

A Call from the Cloister.

BY "MOTHER."

Heard ye whispering silvery echoes stealing round the ivied walls...

On the hill where the sunbeams are smiling... Spirit in those moonlit chambers when the moonbeams gleam...

On a polar night a golden dawned Erin's smile... Crimmed robes and cloud-dimmed it shall rise in glory yet...

From 'O'Connell, brave Monaghan, and the O'Connell line... With Legation's race of nobles from the pride of Galway...

See that galaxy of glory for the past three hundred years... The shrine of that devotion they embalmed in blood and tears...

Now that Erin's sons are banded in a union firm and true... Their country's best potent valor will not quickly fade and die...

THE MYSTERY IN WHITE.

CHAPTER I.

We were a merry party at Holyday Grange that night. Over the walnuts and the wine jokes had been cracked and blood-curdling stories told of the pranks of ghostly visitants from the spirit world...

A stillness which had settled upon us after an especially harrowing story of the kind was broken by our host remarking: "Now I'll be bound none of you imagine Holyday Grange has a ghost of its own."

themselves entirely upon her own resources... she became enamored of the handsome young son of one of the country magistrates...

How long I had been asleep I could not tell, but I suddenly found myself wide awake, with all my faculties on the alert...

There, in front of the oaken chest, the lid of which was now open, was a stooping figure wrapped in what looked like a white dimly dressing gown...

I was beginning to breathe more freely and to hope that my experience had ended, when I saw a white shadow gradually emerge from the right-hand side of the capacious hearth...

My wife's affections had been given to the younger son of a neighboring squire, with no prospects beyond a limited income...

Now, at the time I proposed to Mary, I was even in a more impetuous condition than my more fortunate rival. But two years afterwards, by the death of an uncle, I had come into possession of an ample fortune...

her heart's desire. With a sigh I endeavored to reconcile myself to the inevitable, congratulating myself that I had not felt the pain of meeting her again so lately as I expected I should do, and retired to rest.

CHAPTER II.

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enough, I held forward the lamp and looked into the cavity thus disclosed. It was evidently a secret recess built into the thickness of the outer wall of the tower...

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the mind to higher things in the midst of worldly work and solicitude. To Christian souls the Sunday Mass has been union, light and consolation...

On an uncommonly sultry September afternoon in the year 1791, a very delicate looking man and his young wife were seen slowly strolling through the park...

With a look of deepest sympathy the wife would cast her eyes to her husband's pale face, while his thin, haggard appearance and fevered cheeks would cause her to shudder with anxiety...

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now, I tell you. "I will have no more of it." "Yes, sir," spoke the composer; "I will be through with my work in a few moments."

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Exiled Reflections.

BY JOHN J. McGINNIS.

"The summer in Ireland! The streamlets are laughing... Adown the green sea, the sunbeams are smiling...

"The summer in Ireland! And now—three and twenty— The memories of childhood me backward...

Backward again to the banquets of young pleasure— Oh! what a joy to forget our exile! And what a pain to remember it...

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RELIGION AND MEDICINE.

Ave Maria.

The following is a portion of a lecture delivered by Professor Junibert Goubeaux at the opening of the course of the Faculty of Medicine at Clermont, France...

It is very difficult for us to realize all that Jesus Christ and His Church have done for Medicine. Christ has bestowed upon us the honor of a real priesthood, the glory of a divine fraternity, the Christian constitution of our profession...

From its origin, Christianity created an element previously unknown—the army of charity; and from that time physicians form an integral part of that army, which, beginning with the Apostles, has since developed during the course of ages...

With the victories of Christianity and its occupation of the throne of the Caesars there dawned a glorious era for Medicine and Christian charity...

During the Middle Ages the charitable organization of the Church performed miracles of charity. The hospices scattered everywhere were directed by priests, served by consecrated virgins...

"I feel it my duty to say," writes John Borton, of Desert, P. Q., "that Burdock Blood Purifiers cured my wife of liver complaint, from which she had had a chronic sufferer. Her distressing, painful symptoms soon gave way, and I can highly recommend the medicine to all suffering as she did."