

CIRCE.

The glowing in her eyes—O, that glowing! This it was that held him strong and fast; Heid him while all holy visions passed, And the peace—darkness that promised, growing Far and fainter, sank from sight at last.

TWO WAYS OF ASKING.

"Tears, idle tears! Niobe dissolved! My dear child, what on earth is the matter?" Time: four of a summer afternoon. The place: a pretty boudoir, furnished in the fashion of today, modelled on the style of Louis Quinze, and with accessories of "Liberty" thrown in, and modern dasheries, such as crystal flower-vases, three-volume novels, and photograph-stands, juxtaposed with Queen Anne silver and nick-nacks ancient and modern.

is willing to take upon herself his part of the contract; to worship him with her body, and endow him with all her worldly goods. For in a destitute way she is an heiress, though he is not destitute of money, and has an excellent position. Truth to tell, the young man is not what is called "a bad sort;" he has good looks, good brains, and good manners, which are good grounds to taking liberties by the silly flatteries of the other sex. Poor Dolly loves him madly, and has innocently shown her pleasure in his notice and her sufferings at his neglect. Mrs. Dalton having paused to give due effect to her words, Dolly, after a moment, is constrained to say rather sulkily, "Well!"

"You must take the vow first." "What vow?" with latent irritation. "The vow never to tell any human being—Mr. Lascelles least of all—that I, or, for the matter of that, any one, advised you how to act towards him." "O, of course, I promise," replies Mrs. Dalton; then, with an air of great solemnity, she goes to a small bookcase at the end of the room, and comes back with a Bible. "You must kiss the book," she says.

"No, no," cries Dolly, frightened. For she knows that she never kept a secret in her life, and is terrified at being put on an oath which she may break, in spite of herself, a few hours later. "Well," says Mrs. Dalton, firmly, "do you want him or do you not?" "Yes," cries Dolly, with tears in her eyes, "I do." "Then kiss the book." "But how do I know there is anything in what you are going to tell me?" says doubting Dolly. "Because I say so. Do I not know the world and men?" Dolly takes the book, trembling. "What am I to say?" she falters. "Say: 'I swear not to tell Clement Lascelles or any other person that Marion Dalton advised me how to win his affections.'"

"Excellent, my love!" she cries, in high good-humor, pressing the girl's arm. "He is enraged beyond measure. He scarcely took his eyes off you. Go on and prosper!" Thus stimulated, Dolly goes on, and prospers exceedingly. When Mr. Lascelles and Dick approach simultaneously she devotes her whole attention to the latter, and has scarcely a word for the former, who presently retires in tragic dudgeon, and leans against the wall looking like Hamlet, Lord Byron, or any other blighted being in the sun.

In reality Dick is the person most to be pitied, although his face is alight with smiling, and his heart aglow with anticipations of possessing a lovely woman, and satisfying the debtors who, metaphorically speaking, take him by the throat, crying, "Pay me what thou owest!" Innocent creature that he is, he suspects no treachery, nor dreams that milk-white bosom palpitations for the "infernal young prig" over the way. Dolly will play billiards and lawn-tennis with him on the morrow; in the afternoon they are to ride together; and, as he sits smoking after the ladies have retired, he reflects on the most approved method of asking a certain question.

Up to this moment Clement Lascelles has not seen his necessity for putting his fate to the touch, because he has been absolutely certain of winning; but now that for the first time he has a rival, a rival who is progressing by leaps and bounds in his lady's favor, he sees that something must be done. He cannot have been defeated. She loves him or—he is, the adept at reading the secrets of souls, must for once have been deceived. Parish the thought! With gloomy brow and stately step he retires from the smoking-room, and seeks the solitude of his chamber, but not his couch. The dawn has long broken ere he courts repose.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Church of England. At St. George's, New York, on Easter day, the offertory to be devoted to its fresh air fund amounted to \$16,500. Last year it sent 10,000 people to the seaside, some of them staying two weeks, and now it is about purchasing a seaside home, at a cost of \$20,000.

Baptist. The next annual meeting of the New Brunswick Southern association will be held with the 1st St. Martins church, commencing Saturday, June 5th, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Congregational. Rev. J. T. Parsons has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Waterloo street F. C. B. church, to the great satisfaction of his former congregation. He will prove a valuable addition to the ranks of the city ministry.

Zion church, Toronto, having given a call to Jackson Wray of the Whitefield Tabernacle church in London, at a salary of \$4,000 per annum. Mr. Wray has telegraphed that, in consequence of the important work carried on by his own church, he cannot accept the invitation.

Since 1869, the Protestant churches of the United States report total collections for foreign missions of \$62,000,000. Of this amount, the congregational boards collected and disbursed \$16,250,000. The amounts collected by the women's boards aggregated \$8,570,000, of which the Congregational societies collected \$2,000,000.

It is quite remarkable that in the territory covered by the parish of Our Lady of the Rosary, South Boston, Mass., Rev. John J. McNulty, rector, there are but four non-Catholic families.

Archbishop Grassie, in the course of his episcopal visitations, stopped to lecture in the town of Somerville, Wis., though it has not more than half a dozen Catholic families. Rev. Mr. Thompson, Methodist minister, was one of the first to call on the archbishop, and very kindly put his church at his disposal. The archbishop gratefully accepted the offer, and lectured before a crowded house on "The Value of a Human Soul." Mr. Thompson acting as chairman of the meeting. At the close of the lecture the minister asked the archbishop to bless the congregation. All rose and respectfully received his blessing. Then many of the ladies and gentlemen present came up to be introduced to the archbishop, and requested him to visit them again. An invitation was also extended to Fr. Ahne, who accompanied the archbishop, to use the church for lectures or mass at his pleasure.

THE BOLIVAR.

Do you know what a bolivar is? Country children buy 'em for a penny apiece. They are balls of pink and white candy that transform the faces of infant citizens into the inflated countenances you see in the cherubs of the old masters attached to trumpets in the clouds. There is only one way to reduce a bolivar, that is to suck it. I have tried smashing 'em in door jambs, and between paving stones, always unsuccessfully.

I must have been six years old when I bent my energy one morning on the reduction of a bolivar, and found it was too much for one encounter. I deposited the sticky sphere on the table for further efforts and engaged in play. The family parrot on a tour of investigation came upon the bolivar. Polly didn't like sweets, so after toying with it a minute she concluded to pass it by, and calmly stepped over it, being too lazy to go round. Just as she straddled her clumsy old leg across the sticky thing her feathers encircled it and clung to it like a small boy to his first big ball.

The bolivar was so large it fairly raised the old girl off her feet, and on her tip toes she waddled to her cage in an agony of excitement. It was just where she couldn't reach it if she stood on her head.

For half an hour, perhaps, no bird ever had a wilder time. She plucked out her tail feathers in a frantic effort to take a rear view of the awful thing she had alighted upon, and from which she couldn't escape. All this I didn't know at the time, but I came on Polly in the afternoon, all but exhausted, swearing in a hoarse voice in the corner of her cage.

She couldn't stand on a perch with this thing under her, so she squatted on it on the bottom. "Polly," said I, "pretty Polly." "Oh, hell!" replied the sufferer. "What's the matter?"

My feathered friend was no saint, but her remarks were so fervently lurid I became alarmed, and began an investigation. It wasn't many minutes before I discovered the bolivar. I had sneaked it bald-headed before Polly annexed it. The daub of red paint with which bolivars are artistically decorated had disappeared. Just a sphere of white sugar maddened by pink protruded from the green feathers between Polly's legs.

Howling with delight, I rushed to my father to tell him Poll had laid an egg, was sitting on it, and the phenomenon of a parrot born in this country was a boon vouchsafed to the Gusher family alone.

Eighteen people stood around the supposed happy mother and admired the work of nature. A securely nest was constructed and fastened beneath in a dark box. Preparations were made to remove her, when the spectacle of Poll climbing the side of the cage and taking her egg with her shook the faith of the beholders. Some one put on a pair of driving gloves, got a basin of warm water and held the sufferer down in it, swearing like mad till the green feathers were soaked free of the bolivar.

It was a great disappointment to me and I gave up raising parrots.—Giddy Gusher in the New York Mirror.

DISCIPLINE FOR A CONDUCTOR.

He Put Off the Newsboys, Whereupon His Life Became a Burden. A conductor sat on the rear dashboard of a Madison avenue horse car yesterday afternoon, twirling the ends of a very red mustache, says the New York Sun. As the car passed Ninth street a black, calling out: "A red mustache and white horse with every car." His tone of voice indicated that he was ready to knock all three articles down to the highest bidder.

"Get off," shouted the conductor, and made a threatening gesture. "I say," called out a small gamin at Twentieth street, "ain't it pretty early for them strawbery whisks?"

At twenty-first street a newsboy boarded the car and inquired: "Ain't it pretty late for them mustaches, old chappie? Crushed strawbery, yer-know, went out last season."

"Get off, you!" roared the persecuted conductor, aiming a vigorous kick at his vanishing third street. At Twenty-third street a boy of some 16 years got on the car, unnoticed by the conductor, who was figuring out his accounts. The boy surveyed him critically, and then remarked in a deliberative tone: "I advise yer as a friend, boss, if yer vally then papers, to get 'em away from that smokin' whisker."

As the conductor let fly a volley of oaths and a heavy blow at his fourth tormentor, a small urchin who had encircled himself on the back hitching hook called out: "Ah, there, termatter lip!"

"What is the matter with that conductor?" inquired a reporter just leaving the car. "Well, yer see, boss," replied the large boy, "he's been chasin' all us fellers off his car lately—won't give us no chance with our papers. So we put up this job. Why, there's fellers layin' him all the way to the tunnel. I guess it will cure him of monkeyin' with us."

It Worked.

There was an object of curiosity on the market the other morning which quickly collected a crowd. It was a farmer's dog of medium size, and he had on a collar studded with enormous tacks, the same way, and fastened to the forelegs just above the feet were the same gaffs as are used on fighting cocks.

"You see," explained the farmer, "every time Belshazzar comes to town with me he is tacked and chased up by some of your smart Alecks. I've got tired of it, and I've fitted him out to defend himself. As I've brought him all the way in a wagon, and as I'd kinder like to know how the old thing will work, some of you may bring up your best stock."

A man wended across the street and got a Newfoundland about as big as a yearling calf, and he had no sooner caught sight of the country chicken under the wagon than he went for him. There was a roar, a howl and a yelp, and then the big dog broke for the woods, with the little dog close behind. One mouthful of tacks was plenty for the big 'un, and his yelps of pain and terror could be heard three blocks.

"Come, Belshazzar, git back under the wagon," said the farmer. "We've struck it plumb-centre, and the medal is ours. Jist let 'em come up and pitch 'em as fast as they want to. We hain't no wings, but we git 'em jist the same."—Detroit Free Press.

Why Mexico is Poverty Stricken.

The Mexican government has used the utmost ingenuity to secure revenue. There is nothing used for the maintenance of life, comfort or luxury that is not taxed to the utmost limit. There is one exception, however, to this rule, and that is real estate. The municipal taxes in the cities are nominal, and on outside property there is no tax at all. Consequently the land in general held in large blocks by people who do not develop its possible resources and make it productive, as they are at no expense in holding it. If there were a just tax levied on this land it would work great benefit to the people, and would make it impossible for individuals to own 100 miles square of unimproved property, and at the same time make it possible for the poor man to get a small farm and become a producer.—Denver Road.

No Wonder the Boys Love Her.

Miss Annie McCormick, one of Hawkinsville's most charming young ladies, was in town today, and made a number of friends and many mashes among our gay and festive youths. I cannot blame the boys for falling in love with her, however, for any young lady who can play two pieces on a piano and sing a third at the same, is competent to captivate the most fastidious of us. I have often heard of fine performers on the piano, but have never seen or heard any one who could compete with her. She can sit with her back to the instrument and play most beautifully. It is said that she can play three different instruments at once, and I don't doubt it, for she offered to do so here if furnished the proper instruments.—Dodge County (Ga.) Journal.

Mixing Politics and Religion.

Delegate William Smith, chairman of the Knox county (Tenn.) delegation to the Democratic State convention, went to church Sunday morning, modestly took a rear pew and settled himself for a season of religious inspiration. His hard work in the convention for four days told on him, and he began to doze. The preacher was telling of the great men of Tennessee, and finally he reached John Knox, once governor of the State. As he pronounced the name "Knox" Mr. Smith was aroused, and, rising from his seat, shouted in stentorian tones: "35 votes for Robert Taylor."

The congregation took in the situation, and while an audible titter rippled through the church the delegate escaped.

COULD YOU?

Lady with the shining hair, Holding all the charms and graces, Stately, kind and passing fair, Could you wash the children's faces? When the rosy morning bright, Pains with gold each roof and eave, Bannish the shades of night, Could you start the kitchen fire? O'er the fields with thee I wander, Summer's glory overhead; Charming, I all thy virtues ponder, But could—ah, could you make good bread? Eyes so deeply, truly tender, Answer as water in a pool, Could your heart's importuning, Have you been to cooking school?—N. Y. Life.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The answer to the congratulatory address presented to Sir Leonard Tilley by Richard division, S. of T., contained the following:— The Order of the Sons of Temperance has done much towards bringing about the great changes in the social customs of the country since its introduction into New Brunswick; but it has done more, it has created a kind and fraternal bond of brotherly union between thousands of our people, who in the advance of its organization would have known but little of each other, and possibly cared less. The address referred to is evidence of this.

My connection with the order has made me acquainted with some of the finest and best friends I have ever had. We sympathized with each other in the good work we had in hand, and in helping others we have ourselves been strengthened in our fight against a common foe. I can truthfully say that in years of my seventy, have I found more satisfaction than in saving my fellow man from man's greatest enemy.

In General.

"I don't believe in these secret societies," said one Austin lady to another. "That's very singular," replied the other; "your husband is a Foroner, a Knight of Pythias and a Knight of Honor, and you will have at least \$10,000 when he dies." "But what good does all that do me," was the tearful response, "when he never dies?"—Texas Siftings.

LODGE-ROOM ECHOES.

Loyal Orange Association. Many inquiries are being made as to when the Grand Lodge of British America will meet in Winnipeg, and the following circular now being sent out by the Grand Secretary to delegates may be taken as an answer:—

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Under and by virtue of the power vested in the M. W. Grand Master, by Section 15 of the Constitution and Laws of the Orange association, he has postponed the annual meeting of the association, to be held in Winnipeg, from May 28th, 1888, to Tuesday, August 28th, at 2 p. m. You will please therefore take notice and govern yourself accordingly.

Arrangements have been made with the Canadian Pacific for a rate of \$30 by rail both ways; \$35 rail one way and water one way, and \$40 by water both ways, for the round trip, from any part of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and are still pending, trying to get a still further reduction; and arrangements will likely be made by which any member, not a delegate, his family or friends, can avail themselves of the same reduced rate.

Yours fraternally, THOMAS KEYS, Grand Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

Victoria Lodge, No. 13, of Fredericton, paid its last tribute of respect to their departed brother, Rev. J. E. Rend, on Monday morning last. The lodge, headed by the Fredericton Brass Band met the remains at the depot on the arrival of the early train from St. John, and escorted them to the depot at St. Mary's, from whence a special train conveyed a large delegation from the lodge, and other friends to Keswick, where the remains were interred. At the regular meeting of the lodge, Wednesday evening, resolutions of regret were unanimously adopted, ordered to be engrossed in the minutes, printed in the city papers and a copy sent to the family of our late Brother Rend.

Free and Accepted Masons.

The Freemason, Toronto, referring to the issue by the Grand R. A. Chapter of Canada of dispensations and warrants for the formation of subordinate chapters in Melbourne, Australia, says it has stirred the bile of Belshazzar and some of your smart Alecks. I've got tired of it, and I've fitted him out to defend himself. As I've brought him all the way in a wagon, and as I'd kinder like to know how the old thing will work, some of you may bring up your best stock."

Independent Order of Good Templars.

York District lodge will meet with Union Lodge, of Upper Keswick, to-day. Grand Chief Templar, W. Vaughan, and Grand Treasurer, Rev. Thos. Marshall, will be present.

Peerless District Lodge, No. 6, I. O. G. T., held their quarterly session in Finch Hall, Germain street, on the 24th. Twelve subordinate lodges were represented. The reports of the chief templar, secretary and treasurer were read, and showed the order to be in a healthy condition. Grand Chief Templar, Wm. Unwin, was present and exemplified the unwritten work of the new ritual. A large amount of business was done, followed by speeches by the representatives of the various subordinate lodges and Grand Secretary Tufts. The lodge adjourned at 6 p. m., to finish their business with City of Portland lodge, where the grand chief was also present. Later in the evening he visited No Surrender lodge, of Fairville, accompanied by several members from the east side of the water.

On Tuesday last, Union District lodge convened at Long Branch, Bellisle, under the auspices of Cedar Grove lodge. The session was held in the new temperance hall, which is large and commodious; and the afternoon exercises consisted of reading reports and speeches. In the evening the building was filled to its utmost, when a public meeting was held. Mr. W. Schofield, D. C. T., occupied the chair, and earnest addresses were delivered by Messrs. John Law and Grand Secretary Tufts, of St. John; Mr. Fred Sprout and Mr. John Smith, of Hampton; and comic readings by Mr. Sprout. Miss Smith, of Smithtown, rendered some solos, accompanied by the organ, in fine style. Rev. Mr. Ganong is doing a great work in this section of country, and the success of the new hall is mainly due to his exertions.

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