

sermon in Bellfount. Perhaps such a crowd never filled old St. Ann's as sat under the young father's eyes that day. Nearly all the older faces had watched him as a boy, and the younger ones had been his playmates. Whether it was that his speech was eloquent, or that his heart was earnest, it was certain that he showed his audience some truths that day out of the common for them to hear, and caused many to carry away a feeling of the daily crucifixion of Our Saviour.

Farmer Mentz felt an awe of his son, but occasionally approached something of the old love when he heard of his successes here and there. But his despair reached its climax when his son went into the yellow fever districts during the great epidemic.

A solace it certainly was, he said, when neighbor after neighbor stopped to ask after the boy; and when the strain was over and his son was still alive and loved, it was good to hear him say to a new-comer, "Yes, I knew you'd heard of him; that's *my* son, sir, and I'm proud of him. Finest education, sir! Threw away bright prospects to become a priest, but he's right. He's a brave, good boy—that's what my Sheridan is."

—*Sallie Margaret O'Malley.*

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If you would revenge yourself on those who have slighted you, be successful; it is a bitter satire on their want of judgment to show that you can do without them—a galling wound to self-love of proud, inflated people. But you must reckon on their hatred, as they will never forgive you.

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A MEMBER of the bar, on his passage to Europe in a steam vessel, observed a shark near them, and not knowing what it was, asked one of the sailors, who replied, with much gravity: "Here, we call 'em sea-lawyers."