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letter and he dates it "From the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison." That is what I call triumphant sadness. I knew a mother who buried her baby on Friday and on Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said, "Give me a class; give me a Sabbath school class. I have no child now left me, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me real poor children. Give man class off, the back street." That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness. At 3 o'clock this afternoon in a beautiful parbr in Philadelphia-a parlor pictured and statectted-there will be from ten to twenty der itute children of the street. It has been so every Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock for many years. These destitute children receive religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that has been going on for many years? I know it in this way.

GREED CURED BY CHRISTIAN WORK. That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to comfort a great sorrow. They had a splendid boy and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The father and mother almost idelized the boy, and the sob and shrick of that father and mother as they hung over the coffin resound in my ears today. There seemed to be no use of praying, for when I knelt down to pray, the outery in the room drowned out all the prayer. But the Lord comforted that sorrow. They did not forget their trouble. If you should go on the snowiest winter afternoon into Laurel Hill you would find a monument with the word "Walter" inscribed upon it, and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. I think there has not been an hour all these years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of fresh flowers around Walter's name. But- the Christian mother who sends those flowers there, having no child left, Sabbath afternoons mothers ten or twenty of the lost ones of the street. That is beautiful. That is what I call busy and triumphant sadness. Here is a man who has lost his property. He does not go to hard drinking. He does not destroy his own life. He comes and says, "Harness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasures on earth. I want treasures in heaven. I have a voice and a heart to serve God." You say that that man has failed. He has not faile l-he has triumphed. Oh, I wish I could persuade all the people who have any kind of trouble never to give up. I wish they would look at the midnight rider of the text, and that the four hoofs of that beast on which Nehemiah rode might cut to pieces all your discouragements and hardships and trials. Give up! Who is going to give up, when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles hushed! Give up! Never think of giving up. Are you borne down with poverty? A little child was found holding her dead mother's hand in the darkness of a tenement house, and, some one coming in, the little girl looked up, while holding her dead mother's hand, and said, "Oh, I do wish that God had made more light for poor folks." My dear, God will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be your home. Are you borne down with the bereavements of life? Is the house lonely now that the child is gone! Do not give up. Think of what the old sexton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in the emetery-so much more care than on the larger graves, and the old sexton said, "Sir, you know that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and I think the Saviour is pleased when he sees so much white clover growing around these little graves." But when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer, the old sexton said, "Sir, about these larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not; but you know, sir, it is clean different with the bairns." Oh, if you have had that keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was right. It is all well with the bairns Or, if you have sinned, if you have sinnel grievously-sinned until you have been east out by the church, sinned until you have been east out by society, do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthfully utter the lamentation of another:

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell-Fell like a snowflake, from heaven to hell-Fell, to be trampled as filth in the street-Feil, to be scoffed at, spit on and beat; Praying, cursing, wishing to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy, Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, Hating the living and fearing the dead.

WHERE COMFORT IS FOUND.

Do not give up. One like unto the Son of God comes to you today, saying, "Go and sin no more," while he cries out to your assailants, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Oh! there is no reason why any one in this house, by reason of any trouble or sin, should give up. Are you a foreigner, and in a strange land? Nehemiah was an exile. Are you penniless! Nehemiah was poor. Are you homesick? Nehemiah was homesick. Are you broken hearted! Nehemiah was broken hearted. But just see him in the text, riding along the sacrileged grave of his father, and by the dragon well, and through the fish gate, and by the king's pool, in and out, in and out, the moonlight falling on the broken masonry, which throws a long shadow at which the horse shies, and at the same time that moonlight kindling up the features of this man till you see not only the mark of sad reminiscence, but the courage, the hope, the enthusiasm of a man who knows that Jerusalem will be rebuilded. I pick you up today out of your sins and out of your sorrow, and I put you against the warm heart of Christ. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms,"

A Beneficial Movement.

The Man About Town noticed an arnouncement in the daily papers lately that struck him as being significant and pleasantly characteristic of the tendency of the age in this country. A certain club, composed of young laboring men of St. Louis, has devoted one night of every week to a series of lectures, most of which will be given by the professors of several educational institutions located here, and will cover subjects of entertainment and improvement. This same club, under the guidance of a competent critic, lately made a visit to the Museum of Fine Arts, where they studied the collection earnestly and intelligently. This sort of work, spreading among that class of sturdy and vigorous young men employed in the trades, means a degree of self improvement and an increase of intelligence in the mass of the people which is of the greatest promise, and should be encouraged as the most bene-ficial movement that could be inaugurated. -St. Louis Republic.

The Cause of Dizziness.

Darwin explains the origin of dizziness in persons while looking down from a lofty position in the following way: He says that in learning to walk, we judge of the distance of the objects we approach by the eye, and by observing their perpendicularity determine our own; and that at all times we determine our want of 'perpendicularity or inclination to fall, by attending to the apparent motion within the sphere of distinct vision. Hence, when we are upon the summit of a high cliff, tower or other eminence, and look down, we become dixty, because the objects below are out of the sphere of distinct vision, and we are obliged to balance ourselves by the less accurate feelings of our muscles. - New York

LEGENDS OF ST. PATRICK.

Some of the Marvelous Deeds Ascribed to Him by Ancient Scribes,

The reader unfamiliar with Catholic, especially Irish Catholic, literature is apt to fall into the error that the legends and stories about St. Patrick are essential parts of the Catholic faith. They are no more so-nay. much less so-than the popular jokes credited to Abraham Lincoln and the popular stories about him are essential parts of American history. Aside from her authentic lives of the saints, the church neither affirms nor denies. The legends are to be read and admired for their beauty or humor-the amount of truth in them is simply a matter of his toric criticism. A few instances are here

One legend relates that before the boy Patrick arrived in Ireland as a slave the Druid priests inscribed on a rock in the domain of Miliuc a quatrain in the old lan guage, which, translated, read thus:

"A Tailcend shall come who will found cemeteries; make cells anew and pointed houses and have princes bearing croziers. and when these signs shall come our adoration and high honor will vanish."

Among the first the saint preached to was Miliuc (who had been his master), but the Druids persuaded Miliuc that it was unbecoming to believe one who had been his servant. Then, adds the old legend, as complacently as if it were the most natural thing in

"A demon came in counsel to him, he went into his royal house with his gold and silver. and he set the house on fire and was burned with all his treasures, and his soul went to

The same author gives us a long history of miracles performed by St. Patrick, and con cludes his collection with this.

"The annals of the Lord Jesus Christ, the year this Life of St. Patrick was written, 1477, and to-morrow will be Lammas night. And in Baile-in-Miouin, in the House of Troightigh, this was written by Dohmnall Albanach O'Troightight et Deo gratias

"And to-morrow will be Lammas night!" Would anybody but an Irishman have thought of such a method of fixing the date!

Two hundred years later another author collected the legends of St. Patrick, but in his preface one can easily see proof that they were not so generally believed, for he says: "Wherefore, in reading the lives and acts of the saints composed in a rude manner or barbarous dialect, disgust is often excited and not seldom tardiness of belief. And bence it is that the life of the most glorious priest Patrick, the patron and apostle of Ireland, so illustrious in signs and miracles, being frequently written by illiterate persons, is by most people neither liked nor understood.

"But if any snake in the way or serpent in the path shall rashly accuse us herein of presumption, and attack our hand with the viper tooth, yet do we with the blessed Paul, collect the the twigs for the fire and cast the vaper into the flame."

And after this rather serious warning he goes on to relate a series of most extraordinary miracles, how St Patrick restored a boy who had been torn to pieces by wild hogs. how he caused fountains to spring up in dry places and bogs to dry, how he raised the dead, cured disease, overthrew the Druid magicians, confounded assassins and neutralized poisons, and how, finally, when he saw that the demon continually made use of the serpents and dragons, he collected all the vile crawlers into one place and drove them into the sea, never again to have place in Ireland.

THE ORIGINAL MAC'S AND O'S.

A Versifier Says They Were Spaniards

Who Visited Ireland Many Centuries Ago. Almost innumerable are the legends and songs about St. Patrick current in Irelandtold with a rude and attractive eloquence in the-cabin and with poetic beauty among the educated. It is well, however, for the reader to note that the Catholic church treats these legends just as the world's writers treat the thousands of beautiful and inspiring stories told of the heroes and pioneers in every country. Some of them are undoubtedly true, as many undoubtedly fictions, and still more mingle fact and fiction, but all are pleasing, all inspire kindness and patriotism. The church does not place on them the stamp of her authority; she has her authentic history of the saint, as of all the saints, even as Americans have their authentic history of Washington. She neither affirms nor denies, as an article of faith, the legend of the serpents any more than Washington Irving affirms or denies the story of the cherry tree

and the little batchet. This important point fixed in mind, the inquirer cannot but be charmed at the beautiful and simple legends and enjoy many an innocent laugh at the amusing ones, such for instance as the "Christianizing and christen-

ing of the Mac's and O's: When Ireland was founded by the Mac's and O's. I never could learn, for nobody knows; But history says they came over from Spain, To visit green Erin and there did remain. St. Patrick came over to heal their complaints

And very soon made them an island of saints When St. Patrick had converted these bold islanders and came to baptize them he naturally had some trouble in making out the lists, so he divided them into two parts and chris-

Hugh Neil of Tyrone, O'Donnell, O'Moore, O'Brien, O'Kelly, O'Connell galore; O'Malley, McNally, O'Sullivan rare, O'Faily, O'Daily, O'Burns of Kildare; O'Dougherty, chief of the Isle Inishone, McGinnis, the prince of the valleys of Don; The Harrigans, Hoolihans every one knows, The Raffertys, Flahertys, they were the O's. The list of Mac's is too long to quote, but St. Patrick's first labors, of course, were

among the O's, as they antedated the Mac's.

A Dutiful Custom.

Among a portion of the peasantry, when St. Patrick's day falls on the Sabbath, it is talled "Mothering Sunday," because it is customary for all young people employed away from home to visit their parents on that day and make them a present of money, a trinket or some dainty edible.

Beginning on the Cheapest End.



Irishman (who wants to learn to play on the fiddle) - How much do you charge! Musician-Ten dollars for the first month and six for the second. Irishman-Then I'll come the second

month. -Old Joke.

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