

Only a Word.

Only a word, and it was I who said it, And so it rings upon my ear to-day; Only a word, a tantalizing venture brood it, And—well, it had its way.

I have not seen him since that bleak December, When tears were gathered thickly in his eyes; I have not seen him, yet I can remember That start of pained surprise.

His heart was true and sturdy to me ever, No doubting weakened any word he spoke; He trusted me as one who should forever Be staunch for loving's sake.

The sea is fierce between us, winds are blowing, And grief has come unto his heart to-day; While from my eyes the bitter tears are flowing, I am so far away.

I will cross over, tell him I repented, Ere night had come, the little word I say And well I know that he will be contented If I the silence break.

Yes, sure I am that I have been forgiven, When from the first, so true to his heart; No word of mine can make me cleaner shaven, Nor better grace impart.

So I will go, that death should come between us, And look upon his tender face again, Where skies of deeper blue shall overtake us, And time and distance wane.

That little word—ah, God! 'twas I who said it; How mighty has its power grown to be, Though it was only jealous pain that bred it, It parted him from me.

IRISH COLUMN.

Miss Sullivan, of Roskilly, Waterford, has given £350 towards the erection of a pulpit in the Catholic Church, Tramore.

Rev. M. J. O'Brien, of Belfast, is publishing through Messrs. Gill, an historical and critical account of "The Prophecies of St. Malachy."

Rev. P. J. Murphy, O. S. A., of Waterford, of late sometime stationed in Dublin, and in Hoxton Square, London, has been appointed to succeed Very Rev. Father Dundoon in Dungarvan, he latter going to Rome.

A conference of the clergy of the Listowel Deanery determined on the public meeting in Listowel for the purpose of appealing to the landlords to reduce the rents and to call upon the electors of the county to insure the return of two Home Rule candidates.

There is at present residing on a farm in the parish of Glyn, at a distance of about three miles from Larne, and convenient to the Blackhill, an old man, named Randal Waddell, who has well nigh completed his 105th year. Until within the past three or four years Waddell enjoyed excellent health.

In confirmation of the statement that the agricultural classes in Ireland have learned to drink more tea, it may be mentioned that the Board of Trade returns show a large increase in the consumption of tea, coffee and cocoa. On the other hand, the consumption of spirits and beer has considerably decreased; although it did not decrease, but rather increased largely, during the famine years, 1845, 1846 and 1847.

Mr. J. D. McMahon, who recently died in Cork, has left some handsome bequests for religious purposes. He bequeathed £2,000 to the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Sundaywell; £1,000 to St. Patrick's Incurable Hospital; £1,000 to St. Patrick's Male Orphanage; £1,000 to the Mercy Hospital, and £2,000 to the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The latter was very much in need of funds. He also bequeathed £2,000 in aid of a church building in the City of Limerick.

It is strange how Irishmen get on in all other countries save their own. Three Irishmen were at the same time Governors General of England's greatest dependencies—the Earl of Mayo of India, Lord Lisgar of Australia, and Viscount Monk of Canada—besides others of smaller colonies. Gavan Duffy and O'Shaughnessy have been Premiers in Australia, and now Sir George Grey, Governor-General of New Zealand, congratulates its Legislature, in his message, upon having elected for Speaker the Hon. George O'Rourke, a Galway man, "who possessed a knowledge of Parliamentary law, a courtesy and ability which could not be found elsewhere."

A correspondent of the Daily Express writes: "As an instance of the distress which at present exists in some parts of the Queen's Country, I have been told to-day by a policeman that he recently went into the house of a small farmer some three or four miles from the Town of Maryborough to seek the amount of a trifling warrant for road trespass which was against him. It was about half past eleven or twelve o'clock in the day, and the visitor was much surprised and shocked to find the poor man and his family, at that late hour for the purpose, trying to make a miserable breakfast on what he described as "Indian meal porridge, for it could not be even called stirabout." The man could but make out a portion of even the small claim against him, and so touched the policeman by the evident hardship which he witnessed in the place that he said "Never mind," and determined to pay the remainder himself."

The Marquis of Sligo, whose agents have lately been assailed, is about the largest proprietor in point of acreage in North-western Ireland, but a large proportion of his estates are bog and morass, and his net receipts are probably not over \$75,000 a year. His seat, Westport House, is close beside a pretty town of that name and his charming grounds are free to all comers. The present Marquis is an easy-tempered, kindly and most agreeable man of about fifty-five, who has been singularly unlucky in marriage, having lost two charming wives within a year or two of marriage. He last year married a third. In politics he is a Liberal. His father was De Quincey's friend, to whom the latter refers in his interesting account of a visit to Ireland in his youth, when he spent several weeks at Westport. In the event of the present Marquis of Clanricarde having no heir, Lord Sligo succeeds to the ancient Earldom of that ilk in right of his mother. The Sligo family have never been absentees.

The Dublin Freeman is responsible for the following: "It is stated that the presence in London of Corydon, the Fenian informer, has been discovered in a very curious way. Some nights ago a society of Friendly Brothers, composed of Irishmen, were holding their monthly meeting in Red Lion street, Holborn, when Corydon appeared at the doorway of the room intoxicated, and holding a revolver in each hand. In this posture he announced himself, and, abusing the meeting as traitors and rebels, dared them to touch him. Serious consequences would have resulted but that the two detectives in constant attendance on him arrived and got him away. Application for a summons against him was refused. He has dyed his hair black and has grown stout. Corydon receives £200 a year and is constantly drunk. He is to be seen generally at the police stations or Scotland Yard, and is so reckless in exposing his life at night in quarters where it is thought to be in danger that the police, who only attend him on his own application, are satisfied he will meet a violent death."

Lord William Beresford, who was decorated by the Queen in person with the Victoria Cross for gallantry at Ulundi, has now gone back to resume his duties as aide-de-camp to the Viceroy of India. He is a brother of the Marquis of Waterford. The Beresfords are a dashing set. Lord Charles, distinguished for the number of persons he has rescued from drowning, is commander of the royal yacht now appropriated to the Prince of Wales, with whom he is a great favorite. The mother of these young men was sister to Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck, whose daughter, Lady Sykes, recently attracted so much notice in New York. Their father was a clergyman, and succeeded to the title and estates when his brother, the renowned practical joker, was killed by a fall from his horse. The present Marquis some years ago eloped with a married lady considerably his senior, whom society condemned as much the most to blame. He married her, but she did not long survive, and then he married a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, and has turned into a reputable country gentleman,

almost always resident in his princely estate, Curraghmore, which, in point of its "demerit," is the finest thing in Ireland. He has great physical power. The Beresfords, although still possessing political influence, do not dominate in Irish politics as they once did. The present head of the house has evinced no political ability.

Corn crops are submerged and hay cocks floating near Graigue. From Athy to Vicars-town scarcely anything marks the river's course but the tops of trees. At Drumconrath eight families had to leave their houses and the surrounding country became temporarily a lake. At Ballyhoce a second inundation has sealed the farmers' fate. Wexford and Wicklow present similar reports, with some mitigations. At Ballinacloe houses are occupied where the floors are partially submerged and the rain beats through the broken roofs. The low lands about Carrick-on-Shannon are a sea, three feet of water around the hay cocks. There are fifty to sixty thousand acres of oats in the Counties Armagh and Monaghan, each. The promise of half an average yield is gone, and doubt of the remaining moiety intensifies daily. The next crop in extent is meadow. Its promise was luxuriant. Now it is all floating. Near Portadown the people sail over their fields in flat-bottomed boats, trying to save something. Near Ballybay an auction of hay cocks was advertised, and on the day of sale nothing of them was to be seen but their upper halves, which were irregularly truncated conical islands. A great rain at Tralee recently stopped traffic, overflowing the river and flooding the streets. Two years ago, a farmer in Limerick County possessed of land held on a long lease at \$7.50 an acre, refused to sell. Now he wishes to sell, but the most he has been offered is less than one-tenth of what he could have got two years ago. A letter from Waterford says that a horrible and deadly scourge is threatened. Some of the farmers are sinking in the grasp of creditors, and, no matter what reduction, it will be an impossibility for a very great many to pay the landlord. Butter, cattle, and crops will be scarce enough for the raisers.

Bathing in the Next Room.

My Japanese room is contiguous to the bath, and sudden splashing and slucings, and little hissings and cooings, denoting intense enjoyment, tell me that some one is engaged in his or her evening ablutions. Ah! and Eve at the fountain; for, being joined by a second nymph, and now by a third, great become the splutterings and gurglings, to say nothing of the chattering and laughing. Evidently three of the waiting maids indulging in their evening tub, after the labors of the day. Oh! woman, woman! Be your country Greenland's icy mountains—no, I forgot; they don't wash there, and only undress twice a year—or India's coral strand, or Africa's sunny fountains, or Belgravia or Saratoga; whether sitting, crowned with odorous flowers on moonlit sands in some fair island of the Southern sea, or taking out your pads and brushing your back hair in the privacy of your luxurious dressing-rooms; wherever two or three of ye congregate together, unrestrained by the presence of the harsher sex, the theme of your gossip is ever the same! It is always what he said to you or to her, and what you or she replied to him; and here, in a Japanese bath, is the old, old story. Two of my nymphs are evidently quizzing the third about a certain Mr. Onookiohi; and she, by no means averse to the soft impeachment, retaliates with the names of a Mr. Kin and Yaszuzo; and then such rippling laughter, and such splashing of water, and such thorough lightheartedness, that, forgetting my sadly interrupted slumbers, I cannot find in my heart to be churlish enough to call out and put a stop to the innocent fun. So lie still, and presently the chattering fair ones leave the bath, and peace and quiet again prevail.—All the Year Round.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives us this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last time upon some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street where you know you will never stand again. The actor, playing his part for the last time; the singer, whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this one will never stand before the sea of upturned faces, disputing the plaudits with the fresher voices and fairer forms; the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words, "never again." How they come to us on our birthdays as we grow older. Never again young—always nearer and nearer to the very last, the end which is universal, "the last thing which shall follow all last things, and turn them, let us hope from pains to joys." We put away our boyish toys with an odd heartache; we are too old to walk any longer on our stilts, too tall to play marbles on the sidewalks. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry thoughts for the last time and life's serious grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost toys back; life has other and larger playthings for us. May it not be these, too, shall seem in the light of some far-off days as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the new land of promise?

The Captive Zulu King.

Cetewayo is enjoying himself. At last accounts he was at Cape Town, whither he went by water. When just out of sight of land he held up his hands in astonishment, but, like all savages, expressed no word of surprise. He has left off beer drinking; not from reformatory reasons, but because he finds he likes gin better. He prepares his appetite for beef by devouring a pot and a half of jam. He sticks to his dignity and exhibits it by keeping the photographer waiting several hours. The smiling face he put on showed that he knew what a photograph ought to be. His wives giggled till he spoke to them, and then they stopped in a way to prove that they had not forgotten the temper that riled them in Zululand. He declined sitting again, because he said he did not want to make a fool of himself twice the same day. When asked to sit with his wives he advised the photographer to cut out his picture and put it in the middle of theirs. He measures sixty inches around his waist, is very tall, not ungainly, good-natured, sociable, struts about with a black "till," is learning to write, is subject to sulks, and is very dignified.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

An English clergyman recently committed suicide on the Isle of Wight by sliding down a cliff 600 feet high.

Lord Beaconsfield heard his first Christian sermon when, a lad of twelve years, he went to Hackney Church one day with the poet Rogers.

Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, of an "independent" Baptist Church in Brooklyn, accepts a nomination for the State Senate tendered by some of his admiring friends.

Most of us live so far away from heaven that we are inclined to regard the stories about it as fables; others live so near to it that they know them to be all true.

All English Churchmen have their foible—Archdeacon Denison's is railway novels; the Bishop of Bath and Wells, tennis; the Bishop of Gloucester's, billiards.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has met with a misfortune in the loss of \$50,000 by the failure of its English bankers. It has also a debt of \$62,000 besides this.

Rev. Henry Morgan of Boston, has formally warned Archbishop Williams that prosecution at law will follow if lotteries are permitted at a coming Roman Catholic church fair.

Rev. Thomas B. McLeod, of Hudson, N. Y., has accepted the call of Dr. Budington's Church, in Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, at a salary of \$6,000 a year. He is a relative of the Rev. Norman McLeod.

At Casarea, in Cappadocia, a new mission church has recently been erected. It is the first church edifice built for the evangelical Christians of this portion of Asia Minor. Its pastor is Rev. Keropie Yakobian.

According to an official report 160 Turkish mosques and holy schools were destroyed in Roumelia and Bulgaria during the Russian occupation of these provinces; and about the same number of mosques and schools have been destroyed since the Russians left.

Next year will be the jubilee year of the Primitive Methodist Church in Canada, the first class having been organized in 1830. Of those who formed that class nearly all have passed away. There are now 8,000 in the membership of the denomination in Canada.

The English Episcopal Bishop of Lahore, India, appeals for aid to build a cathedral at the capital of the British Province of the Punjab. Mr. Gilbert Scott has designed a building to cost £30,000. It is expected that the Government of India will subscribe one-sixth of this amount.

The Chinese are doing religious missionary work in a way that must make Christians feel uncomfortable. The people of the Chinese province of Yunan are in part Mohammedan. An imperial decree offers freedom from taxation to every Mohammedan who renounces his faith and swears by Confucius. Beautiful new idols are also to be given as rewards for proselytes.

The Roman Catholics of Australia are waging an unpopular and unsuccessful warfare against the public schools, because their priests, by the terms of the law, are allowed access only to children of Catholic parents in giving religious instruction. Their denunciation of the schools has had little effect. The congregation walked out of one of the cathedrals while the bishop was reading his fulmination.

London Echo: "The last but one of the twelve apostles is dead. Nearly half a century ago the Catholic and Apostolic Church reascended the Order, and on Thursday, the eleventh, the Rev. Nicholas Armstrong, died, leaving only one solitary survivor. It was expected in the Catholic and Apostolic Church that the second advent would take place before the last of the apostles was removed by death."

It is wonderful to what an extent the custom of hiring ministers prevails at the West. For example, in the Presbytery of Nebraska City, out of nearly forty churches only two have settled pastors, and in the entire State there are hardly more than half a dozen in the same situation. All the rest employ their ministers, as they do their hired hands, and consider that there is no more sacredness in the one contract than in any of the others.

It was a favorite idea of Norman Macleod's that it might be possible to lay the foundations of a National Christian Church in India that should be neither distinctively Presbyterian, nor Episcopal, nor Congregational, nor Methodist, nor Baptist; yet one that should comprehend them all. Was Dr. Macleod dreaming about the millennium? If such a Church were possible in India, why not in Canada and in all the world as well?—Presbyterian Record.

The Mennonites, as is well known, hold to close communion. Their reasons for so doing are given in their organ, the Herald of Truth. They believe that those who commune together should be of one mind and one faith. Their objections to communing with members of other denominations are: 1. They uphold war. 2. They indulge in the pride and fashion of the world. 3. They swear oaths. 4. They belong to secret societies. 5. They defend infant baptism.

The Duke of Argyll, in a recent address in a Presbyterian church in Scotland, remarked that a movement had been set on foot for the greater liberty of worship in the Presbyterian churches. Thirty years ago he published a book in which he stated that, without giving up extempore prayer, he would like to have a short liturgy in addition. He held that opinion still, if possible more strongly than ever, believing that the service in Presbyterian churches should be improved and rendered as attractive as possible.

Haynes set himself up for a religious leader in Texas, even claiming to be a divinity, sent to earth to take charge of all spiritual affairs. He said that he was physically invulnerable, and that it was impossible for anybody or anything to hurt him. His converts, of whom there were hundreds, believed his pretensions and it was said that a bullet fired at his breast had dropped harmlessly at his feet. But there were scoffers at Corsicana, and they rode Haynes on a rail. His miraculous power failed him in this emergency.

If all the books of every kind written against the Bible were sent to the bottom of the ocean the world would lose nothing of any importance; but if the Bible and the books which it has inspired, and the books built upon it, explaining, advocating, sympathizing with it, were destroyed, how great, how sad, how irreparable a loss it would be! They who believe in the Bible are endowed with a rejoicing hope, which is never confounded or put to shame. Is any such hope afforded by anything else in this world? To

destroy the Bible is to destroy the only sure hope the world has ever had.

A new Roman Catholic cemetery having been established at Evansville, Ind., Bishop Chastard ordered the transfer of the 1,600 bodies from the old one. Only 600 were voluntarily removed by relatives or friends. The Bishop then employed men at the church's expense to complete the job. Thereupon a number of persons, whose dead were in the old cemetery, objected to any disturbance of the graves. The Bishop explained that the project was highly desirable in various ways, and declared that it would be carried out. But a court has granted a temporary injunction stopping the work.

In a sermon the other day at Halifax, Yorkshire, the Bishop of Manchester vehemently condemned the degrading of the Church into a mere political weapon. Politics, he said, as the word was understood to-day, was a poor, puny question of partisanship. It was not the great idea which filled Greek statesman's minds in the days of old. The Church, except so far as it must desire to see peace and good order, and the moral well-being of the people, knew no politics and had no politics. Individual churchmen might be for either political party, but the Church itself was not tainted with political partisanship.

At yesterday's Conference of the Evangelical Alliance at Edinburgh, Rev. Dr. White, N. Y., gave an interesting account of what is being done in the Southern States among freedmen to prepare them for Christian work. It is expected, he said, that in a few years they will be able to provide such a supply of missionaries as would do more to Christianize Africa than could be done by any European agency with white men. They had already eight colleges and eleven normal and eighteen preparatory schools, with 7,000 emancipated slaves in them, ranging from twenty to forty years of age. They have eleven missionaries in the field. Rev. T. Laffeur, President of the Evangelical Alliance of Canada, addressed the Conference on the work now carried on by Protestant missionaries among French Roman Catholics there.

Rev. Dr. Rigg, President of the British Wesleyan Conference, has written a book about John Wesley's churchmanship. Dr. Rigg shows the great founder of Methodism to have been a ritualist of the most extravagant type in his early ministerial life. Even when he visited the State of Georgia he refused to recognize the baptism of any person who had not been baptized by an Episcopally ordained clergyman; he insisted on re-baptizing children who had been otherwise baptized; he refused the Lord's Supper to one of the most devoted of his hearers there because he had been otherwise baptized. He was an ascetic; he tired out the colonists with his three public services (especially with the Prayer Book) every day; he would baptize children only by immersion; he even denied the burial service to the dead who had not received what he considered orthodox baptism; he slept on the ground rather than a bed; he declined all food except bread and water, and went barefooted for the encouragement of the poor boys of his school. In fact, the greatest ritualists in England in the last century (excepting the Roman Catholics) were the little band of Methodists at Oxford. They received the eucharist every Sunday; they fasted twice every week; they went in a sort of procession to St. Mary's Church amid the laughter of their fellow-students. But in his later years Wesley tended toward the other extreme, and there is no candid student of his life and writings who will not admit that, of all things in Christendom, excepting Popery itself, there is nothing that he would not more positively disown than the exclusiveness and straggles of modern "High Churchmanship." "Churchmen" should cease to claim him. From their own standpoint he was utterly unworthy of them, but with a worthiness which Christendom generally will recognize with increasing applause till the end of time.—Exchange.

MALARIAL POISON.

Until recently science failed to discover the immediate cause of intermittent fever, marsh fever, malarial fever, fever and ague, "chills"—synonymous terms. It is believed that the poison which causes this disease has at length been discovered. In the present year some experiments have been made at Rome which appear to be more fruitful than any hitherto recorded; or, in the words of the report read to the Academy of Rome, "the investigation was rewarded with complete success." These experiments were conducted by Signor Tommasi, of Rome, and Prof. Kiebs, of Prague. They together spent some weeks in the Agro Romano and made repeated examinations of the lower strata of the atmosphere, of the soil and of stagnant waters, and succeeded in isolating a microscopic fungus, specimens of which being placed under the skin of healthy dogs caused distinct and regular paroxysms of intermittent fever and produced in the spleens of these animals that peculiar condition which is a recognized part of the pathology of this disease. In the medical world this achievement must be regarded as an important one. To people at large it may not seem a great affair to have ascertained precisely what part of the elements of a poisonous soil it is to which its poisonous nature is due; but it must not be too hastily judged that this knowledge will not involve an important advance in the capacity to deal with this obnoxious product of the earth.

Mr. Archibald Forbes recently delivered his lecture on the Zulu war at Manchester, and at its close read a letter which he had received threatening him if he cast aspersions of cowardice on Lieut. Carey. Mr. Forbes, after reading the letter, threw it upon the platform and stamped on it in a manner expressive of contempt. As he did so the audience applauded with great enthusiasm. When he was able to again make himself heard, Mr. Forbes added: "If the author of this interesting document will do me the favor to come into the retiring room, I shall have the greatest possible pleasure in making his personal acquaintance." Mr. Forbes laid emphasis on the word personal, the significance of which was fully understood by the audience and drew forth laughter and renewed cheering.

CROWN LANDS.—Mr. Lindsay Russell, the Surveyor-General, is selecting the best lands in Grand Valley and Moose Mountain regions to be surveyed with a view of its being placed on the market.

It is said the Parnell family are notoriously hard landlords, and that one of the agitator's brothers is likely to have some trouble with his tenants, who declare they mean to act upon the honorable member's advice.

Heroism of the rail there certainly is, are living in France an engineerdriver who has the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, conferred on him for a deed as doughty as a soldier or sailor has been called on to perform. Turning a sharp curve, he saw in aid of him a wagon and team of horses ending across the line. In a moment he leaped that there was not sufficient force in which to pull up, so, sticking to engine and putting on full steam, dashed at the obstacles, cut through it, and a couple of horses, smashed the wagon and saved the lives of a hundred passengers. He, surely, is a subject as worthy of the verse as any narrative of a wreck at sea.

Mr. Fyle, a Wilmington, Del., man, claims to have invented a machine which will turn out two horsehoes in a