BY THE REV. MNEAS M'DO

Written for CATHOLIC CATHOLICS OF SC

LL. D., F. B. S.

CLARENCE MANGAN'S TE DEUM.

The following characteristic hymn has been discovered in a Magazine of forty years 850. The initials "J. C. M.," were not needed to mark the workmanship of James Clarence Mangan. We know of no version that gives a worthler idea of the mejesty of the orginal. Towards the end Mangan omitted a portion which is now supplied by another hand in the ten last lines of the present republication:

Thee, O great Ged, we praise!
Thee, mighty Lord, we bless,
Thee and Tay marvellous and mysterious
ways!
Thee, O omnipotent Lord,
All the rolling orbed worlds confess!
To Thee the Archangels and high-throne!
Powers,
The Cherubim.

All the rolling orbed worlds confess!

To Thee the Archangels and high-throne!

Powers,

The Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
Chant aloud with one scoord,
Evermore.

Through eternity's respinatent hours,
In prostration lowly,
Holy,
Holy,
Holy is the God whom we adore!
Holy is the Lord whose praise we sing!
Heaven and Earth. O Everlasting King
Are luminous with thy glory!
Thee the Patricts of olden story,
Thee the Patricts of olden story,
Thes the Apostics and the Prophet band,
Magnify in one perennial enorus!
And the white-robod martyr train who
stand
Day and night before Thy throne,
Hymn their Alielutain unto thee!
Nor all those alone.
Thy Church—still militant on Earth
beneath,
And yet uncrowned with Victory's golden
wreath—
Ever loveth to upraise
Her voice to Thee in cauticles of praise,
Eyer bends before Thy shrines the kneeGiorified be Thou, Son of the Living Father,
Whe recere Man's rebel vece from home.

Glorified be Thou, Son of the Living Father, Who, to save Man's rebel race from Doom, Hast no care to spare Thyself, but rather Sought with joy Thy humble Handmaid's

womb! ou the Conqueror of the Tomb, ou the victor of Hell's legions, st to believers opened the Celestia Perlors

Regions, Stateu at the right hand of One, Great, Good And Eternal Potentate, thy Bire, Thorace, when earth's allotted days expire, Thou the Judge will come in glory's pieni-Lord! who has redeemed us by Thy costly

Kindle in our souls Thy heavenly fire!
! help Thy saints, Thy servants, and Thine That nought, in life or death, avail to

sever,
Thy glory and thy blessedness from theirs
Who hope to reign with thee in Heaven To Three we chant on each returning day
The pasim of blessing and of praise for aye,
And sanctify Thy name for evermore,
Deign, then, this day, Kedeemer, degn,
To guard our souls from shoul stain.
And show to us Thy mercy's boundness

store;
As is our hope, so may Thy mercy be
In thee, O Lord, my hope is grounded,
The hope that shall not be confounded
Through all the cycles of eternity!

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE,

CHAPTER XXXI-CONTINUED. Was it fancy on the part of the priest that, for a second, there was an actual shrinking of Rick of the Hills from that embrace: a sudden, involuntary start a If he would have broken desperately from it? but the next moment he had thrown his arms about Nora, and his big and rapid tears were coursing with her

He released her gently, as gently as she were the little babe of whom he so often spoke, whose clinging arms he was unfastening from his neck, and he put her from him, almost as if he felt some invisible barrier rising between them.
"Father Meagher!" He sprang erect as he uttered the name, and stood with a manliness of bearing that seemed strangely foreign to his appearance, continuing: "My soul is black with crimes before Heaven this night. I am a mis ecable wretch, fit only to mingle with the seum of the earth, and perhaps this last act of mine, which has torn her heart" adicating Nora by a slight motion of his end—"and which may be the means of dighting her life, has gone up to Heaven with a bitter cry for vengeance. I say" in his earnestness he took a step toward the priest—"it may be so; but I call God to witness it was the love for my little that went from my arms with the smile on her mouth, and the bright look in her oyes—the little one that comes to me in my dreams, always a little one!

It was, as he had said, always a little ane; his affection seemed to be centered yand the babe that he had resigned rather than about the woman whom that habe had become—as if he could not reconcile himself to the change that the had effected. It might be due, as the deeply touched priest thought, to the fact that it was only during the period of her babyhood the wretched father had been permitted to claim and to caress for, though he was bound by colemn promise not to reveal himself to her, nor to discover to others the rela-tion which existed between them, still there had been frequent and ample opportunities, had he chosen to use chosen to use them, when he might have seen and spoken to Nora. That he had not done so, now in the face of such wild affection as he evinced, was a surprise to the priest, and he listened to the unhappy man with mingled emotions of wonder

and surprise. You blame me," Rick continued, with a desperation in his voice which seemed to tell of the last bitter throes of a broken heart, "and spurn me for what I have done; and she herself,"—again in-dicating Nora by a motion of his head— when she feels the poverty and the droll Irish servant. Indeed, Tighe had shame of being my child, may turn taken special pains with his toilet, against me; but God, who knows the brushing his brown hair till its gloss and secrets of all hearts, knows what drove curl would have been an craament to the fairest feminine head, and arranging leagher, when we are all before the Judgment Seat, perhaps in my soul, son, till he stood forth as neat and lithe damned as it may be, you will be able to a figure as any upon which the English read the woe and the despair which have man's eyes might care to rest. He was been my company for many a year." For profuse in his thanks for the favor which been my company for many a year." For an instant emotion threatened to stifle his voice, but he overcome it, and re-"Remember now, that I do not force her-I do not ask her to come with me; I'll wander again, childless, as I did before, and I'll not disturb her with my prosonce. Let her choose for herself bich she will have-her father, or the riends who have been more to her than

counselor, my father, do not deter me when I say that my choice is with him—do not refuse me your approval, and oh, do not deny me your blessing!" Her voice was choked with tears.
"My poor child! I beg God's blessing most earnestly upon you, and I beg Him to give you courage and strength for the hard fate you have chosen; far be it from me to seek to dissuade you from what you so earnestly deem to be your duty; but I may at least try to smooth the road before you. Go to your room the road before you. Go to your room now—this distressing affair has been too much for you—and leave me to arrange matters with"—he paused suddenly, endeavoring to conceal his hesitation by a slight cough; then he resumed quickly, their the room father. To progress wou shall with the room father. "with your father. To-morrow you shall know our plans."

She hesitated a moment, as if she She hesitated a moment, as if she fain would have received immediately the information of which he spoke; but the priest's face expressed too earnestly his desire for her withdrawal. With that same quick manner and half averted gaze with which she approached Rick of the Hills before—as if did she allow herself a moment to approached Rick of the Hills before—as if, did she allow herself a moment to think, or to contemplate him, her resolution might fail,—she now advanced to him "Good night, father,"—her voice sunk as she uttered the last word, but with a heroic effort she instantly recovered it, and continued: "To morrow, then, the world shall know us both."

She wrung his hand and went quickly She wrung his hand, and went quickly

from the room.

Ciare was waiting for her; her eyes red and swollen from weeping, and her whole disordered appearance manifesting how much she had suffered from her

whole disordered appearance manifesting how much she had suffered from her dreadful suspense. "At last!" she murmured; "now surely you will tell me!"

Nora did not answer, but drew her gently within the room—drew her gently to an humble image of our lady placed, together with a large crucifix, on a temporary pedestal, and before which they were both wont to say their morning and evening prayers. There, kneeling, and impelling Clare to kneel with her, Nora told the wretched story. She told it without tears, without faitering, without much trace of any emotion; but the expression of her eyes, fixed on the crucifix, and her face, as ghastly as if it were already beneath the coffin lid, seemed to deny her apparent calamness. Clare would not believe the tale at fact it was the overlike. Now here it was the series of the s Clare would not believe the tale at

first—it was too horrible! Nora lovely, noble, saintly Nora, the child of such a man!—it could not be; and she burst into passionate weeping. But when she realized at last how true Nora deemed it, and when she divined piece by piece-for Nors, fearing the pain it would inflict, refrained from telling fully,—how bitter a sacrifice it would entail, she clung affrightedly to her companion, and sobbed more passionately: "Surely you will not leave us! we cannot do without you...I, at least shall go with you!"
"Hush, Clare; do not talk so wildly;
it will be your task to pray for strength

for me, and for repentance for my poor, wretched father." For the first time her voice faltered; she could not pronounce that name without the bitter emotions rising and threatening to overcome utterly all her courage and de

votion.
"And Carroll," wailed Clare, "how will he bear this?

The mention of him gave new im pulse to the bitter and burning anguish which Nora had struggled so long to repress; it rose now in a paroxysm of agony, and it was Clare's turn to hold, and to attempt to comfort, the grief-stricken grl; she was experiencing again that uncontrollable sorrow which cell. She remembered it distinctly now. —that unaccountable paroxsym to which she had given such utter way, and the released from my troth."

"Released from your troth!" repeated Clare slowly, and as if she did not under-

"Yes," was the mournful reply; "I could not, I would not hold him to our engagement now, when I am the child of such a parent.'

Clare sprung to her feet, her eyes dilated, her cheeks flushed, her whole form swelling with indignation; even her voice was quivering: "Do you think that my brother is so base as to resign you for that? when he plighted his troth to you, and received yours in return, it was for sake of yourself, Nora McCarthy, a and not because of the parents you might have had. It is you he loves, not your origin, nor your surroundings you mistake the character of C O Donoghue if you think such vileness could exist in it. You have yet to learn that an O'Donoghue prizes virtue in woman far more than her pedigree. She sunk overcome by Nora's side.

CHAPTER XXXII,

CARROLL'S TRUST IN CARTER Tighe a Vohr had returned punctually on the expiration of his fortnight's leave of absence to his duties as valet, and a smile of pleasure broke over Captain and smoothing his clothes upon his pe had been accorded him, declared that Shaun was perfectly recovered, and in stanch condition to endure the exciting life of the barracks, and he asserted his readiness to show by his future behavior how truly devoted he was to his master's interests; all of which statements the officer received with an amused smile, though he could not forbear acknowl-

was utterly unprepared for the question; he wanted time to meditate the prudence of naming Darommacohol Certainly the officer had never given evidence that he recognized in Tighe any one that had been identified with Carroll O'Donoghue on the night of the latter's arrest, and determining to trust to that assurance, Tighe answered, feigning a husky tone in order to show his great

a nucky tone in order to show his great difficulty in recovering his voice after the coughing spell: "I was down to see me mother in Dhrommacohol."
"Dhrommacohol!" the name was repeated with such surprise and interest in the tones that Tighe, who had cast his eyes down, now looked up in astonishment. "The name sounds familiar," continued the captain; "have you lived there long! do you know many of the here long? do you know many of the

"I've lived there since afore I was

Then of course you know a family of the O'Donoghues—a brother and sister, I believe, and a young lady who has made her home with them."

"The O'Donoghues," repeated Tighe slowly, as if for a moment he did not quite remember; "do you mane Carroll O'Donoghue, that's held in the county jail beyont, on a charge o' trayson to the governmint? sure they're the noblest tunet and lifted for the amusement of family in the whole o' Ireland. On! not a lady in the land, not even barrin' the Lady Mayoress hersel' could come up to Miss ODonoghue an' Miss McCarthy for raie beauty an' goodness! don't the poor o' siven parishes say particler prayers for thim both—the two livin' aprels as they're called, iist for the cell; and though he believed in Gaifald's livin' angels, as they're called, jist for the charity, an' the koind words, an' the swate looks they has always ready for poor craythurs. As for Miss O'Donoghue, she's the idol an' the darlin' o' ivery body for the spirited way she has about

tnings."

A sudden and vivid blush dyed Captain Dennier's cheeks, causing him to bite his lip with anger that it should be so, and turning away, he dismissed Tighe to his duties with a curt, "Thank you." Tighe a Vohr had lost neither the blush, nor the hast and abrupt turning away of the officer; he knew, as well as did that gentleman himself, that the latter action was a pretext to hide his sudden embarrassment, and Tighe de-parted to his duties with a very expres sive look, and an observation to Shaun on his first opportunity of speaking to

the dog without being overheard, which told how shrewdly he had divined Captain Dennier's feelings.
"Faith, Shaun," said he, "there's more nor Moira an' me in love, only the quality has a quare way o' doin' their coordin'.

L''ll evege now, that thin two'll list. -I'll engage now, that thim two'll jist kape apart till one or the other dies o' him"—indicating with a motion of the thumb the part of the barracks where he supposed Captain Dennier to be—"I don't know about the loike o' him for Miss O'Donoghue: to be sure he's a purty decent koind o' gintleman, not loke the ginerality o' the scurvy English at all; but he's not her koind, Faith

I'm sorry he's a sassenagh"
And with that regret expressed very fercibly to Shaun, Tighe plied himself anew to his duties, which had been sus pended while relieving himself of the

oregoing remarks. Despite Carter's care to give his own skillfully-concocted version of the manner in which he had forfetted his stakes in the race, the story of Tighe's clever trick, with many a ludicrous addition, was in everybody's mouth, and Tighe a Vohr suddenly found himself the ner in which he had forfeited his stakes cynosure of many eyes, and the darling attraction of numerous ardent and in pulsive hearts. In the very barracks he became the general favorite, and he was permitted almost as many privileges as the guards themselves. Garfield had be-come his warm and devoted friend, and there was no length to which the grateful quartermaster would not go to in ardent longing for its renewal.

serve Tighe. The fair Widow Moore had not grown impelled by his overwhelming desire to have her speak to him, he ventured to approach her; each time she drew herself up with coldest hauteur, and answered frigidly his stammering salutation. whit more encouraging in her demeanor frigidly his stammering salutation, while outstretched arms to the prisoner. her brother, the rake, Joe Moore, dear boy! you thought I her brother, the rake, Joe Moore dear, dear boy! you thought I had bappening to be present, looked as if he neglected you—that I had forgotten my ould like to transfix the daring soldier. | promise?"

thim koind o' things! didn't I tell you afore to kape out o' her sight intoirely, the faithful fellow himself singing above an' wait for somethin' favorable to turn father or mother." He fell back to his edging to himself what he was really chin upon his breast.

Nora threw herself at the priest's feet, abeen as well, or perhaps even better, had been as well, or perhaps even better, rendered by an English substitute, but an watt for somethin' favorable to turn up? A dale o' it is due to her knave o' a brother; for some rayson that's past of the services of the latter, for those had been as well, or perhaps even better, in yer body, an' if yer kape puttin' yer-way ou do, and watt for somethin' favorable to turn up? A dale o' it is due to her knave o' a brother; for some rayson that's past of the services of t

because of that strange, undefinable something within him which constantly impelled him, despite his birth, his profession, his principles, to incline to the Irish. Perchance the bright, winsome face, which he could not entirely exclude from his thoughts, had much to do with the strange influence. Annoyed with himself, he took a hasty turn of the room, then, as if his pride would cover even that slight exhibition of mental disturbance before his servant, he stopped short saying:

"You were away, I believe—what part of the country were you in?"

Tighe pretended to be seized with a very violent fit of coughing. Knowing that Captain Dennier, unlike Captain Crawford, was extremely reserved, and little given to interrogating subordinates on the latter's own private matters, he was utterly unprepared for the question: he wanted time to meditate the all the toime, faith it's into his kapin' they'll give their fluttherin' hearts; so you see. Mr. Garfield, the coorse you ought to

foll)w."

"I acknowledge your advice to be sound, my good fellow," answered the quarter-master, who had listened with profound attention to Tighe's remarks, "and I thank you; but my fears of orders to leave here would make me risk every-thing to have an understanding with her." "Sure that'd be the viry thing!" answered Tighe a Vohr, whose own earn-est desire was for the arrival of some orde-which would oblige the quartmaster to

est desire was for the arrival of some order which would oblige the quartmaster to leave Tralee before he could discover the deception that had been practiced upon him; and it was Tighe's steady purpose to keep the man befooled until the occur rence of such a happy ridance. "Does not the varse writer, Moore," he continued, "or some o' thim other min that's called yours say. "I've distance lived in the continued of the continued the village, was unaware of the bull he was making; "and as for the people, there's not one, from the priest of the parish down to the beggar that hasn't a cabin to lie in, that I don't know."

"Then of course you know a family of the O'Donoghues—a brother and sister. I believe, and a vope."

With which consolation Garfield was forced to be satisfied and which advice, for lack of better, as well as for lack of courge to do otherwise, he followed.

Tighe was a fair and inspiriting singer of old Irish ballads, and sometimes he tuned and lifted for the amusement of swelling with despondent thoughts of his imprisoned young master. Thus far all his wit and vigilance had not awaited to open a passage for himself to Carroli's cell; and though he believed in Gasfield's friendship, and felt that perhaps he might even trust the simple-minded, unsuspect ing quartermaster, yet prudence constantly dictated to him the necessity of concealing his interest in the prisoner. Propitious fate, however, affored him an unexpected opportunity. Captain Dennier dispatched him with a message to the governor of the jail, and while he waited for an answer he jan, and while he wated for an answer he was granted the permission which he asked—to make a tour of the jail yard. He had already learned the side on which Carroll's cell was situated, and knew that it was the corridor which faced the yard. In true clownish fashion he saunteered about, tuning softly, as if the strain broke about, tuning softly, as if the strain broke from him in the very carelessness of his heart. Beyond a moment's curious stare, the warden paid him no attention Arrived at the spot below which his master's cell was situated, he suidenly broke into a quaint old Irish bailed; it was one that Nora McCarthy used to sing, and Tighe had learned it that he too might divert the young master when both might divert the young master when both were from home, as they frequently had been, on sporting expeditions. she had given such utter way, and the cause of which she had been unable to explain. This burst was as wild and deep, and she could not but feel that the former was a presentiment, a herald of the too real and lasting grief which had begun to darken her life. "Father Meagher will tell him gently everything," she said as soon as she could speak; "the will bear to Carroll my desire to be released from my troth."

I'll engage now, that thim two'll jist kape apart till one or the other dies o' the ride way o' the poor at sil.—they have no such things as pride an' the loike, that the rich may be to minted wid, to kape apart till one or the other dies o' the ride way o' the poor at sil.—they have no such things as pride an' the loike, that the rich may be to minted wid, to kape apart till one or the other dies o' the ride way it now with his heart in the strain, and his their failins. The soul praying that it might reach the ears of the dear prisoner below. It was a string, touching lyric, sat to an air so wild that it suggested seens of lonely mountain passes and distant eea washed don't know but it's the bist way, Snaun—I'd rather be mesel' as I am, wid Moira wardens forgot their surprise in their released from my troth."

We will be art to Carroll my desire to be released from my troth." When the song was ended he resumed his careless, clownish air, and continued to repeat his tour of the yard until he was summoned to receive the answer to Cap-

ta'n Dennier's message.

The strain had reached the ears of him for whom it was intended; faintly at first still sufficient to rouse to an attitude of of intensely eager attention the poor pris oner, who was siting gloomily upon his bed. He sprung to his feet, standing upon the pallet as close to the iron bars that guarded the single aperture his cell possessed as it was possible for him to get;

but the grated space was considerably above his head.
Louder and louder became the song, and more replete with all the passionate affection of the heart of the singer, and Carroll, recognizing the voice and the air gave a scream of joy; but alas! it could not penetrate beyond the walls of his prison. The floodgates of his heart were opened at this touching evidence of Tighe a Vohr's attachment, and the unmanned youth, in his gratitude and joy, cried like a child. "I knew he would find some way of getting near me," he murmured, "and to let me at least know of his presence;" and when the song was ended, he waited

The harsh sound of a key turning in his cell door broke upon his ear, and he turned almost in expectation of beholding Tighe a Vohr. It was Morty Carter—

would like to transfix the daring soldier. So the latter was forced to withdraw, too much absahed even to make, as he had intended to do, a whispered allusion to her letter. Tighe, to whom he hastened to tell the story of his discomfiture, scught to comfort him by saying:

"You'll spile it all if you kape on doin; thin keined of the story of his discomfiture, sought to comfort him by saying:

"You'll spile it all if you kape on doin; the story of the story my window here.

prisoner in affright, while at the same

prisoner in affight, while at the same time he endeavored to clasp the corpulent form, which trembled violently.

"Nothing, my dear boy! absolutely nothing," protested Carter as, feigning to recover, he wiped his face, and appeared to make an effort to emile. "It is only one of the turns which I have frequently of late; ah, Carroll! when the heart sustains such shocks as mine has received in tains such shocks as mine has received in the undeserved coldness of friends, it would have to be adamant not to break under them some time; and it is the effect, the bitter effect, of treachery and slander that it has been my fate to endure which you witnessed in my sudden spasm

which you witnessed in my sudden spasm; but one day all my wrongs shall be righted."

"Yes, one day, Morty," spoke up the prisoner cheerfully, both to comfort his visitor, and to hide his own emotion; "and you will stand forth better known, better loved, than ever."

"I care not," answered Carter, mournfully, "so they leave me your affection; if you, Carroll, do not turn against me, I can face the rest—I shall have courage to bear all!"

bear all !"

"Have I not already sworn to you"-"Have I not already sworn to you"—
and the young men in his simple earnest
ness caught Carter's hands and pressed
them hard—"that I should ever be true?
Cease to press me on this wretched subject, Morty; it harrows my soul!"

"On the occasion of the visit of which,
you spoke," asked Carter, "was nothing
said of me—no word that might make
you believe me guilty of what they report
of me?"

Carroll averted his head and slightly colored ; his tender heart would not inflict

upon his visitor the pain which he felt a direct avowal of what Father Meagher dreet avown of what rather merguer had attempted to say might do.

Carter divined the cause of the hesitation. "Nay, tell me, Carroll—tell me frankly; it will not be a pain the more, for I am so hardened by past blows."

"Father Meagher attempted to say something, and I, suspecting from what you had previously told me what its im-

port might be, prevented him by saying that I knew what he would speak, and I begged him to spare me the recttal. How he interpreted my entreaty I know not, but all left me without saying a word

but all left me without saying a word more upon the subject."
That information quite elated Mr. Carter; he recovered entirely his spirits, and burst out at once with the object of his visit: "My plan for your release is now complete; a heavy bribe has secured two of the wardens, and on the second night from this, one hour after midnight, you will find every look unfastered between will find every lock unfastened between you and the jull yard; the wall of that you will have to scale, but friends will be in waiting on the outside with a rope to throw to you; and once that you are safe without the prison wall, a close covered vehicle will bear you quickly to Hurley's, where the boys have been waiting for where the boys have been waiting for weeks past for an opportunity to row you out to sea; afterward, to get you safely to America will be easy work."
"On, Morty, how can I thank you! you you give me hope, you give me life again!" In his grateful enthusiasm the

again:" In his grateful enthusiasm the young man would have pressed his lips to Carter's hand.
"Pshaw!" ejaculated the latter, drawing back, and feigning to brush sudden tears from his eyes. "You will have the nerve for the venture, Carroll—will zou not?" you not?"

"The nerve! with life, liberty, and above all, Nora McCarthy as the goal—what man would not feel as if he had superhuman nerve for such an aim?"
"Be on the alert at the hour appointed," Catter said at parting, while he wrung

Carroll's hand.
"I shall," the young man responded cheerfully; "the stake is worth all the

The cell door opened and closed, and the prisoner was again alone; but this time such renewed hope and courage animated him that his dreary abode seemed to have lost much of its gloom and irksomeness. TO BE CONTINUED.

discernment, prolonged and tested by watchful care of years. Sometimes the unworthy seek to be priests, sometimes also the worthy who are not called to it. It is easy to deceive ourselves, especially when what we desire is a good work. To desire it is one thing, to be fit for it is another. When the desire and fitness are united there is a full hope and presump-tion of a call from God. And yet desire and fitness without perseverance are not enough; nor are desire, and fitness, and perseverance enough, without a long and careful cultivation of intellect, heart, and will in the sacred science of faith, and the training and formation of the sacerdotal life. The mind and intention of the Catholic Church is that, from the sacred age of twelve to the maturity of twenty-four, its priesthood should be trained from boyhood to manhood, from the tonsure to the priesthood. Common goodness is not enough for the priesthood. Interior spiritual perfection is required before ordination. A priest is not ordained that he may attain that spiritual state: he is ordained that he may exercise this spiritual power already attained in making others perfect. What fidelity to grace, and what wise and deliberate training is needed for such a work!

Nerve Tortured.

"I suffered "I suffered with neuralgia and obtained relief until I used Hagyard's Yellow l. Since then I have also found it an invaluable remedy for all painful burns and cuts, rheumatism and sore throat." Mrs. F. Cameron, 137 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Ont.

James Cullen, Pool's Island, N. F. writes: I have been watching the progress of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil since its introduction to this place, and with much pleasure state that my anticipations of its success have been fully realized, it having cured me of bronchitis and soreness of nose; while not a few of my 'rheumatic neighbors' (one old lady in particular) pro-nounce it to be the best article of its kind that has ever been brought before the public. Your medicine does not require any longer a sponsor, but if you wish me to act as such, I shall be only too happy to have my name connected with your perous child,

ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL.

We gladly give place this week to the following beautiful letters of the Right Rev. the Bishops of Kingston and Hamilton. Coupled with the strong words of recommendation of His Lordship of London, published a few weeks ago, the cause of "Congregational Singing" should receive astrong impetus. "St. Basil's Hymnal" and "Hymn Book" have a wide field for good open to them, and if they help on congregational singing they will achieve a great work. That ing they will achieve a great work. That they are well fitted to do to is evident from the strong approval given them by the eminent ecclesiastical authorities of this Province. We hope to see these books at once introduced into our separate schools, where alone, as their Lordships suggest, the foundation of congregational singing can be properly laid.

Bishops Palace, Kingston,
May 18th, 1889
My Dear Father Brennan-I thank

My DEAR FATHER BRENNAN—I thank you for the copy of St. Basil's Hymnal, The complication is excellent, and will, I am confident, prove most useful to our Catholic people.

Congregational singing of hymns and canticles and litanies is warmly encouraged by the Church in the present day, and I have often felt its power unto edification and quickening of faith and plety in the churches of various countries in Europe. Hence I have always been ease. Hence I have slways been eager

to see it practised in my diocess.

It is chiefly through the schools this has to be effected. Accordingly I recommend "St. Basil's Hymnal" to the rev. clergy of the diocese of Kingston and to the religious communities and all others who are in charge of our separate schools, hoping that they will train the little ones to a love of sacred melody and prepare them to con-secrate to God's honor whatever of musisecrate to Got's honor whatever of musi-cal talent or sweetness of voice He has bestowed on them by singing the praises of Jesus and Mary in the public worship of the Church. I shall moreover be glad if a copy of the manual be introduced into every home of this diocese, that the children may employ their moments of leisure, expectally on the Lord's Day in leisure, especially on the Lord's Day, in practising those sacred songs whose sentiment and rhythm and music combine, with powerful effect, in elevating and gladdening the soul.

I am, my dear Father Brennan,

Yours devotedly in Christ, + James Vincent Cleary, Bishop of Kingston.

Hamilton, May 17th, 1889

My Dear Father Brennan—Please accept my best thanks for the beautiful copy of St. Basil's Hymnal which you very kindly seut me. It is an excellent manual, containing a rich variety of popular hymns, prayers and masses suitable for schools soudlities and converge. able for schools, sodalities and congrega-tional singing, such as you are very zeal-ously anxious to promote. The hymns recall the memory of happy days when I was a member of the college chotr. I will take great pleasure in recom-

mending the book to the patronage of the priests, schools and sodalities of the dio-cese. May God bless the good work you have undertaken.

Yours faithfully, + T. J. DOWLING. Bishop of Hamilton. Rev. L. Brennan, St. Michael's College. A SUBLIME SPECTACLE.

St. Louis Watchman. On Tuesday last a scene was witnessed in the Carmelite convent in this city which was never, perhaps, witnessed in the Caurch before—the reception of a bind novice. Miss Margaret Doyle is the daughter of a family which has done much for the Church in Cherlanati. The vast property in which the Esclesiastical seminary is situated was their gift. They Thev built a splendid chapel for the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, at a cost of \$30,000, besides making a handsome addition to the TO BE CONTINUED.

CALLED TO THE PRIESTHOOD.

Our gravest and most auxious duty, as Cardinal Manning, is to examine and the might be enabled to enter the religious says Cardinal Manning, is to examine and to decide who they are whom God calls to His priesthood. It needs a sure spiritual vers she prayed and boned and waited. years she prayed and boped and waited. At last the inspiration came to her to apply to the Carmelties in this city. The Prioress was much interested in her case, and, after learning the history of her family, determined to make an effort to meet her desires. She wrote to the General at Rome, explaining all the circumstances of the case. After considerable delay and correspondence, permission was obtained and the blind girl was admitted to the holy habit. She was re-ceived last Tuesday morning by Vicar General Brady, Father Felix, the Superior of the Passionists, her former confessor in Cincionati, preaching the sermon. It was a very touching scene, as the young novice was led by one of the Sisters to the foot of was led by one or the second that heart to the alter to make a tender of her heart to the Spouse of souls. The large audience which filled the chapel was moved to tears. She is a very bright girl, and, although she will be dispensed from reciting the divine office, she knows the "common" almost of heart. May she be still further blessed with the grace of holy profession.

In 10 Days Time.

"Was troubled with headache, bad blood and loss of appetite, and tried all sorts of medicine without success. I then tried one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and found relief in 10 days." A. J. Meindie, Mattawa, Ont.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarred from eating thes tempting fruits, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

Many Thanks.

"My age is 58 and for 20 years I have suffered from kidney complaint, rheuma-tism and lame back, and would have been a dead woman if it had not been for Burdock Blood Bitters, of which two bottles restored me to health and strength." Miss Maggie Hensby, Half Island Cove, N. S.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etce

Mr. McPherson brought f valuable manuscripts, the p Scotch college there. He Mr. George Chalmers, the query, who, in return, gav carefully written receipt. titles of the manuscripts v lorged to the Archbishon They are also enumerated a Of the Chartulary of that marked A; 2nd, The Cha same, marked B; 3rd, Register in paper of the La Temporal Rights of that See Register in paper, marked 1499 1510, also concerning Rights of the same See. promise to return the m demand, and a most polit ment of Mr. McPherson's happened unfortunately w mers died, that the Chartul and the Register of the Last of Glasgow, notwithstandi-were considered as his pr The other two manuscrip Preshome together with Mr. McPherson now ret

land, where, as may be he met with a cordial we Hay had need of this cons overwhelmed with heard that Rome was in the French Revolutionists a Father their prisoner.
The agent was the hearen

and consoling letter from to the Scotch Bishops. Bishop Hay, after visiti operations in progress at about preparing a pastors. Duty of Loyalty to the Gusual, he took counsel on his invalid coadjutor, req give a sketch of the general letter. Bishop Geddes repl nenes, at great length, a the severity of his allow last letter that he ever co this date, the sfilleted bi took any part in public si ing his face away from the

only of preparing for the which, he believed, was no The pasteral letter or speedly issued from the E of the time : for there is n the dangerous principles Revolution were secretly amorg the cool and wary

All the moveable prope

College at Rome was sold

tollege at Rome was sold, itself, together with the chi Sloane bought from the J that were in the church an (altar stone) of the hig objects it was his intentional to the stone of the stone of the highest stone of the h more happy days. Met proud to have them, as letter to Mr. McPherson, "friend, St. Andrew," w "friend, St. Andrew," w pronounced a good pletu Margaret," a work which have repaired. It was no that at such a time even of Rome and the Catholescape being descrated.
to be closed and delivements to the Jews to be then it was to be given to The church, however, was would not pay the price guilding, and so the vauc removing it was not perf The robberies in Italy so much reduced the fur

mission that there was

adequate allowance to maintenance. This was especially in the poore ever friendly and indefe Hippisley was much mor ments made to him by resolved to use his gre his majesty's ministers i a grant from the governor clergy. All his displor requisition, and it nee Ministers were friendly beatow the deelred grant lest by so doing they she of fanatical intolerance knew that this kind of dead, but only slep indeed, distinctly expr a conversation with S whilst, at the same time good case had been m ing the Scotch clergy.
to be defeated. He dre statement, in which it is some private persons i be named to whom hand over a sum of mo of the Catholic clergy; sons so entructed should to the bishops for the clergy. The proposal v Dundas: and the pay were left with him. T negotiation. The Lor to Bishop Hay, in his o it was his custom to stating that he was di bishop's opinion of the of relief, and to invit or alterations that mi Government proposed two bishops £100 a two coadjutors £60; clergy £20 a year. Bis whether he would wish made between bishops tors; whether the bi should have more than £120, and the second the coadjutors in a s and whether the £1000

ment designed for the order should be divid them all. As to t Bishop's letter of February plicitly, what amount were stated to be thi stock and £800 capit between the two 'sch

was now asked to say