LLANFAIR COURT.

darkness.

what was this?

indeed he

is this man ?'

but fear and avarice gained the day. Breathlessly he ran his hand along the back of the fireplace until he felt his fingers elip into the niche he knew so

ingers slip into the niche he knew so well. He pressed it firmly. That which had appeared so unresisting before slid noiselessly into the wall, displaying a fair-sized cavity. Ere the soldiers could rush ferward to seize their prey a man garbed as a monk stepped out and stood calmly surveying his assailants. But what was this?

what was this? Richard, with an exclamation of sur-prise, started forward, a sudden cry of "Father! father!" rang through the room, and a childish figure in white dart-

ed through the men, flinging herself into the arms of Sir Rupert Trevor, for it was

Thomas Norton turned in a fary upon

Before Dick could collect his startled

"I am Rupert Trevor," he said, "mas-ter of Llanfair Court. The priest you seek is not here. 'Twas but to cover his

seek is not here. 'Twas but to cover his retreat that I thus took his place ; he has

ere now, I trust, attained some safe shel-

"Thou shalt live to rue this day, thou traitor Papist," he cried, maddened at the thought that the bird he had tracked

so cleverly had flown from under his very

who immediately dived into the aperture,

returning shortly with vestments, cruci-fix, chalice, missal, in fact, all the requis-

"Oh! what have I done? My uncle!

"Secure the prisoner," he cried; " have no time to waste."

"Sweet Gwynyth," he murmured, kissing her again and again, "thou must

But the girl only clung on the more

tightly, and it was by sheer brute strength

that the men at last succeeded in forcing her away. Then did all self control, all

never have a moment's peace !

wall, murmuring to himself :

My uncle !" Norton addressed his men.

Norton was white with anger.

"What means this, thou hangman's cur? Hast thou played me false? Who

thoughts his uncle answered.

CHAPTER III -CONLINUED.

"A civil spoken wench," he mattered "A civil spoken wench," he muttered, "and a handsome one, too, albeit that proud gleam in her eyes. I thank thee, maiden," he said aloud: "I shall doubt-less accept the hospitality, but first of all to work. Now, woman," turning sgain to the dame, "lead us to the blue room; I have no time to waste on idle search." The blue room! For a moment poor Gwynyth's self-control almost broke down, and right thankful was she of the down, and right thankful was she of the donk, which helped to hide the color she felt was rising to her cheeks. How did feit was rished was he also aware of the he know? Was he also aware of the hiding place behind the chimney? Were they indeed betrayed? She shrank fur-ther back into the gloom of the old hall. But Dame Rachel rose to the occasion : there was no surprise in her voice, only the natural annoyance of a querulous old

"I troth, and what are we coming to in these troublous times? In my young days we'd have wondered if the moon were turning blue to see a party of ruffian men demand a free passage through the house of an honest country squire, to say nothing of his being a knight, to boot? But what must be, must; times are sadly changed! The blue room? Follow me, then, though 'tis scarcely worth the trouble, for you'll find no ekulking Papist there. I prithe, master, see that those men of yours bring not an over load of mud upon their boots to soil my clean With that she led the way up the

With that she led the way up the broad oak stairscase, followed by Norton and his party, while, some distance be-hind, Gwynyth brought up the rear. On the first floor Dame Rachel turned down a passage leading in an opposite direction to the blue room. Norton, who was by no means unsuspicous of the old lady's good intentions, muttered into Richard'

"See thou that she takes us aright. ³Twill go ill with thee, thou siveling cur, if this proves but a fool's errand after all.' Richard murmured something in an nndertone; he felt that Thomas Norton despised him. He trembled at the very thought of incurring the brutal man's anger; it must not be, so palling himsel wether he called to the dame :

Sarely, good Rachel, thou art not lead-us aright If I mistake not, the blue ing us aright If I mistake not, the one room is in the other wing. Master Norton hath but little time to spare, but must make his search and be gone.

The dame turned sharply round and stood facing the youth, her eyes flaming anger and contempt.

Thou seemst mightily taken up by this priest hunting, Master Richard, "if thou'lt not follow me, lead the thyself!' way

Nay, Rachel," he replied, making faint attempt at smiling," be not wrath-ful; I would but save time. Take these gentlemen to the blue room, I pray thee, "I tell thee, lad, I'll not stir to help

them! Do thy devil's work thyself Take thy friend, ferret out the priest, i he be here, and get thy wage. Paid spy Traitor!" she hissed, "betray thy religion them ! thy uncle, thy home and take thy filthy lucre! Dost think I'll stir a hand to aid thee?'

She stood with her arms akimbo, scorn and defiance written on every feature. Richard cowed beneath the torrent of angry words and would have slunk into background had not Norton laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder. "So, thou trembling coward," he said,

roughly, ' thou seest the game is up! They know thee for what thou art, in with me hand and foot. Load on, I say; show me the room and the hiding hol behind the chimney. Dost hear brook no delay!

Not daring to disobey, Richard made his way through the men in order to take them in the right direction. As he did so he caught sight of Gwynyth, who had stood witnessing the scene from a dis-tance. The color rose to his brow. At all events she should not be present at all events she should not be present at the last act; she should not see his final disgrace. "Gwynyth," he said, huskily, "get

thee to thy chamber. These are no scenes curse thee ! for a maiden. With something like a sob the girl flew whom thou hast delivered to his death,

THE CATHOLIG RECORD

and her old nurse followed to see the last of the beloved father and master. As the party wended their way down the ancient avenue of sycamores Sir Rupert turned to bid one more adien to the home he was leaving, he felt, forever. Through the gathering gloom he could see the gleam of a white dress, framed in the shadows of the old hall. For a moment the life seemed to die within him; the strong man shock, his soul wrung to its depths in the intensity of his grief. "Help me, my Lord," he murmured. And the God in Whose service he had sacrificed his all. A gentle peace stole over him, stilling the inward turnult and rendering him heedless of the rude sol-diery. His heart burned within him; the time was come to show his fidelity in very deed, and half aloud he murmured efforts. At last, weary and hot, they had to own that the task was beyond them, unless they set to unbuilding the chim-ney, and that could not be done till morn for twilight was fast giving place to Norton gave a hard laugh. "Think you I would go to that amount of time and trouble when I have by me so easy a means of obtaining access to the Papist? Here, thou dog, fulfil thy com-pact; touch the spring of this traitor's hiding place!" and laying his hand on Rich-ard's collar he appeared almost to lift him into the freplace. For a moment there was a conflict with his better nature,

the words of the inspired writings : "For I am sure that neither death, nor

life, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus."—Catholic Fireside. THE END.

ON FRUITFUL GROUND. A Sermeh That Reclaimed-Story of **Repentant** Soul

BY MARY AGNES FULWEATHER.

It was near the end of the penitential season. The evening was surely one to impress upon the thoughtful a true spirit of this holy time; for rain had been steadily falling since early morning and the air was damp and penetrating. The dark leaden clouds seemed to be weeping over the approaching death of their Maker and the large rain drops were like bitter tears coursing down the face of nature in sad anticipation of their Creator's death. The whole world seemed wrapped in sorrow and devotion and the mere sug-gestion of mirth was like a blur upon the very atmosphere. Along the dimly lighted streets walked

two figures. Although their wet gar-ments impeded their progress they apso cleverly had flown from under his very nose; " since thou wert so eager to take the place of this rascal priest, thou shalt keep it, aye, to Tyburn itself, if I have a say in the matter. Methinks we shall find here proof enough of thy villainous defiance of the Queen's laws." With that he made a sign to his men, who immediately dired into the accurate and were gayly peared supremely happy and were gayly laughing and joking of their revels the night before. Others were also passing, but their low murmurs contrasted but their low murmurs contrasted strangely with the hilarity of these two

girls "Where do you think these people are

"Where do you think these people are going, Jen ?" asked the younger. "Oh, I don't know. To have a good time, I suppose. What do we care ? We know where we're going." They then turned a corner and floating through the misty air came the soft peal of an organ and they know they more the ites for Mass. "'Tis well," said their leader; "see that they be taken with us. And as for thee, thou gallows' bird," turning to Richard, "'tis through thee my prize hath escaped. Henceforth I dismiss thee from of an organ and they knew they were

of an organ and they knew they were near a church. The elder girl giggled and prattled as before, but the yonnger had suddenly grown quiet and was curiously watching the dim figures as they hastily ascended thesteps. They were now in front of the edifice, and the beautiful altar glowing with lights could be distingtly seen my service. Dost hear, thou skulking hypocrite ?" But for once his words fell idly upon Dick, who could only lean against the with lights could be distinctly seen. Their eyes naturally fell upon the scene, and the younger girl. stealthily looking at her friend, hesitatingly said :

Two men stepped forward with iron " Let's go in, Jennie. Jennie started, looked at her compan-ion, laughed a lond boisterous laugh and manacles and attempted to push aside the child, who still clung to her father, her head buried on his breast.

turning to walk away said : "Come on, May, don't be a fool." " Just to rest a minute, I won't stay.'

A rule response was the only reply and May found herself alone before the house of God. "Shall I follow?" This was her first thought. "No, I cannot go there to night." For a moment she stood and looked around, then quietly mount-ed the steps and slipped unnoticed into the last pew. The notes of the organ now swelled into

restraint break down as she saw him standing there so dignified and quiet while they loaded him with fatters. She turned upon Richard, her eyes flaming, her voice trembling with passion. "See what thou hast done," she cried ; "see what thy vile treachery has brought full volume, filling the enclosure with their melodious tones and then growing softer and softer, sweetly diminished

and were soon lost in silence. A white robed priest entered the sanc-tuary with twelve little altar boys, clothed about! Base spy! Ungrateful dog! Murderer of one to whom thou owest all things! There is a God above, a God Who will avenge the innocent. May His in the same spotless robes. Kneeling down he began the recitation of the rosary. The rosary ! How well May recurse fall upon thee and mayest thou I am membered that prayer! Of times had she said it in her earlier days, when the joys of innocence were still her own. Where were her beads now? She did not but a child in years, but grief has made me a woman, and as such I curse thee with all the strength of my nature do I May thy days be filled with know. Five minutes ago she didn't care. Three times she tried to answer the sorrow and may the thought of thy uncle,

bleeding with love for God's chosen ones. Bleeding because they refuse to accept redemption even after He has bought it with terrible suffering and cauel death. Bat even while you persecute Him, He casts upod you an eye of pity. His looks plead with you to go to your Heavenly Father and he reconciled. Answer this Father and he reconciled. Answer this pleading! Go prostrate yourself before Him. Pray to Him, beg His forgiveness and implore Him to take you again with-in His loving embrace, there to become etrengthened, purified, exalted. He loves you with a yearning, holy love, and is it not the duty of you, His creatures, to re-turn this love? Love Him, not for a few hours, not for a few days, but for all time and all eternity, as He loves us for He is our model, our guide and our benefactor. If we wish to be true followers of Christ we should love Him constantly. we should

we should love Him constantly, we should love Him forever, for "Jesus having loved His own, He loved them unto the end!" The effect was magnetic. The last words had died away and the orator had left the pulpit, still no one seemed in-clined to move. Then came the plaintive clined to move. Then came the plantive notes of the organ, and the sweet music fell upon the soul like healing calm. A feeling of peace stole through the great edifice, and all felt that God was near. In the last seat knelt May. She had drawn her cape around her and raised the high collar. Her proud head had fallen forward upon her cheat and tears of fallen forward upon her chest and tears of deep repentance coursed down her face. Thus she knelt unnoticed, immovable, contrite. She saw not the priest as he raised the Monstrance in solemn Benedic-tice. She heard not the faint tinkle of the bell which sounded in gentle remind er. The vast throng of people passed her unheeded for her mind was not on her surroundings. She saw only her past life. She recollected the pure and life. She recollected the pure and innocent days of her childhood when she knelt at her mother's knee. She be-held with anguish the death of that mother and heard again her last request "Be a good girl, Mary. Love God and always be true to His Blessed Mother

after whom you are named!" Had she been true? God only knows how far she had strayed. Left under the care of a cruel relative she soon felt the burden of life. Unused to toil and harsh-ness she was often reviled and abused until her spirit was crushed. Beauty, pride and evil companions soon caused her to rebel. Urged by these dangerous attributes she left home and thenceforth

followed the downward path. Now kneeling in the sanctity of God's holy temple a kinetiscopic view of her life passen before her mind filling her with anguish. New feelings long foreign to her nature now awoke in her soul, for there was still a fertile spot in this apparently

arren soil, and the good seed falling upon thad already taken root. One by one the lingering worshipers departed. The sexton locked the wirows and put out all the lights save one back and waited. Then perceiving no sign of life he walked forward and placed his hand upon her shoulder, "You must leave now, madame;" he said. She started, drew her caps closer around her,

"Where shall I go, oh! where shall I go?" she sobbed. "I have no home but go?" she sobbed. the home of sin and I can never, never go there again !'

For an hour she paced the streets Then collecting her scattered thoughts she recollected a widowed friend of her mother's whom she had loved as a child Quickly passing street after street she eventually found herself before the door and e'er long was kneeling at the feet of the friend of her childhood weeping out her misery and repentance. The kindly invalid took her within her motherly en brace and begged her henceforth so make her house her home. That whole night she lay awake in the

anguish of a repentant soul, and the next afternoon quietly made her way to the church and kneeling before the one who had first touched her heart, poured forth the sad story of her sinful life. And when the precions blood of Christ passed over her sonl in the southing nurifying over her soul in the soothing purifying absolution of the contessional she felt a tranquil heavenly joy which can only be felt in its fullest extent by the truly contrite sinner who has been reclaimed.

JULY 20, 1901;

most sublime holiness.

or another.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

milk on the sacred soil of Ireland, and

that their fidelity to the faith of St.

Patrick would endure to the end, but I

thought it might cocl in some degree

by the association with strangers in a

strange land, and that the younger

to men as a perfect example of the and achievements of a Father Ellion, a Father Doyle, and a Father Sutton besides many others whose names at the moment I cannot recall. It is asserted on indisputable authority that THOUGHTS ON TIMELY TOPICS. the bigotry of a half century ago is fast dying out in the United States OUTSIDE ERRONEOUS OPINION OF THE GROWTH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH and yet one must dare to think that remnants of it still exist if we can judge by the animus conveyed in In the task I have set myself in many of the grossly ignorant and inwriting about the vital question of the sulting questions put to the Missionary progress of Catholicism in the Ameri-

priests through the "question box." can Republic, I am going to speak of the false impressions I had gathored and entertained on the subject from A great American prelate who is alike remarkable for his great scholarly attainments, up-to-date Americanism and lenient and tolerant views in all many ill-informed sources not hostile in their adverse criticisms, but rather things affecting the Churche's interests in America, holds to the opinion that emoaing sympathetically the defections and losses the Church had susthe persecutors and libelers of the true tained in America from one fell cause faith are almost blameless inasmush as they only hated and slandered a per-verted representation of the Church, Being an Irishman, resident in Can ada, and myself a devoted son of the which bore no resemblance to the true Catholic Church, I had the best of dis original itself ; but the question re positions to glory in the onward march mains who painted this false picture of Catholicism in the great Republic, of the saving Church of Christ, and which has been a place of refuge, a haven and a home for so many of my was it done without a malicious motive and design? The very worst crimi countrymen who have been driven nals who are tried at common law are from the land of their nativity by misnot condemned without a hearing, government and landlord tyranny, and yet I had misgivings about the while this formula of equity has been while this formula to church on many denied the Catholic Church on many in the United States. We real and valid success of the Church's achievements in the democratic land of are therefore justified in concluding freedom and independence. From my that the wonderful growth of Catholic general knowledge I knew that the ism in the United States has been the handful of Catholics in the Republic work of God's fostering and protective in 1789, Bishop Carroll's time, had hand ; that the Church has thriven grown into a compact bcdy of 11,000, despite all the malign influences that 000 or thereabout at the present time could be set up against her by the still I had a vague idea that a propor world, the flesh, and the devil, and by tion of that number were lukewarm the malicious opposition of the erring indifferent, and Catholics only in name creeds and sects that have sought her I had it fastened in my mind that the overthrow and destruction. We admit rampant spirit of "commercialism, that the constitution of the Republic materialism and the dominant thirst was, and is, theoretically tolerant and for wealth, greed and gain had over favorable to the establishment of the spread the land, and that Catholics as Catholic religion, but what sort of fair. vell as non-Catholics and all of the un play have the non-Catholic elements believing sects had fallen a prey to the accorded to the poor Catholic immiall consuming spirit of worldly ambi grants from Ireland and Germany tion which would naturally exclude all Were they, in their helpless and is true sentiments of religious piety and ated condition, not despised and hudevotion. I had, of course, unfailing miliated and made to feel the disadvan confidence in the Catholic stability of tages they incurred by being members my own countrymen, who had drunk in pure Catholicity with their mother's

of a Church bearing a foreign aspect and which promised but faint hopes of ever harmonizing with the democratic spirit of free America? These charges, as well as all the others of a malicious nature, which have been levelled against Christ's Church were false and unjust, because generations growing up amidst Pro-testant and Atheistical influence might she has demonstrated her power to live and prosper under any form of government, her divine mission being to teach the Gospel of truth and there by lift corrupt, fallen humanity to a regenerated and spiritual life, to teach men that " piety is useful to all things,

having the promise of the life that is and of the life that is to come," that it is her prerogative as well as her bounden duty to extend the boundaries of God's Kingdom on earth, and to procure the salvation of souls, as this is the express mandate she received from he Divine Founder of Christianity Himself. While the above is the characteristic of the Catholic Church thraughout the world, she has proved by her hundred years and more of labur in this New World that the religion of Christ, as she excounds it, is the safest foundation and surest mainstay of the social structure, that the whole spirit and teaching of Catholic ism aims at the elevation and welfare of the race, the uplifting and betterment of humanity here below and especially the security of man's eternal welfare in the great hereafter. the distinguishing marks of the Church is her strenuous adherence to the law

ful and constitutional edicts of what-

ever form of government obtains in

membership and communion, as a member, a man who tells them he d not believe in the doctrines of the W

JUYL 20, 1901.

the great Republic, viz. : the love and the great hope own adherents, who, according to reliable estimate, count not only 11,000,000 but 14,000,000, not only 11,000,000 but 14,000,000, including those who received Catholic baptism and who have never formelly renounced their faith by public declara-tion. Such results are the fruits of a special Providence and protection, and where such conditions exist trials and obstacles, no matter how ominous to human eyes, cannot retard the onward march and steady growth of true religion. At the present time the Cath-olic Church in the United States has thirteen or fourteen Archbishops, in cluding two Cardinals, eighty Bishops and nearly nine thousand priests, be hind whom stand the united millions of true followers, who are increasing every year. In prosecuting and ful-filling God's mandate they go forward, with the strength and confidence of success already achieved, to make conquests for the Master and for the

moral and religicus welfare of the Republic. In the material and commercial world anxious eyes are turned towards

America because of her great success and leading status among the nations The progress of the Catholic Church in her midst will also be anxiously watched by European countries. The task set before the Church is gigantic. but her material equipment is good while her spiritual is supernatural and her zeal warm and wide awake. -- Wm Ellison, in the Rosary Magazine for July

A QUESTION RESTATED.

A Presbyterian contemporary says that " our rule of faith is the word of God, not any merely human interpre-tation of that word." This is correct, as every Presbyterian knows, but the Freeman's Journal raises the question: "Then, why does the Presbyterian Church require its members to subscribe to the Westminster Confession as condition of membership? If it be not the word of God, but only a human interpretation of it, why bind the members to assent to it?" The Free members to assent to it ?" man's Journal is one of the ablest of all the Roman Catholic papers, bu seems to be ignorant of the fact that n Presbyterian is ever asked to accept the Westminster Confession as a conditional and a conditional as a conditionas a conditional as a conditi tion of membership. The ministry an eldership subscribe to its system of doc trine as a condition of their office, bu no such subscription is required of th private membership. Will cur Ner York namesake kindly note the fact.-The Presbyterian Journal (Philade

We are obliged to our esteemed con temporary for the correction. It r quires us to alter our question a triffe It will stand thus : Why does the Pre byterian Church require its ministe and elders to subscribe to the Westmi ster Confession as a condition of the office? If the Protestant rule of fai is "the word of Gcd, and not merely human interpretation of it," why bin the ministers and elders, as a condition of office, to subscribe to that human i terpretation of the word known as t Westminster Confession? Why a quire them to sacrifice their cherish rule of faith and bow to the dictates certain men, as fallible as themselve who met at Westminster two hundr

and fifty years ago? The distinction between the oblig tion of the ministers and that of the members as to matters of faith see strange to us. If belief in revea truth is necessary to salvation, is in the lay member, so far as belief is coverned, under the same obligation Why spancel the lat the minister? and leave the former fancy free, so as the Westminster Confession is c

Would the reverend editors of Presbyterian Journal receive into

forget, or become ashamed of, their their sacred Catholic traditions and deny the religious beliefs of their fathers and thereby fall away from the Catholic fold ; and there is no denving that, to some extent, such has been the case both in America and Canada. 1 speak from actual personal experience when I say that it was once my lot to reside in a very non-Catholic quarter in Ontario, and on my entry there I was anxious to con nect myself with my fellow-countrymen and co-religionists and in futher ance of that object I approached or rather made inquiries of such person as have the name of O Hara, Boyle McLaughlin, etc., but to my grief I found that apostasy had settled upon those distinctively Irish and Catholic

namas, and they paid allegiance to the various erring sects. But it has to be borne in mind that in regard to Canada and the United States the Catholic Church has in a manifold degree made up for any partial defections from the by the number of new retrue faith ernits and conversions to her fold. It is given on the highest episcopa

authority that for years past the conversions in the Archdiccese of Baltimore THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED and in another dicese from 300 to 400.

him and flung herself at his feet

"Ohl listen to me, Dick," she implored, clasping her hands and speaking in an undertone so that none but he might hear, "by the love thon bearest thy uncle, who hath ever treated thee like the love thou hast for me, thy sister-consin, hear ma, Save the good priest's life! It can yet be done, for they know not the room. Dick! Dick! If you have a heart within you, if you believe in a God above, be not false to your relig-

ion!" "Move on, I say,' cried the voice of Norton; ' send the wench about her busi ness or, in the fiend's name, I'll do it for theel

Trevor hastily dragged his consin from her knees and forced her to move on with

"Canst not see, girl," he muttered, "I am powerless? They know the priest is here, and were I not to show them the room they would burn the house about

And let them burn it!" cried the girl, freeing herself from his grasp, her dark eyes flashing; "are we such cowards that we fear to suffer in the cause of truth? Ah! Dick, my cousin," and her manner softened once again, "perjure not thy soal with sin, bring not the blood of this holy man upon thy head. This not too late; even now thou mayst draw back."

She would have said more, but Norton. lashed to fury by the unnecessary delay, pushed her rudely aside and forced Richard forward. The men shoved past her, not sparing their brutal jokes, and a few moments later she was left alone with Dame Rachel. All ire had fled from the Dame Rachel. All ire had fled from the good old servant's face; she was all gentleness now as she pressed her loved mas-ter's child tenderly in her arms.

This is no place for such as thou, my sweet Mistress Gwynyth. Let us hie to thy chamber, for here, indeed we can do

Nay, Rachel," replied the girl, as she quietly but firmly freed herself from her old nurse's embrace, "what others have strength to suffer shalt I fear to witness? Our presence may at least afford some comfort to the good Father in his hour of need. Come let us follow them." The sounds of angry voices and loud

hammering filled the air as the old woman and maid slipped unperceived into the room. The mantelpiece was already shattered; four men had climbed into the great fireplace, probing and knocking with their crowbars. But in vain; the firm stone and iron work resisted all their

tormenttnee ever, and the memory of thy cousin, whose heart thou hast broken l' She paused, exhansted by her vehe-mence. Her father's words fell upon her ears, quiet and calm, yet fall of love, a orment thee ever, and the memory of thy ears, quiet and caim, yet full of love, a "Gwynyth," he said, " it grieves me to hear my own child speak thus. Richard, my lad, I forgive thee freely and entirely. Turn from thy ways before it is too late; the God above is merciful; He will for-give thee, too."

give thee, too.' With a moan Dick Trevor turned away, With a moan Dick revolution to the tail of tail of tail of the tail of tail of

than Gwynyth's fierce reproaches; he must away and hide his shame, he knew not whither. A few minutes later Black Saladin bounded away from Llanfair Court; his hoofs might have been heard ringing on the cobble stones, whose echoes he was never more to aronsa. Maanwhile

he was never more to arouse. Meanwhile Gwynyth's anger had melted at her loved

father's voice, giving place to bitterest anguish. Once more breaking through the men, she flung herself at Sir Rupert's

prison, too ! I cannot, cannot live without thee !'

out thee i'' He stooped tenderly over the weeping form and his voice shook with emotion, for his great heart well nigh overflowed at the thought of leaving her, his all, perhaps never to see her again in life. "Farewell, Gwynyth, my dearest one,

"Farewell, Gwynyth, my dearest one," he said ; "grieve not over me, child, for I am indeed proud to suffer for the faith, for which I shall gladly lay down my life if need be. Be ever true to our holy religion, my Gwynyth; let it be thy first thought in all things. Remember that we serve a God Who loves us and who will repay us a thousand-fold for the things was enfar in His mean here bo things we suffer in His name here be-

The brutal voice of Norton broke in.

"Encough of this," he cried. "Seize the prisoner! Move on, my men !" But Sir Rupert raised his hand and in-voluntarily the soldiers paused. "Kachel," he said, addressing the old servant, who was silently weeping, "in thy charge I leave my child. By thou a mother to her; she is my treasure, my all Once again for the well my Gyr.

pravers, but no words came, and she prayers, but no words came, and sne knelt immovable, saying over and over again in her heart, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners." How long she knelt thus she kuew not. The noise of the multitude changing position aroused her, and a voice from the pulpit attracted her attention.

The speaker took ont his handkerchizf, passed it over his face, cleared his throat; then placing his hands in front him on the pulpit, leaned elightly for-ward and waited till all was still. Then in a calm and deliberate voice he made known the text : 'Jesus having loved His own He

Josef having loved file own file loved them anto the end." Words taken from xill chapter St. John, beginning at the first and terminating with the fif-teenth verse, "

Then followed one of the most beauti-Then followed one of the most beauti-ful, touching and heart-rending sermons ever delivered in that pulpit. The entire life of our Divine Lord was clearly de-picted. They saw Him in His infancy, with the fond mother and doting foster-father tandark watching over Him. father tenderly watching over Him. They saw Him in His early childhood, when His dear little innocent face and "Father, father," she cried, "I will not part from thee; they must take me to They saw Him as a young man filled with wisdom, with simplicity, with obedience. Then came His last years, obedience. Then came His last years, and oh, how graphically he portrayed them! His words not only touched the hearts of his listeners, but burnt into them, never to be effaced. His ideas placed before their eyes the living image of our Divine Redeemer, broken and bruised and bleeding. They felt they could see His very life-blood guabing forth from every wound. Ob, with what eagerness they listened! Tears were in the eves of all and coursing down the eagerness they instend! Tears were in the eyes of all and coursing down the cheeks of many. When he had finished the recital he hesitated a moment to allow

the impression of his words to deepen. "Yes," he said. "Tis sad, 'tis sad indeed. This God who lies before you, torn and bruised and bleeding is the One you slew with your crimes. Each sinful torn and brussed and bleeding is the Oae you slew with your crimes. Each sinful act you commit opens a fresh wound, each sinful thought causes a new pain. This God Who once gloriously laid down His life for you is now compelled to be tortured anow in the heart of every one of you sinful unloving upgratefal creas. of you, sinful, unloving, ungrateful crea-tures. Has He not borne enough for you? Was not the huge wooden cross which He

HEART.

A practice familiar to Blessed Mar garet Mary, and suggested to her by Our Lord Himself, promising her for all who followed it the grace of a happy death and the reception of the last sacraments, is a novena or Communion on the first Friday of each mouth for nine consecutive months, made for this intention in honor of the Sacred

Heart of Jesus. Do not let the summer pass without doing something to honor the Sacred Heart. Renew your consecration and excite your fervor by special acts of love. Try to make the devotion known to all your friends. If you could act as promoter, it would be a work that would bring you many blessings, and you would be the direct means of making this devotion known to many who now have no knowledge of it.

You do not have to wait until the League of the Sacred Heart is organized in your parish to become a mem ber. In most places where the League is started there are hundreds of members who belong to the association. If any of these who experience spiritual benefit from the association would write The Canadian Messenger, Bleury street, Montreal, we feel sure the edito would be glad to publish them. It is encouraging as well has edifying to hear of prayers being answered.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart is the devotion most pleasing to God, for thus we adore God, as Christ requires, in spirit and in truth, serving Him in wardly in our hearts, and endeavoring to please Him. By practising it we daily increase in love and veneration the Sacred Heart ; make it our model for all our actions ; we love what He loves and avoid all that is displeasing to Him. When we are weak and are tempted we fly to him for strength; mother to her; she is my treaster, my all. Once again, fare thee well, my Gwy-nyth. May the good God keep thee. Now, men," he continued, turning to the soldiers, "I am ready; lead me where you will." They hurried him away, and Gwynyth when in sorrow, for consolation. It is

and these were but specimens, for the zeal of Catholic missionaries is seen in living and erergetic form everywhere in the land gathering back the strayed sheep, and hundreds from the erring creeds, into the bosom of the one sav ing fold. This is the fruitful outcome of the zealous labors of the clergy who preach missions to non-Catholics, explaining to them in clear terms the doctrines and principles of the true Church, without in the least offending erring susceptibilities, and this seem the essential need of the age for in days gone by the Catholic feligion was pictured in very unsavory colors and the Protestant and unbelieving sects were only too glad to accept and propagate the calumnies and slanders attered against the religion which dared to curb men in their sinful careers or to impose penance and aton ing mortification. One of the beset ting sins of Protestanism is that men need not mortify the flesh or hold the passions in check in order to attain to life hereafter. As long as men in their fallen nature and instincts to wil can take to themselves such forbidden license and yet hope to escape eternal condemnation, there will continue to be abuses and crimes which the Catholic Church must shudder at and lament with all her soul.

It is to dissipate such soul-dostroying theories that the ardent Catholic Mis sionaries labor so hard among the multitudes who are spiritually destitute or dead, but it must be a great trial to devout priests who have been nurtured in the pure atmosphere of God's grace to have to come into contact with men and women who are totally ignorant of even the simplest truths of Catholicism, who are virtually moral lepers and outcasts ; but then they know Whose ser vants they are and the reward pro-mised them by the Master, Whose eternal recompenses are ever just and

the country wherein she finds a foot hold. She is the consistent upholder of popular liberty, equality, and fraternity, because she estimates these boons at their proper value, knowing full well that her adherents, who form the poorer classes in America, are the gainers in the fostering and upholding of such sacred principles of equity and justice. To a mind that can grasp the full significance of the giowth o Catholicism in America during the past century the most glorious feature n the picture is the consciousness that the progress has been made under difficulties-especially during the half of the century-which would have dismayed any institution save a divine agency which had the inherent conviction and faith to realize that its commission and purpose was to save souls no matter at what cost or labor or self sacrifice. In the days of early perse-cution of the Church by the Boman Emperors the faithful betook thamelves to the Catacombs when there was not a rafage for them abuve ground ; in the same way the Catholic. of Ireland took to the caves and the mountain glens when they were hunted by English persecutors during the reign of the dreadful peusl laws dified form, When they were, in a mo despised, ostracised and distrusted in America they patienly bore their affronts after the example of Him "Who reviled not when He was reviled" and 'was led like a lamb to the slaughter.

If they were German immigrants they thought of their Catholic traditions, their faith and their Fatherland; if perchance they were Irish immigrants who had to face insult for their faith, they thought of St. Patrick and the Green Isle, and they nerved themselves to suffer any humiliation rather than sacrifice one jot or tittle of their Cath olic belief. They saved their little earnings and contributed their pennies to the upholding of Churches and the

minster Confession

If they would, then it follows that far as that confession is concerned man may be an infidel, an atheis Mohammedan, or a Jew, and at same time be a Presbyterian lay n ber in full communion.

If they would not receive suman, then it follows that belief in Westminster Confession is obliga as a condition of lay membership. compliance with the condition is we meant when we said members required to subscribe to the Confes That word "subscribe" has a bro meaning than the mere physical a of writing your name with a pen means intellectual assent as well. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Surely this is the most terrible ghastly thing about all sorrow, sense that it must have been prep for us in all the unconscious days we never thought of it. This thought of fate which takes the of suffering and presses it home the very soul. How old, how lasting our suffering is ! And then to many a soul Wisdom oper voice and cries. Wisdom the d mind, the divine intention, will, she has something to say. "I she has something to say. "I the mountains were settled, befor hills was I brought forth." Ye sorrow is old, it says, but the pl God, instinct with love, that mad . More et sorrow, is older. . . More et more fundamental than your suf is the love, the justice, the thoug ness of God. Let your soul 1 them and be at peace.

There reunited to the friend whom we took sweet counsel earth, we shall reccunt our toil to heighten our ecstacy; and minc he toil and the din of war that, with a more bounding thro a richer song, we may feel and