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VOL. III.

" Pro Bono Publico."

No. 156

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### Poetry.

IT MAY BE YOUR TURN NEXT.

Judge not too harshly, oh, my friend ! Of him your tellow-man, But draw the veil of charity About him if you can. He once was called an honest man,

Before sore triel vexed-He stepped from out the narrow way-It may be your turn next. Fainting upon the great highway

A suffering soul doth lie;

Go staunch his wounds and quench his thirst Nor pass him idly by. God will not brook the swift excuse, The thoughtless vain pretext; A fellow-mortal bites the dust-It may be your turn next.

You heard, one day, a single word Against a person's rame ; on, bear it not from door to door. To further hurt his fame. If you're the man you claim to be, Remember, then, the text, To "Speak no evil," true or false-It may be your turn next.

The world is bad enough, we own, And may need more light; Yet, with true love to all, may we Help in the cause of Right. Lift up the sinful and the weak, The soul by care perplexed, Well knowing that to drink the gall, It may be our turn next.

#### A LEGEND OF THE MLACE LOCK

In those old, barbarous times, when strength and brute force were more highly esteemed than any qualities of mind or heart, there dwelt in Soutland a great lady who had two sons. The elder, the laird who inherited his father's title and his father's estate, was a gentle, sweet-tempered, delicate youth, who had never been able to exhibit any prowess whatever. The bitter blasts of his native mountains brought him suffering and illness. He had never killed a deer or fought a battle in his, life, and, in all human probability, he never would. His sounger brother, on the westrary, was giand specing the fall men of his race. His shoulders were a cloth yard broad from tip. to tip. His red halr and redder beard curled tightly against his head and chins He could ride, and wrestle, and row, and fight; was the most daring hunter and the bravest soldier of all his poors; and the admiration of

all women. His mother leved him and was proud of him, while she was ashamed of her sickly son ; and when the latter went abroad for his health, forbidden by his physician to pass another winter on the bleak Scottish hills, she was not serry to see him depart. Indeed, so unnatural a mother was she that his death would have been no grief, to her for, in that case, the title and estate would have fallen to her red-haired Roderick, as it seemed to her it should.

Roderick himself made no secret of his hopes, and poor young Malcolm sailed away from his native shores knowing full well that none remained behind who had any love for him-any desire to see him return. Indeed, life had ceased to have a charm for the poor invalid, whose heart was as tender as a woman's.

He expected, indeed he almost hoped, to die in the foreign land to which he was borne by the slow sails of the great, heaving vessel, on which he had taken passage. But such was not his fate. In sunnier climes he found health and strength and friends, who were won by his gentleness and amiability. Moreover, love came to him. A beautiful Italian girl gave him her heart, and he won her for his bride; and so, hopeful, happy, full of love even for the relatives that had not loved him, he took his young Italian wife from her pleasant land to greet his kindred in the bleak Scottish

But they, watching and hoping for his death, were furious when they knew that he had not only regained his health, but married.

The mother frowned coldly on the gentle Italian. The brother scowled and sneered. and all that she could do to win their hearts was vain. When at last a child-a little boy-lay upon her breast, their anger was redoubled. But Malcolm and his wife lived in each other's love, and were happy despite their usage, though the young wife besought her husband to return to Italy, and he would gladly have yielded to her wish but that it seemed right to him that his son and heir should learn to know and love that which was his birthright, that when he took his father's place he might fill it bravely.

The time came sooner than he dreamt. The bleak winter which followed the brief summer was unusually severe, and the brightness of health faded from Malcolm's to pieces, -Free Press

cheek. One bitter night he died in his wife's arm, and she was left a stranger in a strange land to bewail his loss. But for her child she would have fled the cruel and unfriendly land-her husband's harsh kinsman and unkind kinswoman. But she knew that the child would be discarded and disowned unless he grew to manhood among those who in this case must admit his identity, and she herself was penniless.

In broken-hearted loneliness she sat apart from the others, weeping above her child and they paid little heed to her. But she did not die, and the young laird throve apace and seemed destined to live to see the hour when he should enter into his inheritance-a thought that made Roderick knit his brow more angrily than ever; nor did the mother ever speak a kind word to the desolate widow.

But, when the spring came again, a change fell over these two. The grandmother praised the babe's beauty. Roderick spoke more courteously, and at last, one lovely evening, said to his sister-in-law : "You mope too much. It is ill for you

and ill for the boy. It is not what Malcolm would have wished. Cheer up a little and bring the boy and come with me upon the lake. The air will do you both good, The mother added her advice to do as

Roderick desired in a kinder tone than usual.

The poor Italian woman had so warm a heart herself that she could not doubt that her desolate condition had at last touched the feeilings of her persecutors. She smiled and thanked Roderick, and wrapping the babe in a warm plaid, followed her brother to the spot where the hoat lay waiting. Without a word he helped her to her seat and seized the oars. The boat shot out upon the water, and soon they were alone upon the silent lake. All around them arose the mountains. No other human form was visible; but for a while the widow thought not of this. Remembering the long, happy hours she had spent with her husband in sunny Italy, floating in the shadow of Venetion palaces in their gay gondols-for then the gondola was not the funeral object it is now-the tears tell fast over her baby's face.

Soon it occurred to her that she should strive to torget, if only to show her thankfulness for the kindness of her Malcolm's brother, and she said something of the sky or the water. No answer was returned. More furiously

than ever Roderick plied his oars. Again she spoke, and he cast a look over his shoulder which silenced her. A great terror crept over her. She sat trembling and clasping her babe to her breast. The sun sank below the horizon, the sky was streaked with gorgeons colors, and soon the widow knew that night would fall upon the

Again she ventured to speak.

"Dear Brother Roderick," she said, " it is late for the little babe. Will you not return! I am sure its grandmother would not approve of its being upon the water when the night-chill came,"

And as she spoke Roderick shipped his cars and she floated in shadow of a black rock beneath which lay the deepest part of the lake-waters that tradition declared could not be fathomed.

That night the boat came back with Roderick alone in it, and he told a tale which no one believed, of how the babe sprung from its mother's arms into the water, and she, jumping after it, was drowned. No one believed it, but none could prove it false. And at last Roderick was laird, and the old castle and all the wide lands were his, until he died a bloody death, unwept by any.

But to-day, if you should chance to sail upon that lake, your Scottish boatman will rest upon his oars in the shadow of a certain black rock under which you will pass, and bid you listen. 'Tis the water that makes a strange, murmuring sound, in a fissure of a rock; but he will tell you it is the voice of a murdered lady singing to her child, and that she will haunt the lake for

Our telegrams to-day give a vivid picture of the condition of Europe. A Ministerial crisis exists in France, another in Spain, and still another in Bulgaria. In England the Beaconsfield Administration is tottering. while the land question is looming portentiously. Italy has a surplus, but the people are agitating for complete unification and the surrender of Trieste. In Russia all is gloom and despondency. Prussia is witnessing another coalition between Bismarck and the Liberals in deflance of the Vatican. Belgium is arrayed against Papal pretensions. Austria is harrassed by famine, debt and s disturbed frontier, and Turkey is tumbling

#### WHAT A NEWS-BOY HAS DONE.

In the United States, John King, a Cin-

cinatti cripple, who for ten years has followed the fortunes of a newsboy's life, has recently presented to the public library of that city, over 2,500 volumes, collected by him from time to time, as his meagre earnings permitted. He was the son of a Michigan farmer, and was crippled for life when seventeen years of age. In his bed-ridden condition he developed a liking for books and an ambition for a library. He left his bed, and after many trials, found himself in the city of Cincinstti making twelve shillings a week in a tobacco factory, but he was soon laid aside with the small-pox. On recovery he transferred his attentions from tobacco to newspapers, and for the last ten years the cripple and his papers have been well known in the streets of Cincinatti. He had a little money saved at the end of each day's work, and as he was not occupied the whole of the day, he found delight in reading books of his own purchasing. Keeping a sharp eye for bargains, he gradually accumulated hundreds of volumes- not of worthless publications, so the librarian who recently examined them says, but books of standard value. In addition to his library he had saved several hundred dollars in money, a fund intended for his support in his old age. He was induced to invest in a worthless enterprise, lost his money, and with a heavy heart returned to his old place as a newsboy. His home, a miserable rookery, full of tenants, he considered very unsafe for a library, and having given up all hope of adding to it, he sent a note to the city librarian the other day stating that he wished to present the whole to the library. The King Library of Cincinatti will be a monument to the name of its founder, and perhaps an incentive to thrift among the boys of the land.

#### MAD AT THE WAY SHE WAS SAVED.

"Don't go out on that log," screamed the masculine attendant as one of the damsels walked out on the careening end of an old dead tree, which lay diagonally with the

"Why?" but she kept on going. "It will turn with you!" shouted the gentleman warningly. "How can it?" and the line with a long

sweep of the pole descended into the water. Just then there was a slight oscillation of the log, two dainty feet swept from under a cloud of skirts, a sylph-like form bent gracefully to the treacherous flood, and, with a stifled seream, body and feet disappeared from view. But for a moment only. The next instant, like the twin extremities of a pair of seissors, two symmetrically modelled female continuations appeared above the surface, bobbed about for a secon

and then sank again. By this time the gentleman was in the water, and by good fortune contrived to get hold of one of the garter-clad feet, and was tugging away manfully in the direction of the bank. But the unfortunate appeared. to be turned wrong side out, and dragged heavily, like an inverted umbrella. But a landing was made at last, and the young lady, like a capsised sailing vessel, was put right side up with care. As soon, however, as she had regained her usual balance, she

turned furiously upon her rescuer : "You wretch ! Why did you pull me out by the feet ?"

"Because I couldn't get hold of any other part of you. You seemed to me to be all

"Sir. How dare you?"

"I beg pardon, but really I did the best I could." The subject was too delicate to continue,

but it was evident the lady and her friends were excessively indignant. No apologies could conciliate them, and it was in a tone of inexpressible sorrow that he said in turning away : " If you ladies will insist upon turning

upside down when you get in the water I can't help it."

A large assortment of handsome Vases, Pictures and Moustache Cups, just the thing for Christmas, at Gunn Bros.

The aspiring senior "imp" of the Vindi-

cator office appeared in a new form on Saturday evening last. He applied for and secured the position of Chief Engineer on grocer's wagon, and as he set up behind the quad-raped was the picture of the typical lehu. The wagon being well filled with good things he thought it a fat take, and felt justified in displaying his horsemanship by making a free use of the stick which, as rule, is a piece of furniture well calculated to make a good impression in such a case But the pony did not relish the make up . the rig to which it was attached, and commenced to run off at a ream-arkably furiou space, which so frightened the "imp" that he quoined an excuse for locking up the wheels of the vehicle, and made a fancy dash from between the lines to the bank alighting with one foot-stick-ing in a tub o butter, which prevented him take-ing up the chase after the horse; but he remained t pick up all sorts of things which had been used in the big ri. Nothing could be plane than the proof that he should stick to wood cuts, and, being of an ink-quiring turn, wil do well to occasionally examine his bible and revise his language by the precepts to b found in its columns. - Oshawa Reformer.