## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

and

MARY LEE or The Yankee in Ireland

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BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XV.-CONTINUED. WEEKS BEGINS TO DEVELOP HIMSELF .-

THE HARDWRINKLE'S-KOBERT HARD-WRINKLE'S ULTIMATE DESIGNS ON -VISIT FROM CONSTABUL-" It is a pretty round sum, I admit," muttered Hardwrinkle. ARY OFFICER.

sum, let me tell you.

"Ah, indeed ; what mean you by

that, cousin ?" "Well, I've got my own notions about it; that's all. By jolly, I ain't agoin home to Ducksville again empty-handed—catch me at it !"

handed—catch me at it !" "You wouldn't carry her off by force—would you, eh ?" said Hard-wrinkle, dropping his voice to a whisper, and looking round the room to see if the doors were closed. "The thing has been done," replied Works, it and rectry often too in this

Weeks, " and pretty often too in this country of yours, if I ain't greatly

was any possibility of obtaining her consent by other means. But have her

which Hardwrinkle was sitting. He

"Go ahead-don't mind me,"

There we met the man who gave you

the information first about Barry's in-

Carson, you mean." No, sir; the man you sent down to

about the lighthouse, you remem-

on between her and Barry about his

'Barker-precisely-that's the man;

person ?'

The identical person."

"I have no doubt of that," replied ardwrinkle. "But, my dear sir, you

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dress or

the one who listened to Else Cur-

tention to escape-I forgot his name

whom

re

I shall-no mistake about that.

another.

mistaken.

presently.

Why, sir, she can't pay the rent, she says, till the new crop comes, and she wants your honor to grant her spareance. The bailing gave her notice

to quit yisterday." "Well, you must tell her, William, I pity her very much. I do, indeed, for hers is a very bad case. But I have always made it a rule never to interwith the law; it must take its course.

'Yes, sir ; very well, sir ;" and the servant bowed and quitted the room. "So you've heard from your lawyer at last, Ephraim," said Hardwrinkle,

at last, Ephraim, said Hardwinney, turning to his cousin, who had just fin-ished reading his letter." "Y.e.e.s," replied Weeks, "after waiting a whole week for it. These Irish lawyers of yours are rather slow es, I expect.

Fast enough, Ephraim, fast enough for the poor man, when he has their claims to satisfy—ay, ay, Heaven look to the poor when they happen to fall into their hands.'

Listen to his letter."

"Listen to his letter." "Dear Sir: Agreeably to your in-structions of June—, I wrote yesterday to Mr. Edward Lee, notifying him on the purchase of his notes of hand for one hundred pounds, by Ephraim C. B. Weeks, Ducksville, Connecticut, United States, now staying at Crohan House, county Donegal, and of his (Mr. Week's) anxiety to have the debt cancelled by the first of next month, or secured by responsible endorsers, as it is his (Mr. Week's) intention to return home as soon as possible. Shall be happy to receive further commands, honor to be

' Your very obedient servant, " JEREMIAH DIDDLEWELL,

was the officer of constabulary the reader has seen a few nights before at Castle Gregory, with Captain Peters-"Dublin, 26 Great James street, June -- "

" Humph !" said Hardwrinkle, after ham. "Ab, it's you, is it ?" exclaimed Weeks had read the letter over ; you've made a beginning.' Hardwrinkle, rising suddenly from his

chair. "Wen, and sir, and how "He's arrested, sir, and how prisoner in Tamny barracks." "What, arrested! eh! that's capi-"What, arrested! eh! that's capi-Please step to the next room "Certainly. I've got to; the girl won't look at me otherwise. I have now called on her a dozen times, and wrote her as many letters, and yet she treats me as coldly as if I'd been an absolute stranger. We'll see, however, absolute stranger. We'll what the screws can do." You say Lee himself never gave plied Weeks, drawing a cigar from his case and preparing to light it.

"You say Lee muser and a you any encouragement." "Why, no; he only kinder laughs when I allude to it. I swonnie, I don't know what to make of the man. His

he must either take me for a fool or a madman.' "You are mistaken, Ephraim ; he

takes you for neither. He merely laughs at your presumption in aspiring to the hand of such a high-blooded girl as Mary Lee.'

as Mary Lee." "High-blooded humbug-hang your high-bloods !" "Don't feel offended, my dear

Ephraim-I had no intention-" "No, but that darned old witch, he's one of your tenants. 麗. Else Curley, keeps talking to me just in the same style about her aristocracy, so that I'm sometimes most tempted When ley's door, and overheard the conversaowhide her for her impudence. I inquire how she gets along in bring-I inquire how she gets along in bring-ing things round, the only answer I can get from the old rascal is, 'Wait a while, wait a while, till her pride comes down another peg or two.' Yes, by crackie,'' he continued, rising and pacing the room, with his hands stuck down in his pockets jingling the silver; for any mait a while till her pride comes "O, yes, yes; Barker, the Bible a pious soul he is, too."

a pious soul he is, too." "Very-very, indeed. He's a most excellent man is Barker." "Well, sir, we met him coming up from the shore, where he had been dis-tributing tracts among the fishermen, by way of an excuse. He told us he had just seen Barry jump from a boat in company of three or four stout felyes, wait a while till her pride comes just as if the grandson of an old revolutionist of seventy-six warn't good enough for the best blood in the land." "My dear Ephraim, you don't anderstand the Irish people, or you

ing the horse among the trees, walked into Mr. Johnston's parlor, and having apologized to that gentleman for havstands. Here I've spent already five hundred dollars for the note, that ain't worth a red cent. Of course, when you worth a red cent. Of course, when you recommended me to buy it, you thought otherwise, and so I took your advice. Well, there's four hundred dollars and over to Else Curley; and how can I tell but the scheming old witch is ' doing' me all the while ? That and my travel-ling expenses, and loss of time besides, will account to a pretty considerable contrary to law, shot some se on his preserves, and ng, grouse on his preserves, and obtained his pardon, again mount-ed, rode back, and left the horse where he found him. Next morning, when the gamekeeper returned and made his complaint against Hanlon, Mr. Johnston ordered him instantly will amount to a pretty considerable

Mr. Johnston ordered him instantly from his presence, called him a drunk-ard and a liar, and protested be had never heard of such an attempt at im "Well, it's just such a sum," said Weeks, "that I've made up my mind I ain't agoin te lose it for nothing. I'm determined to have the girl—no mis-take about that. And if she ain't will-ing to marry me one way, she shall another." position in his life-Hanlon having been that very night, and at the time the outrage was alleged to have been perpetrated, standing before him in his own room. But with respect to Barry, how did you succeed in arrest-ing him ?"

"Simply enough, sir. We hired a boat, got our men in, and lay at anchor some five or six fathoms from the beach, knowing well Barry and his party would endeavor to escape next morning at daybreak, by rowing along the shore as far as Horn Head, and there set sail as far as Horn Head, and there set sain for Aranmore. It turned out just as we expected. At the first peep of day, the party got into the boat and shoved off. They were ahead of us when they started, and we let them keep ahead for two miles or more, till we had gone clear out of sight of the fishermen's huts. Then, stretching to our oars, we soon came alongside, and grappled with irons we had taken with us for the pur-

mistaken." "Yes, I admit it has occasionally been done. But in this case I can hardly see how it could be accomplished without danger." "Hah! and so secured him at

last ?" "Yes, sir, we secured him, but not without considerable difficulty." "Why, there's such a thing as a boat to be had, I guess, and the dis-tance to carry her ain't so very far " What ! did he resist ?' that you can't find half a dozen stout fellows to do it. I shouldn't like much, though, to go to these extremes if there

" Resist ! yes, as man never resisted before. It appears the crew that conhim to Lann Point left him reyed there, and returned home, confident he was out of all danger, and the fresh hands appointed to convey him to Aranmore were old men, hardly able to 1 shall—no mistake about that." "Hush, hush!" ejaculated Hard-wrinkle; "there's some one at the door—come in." The door opened, and an active, meanlocking man act widdle. paddle an oar or handle a sheet. He was, therefore, left to depend almost entirely upon his own resources. The instant we laid hold of the gunwale of muscular looking man, of middle age, entered and advanced to the table at his boat, he sprang up in the stern sheets, and demanded what we meant by stopping him. 'I'm a queen's officer.' said I, 'and hold a warrant for

your arrest.' Ah, a queen's officer,' he repeat ed, glancing at my civilian dress. 'In deed! Well, sir, take me if you can · Inand coolly drawing a pistol from his belt, he said to his men, 'Comrades, you'll find another pair in my overcoat; use them if necessary.' Then stepping across the thwarts, and before I could rise from my seat, he snatched the an-chor from the bows of his boat, and e me, Mr. Weeks; I'll return with one hand swung it as he would a walking-stick into the bottom of ours. The effect was instantaneous ; "Now," said Hardwinkle, carefully closing the door, "now for the details. Mr. Week's notions of these young re-volutionists don't exactly harmonize with ours, you know, so it's just as well be don't hear our conversation on the sharp iron cut right through the thin sheathing of the little gig, and in two minutes she filled to her water line.

"' 'Now, my lads,' he cried, ' loose the grapples, and away with them.'" he don't hear our conversation on the " Good Heavens !" exclaimed Hard-

subject. Now for your story." "Well, sir, we crossed the ferry, as wrinkle ; " his object was to sink you. " Of course it was-and a bold atyou suggested, proceeded on to Doe Castle, and thence to Lann Point.

tempt he made to accomplish it. When saw how desperate the case was likely to prove. I ordered my men to jump board and secure him at all hazards, leaving our own boat to her fate ; and setting them the example myself, I sprang into the stern, presented a sprang pistol at his head, and commanded him pistol at his nead, and commanded him to surrender, or I should instantly free. I had hardly uttered the words, how-ever, when the board on which I stood was struck from under me, and in an-other second I found myself in the water, plunging and grasping for some-thing to lay hold of. By this time my men had succeeded in scrambling over his boat's side; so they immediately took me in, and then unhooked the grapple to relieve us of the sinking gig. But now that we did succeed in boarding him, we found ourselves in a great-er difficulty than ever. Our firearms were entirely useless, — the powder being wet with the sea water, — and there stood the young outlaw, pointing

him sputter in the water like a wound-ed bird, 'now, my lads, to your oars, and pull for your lives—pull—pull— with all your might, or he sinks before me een beech him " we can reach him.

"In another minute we had taken him aboard, exhausted and bleeding, and there he lay in the boat's bows, without word or motion of any kind, till we reached the quay under Tamny

Barracks." "Well, thank Heaven," said Hard-wrinkle, "he's safe for the present at wrinkle, "he's safe for the present at winkle, "he's afe for the present at least, and to-morrow I sign his commit-tal to Lefford jail. As for you, Mr. C.-, you have done your duty as a faithful servant of the crown, and shall not go unrewarded. And now let us return and carry the good news to Mr. eturn and carry the good news to Mr.

"My dear cousin," said Hardwrinkle, entering Weeks's room, fol-lowed by the officer of constabulary, ' I have good tidings for you.' "You have-eh?"

"Yes, tidings of great import." "Indeed — let's hear what they're

like. "Why, Randall Barry (your rival),"

he said, whispering the word in his ear, " is a prisoner in Tamny Barracks. Pshoh-you don't say so? Is it

possible ?' " A fact, sir."

" On what charge, pray ?"

"Treason-treason against the state. You've heard all about him-have you not

"Why, yes, I've heard of his being connected with some young revolution-ists-that's all."

"Humph ! you speak lightly of the matter, my good cousin." "And I think lightly of it, too," re

plied Weeks, promptly, "so far as it may be regarded as a crime. Were I in his place, I should do precisely what he has done."

What, revolutionize the coun-

Yes, by crackie. It's full time, should think, the people got rid of these old fogy monarchies of yours. These darned old tyrannical governents ought to have been sent to kingdom come long ago. As for his being a rival of mine, why, I don't think the him for that ; and if you have busied yourself about his arrest on that account, I tell you, Robert, you make an almighty mistake if you think I'm under any obligation to you for the

"Why, cousin, you surprise me."

"Well, then's my sentiments, not-withstanding. He's a fine, spirited, gallant-looking young fellow, that Barry; and if he hate and despise your slow-going, drivelling old kings and queens, by thunder I like him the bet queens, by thunder I like him the set-ter for telling them so to their teeth; and if he loves Mary Lee, why shouldn't he try to catch her the best way he can? Let every man have a to cheme? fair chance.'

"If these be your sentiments, my dear cousin," said Hardwrinkle, "they are very different, I must confess, from what I had expected of you."

Well, sir, they are my sentiments precisely-real true blue Yankee senti-ments, and no mistake."

Well, well, I must acknowledge I was deceived in you, cousin, and I'm sorry for it. But we must postpone further discussion on the subject for the present. I see Rebecca and her sisters out there on their way to Ballymagahey, and must speak to them a word or two of caution before they leave. Pray excuse me, Ephraim." "Go ahead, go ahead," replied Weeks, preparing to light another "go ahead, and don't mind and the Yankee was left alone, eigar

at last, to enjoy the comfort of a quiet Havana. TO BE CONTINUED.

MARY-MARTHA. The waves forever move, The hills forever rest; Yet each the heavens approve And love alike hath blest A Martha's household care A Martha's household care

MARY-MARTHA.

A Mary in the house of God, a Martha in her own.

As of old, there are Marys and there

devotion to "the one thing neces-sary." Many of the Sisterhoods have taken Mary's "better part,"—the life of prayer, where every minute counts an aspiration of love, where every hour rings a canticle of praise to the Creator, the Redeemer, the Sanctifler of a fullen race. Yat there are other

of a fallen race. Yet there are other religious orders whose members have found a perfect vocation in uniting the duties of Mary the devotee and of Martha the worker. The Sisters who devote their lives to the poor, to the sickly, to the aged and to the teaching careful and of children must needs be troubled about many things," like busy Martha, and yet, like Mary, sit-ting at the Lord's feet, may hear His

word. As St. Francis de Sales says : " Let Martha be active, but let her not con-trol Mary. Let Mary be contempla-tive, but let her not despise Martha." This advice is all the more necessary when Mary and Martha must be one. The Sister of the good works and fer-vent faith reconcile the two, but the woman living in the world too often neglects Mary's devotion for Martha's toil. She cannot be Mary; she does not try to be Mary-Martha; she is only not try to be Mary-Martha; she is only poor, over-worked Martha, " too tired to pray." The Irish peasants, masters of pithy expression as they are, put it better when they say of a too busy housewife: "She hasn't time to bless herself." God help her ! God help us all! poor, busy Marthas, when we have not time to bless ourselves in the midst of needful cares, and too fre-quently because of needless labors, the futile gilding of gold, the unblessed elaboration of blessed duty. Too often Martha, becoming hardened

in the work-o'-the-world and proud of the vain results of her devotion to devotion to temporalities, disregards the counsel of the wise Bishop of Geneva and attempts to control Mary. Who can witness without pain the dire conflict between the plane of the Martha the plans of the Martha-mother and the vocation of the Mary-child? When Martha wins-when Martha wins, hers is no longer the work of the world alone, but the triumph of the world, the flesh and the devil. There is nothing is this vale of tears sadder than a perverted vocation. Wh Martha drive Mary from the Why should feet of her The mother who will so defraud Lord ? her child has a terrible account to render here and hereafter. No; Martha must not, dare not control Mary, to whom the word of God has

assigned the better Standard and Times ed the better part .- Philadelphia

## FATHER MARQUETTE.

THE ELOQUENT EULOGY OF SENATOR VILAS.

The tardy action of Congress in recently accepting Wisconsin's statue of the great missionary, Father Marquette, for the National Hall of Fame, lends interest to the oration delivered upon the heroic priest by Sen-ator Vilas in 1896, which has been re-published by the Catholic Truth Society, 562 Harrison street, Chicago. The senator said in part :

There mingles also a just respect for the heroic messenger of Christianity to God's children in the wilderness which has entered into its design and will share in the commemoration to endure in this monument-may it be for ages. The statue is itself an idealization, yet it is believed so natural, so true, that every detail is but genuine exposition of personality and character. If the artist has thrown into the beauty of the face, the look and lineaments which tell the far sight, the fixed hope, the unbending courage of the success ful explorer, they comport and mingle with features informed by submissive piety, benevolence and zeal to do the

piety, benevolence and zeal to do the will of God. Sir, the early mis-sionary to the Indian the world will never cease to reverence, as heroism and goodness must be reverenced, however differently the light may fall in after times on beliefs and methods then entertained and pur-Among th

while agonizing wounds lacerated the inflamed flesh, had been the portion dealt the messengers of divine love. The annals of heroic devotion have no The annals of neroic devotion have no tale more pitiful than the constancy in duty to their disgusting pupils, and for it the awful earthly recompense, of the faithful Fathers, Brebeuf and Lallemant.

Such was the present example, such Such was the present example, such the impending menace — martyrdom through agony unspeakable for the mis-sionary, butchery for his converts-that lay across the path of the young priest of twenty nine as he set forth upon his lonely way to La Pointe de St. Esprit, on the Bay of Chaquamegon. And to what a task assigned! Not, like the younger or trader, to plunge like the voyager or trader, to plunge licentiously into the wild Indian life, rejoicing in its freedom and adventure, reckless of results. The Christian missionary met those natives to challenge their habits of thought, to attack their traditions of life, to rebuke their morals. Yet his appeal was to a spiritual nature of which they knew nothing, to hearken to a tale beyond their understanding, to lift them beyond the only world they knew or were capable of knowing At first, perhaps, he might win atten owing. tion by the charm of novelty, at-tractive always to the savage as even to animal nature. That sway was but momentary; his teaching necessarily carried reproof; and, gentle as he made it, few of those oarse, fierce spirits would tolerate it. Their frequent return and sometim habitual usage were contumely. nabital usage were contumely, ridi-cule, indignity. Disgustful alike to his breeding, education, taste, was every close contact with them, and nature could but rebel against the data religion arised. Decoder the duty religion enjoined. Dependent or them for the means of subsistence, his privations were often severe. toiled with unfailing perseverance, in venting new devices to win their trus and fix their minds on things eternal always to encounter, backsliding and relapse, and ever to see the moment-ous truths he taught fall like seed upon a stony ground. Whose heart must not melt in sympathy with those words my colleague read from that letter of the wearied Marquette to his superior after the ruin of the mission at St Esprit: "God alone can fix these fickle minds

and place and keep them in His grace while we stammer in their ears." Mr. President, let him who doubts

the noble excellence of that good man's life contemplate the scene enacted on that coast in the next ensuing year! Then nature bore her testimony peached to the wondrous impress of his goodness. A band of Ottawas, seven years before his pupils at La Point de St. Esprit, repaired at the bidding solely of their hearts to that lonely grave, with tender hands, after the

fashion of their fathers -"Washed and dried the bones, and placed them carefully in a box of birch bark. Then in a procession of thirty canoes they bore it, singing canoes they bore it, singi their funeral songs, to St. Ignace Michillimackinac. As, they approached priests, Indians, and traders all thronged to the shore. The relics of Marquette were received with solem ceremony, and buried beneath the floor

of the little chapel of the mission.' Sir, was ever tribute more genuine paid to king or conqueror ? Could proof more ample be of the power of that noble spirit who had thus sent the beams of human kindness through the hearts of those rough savages whom he saw the children of The cold marble in yonder hall, midst all its glorious company, can test more clearly to a character fit for remembrance than that wild process which in the genuine reverence of nature moved slowly through many days adown the waters of Lak God's eye was on it ; His spirit ruled that scene.

## OUR DUTY TO NON-CATHOLICS.

When we consider the surroundings antagonistic to the Church in which citizens

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wouldn't talk sc. They're an people, you must remember, and, like all old people, proud of their ancestors. You, on the other hand, being a new people, measure the respectability of and families by the amount of money or property they're possessed of, because you have no ancestors simply yourselves."

Well, look here, cousin ; be that as to it, not thinking it a matter of much consequence. It appears to me, though, he said something about his wearing a it may, I'm not agoin to stay here much longer, any how. This affair must be settled one way or other. green jacket or a fur cap, or something to that effect.' When you wrote me, to say this girl was the daughter and heir of old Talto that effect." "The very man, sir; that's Lanty Hanlon, if he's alive, and quite as dangerous a man, too, as Barry." "Lanty Hanlon—impossible, sir. You bot, I gave up my business and came over here, without waiting even to bid my friends good by. Well, after three mean the fellow against whom you issued eks' search and inquiry in Cork and the warrant for the assault on Mr. all round for the old woman said to Weeks? nursed her, and as long spent have Dublin hunting up the certificate "Pardon me-that cannot be, Mr of her mother's marriage, I came Hardwrinkle-Hanlon was seen at a cockfight in Kindrum not six hours down here fally confident, from your assurances of success, that the girl and her uncle were so almighty poor, they'd her uncle were so almighty poor, they d jump at my proposal, right straight off. Now then, here I am all of five weeks sneaking up and down to that con-founded lighthouse, through thunder and lighthing half the time, and grop-Hardwrinkle. "But, my dear sir, you little know what that villian is capable of doing. Why, sir, it was once sworn on oath before me, that this very Lanty Hanlon was seen at a wake in Crantin Glen, at a wedding in Ballymagahey, ing my way through rain and darkness the other half; and by crackie, I ain't and at a christening in Callen, the one mite nearer my object now than self-same night, and yet these places are seven miles apart, and nearly equi-I'm sorry Ephraim, very sorry in distant from each other." "He must be an extraordinary man,

deed," replied Hardwrinkle, looking down and sighing regretfully; "sorry you're so much disappointed; but in-deed, indeed it's not my fault, for sure-but but out all that could reasonably said the officer, smiling incredulously be permitted to go free in any commun-ity. What do you think, sir?—that fellow met one of Mr. Johnston's gamely I've dor all that could reasonably expected to expedite the affair. A be expected to expect the anary. As for the two thousand pounds you kind-ly promised in acknowledgment of the little assistance I might be in the mat-ter, you know I should have just as tellow met one of AF. Johnston s game-keepers on Benraven Mountain, some six weeks ago, where he happened to be coursing for hares. Well, sir, he first took the gun from the keeper, and then left him gagged and tied to a tree cheerfully done as much, my deal Ephraim, if you never had promised a farthing. No, no; money has never influenced me, thank Heaven. No, Ephraim; I hope I have a conscience to then left him gagged and the do a tree for the whole night; and next morning, when the unfortunate man was acci-dentally discovered by one of the herds-men, he was more dead than alive from cold and hunger." direct me, and a heart, too, to love my well enough to do them a

relatives well enough to do them a kindness without expecting a recom-pense." "I know it, cousin. I know it. You have been exceedingly kind, and I ain't again to forget your kindness wither; but just look how the case of the sandy Mount, then, secret-

you in company of three or four stout fel-old lows, and enter one of the huts. They a brace of pistols at our heads. were all strangers to him, he said, exrender,' said I; 'I command you, in the name of the queen, to surrender incept Barry himself, and another who seemed to be the most active of the stantly.' " ' Ha, ha !' he laughed-' surrender party, and whom he had seen before, but couldn't remember where."

to hounds like you! O for the farm earth to stand on, and a good thong to kennel such cowardly dogs. A pistol bullet is too honorable a death for such "Stop a moment ; did he describe his He did, but I paid little attention

drivelling slaves.' "This taunt stung me to the quick and calling on my men to rush on him in a body, I sprang forward myself to seize him; but, alas! I was again unfortunate, and fell flat on my face on the bottom of the boat. In another instant his heel was on my neck." "Lie there, dog !' he cried, crush

ing me till my eyes seemed to start from their sockets ; ' lie there, and die the only death you deserve.' But the braggart, in his turn, had little time to

enjoy his advantage ; for my men, seeing the danger I was in, and maddened by the fellow's scornful language, closed in upon him. As they rushed forward, he fired both pistols in their faces, and two of them fell wounded beside me." "Dreadful !" exclaimed Hard Hard wrinkle.

Now,' cried I, rising from my dis-There were thousands of Blanches Pearls, Elaines, Ethelindas, Rosamonds graceful position, 'now, my men, hold him ; handcuff him ; kill him if he at Lillians, etc. But the prize was won by an old-fashioned, simple name written by a young Irish - American school teacher. Her slip was worded thus: tempt to escape.' But my orders were of no avail, for he had sprung into the

sea, and was making for the shore. "He's gone, sir,' he cried one of the men. " ' Gone !'

"He's a most dangerous man, sir, to

" ' Yes ; there he is, with his coat off, swimming away from us like a water

are Marthas, and as ever and forever every Martha complains, "Lord, hast Thou no care that my sister hath left done ?' I cried in an agony of disap-pointment. ' Has no one presence of nind to think of some means to capture him? He's within half a gunshot of the beach and will reach it before we me alone to serve?' can get our oars into the rollocks.'

"Just then the thought of the firearms in his overcoat occurred to me, and snatching up the garment, I drew a holster pistol from its pocket, and aiming as deliberately as I could in a

atming as denoted by as round in a moment of such excitement, fired. The ball, as good fortune would have it, struck him on the right arm, and dis-abled him. 'Now,' cried I, as I saw

FATHER TABB Church or creed, Marquette deserves

Within a month the great Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis will lace with the foremost. Not that the ffects he wrought were great, nor his have opened its gates to the world. The metropolis of the West holds a experience of suffering unsurpassed Others in the "noble army of martyrs" local exposition every autumn, attend-ed by hundreds of thousands of visitors perhaps accomplished more and suffered nore. It was the abundant power in him oft and fully manifested, the spirit that burned within, and his sad un from the surrounding States. At one of these exhibitions years ago the lead timely loss, rather than shining achievements in his few years of labor, ing jewelry firm of St. Louis exhibited ing jewerry him of St. Louis exhibited in a glass case a beautiful vision called the "Waxen Bride." Her brideship was regally robed in shimmering white that give him prominence as a mission ary among the mission pioneers. Mr. President, you have heard in the

satin and Brussels lace; she wore showers of pearls and rivers of dia-monds, thus advertising the firm's precious commodities. The lady of appropriate and interesting remarks of our colleagues the story of his career pleasingly told. Who that listened precious commodities. The lady of wax was complete but for life and a name. The first could not be supplied; can picture to himself the conditions which then beset the devoted wandered the second was attempted, again by in that far interior, and withhold

admiration of the intrepid self-conse-cration that took him there on such an way of advertisement. Every visitor to the exposition was nvited to vote a name for the Waxen errand? I tried a few moments since Bride. These names, written on slips to draw to the mind by some lines the and deposited in a box, were afterward superficial picture the continent then examined by a committee of judges who were to award a diamond ring to the presented, the helplessness of these missionaries' remote isolation, their necessarily absolute surrender to the fate of the wilderness. But how can sponsor bestowing the most suitable name upon the nameless bride. Fancy names predominated, of course.

one now depict to entire realization ere thousands of Blanches. all the meanings of peril and horror that resignation then implied to them who ventured on in the very light, as it were, of the fires which had consumed their martyred predecessors ? For bitter, indeed, had been the

missionaries' experiences on the very path they traveled. Once already, in the wilds between Huron and Ontario, the soldiers of the cross had performed labors and endured privations the tale of which must ever excite pity and ad-miration, jand yet their catastrophe had been utter and horrible. Through sufferings and indignities that might have rather moved despair, love and faith had bred still a sustaining hope. Never was its light more awfully extin-

And forever stands the answer of the Lord: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and art troubled about many things. But one thing is necessary. Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from gaished. Their unhappy converts first were decimated by small-pox, and then upon them fell the fiendish Iroquois. Horrible was the fate of all. Massacre. even to annihilation, swept the friendly tribes-men, mothers, babes from the face of the earth; and death, death

Poor Martha ! Careful about many things, it is hard for her to comprehend that her arduous toil is of less conse-quence than Mary's apparently easier of vital force amid lingering flames

have been reared, writes Father Cronin, of The Catholic Union and Times of Buffalo, we should not blame them for the ridiculously absurd notions hold concerning the Catholic Church and her putative doctrines. From their very nursery days they were taught to regard Catholicism as the scarlet kdy of abominations, and Catholic priests as borned emissaries of Satan; and their ideas are but strengthened in ait # years by the books they read, the ser-mons they hear, the lectures they at-tend, and even by the very social atmosphere they breathe, without ever having had an opportunity to know the

Church-what she teaches and what she does not teach-the soul satisfying fix-ity of faith, the peace and happiness to be found in her hallowed bosom.

Is it any marvel that those thus brought up should be bitter in their antagonism to the Catholic Church ? wonder is that they are not even more so. We may mention here that most of the brilliant stars in the intellectual world, both in our own and other lands, who were led by God's grace into the Church, held that Church and all her belongings in utter abhorrence during many barren years. We may the great Newman in proof of We may instance what we say. But when, through the mercy of the Light of Lights, the scales fell from his eyes, oh, then, like St. Paul, they were caught up into a third heaven and given n tests of the provided blics that

were caught up into a third heaven any given a taste of the paradisal bliss that awaited them beyond the stars. There are thoughts which we should not forget in our dealings with our non-Catholic fellow citizens. We should fold them to our hearts in the bonds o charity and show them, by our edifying Christian lives, what a happy and blessed thing it is to be a consistent Catholic.

A Mighty Poor Factor.

"The Catholic people who do not see the need of Catholic schools," says the Michigan Catholic, "are generally the ones who do not see any necessity for a Catholic press, and these are a mighty poor factor in any parish. They be-grudge the price of a Catholic paper as they do a mite for the school collec-tion." tion.

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