A Call From the Cloister.

rd ye whispering zilvery cohoes stealing round the ivied walls, the hill where now stands crumbling Royal Tara's ruined Hail? Its in those mem'ried chambers waken at the magic etrain.

1 Crushed and Martyred Nation, thou shall rule thine own again? as arial mytic music floating on from hill to hill, fly as electric currents, flash their strong o'ermastering thrill.

on the parties of the country of the

Name to write the color of incident colors and inci

while to all appearance the right hand recess was closed with solid stone, blackened with amoke and age.

Beginning to teel the effect of the chill morning air, I determined to postpone further investigation until I had completed my toilet, for I was bent upon fathoming this mystery, if mystery there was, were it possible.

Having put myself into my clothes I set light to a small reading lamp I carried in my valles and returned to the heath. The most minute search failed to disclose any semblance of a door, or to show there was any study littled startled to find the wall yield and to see what I had taken for a wall slowly moving inwards upon its hinges.

As soon as the aperture was large

was evidently a secret recess built into the thickness of the outer wall of the tower and chut in by a close fitting door skillfully painted on the outside to resemble the remainder of the fireplace, and on the inside protected with a sheet of iron. I pushed the door further open and entered. The sperture was built round the hearth and was perhaps four feet in height. Stepping cautiously inside my foot struck against a yielding substance which gave forth a hollow sound. Looking down I was herrified at seeing, lying almost like a shapeless heap of bones, a human skeleton! With an exclamation I took a hasty step backward and struck against a yielding metallic substance. Looking about me by the aid of the lamp I found myself standing on a heap of guineas, while around the walls were arranged a number of bags, which, by their appearance, also contained money. This, then, was the mystery! The wretched man, after driving forth his daughter from her home, had sought solace in his money bags, and had occupied himself in carrying his treasure from the chest to what he doubtless thought was a after hiding place. Not able to resist the pleasure of gloating over his riches, worse than worthless to him, he had emptied some of the bags upon the floor and was doubtless contemplating the glittering heap with foud delight, and bathing his hands in its golden splendor, when the door by some means awung to, the spring lock fastened it, and the miser was immured in a living tomb from which all his riches were powerless to save him.

I was not long in quitting that place,

is the cost of the states of the second panel of him and Sir Reuben to the word of gratitude with which Mary received me when she heard that the maser's hoard was more than sufficient to free the whole of the estate amply repaid me for what I still regarded as the sacrifice I had made. During the day we heard that Mary's lover was spending the boildays at his father's house and as the only reward I had stipulated for was the holice, a message was sent which speedily hrought him to the grange, and before the day had ended the wedding day was fixed, and I, of all men, had promised to be "best man."

I think they are happy; I hope they always will be. Otherwise I think I should curse the night on which I made the action of the miser's ghost.

We have a companied him and Sir Reuben to the weeding day was fixed, and I, of all men, had promised to be "best man."

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"Yes, dear Stanzerl; and now tell me a story, for you know I love to hear your face misser, or you will come to see him, and hear his Requiem."

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"Yes, dear Stanzerl; and now tell me a story, for you know I love to hear your face misser, or you know I love to hear your face of which she knew to relate a narrative, of which she knew to relate a narrative, of which she knew to relate a narrative, of which she knew or when heaven the heaven that he related "Cinderella."

She had spoken but a very few moments when heavoke.

When he noticed that her husband had such the noticed that her husband had the not had the promised to when heavoke.

We have a measage was sent which speedily have heaven the man of her the day had ended the wedding day was fixed, and I, of all men, had promised to be "best man."

I think

the mind to higher things in the midst of worldly work and collectude.

To Christian flocks, the Sunday Mass has been union, light and consolation.

To the Christian nation, the solamn Mass has been triumph, thanksgiving, sorrow, union of mind. In the presence of our Saviour Jesus Christ, kings have first put on their crowns at Mass, Parliaments have begun their sessions with it; justice has opened her courts by assisting at it, universities have begun their labors by solemnly attending it. The Mass has been the grand feature of a Christian marriage. And the Solemn Mass of Requiem has sanotified mourning and taught the bereaved how to be resigned, while he has brought the best of all comfort to the departed souls.

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

Oa an uncommonly sultry September afternoon in the year 1791, a very delicate looking man and his young wife were seen alowly strolling through Leopold street, Vienna, toward the Augarten, the principal public park of the city. Although very plainly dressed, the young couple attracted much attention, and were greeted by passers by with a respectful salutation. With seddened faces many stopped to look back at the pair, and with a mournful shake of the head to utter remarks of pity for the feeble young man. "He cannot last much longer!" This and similar expressions of compassion were frequently uttered. The subject of this commiseration was apparently about thirty five years of age. As he leaned upon the arm of his wife, they occasionally halted in their walk for a few moments, while he recovered from the spells of coughing which attacked him at intervals, and seemed to completely deprive him of breath.

breath.

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. When the coughing would cease he would stroke her hands, and in a voice of the deepest affec-

hands, and in a voice of the deepest affec-tion would say:

"Stanzerl, have no fear; I will soon be-come hale and hearty again."

Slowly the atrange pair neared the door of the Augarten, over which were inscribed the words of the great "People's Friend," Emperor Franz Joseph II. —"Welcome to all."

"If no one is sitting in your favorite place, I shall be happy, dear husband," said the wife. "Do you remember where I received the first and only whipping

said the wife. "Do you remember where I received the first and only whipping from you?"

"Whipping! from me?"

"Yes; but you do not care to recollect it, or, more likely, have quite forgotten the circumstances. Ah! well, my Mander! generally forgets all, except his notes," she replied, tapping her forehead. "But I will narrate the affair. We had been married about three weeks, when, on a beautiful afternoon, we were promensding in these lovely gardens, and I told you that my little dog, Azore, thought more of me than he did you, and in order to test it, I saked you to whip me, sand in fun you did so. Now, do you remember?"

"Oh! yes, yes," he replied, laughing; "and our good Emperor Franz happened to pass that way, and, thinking we were in earnest, rebuked us. Ha! ha! that was a joke."

Both laughed heartily at the recalling of this little episode of happler days. They had now reached ashady nook in the park, where was a rude wooden bench, upon I which they seated themselves, the wife bringing forth her needle work while her husband remained quiet. The fragrance of the sedars seemed to revive the spirits of the sick man, and his otherwise wan, sad face for the time beamed with delight.

"It is lovely here," said the wife, "Now, rest yourself well, dear Mander, for you know we can remain here as long as you will come to see him, and hear his kequiem."

quaintance of the miser's ghost.

THE HOLY SACRIFCE,

London Tablet.

The discourse of Bishop Hedley in his new work "Our Divine Saviour and Other Discourses," are clear and vigorous in relation to the Sacrifice of the Holy Mass. Above all, he brings prominantly into view that assistance at Mass, "is not a mere act of piety, like assistance at Wass," is not a mere act of piety, like assistance at Wass, "they are abarers in the mighty work done on the altar. Meum ac custrum sacrificium, "My sacrifice and yours," the priest calls it when he turns to the poor ple at the Orate fratres.

And that mighty work is twofold; the payment of the world's debt to the fact that the Mass is a sacrifice of worthip and of thanksgiving, of propitiation and of impetration. Magnificent as is the Angelic worship, it is but finite in and of impetration. Magnificent as is the Angelic worship, it is but finite in and of impetration. Magnificent as is the Angelic worship, it is but finite in and of impetration. Magnificent as is the Angelic worship, it is but finite in and of impetration. Magnificent as is the Angelic worship, it is but finite in and of impetration. Magnificent as is the Angelic worship, it is but finite in the Mass into insignificence before the Mass where "the King of kings is worshipped even to the utmost limits of that infinity to which limits are unknown."

And no one can tell—no angel's pen of the Mass where "the King of kings is worshipped even to the utmost limits of that infinity to which limits are unknown."

And no one can tell—no angel's pen of the priest the Mass has been deed ally bread of grace, of strength and of consolation. To the people it has been religion, worship, devotion, the lifting up of the heart, the elevation of with report to the Mayor. Stop this non-lifting up of the heart, the elevation of with report to the Mayor. Stop this non-lifting up of the heart, the elevation of with report to the Mayor. Stop this non-lifting up of the heart, the elevation of with report to the Mayor. Stop this no

I tell you. "I will have no more of

ents."

"Please don't disturb my husband,"

aid the wife, "for he is composing."

"What!" cried the officer; "I, the park
officer, must not disturb him! You say he
is composing! I say he is daubing, and will
allow is no longer. Stop, I tell you, and
this moment."

"Tuba mirum spargens sonum" sang the composer, without paying the alightest attention to the officer. This aroused the latter's indignation, and he began excitedly to abuse the composer, and demanded to know who it was that dared to disregard his orders."

"What is your name?" he asked, in a stern voice.

"What is your name?" he asked, in a stern voice.
"I am Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart," spoke the invalid.
"What! are you the Mozart who composed the 'Zuberflote?"
"Yea," replied the composer, "I am that Mozart, and was at the moment you so abruptly interrupted me, composing a new Requiem."
"Mozart! Mozart!" fairly screamed the officer, "pray forgive me for my rudeness. Why did you not tell me before? Then I should not have been so rude. Mozart! pray, forgive me."
"With all my heart," answered the great Mozart, "I forgive you; but my Requiem is se yet unfinished, and I have no more room on this bench. What shall I do?"

The officer hastily ran to the east end

I do?"

The officer hastily ran to the east end of the park, and picking up a newly painted bench with a great deal of labor succeeded in placing it beside the one upon which was already written the first part of "Mozart's Requiem." It required but a few more bars, and the work was

but a few more bars, and the work was completed.

"Shall I send the benches to your house?" said the officer respectfully.

"No," said Mozart, pointing to his heart and then to his brow; "I have it closely locked up in both places, and can easily copy it when I get home. But I will again come to these gardens and hope to meet you once more. Pray tell me your name."

"Geoppert is my name," said the officer,

"Geppert is my name," said the officer,
"and I shall await your coming with pleasure."
"I thank you," replied Mozart; "and

"I thank you," replied Mozart; "and when the composition which I have scribbled upon your benches is ready I will send you word, and trust you will come to hear it."

"Rest assured, dear Mozart, God permitting, I will surely be there," said the

"Rest sesured, dear Mozart, God permitting, I will surely be there," said the officer.

Two months had passed, and Gappert, having wandered daily to find Mozart, was as often disappointed. "Pshaw!" he said, "I have been duped. It was not Mozart after all; undoubtedly some notoriety seeker."

Month after month passed. The leaves began to fall. Winter came, and a deep snow covered the favorite walks of the park except the one from Geppert's building to the "Requiem Bench," whither he wandered daily, with the hope of meeting the illustrious composer of the "Zuber flote."

One day—it was on the afterneon of the 3d of December—Geppert was sitting, again on his watching post, waiting somewhat hopelessly for the composer, when he beheld a priest, dressed in citizen's attire, working his way through the deep snow, and directing his steps to where Geppert was sitting.

"My dear friend" said the priest, when he drew near, "will you be kind enough to direct me to the house of the park officer, Mr. Geppert?"

"That is my name," said the officer, at

remained busy with her needle. About half an hour had passed when he awoke.

"Well, my dear Mander, you have had a good sleep," said his wife, merrily.

"Yes," he replied, "and I have head such a beautiful dream. Oh! I have heard such heavenly music. What I have heretofore written is nothing compared to what I heard in my dream!"

"Pray, tell me, whet could have been your dream!"

"Something sad," was his answer. "Yes, ineffably sad. I dreamed I was in my grave, and surrounding me was a chorus of angels, singing, 'Requism citeman donesis, Domines' Ah! it was so levely; it had more effect than all the church music I ever wrote. And then the trumpets! Oh, the beautiful Tube mainum! Only the angels in heaven could produce such music. It was heavenly!" He eat motionless, thinking of his wonderful dream, only his fingers moving as though fingering the keyboard of his piano.

"But, Wolfgang." said his wife, "your dream is but the effect of your ever worry ing your mind about the new 'Requism."

"Pray be quiet," he replied, motioning with his hands. He continued, half speaking and partly thinking aloud, "Yes, I have it. At last I have received the long anxiously thought of 'Requiem." With a nervous hand he hastily searched his pockets for pencil and paper: but, alsa! he could find neither. He saw in the roadside a plece of red chalk, which, in the vieinity of Vienna, is bountiful. He assersity assured its and kneeling on the residual control of the wonderful and paper: but, alsa! he could find neither. He saw in the roadside a plece of red chalk, which, in the vieinity of Vienna, is bountiful. He assersity assured its and kneeling on the residual control of the more statement of the door leading to the daying comboser's room was opened softly, and the base singer, Gerl, entered, each with the base singer, Gerl, entered, each with the base singer, Gerl, entered, each with the base singer, Gerl, entered,

There are some who pay but little or any attention to a cough or cold, and say let measure take its course. This is just the time nature should have assistance. The lungs are threatened. Assist them with Tamarac Elixir. A Pleasing Duty.

A Pleasing Duty.

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

Exiled Beflections.

BY JOHN J. M'GINNISS.

Tis summer in Ireland! The streamlets are unrolling and shamrocks are The name are unrolling and over the wide spreading les: with the music that charmingly In rivoles that glide 'neath the thorn and the salley
By banks where with violets true Irish love

The thrush leaves the thorn and its notes are now ringing.
In chorness gentle to swell the glad praise, The skylatk—in mid-air so lovingly winging—
Is singing in outbursts of merriests in a;
Now life's in the land where the farmer's
yes rest on
The promise of produce the landlord shall
elaim,
while peace steals from heaven to place its

The scenes that to me are all seasons the where the grasp of the hand speaks the strength of the feeling.
That lives in a heart, never changing but That never yet felt low hypocrisy stealing Its pure blooded veins or its warm tendrils through

Backward again to the haunts of your Oh! what a joy to forget our exile

And stroil back again in each hour of our that we knew in our own lovely le, ing hues that are stolen from Heaven's own dome, cal art with illusions most tranc ing se beauties grow dearer when longer from home.

RELIGION AND MEDICINE.

Ave Maria.

The following is a portion of a lecture delivered by Professor Junibert Gourbeyre at the opening of the course of the Faculty of Medicine at Clermont, France. It has been honored by being called "un scandal universitaire" by the infidel journals of 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; to the Church we owe the preservation of ancient science, the creation of hospitals and schools of medicine, and the most conscious and efficacious protection. The whole history of Medicine testifies to this; but, in view of the short time at my disposal, I will refer only to the most notable facts.

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 sone on developing during the course of ages, and which continues to-day, with all its attributes and all its soldiers more vigorous and more resolute than ever. From the first days of the Church there appeared in Rome men and women who devoted themselves to the service of the poor and the sick. Christian physicians, in company with the Lawrences, the Agathas, the Cecilias, the Fabiolas, employed all the resources of their art for charitable ends. Many amongst them shed their blood for their faith. Some day this brilliant history will be placed before its in a clearer light by means of the monuments which we possess—viz, "The Acts of the Martyrs," the Diplicos, and the recent discoveries made in the Catscombs.

With the victories of Christianity and its occupation of the throne of the

With the victories of Christianity and its occupation of the throne of the Cœsars there dawned a glorious era for Medicine, and Christian charity shone forth in all its splendor in the ranks of that tender-hearted and unselfish profession. Charity in those days was a public function directed by the priests and bishops, who became true fathers of the poor. No one was excluded from this ministry; virgins and widows devoted themselves with great enthusiasm to the care of the poor and the sick. Everywhere arose asylums of charity, and beautiful names, such as Orphantrophia, Xenodochia and Noscomia, were then first coined. With the victories of Christianit

where arose asylums of clarity, and beautiful names, such as Orphantrophia, Xenodochia and Nosocomia, were then first coined.

But it was not long before the Roman Empire fell beneath the blows of the barbarians; the Church then extended her protecting hand over crumbling society. The Popes and prelates little by little checked the invasion, and finally brought the fierce conquerors under the yoke of Christ. Meanwhile the monke tilled the earth, gathered the wandering peoples into actilements around their monasteries, and preserved, in manuscripts that are still objects of our admiration, the treasures of wisdom and acience bequeathed by antiquity. This was the monastic epoch of Medicine science had taken refuge in the cloisters and nearly all physicians were monks or priests; in the convent gardens medicinal plants were cultivated; within their walls treatises were written descriptive of the qualities of these plants, a we see from the Hortulus of Walapis Strabo and the works of Macer and the Abbass St. Hildegard. This monast Medicine, continued down to the fifteenth century, in which we find the celebrated Treatise on Antimony of Bas Falentin, a remarkable monument chemistry and therapeutics.

During the Middle Ages the charitable organization of the Church performe miracles of charity. The hospices soa tered everywhere were directed priests, served by consecrated virgins and by lay persons, male and female, wit dedicated themselves to this ministry ir eligious vows. These hospices gradual produced the great orders of Hospitalers. These new societies were emines for the practice of every work of charit from military service in the protection pilgrims and the defence of the Ho Places, to the art of Medicine, especial the care of those afflicted with certacontagious maladies, such as leprosy as St. Anthony's Fire. This was the chiral was seen to put on the armor of the