

CLARENCE MANGAN'S TE DEUM.

The following characteristic hymn has been discovered in a Magazine of forty years ago. The initials "C. M." were not needed. The hymn is the work of a man of vision that gives a worthy idea of the majesty of the original. Towards the end Mangan omitted a portion which is now supplied by another hand in the ten last lines of the present republication.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED.

What it fancy on the part of the priest that, for a second, there was an actual shrinking of Rick of the Hills from that entrance: a sudden, involuntary start as 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 own.

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 Dennier's grave face as he saw the bright, neat, clean appearance of his droil Irish servant. Indeed, Tighe had taken special pains with his toilet, brushing his brown hair till its gloss and curl would have been an ornament to the fairest feminine head, and arranging and smoothing his clothes upon his person, till he stood forth as neat and like a figure as any upon which the English man's eyes might care to rest.

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.

Clare was waiting for her; her eyes red and swollen from weeping, and her whole disordered appearance manifesting how much she had suffered from her dreadful suspense. "At last!" she murmured; "now surely you will tell me!"

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

"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 sprang 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 pledged his troth to you, and received yours in return, it was for sake of yourself, Nora McCarthy, and not because of the parents you might have had. It is you he loves, not your origin, nor your surroundings; and you mistake the character of Carroll O'Donoghue if you think such villainous conduct could exist in it. You have yet to learn that an O'Donoghue prize virtue in woman far more than her pedigree." She sunk overcome by Nora's side.

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 prudence of naming Drohmacool. 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 the latter's own private matters, he was utterly unprepared for the question; he wanted time to meditate, the prudence of naming Drohmacool.

"I have lived there since after I was born," replied Tighe a Vohr, who, in his earnestness to impress on his listener the full length of time he had spent in 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 be in, that I don't know of."

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

it's turn her intirely agin you he will. Now, if you'll take me advice, Mr. Garfield, you'll stay completely away from her, an' purtind to everybody you don't care a thrasher for her. Faith, that'll make her false soon; it'll be very wouindin' for her to think that you could so easily forgit her. You know I could you once that the Irish wimen were very quare; the devil a lie in it for they have as many tricks an' bumps an' duns as any fellow's brain backward; to understand. If they see a man dylin' about them, an' ready to fall on his knees at their fate as beggin' yer honor's pardon—some o' yer own countrymen's given to doin', begorra it's small chance at all he'll have; but, if he's a man that doesn't seem to care one way or the other, that's as ready to leave them as to take them, an' it's build an' indepenidant all the same, Mr. Moore, he'll be the man they'll give their father's hearts; so you see, Mr. Garfield, the coorse you ought to follow."

"I acknowledge your advice to be sound, my good fellow," answered the quartermaster, 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."

Tighe was a fair and inspiring singer of old Irish ballads, and sometimes he used to sing for the amusement of the soldiers. But many a time, when his strain was loudest and most animated, his heart was aching, and his breast was swelling with despondent thoughts of his imprisoned young master. Thus far all his wit and vigilance had not availed to open a passage for himself to Carroll's cell; and though he believed in Garfield's friendship, and felt that perhaps he might even trust the simple-minded, unsuspecting quartermaster, yet prudence constantly dictated to him the necessity of concealing his interest in the prisoner. Propitious fate, however, afforded 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 was granted the permission which he most ardently desired, to go to an errand 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 sauntered 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.

Our gravest and most anxious duty, says Cardinal Manning, is to examine and to decide who they are whom God calls to His priesthood. It needs a sure spiritual discernment, prolonged and tested by a 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 presumption 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 coarsest to the purest, from the common to the noblest. 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!

plouss in affright, while at the same time he endeavored to clasp the culprit form, which trembled violently.

"I suffered with neuralgia and obtained no relief until I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Since then I have also found it an invaluable remedy for all painful burns and cuts, rheumatism and sore throats." Mrs. E. Cameron, 137 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Ont.

James Cullen, Pool's Island, N. F., writes: "I have been watching the progress of Thomas' Electric 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) profess to be cured of their kind of ailment. 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 prosperous 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 strong 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 they are well fitted to do so 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 Lordship suggest, the foundation of congregational singing can be properly laid.

My dear Father Brennan—I thank you for the copy of St. Basil's Hymnal. The completion is excellent, and will, I am confident, prove most useful to our Catholic people.

My dear Father Brennan—Please accept my best thanks for the beautiful copy of St. Basil's Hymnal which you very kindly sent me. It is an excellent manual, containing a rich variety of popular hymns, prayers and masses suitable for schools, sodalities and congregational singing, such as you are very zealously anxious to promote. The hymns recall the memory of happy days when I was a member of the choir choir.

I will take great pleasure in recommending the book to the patrons of the priests, schools and sodalities of the diocese. May God bless the good work you have undertaken.

A SUBLIME SPECTACLE.

On Tuesday last a witness in the Carmelite convent in this city which was never, perhaps, witnessed in the church before—the reception of a blind novice. Miss Margaret Doyle is the daughter of a family which has done much for the Church in Canada. The vast property in which the Ecclesiastical Seminary is situated was their gift. They built a splendid chapel for the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, at a cost of \$30,000, besides making a handsome addition to the convent. Many other princely gifts to the Church might be mentioned. Miss Doyle has for many years, and with good success, been making a good plan for the education of the blind. She was the first to be enabled to enter the religious state, notwithstanding the insurmountable obstacle of her total blindness. For years she prayed and hoped and waited. At last the inspiration came to her to apply to the Carmelites 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 received last Tuesday morning by Victor General Prady, Father Felix, the Superior of the Pastoralists, her former confessor in Canada, preaching the sermon. It was a very touching scene, and the young novice was led by one of the Sisters to the foot of the altar 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 "sacrament" almost of heart. May she be still farther blessed with the grace of holy profession.

In 10 Days Time.

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 these tempting fruits, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cures. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is a sure check every disturbance of the bowels.

Nerve Tortured.

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Many Thanks.

"My age is 65 and for 20 years I have suffered from kidney complaint, rheumatism 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 Henby, Half Island Cove, N. S.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

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