faith and veneration possessed a Catholic, it then overwhelmed the writer, the scene was so novel and reverential. Upon leaving we were presented with a cross; it is kept on a bracket in our chamber, and in the darkness of night it seems to say, sleep safe, His cross watches and guards you.

We also have the honor to refer to the following Clergymen and Sisters: Rev. Thos. Kierns, Lehigh Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. J. Slattery, Susquehanna, Pa.; Rev. J. Murphy, Blossburg, Pa.; Rev. M. Voigt, Franciscan College, Trenton, N.J.; Rev. T. Reardon, Easton, Pa.; CONVENT OF GOOD SHEPHERD, Baltimore, Md.

\$1.00 EACH!

If you possessed a Cross or any religious object treated with this compound, you will readily see how much satisfaction and with what a reverential feeling such an object would be viewed at night, when darkness and silence reign supreme, then like protecting figures, insignias of our faith, beautifully bright, unobscured by the surrounding gloom, they are an inspiration for the last thought or word before sleep overcomes us. We are now manufacturing such Crosses, and a number of different Statuettes, Crucifixes, and the usual Church Ornaments, and treating them with this wonderful compound. We also desire to inform you that we are prepared to treat, at a nominal cost, any articles of a like nature you may wish to have rendered as distinct at night as they are during the day. For \$1.00 we will send you a Cross, including pedestal, possessing this desirable quality, confident that after once witnessing the feeling it inspires, looming up like a torch of faith in the darkness of night, you will order more, and urge upon your friends the satisfaction the possession of one gives in the silent hours of the night.

\$1.00 each for Crosses. \$2.00 for Crucifixes, 9-inch figure. \$3.00 " " " 17 " " " Crosses \$3.00 per dozen, or \$5.00 per half dozen.

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