Hymn of Freedom,

2

BY M. J. BARRY.

God of Peace ! before Thee, Peacetul, here we kneel, Humbly to implore thee For a nation's wea!. Caum her sons' discussions, Bid their discord cease, Eud their mac contentions. Hear us, God of Peace !

God of Love ! low bending, To Thy throne we turn: To Thy throne we turn: Let Thy rays, descending, Through our island burn. Let no strife divide us, But, from heaven above, Look on us and guide us-Hear us, God of Love!

God of hattles ! aid us : Let no despot's might Trample or degrade us, Seeking this our right ! Arm us for the danger, Keep all craven fear To our breasts a stranger-God of Battles ! hear.

God of Right ! preserve us Just—as we are strong; Let no passion swerve us, Just-as we are arroug. Let no passion swerve us, To one act of wrong; Let no thought unholy Come our cause to bight; Thus we pray Thee, lowly-Hear us, God of Right!

God of Vengeance ! smite us With thy shaft sublime, If one bond unite us, Forged is fraud or crime ! Bot if, humbly kneeling, We implore Thine ear, For our rights app-ailing-God of Nations ! hear.

CHIP.

CHAPTER I.

"Threads in the web of life." Sundown is situated on the Delaware.

Its citizens delight in calling it a town, but impartial visitors, who have no fear of the inhabitants before their eyes, talk of it as a village. Its public buildings-of which the Sundowners are immensely of which the build owners are initialized proud-consist of two churches, a hall, a jail, and the long wooden pier, at which the steamboats stop daily on their way down. This pier is the first of jet that catches your eye from the river poblind it are thim fringes of houses, and beyond that, orchards and well-kept farms.

On days when the wind blows up from the ocean, the air is full of Atlantic fre hness, and the miniature waves that wash the narrow beach up to the roots of the bordering trees, are capped with real seafoam.

No sounds of busy trade mar the quietness, though occasionally a deputation of noisy sailors are sent from some brig or oyster boat, to secure a relay of poik and biscuits from the procery store, at which anything you don't want can always be obtained

John Maitland lives in Sundown. His uncle, Andrew McVeigh, is decidedly the greatest man in the place, for he has been n the legislature of his native State, he has the loudest voice, the most money, and has the bulkers voice, the host most, and the finest house and garden in Sundown -gitts which inspire the Sundowners with respect and awe. Not finding in his natati-place an opening for work worthy of his ambition, John Mait and secured a position as book keeper to a prosperous and influ-ential firm in the onnesite active of Swede. ential firm in the opposite city of Swede-ston. He crosses the river twice every day in a superanuated steamer, which would go to pieces if it were not too old

even for that exertion. John Maitland is tall and handsome, and the outdoor life of his boyhood-Sundown boys are amphibious animals-has given him that athlet's development that Amer-icans too often lack. Looking at his face, as he sits this bright spring day in the office of Seth Wills & Co., you cannot help thinking that it is the face of an honest man. In his eyes, even now when he tilts back his high stool in earnest thought, there slumbers a spark of laughter, his mouth is too mobile, perhaps, too ready to express either anger, scorn, or good nature, as circumstances demand. His face tells you that he is sincere, frank, imus, and it may be a little satirical.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

feet into the very heart of a bed of young

then says sternly, "Get off the grass !" Chip obeys. "Have you studied the Catechism

obeys. "Have you studied the Catechism lesson I gave you?" Apparently, Chip is not eager to answer

that question. "Oh, Miss Grace, you sing nearly as well as the lady I heard once at a circus.

"Oh, Miss Grace, Jonas Brown caught ixty crabs this morning !" Grace cannot help smiling. The Sundown boys, and

men, too, say cra a a bs, with an accent on the "a" like the crackling of thorns.

"Well," answers Chip, reluctantly, "well !- oh, Miss Grace, I shot a hawk, and

the object under his jacket, and very anx-ious to evade this new sul ject of conver-

sation. "The steamer's in !- and here comes Mr. John !"

Chip knows that this diversion will be

"How do you do, Chip? Idle as usual,

I see. Really, Grace, I am afraid you are poiling this imp of mischief. Look here,

Chip, you were in my room yesterday;

know it by the way I found everything in

lane into the street. He has dismounted, and with three or four stealthy steps

reaches the gate at which the three are

standing. His riding whip whistles in the air, and strikes Chip's back. "Is this the way you waste my time, boy?" the old man cries, his cold blue eyes blazing with auger. "Hey? I sent you

with an important message at eight o'clock

"Really, uncle, I don't think Chip has

"I tell you it is not your affair,

Did you ever go-" "Have you studied that lesson ?"

"Do you know your lesson ?" "Well," answers Chip, re

"Oh, it's you, Chip." Grace smiles, and

pansies.

black-brown hair of her mother, who was the prettiest girl in all Galway, but she lacks color, while the cheeks of her aunt, "Well, I know, ther. At any rate, 'pray accept my blessing,' as the little old woman says in Bicak House. By the way, did you know that Father Augustin, the dear old director of studies at Notre lacks color, while the cheeks of her aunt, who is sixty-three at least, yet bear the ruddy bloom given them by Irish air. Grace is gentle and sweet, but a trifle too thoughtful-looking for a girl ; she deserves Dame-how indignant our false quantities used to make him !--is stationed at the church in Sundown? I met him in the her name, for every action is stamped with that nameless quality which proclaims the "No. I haven't been at church there

that nameless quality which proclaims the perfect gentlewoman. She is singing, playing a low minor ac-companiment. Her voice glides from the Stabat Mater into the Dies Iræ. "There is sorrow in the air," she mur-murs dreamily, "to day I can play nothing but songs of sadness." She changes her accompaniment and tries a favorite song : lately. When I do go to Mass-which is only now and then-I go to one of the lately. churches in Swedeston. Will Lynch gives him a scrutinizing

When you do go to Mass. Two years must have greatly changed you, John." "Well," said John Maitland, with a Pray, though the gift you ask for May never comfort your fearsslightly embarrassed laugh, "between busi-ness and other things, one finds such little time, and so many things to think of. In May never repay your fears-May never repay your pleading-Yet pray, and with hopeful tears. An answer, not that you long for, Bat diviner, will come one day; Your eyes are too din to see it, Yet strive, and wait, and pray." "Good enough, Miss Grace!" crise a piping treble voice from the garden. "Good enough! Give us something live-liae!" fact, I'm afraid I am growing rather care-

street.

Lynch makes no reply at once. He is thinking and me:tally weighing Grace's influence against the possibility of his care-lessness becoming indifferentism and utter Grace goes to the window and unbelief. small freckle faced boy, with very bright

"Grace would make a saint of anybody," saucy eyes partially concealed by the habging rim of a dilapidated straw hat. The he says aloud, with a half sigh. "I had a conversation with your uncle to day. He was very kind, very. I always was a favorite of his, you know ; indeed, I don't know how I could ever have gone to colboy holds one hand tightly on the breast of his buttoned up jucket, under which some bulky object is hidden, and plants his lege, after father's death, if it had not been for his assistance. Andrew McVeigh is cer-tainly one of the worst-tempered of men,

and yet one of the most generous. We had a long talk ; but he did not allude to your marriage. Are you on quite good erms "No," answered Maitland, frowning and

digging his pen nervously into the lid of the desk. "No. He is acting very meanly, think, and since I told him so, we have scarcely spoken. I am his only relative living, and he tells everybody that I am to be his heir, and yet-would you believe it?-he actually refuses to advance a dollar towards-towards-towards our house-

keeping." Will Lynch cannot suppress a smile as he observes the mixture of dignity and awkwardness with which his friend enun-"Shot a hawk!" exclaims Grace, alarmed, "I hope John hasn't trusted you with a gun." "I hadn't a gun." says Chip, clutching

ciates "our housekeeping." "And," continues Maitland, "though he admires and respects Grace, he would prefer that I should marry a Protestant. at least, he has a prejudice against her religion.

"His sister_your mother-was a convert, a very fervent Catholic, and he has always been indifferent to all forms of religion. It is singular, but such extremes-faith and lack of faith-often occur in modern families. There are Dr. Newman and his brother, for instance."

"Yes," returns Maitland, who has not heard a word of this. "My uncle says that we must begin life economically. 'If you can't afford to get married,' he said, 'don't. Two young people starting out into life ought to be satisfied with necessities.' He has no heart, except for money.

"He appears to have a great deal of ense.

"Oaly a moment ago I had to refuse Kenzie,-you know Kenzie, he was in our class ?-- 1 had to refase Kenzie a hundred dollars on a furriture bill I will owe him in a short time, jast because I hadn't the money !" "A very sufficient reason. But good by

old fellow, I must be off, or I'll lose the train. I regret that I can't be on hand for the wedding, but duty, you know. Good-by. Oh, I forgot!' And Will Lynch threw an envelope on the desk. "That's for you, in honor of the great ccasion. Take good care of Grace ! God bless you both !

"It is not your affair, John Maitland !' "sclaims Andrew McVeigh, turning hercely, and shaking the whip at his Lynch shakes his friend's hand violently, grasps his portmanteau, and leaves the office like a flash.

Maitland watches him, and then goes to ou have spoiled that rascally urchin. until he has become as ungrateful as your-self! Yes, I repeat it, ungrateful," conork at his books, but times are dull, and before the clock has struck three he has nothing to do. Suddenly he remembers Will Lynch's tinued the old man, glad to have an object. Chip failing, on which to pour the viais of his wrath. "I have fed, lodged, and edu-

petuous, and it may be a little satirical, but it also tells you that he needs some rough discipline to teach him self-control. John Matland is past twenty-five; this year "the firm" has raised his salary to two thousand, and intimated that he will be find a control be notices. Suddenly he remembers will Lynch s envelope. It has already been torn open, he notices, and he has merely to take out the three one hundred dollar green-backs which it incloses. "Generous-hearted Will!" murmurs find a control between

CHAPTER II.

The cottage in which Grace Lynch and

her aunt Bridget live is on the main street

of Sundown-the street which runs down

Will, being a prominent man on the staff

rte d'Arthur.)

Boston Pilot.

IS IT TOO LATE?

The starting news from Egypt has diverted attention for the hour from the dreadful relations fast growing between England and Ireland. The mailmen were at the helm a week ago, and the nations seemed to be rapidly drifting into a war of races more appalling than the world has ever seen, for the limits of such a conflict, should it ever come, will extend round the

should it ever come, will extend round the planet, wherever there are Irishmen and English interests. The madmen are at the helm yet. When 30,000,000 English people wildly cheer a half insane and wholly disrepu-table murderess, and thirty million peo-ple of Irish blood half sympathize with the desperate lunatics who would burn down London—it is time for both sides to pause.

It is time for both England and Ireland to answer this question : - Is it too late to b

In the present hour of her calamity and grief, we say to England that she can steal the exultation out of Irishmen's hearts by granting the justice that they now ask, but will soon demand, from her. A hundred years ago, when she had to grant Ireland a free Parliament, the posi-tion of Eng'and was not so perilous as it is now, nor had the Irish people then one-meth of their present strength. tenth of their present strength.

One magnanimous statesman in Eng-land, one leader with the courage and wisdom of genius, would solidify the British Empire to-day with a master-stroke of politics. He would abolish the Union, and leave Ireland as she stood 85 years ago, a happy, free, confederated part of the En Such a policy would silence the dyna-

miters and radicals, satisfy and gratify the Irish people throughout the worli, strengthen the British Empire, and make America thoroughly sympathetic. There are 20,000,000 people in the United States who as kindred feel the rise and fall of the Irish barometer ; and the policy of America must largely respond to their influence in the future. It is only a question of a few years till

Ireland obtains all that she now asks, and more, without England's consent. Noth-ing can stop the wave of Irish nationality that is now moving. At the first rattle of conflict in India or Europe, Ireland's action may mean the ruin or salvation of the British Empire. England may think that an offer of

friendship from her would now come too late. She knows her own earning in Irein her eyes, goes down to the gate, to meet him,-John Maitland. land, and may well doubt that her bloody hand would be taken in amity by the people she has so deeply wronged. But let her offer. She is dealing with a gener-ous and proud and warm-hearted race. Bat We know the Irish people; we gauge their hatred and measure their hope; and we profoundly believe that the hour is disorder. If I catch..." Chip utters a howl, for Nemesis has reached him. A stiff, slight, white haired man on horseback has just turned from the t yet too late for England to disarm and onquer them by the greatness of her spirit, as she has never been able to subdue them by the force of her armies.

Meanwhile, it is Ireland's duty, in view of the storms ahead, to prepare for great emergencies. England will never be gen erous while Ireland is weak or submissive. Before Hungary's hour had struck, she had sent out patriotic missions to represent her cause to other nations. thi

Cossuth came to America. For this, last year, the Boers sent Paul Krueger to Ger-many. For this, some years ago, the Cir-cassians and Poles sent messengers to Eagthis morning, and I haven't seen you since. I'll teach you !" The whip des-cends again, but Chip jumps over the land

Ireland ought this year to send national missions to Russia and Germany. France and the Latin nations understand her cause already. A few years ago Russia, then on the eve of war with England, sent officers to confer with leading Irishmen. She will now welcome national parties from Ireland; and their message will reach England's enemies from Mos cow to Delhi.

Eagland would probably prevent such political missions leaving Ireland. Let them then be composed of Irish-Americans,

We feel genuine pleasure in laying before our readers two letters—the one from a devoted missionary at Battleford, in the Canadian North-West, the other fean our find the Battleford, from our friend, the Rev. Father Baudin, of Rat Portage. Battleford, Jap. 16th, 1885.

SCHOOL PROGRESS.

Battleford, Jap. 1010, 1855. To the Editor Catholic Record : DEAR SIR,-I wish to inform you of the success of our Catholic school of Battle-ford. We had, for the first time, the 13th of January, a public examination, though we had a school here for many years.

Owing to the severity of the weather there were but twenty-one pupils in there were but twenty-one pupils in attendance. There were present at the examination Rev. Fathers Lestanc and Cochin, the Hon. Jadge Rouleau also Dr. Rouleau and many par-ents, who were all satisfied with the progress of the children. After the examination, prizes were distributed by the Hon. Jadge Rouleau, who, at the invitation of the Rev. Father Lestanc, addressed the scholars in both Freuch and English. He insisted upon the necessity

English. He insisted upon the necessity of learning both French and English for the wants of this country, and have a complete education, and as an encouragement, he promised the children to give next summer four prizes, two to the two best French scholars in English, and the two others to the two best English

scholars in French. Both parents and children seemed to be delighted with the proceedings. Besides a Catholic school, we have here

a church of 50 feet by 30 feet, with a large congregation. We have an organ and a large bell from Clinton H. Meneely, of Troy. It is the desire of the people to have a Sisters' school established here. I am glad to give you the above informa-tion, that people may know that we have have a days when secret acception of the secret acception to the stable and churches in this for both schools and churches in this far

law book. However, allow me to thank as well as for the complete aw book. However, anow me to thank as well as for the complete seclasion from office of all Catholics, if not for their office of all Catholics, if full time to legitimately guard against such inroads on our sacred and religious liberties. It is recognized as the Catholic separate before the complete seclasion from the complete seclasio school of Rat Portage. Already the election of three school trustees has religious paper which will not of a With many thanks,

J. B. BAUDIN, O. M. I. THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR.

WHAT METTERNICH RELATES OF PIUS VIL AND NAPOLEON I.

Among the historic memories revived by the recent visit of Prince Napoleon to the Eternal City, the following will probably have special interest for our readers. Metternich, the famous Austrian diplomatist, relates that Napoleon the First said to him, "I desire that the Pope should come to Paris, and establish in it the seat But it is my wish that of the Church. the Pope should be independent. Sup-pose that I prepare a fitting establishment for him near the capital, present him with a palace, and in order that he may be literally in his own house, I declare his teritory neutral within the circumference of several leagues. There he will have his College of Cardina's, his Diplomatic Corps, his Congregations, his Court. And to

FEB. 28, 18:5

Letter from Glengarry,

To the Editor of the Catholic Record: DEAR SIR,—Your valuable paper has gained much respect, and many names to your subscription list, in the parish of St. Margarets, Ontario, since 1883.

Margarets, Ontario, since 1885. Our worthy pastor recommended your journal to his parishioners a few Sundays ago, and when a gool Catholic journal, such as the RECORD is, be introduced among our people, and so highly spoken of by the clergy, it seldom fails to gain that support which it so richly wavits merits.

This is only as it should be. When we consider the amount of literary trash, and anti Catholic papers and journals read by our people, we think it full time that literature, congenial to our tastes, should be more widely read and diffused in our midst.

Too many of us often feel that we are competent to read and judge for ourselves; such may be, and is, no doubt, the case in many instances, but, in a religious point of view, we ought, in all deference, to submit to the dictates of our ecclesiastical superiors. Without going outside of our own

Province, we can find sufficient proof of papers largely supported by Catholics, being the most inveterate enemies of our co-religionists.

A Toronto paper leads the van in such instances, where that far-famed theologian and prelate, the Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, j week in and week out, assailed in a dis

reputable and iniquitous manner. such an extent has this paper belched forth its torrents of abuse against that venerable prelate, that it has lost caste among some of its- supporters, many of

both schools and churches in this far North-West. Truly yours, A. H. Bigonesse, O.M.I. Rat Pottage, Jan. 27, 1855. Rev. AND DEAR Sig. –I beg to apologize or not having acknowledged sconer the for not having acknowledged sooner the receipt of your letter, as well as the school instituted for their own aggrandisement ete seclusion from if not for the

school of flat Fortage. Already the Cathonics to faily to the support of a election of three school trustees has taken place. A return for the last half them in the time of need, and which will combat against such anti christian so-cieties. That Ontario is "honey-combed" wishes, at least so far. We had not any opposition to the establishment of a Catholic school. Mr. Lyon, the chief stipendiary magistrate, entered at once supendiary magistrate, entered at once into our views, and I may say that it is through this g-atleman that all has been done to the effect mentioned. As to the grant, I know not yet what will be the amount. Miss Bella McDonald is our teacher. More than fifty children are attending school daily. Yours trake their hands? Not the shadow of justice With the shadow of justice of fair play. or fair play. Yours truly, MAC. Glengarry, Ont., Jan. 24tb, 1885.

The Festival of Children.

Cardinal Manning on a recent occasion said : We must look to Christmas as the fastival of the children. It is so because it is the festival of the Child Jesus-it is the festival of home, of father, of mother, and little ones. And at this Christmas time all who have children ought to lay to heart the responsibility allotted them in respect to them. They were the children of fathers and mothers by nature, but they were the children of God by adoption and grace. Let parents take care how they bring up their chil-dren. Let them give them a true Chris-tian education. Let them not be lured by any of the attractions of greater inte lectual culture to send their sons o daughters out of the light of faith which turned upon them, made them disciples of Jesus Christ. Then they had duties to perform in their homes. They ought to They ought take account of them on Christmas Day. How had they ruled over their house-holds? Aud had the light of faith shone

"If anticipations sup realized in any consid selected by Ireland and commissioned by her national leaders. Ireland must keep 50,000 English sol-diers imprisoned in her fields. Her pur-pose must be so plain as to hold the Eug-lish navy in sleepless guard round her prospect is at once and consolatory. Th neaning and of power ing that the pupil time to let in such a her love, care, and tender watchfulness over the children committed to them shall not attempt, a it, to expound it. It with your six millions as he is to day at Savona in his poverty." This answer greatly irritated the haughty Emperor; and Metternich, for the purpose of calming him, said: "Your Majesty drags a secret from me. The Emperor of Austria has conceived the same design as you have. He sees that you will not place the Pope back again in his Rome, and therefore he is thinking of creating a new State for him. Your Mojesty knows the Palace of Schonbrunn. Weil, the Emperor wants to present it to the Pope, with the surrounding country There were others besides their children as if a box-keeper a letting in a party, she pound the piece. "I hope that some n tent and less engage give this subject the taking his stand on century, and the pron of the coming one. as well as hope that ing, in the future ne English-speaking peo not be a matter of c yond the necessity so to speak, for reco any individual, earn ole heart as I, for mend it." The right hon. gen is clear that if the En The Small Boy in Church. ples shall be anythin In a certain village in Maryland a small supposes, and if the boy kicked up a breeze in a parish church last Sunday. It seems that a certain good understanding amon woman bought a calf's head and put it of have been a base d to boil, leaving her little boy to while she went to church close by. duty, a renunciation most beneficial, the The minister had reached his fifthly, my macy ever presente orethren, when a small boy stuck his head understanding of m in the door and whispered "Mamma !" "On the other ha The good woman recognized her son in Premier, "great as i demand no propa stantly, and began to make signs for him to leave the door. tive ingenuity or "Mamma !" again came the whisper, this ime a little louder than before. be an orderly and quiring only that yo The mother shook her finger at the boy ably true and loya and we to ours. To and we to ours. warningly, and indulged in familiar pair tomime with which she was accustomed to preter-human stren awe her son. But it didn't work worth a cent. The boy was excited and in dead miss it will requir degeneracy. Even it would be an impo better than that y earnest, as the denouement will show. Baising his voice he shouted "Mamma, you needn't wink and blink verse super et Garama Proferet imperium : j Extra anni solisque at me, but you had better come right away, for the calf's head is buttin' all the dumpins out of the pot." because it implies n and is full only of th Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil strength." with Hypophosphites. Is prescribed by Physicians all over the world. It is a re-The Globe, review the British Premier markable remedy for Consumption. Scrofula and wasting diseases, and very palasiastic. Our Tor declares with empl

FEB. 28, 1885.

Catholic LONDON, SATURDAY

MR. GLADSTONI A letter addressed

to Mr. G. W. Smalley,

Tribune, calls for some

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goes on to say :

Mr. Gladstone the

"These calculations

numbers he says :

offered a partnership in time. On the John Mathand, a has conneg the can strength of this, he has asked Grace Lynch, him and the notes. "I am sure he can the prettiest and sweetest girl in Sundown, ill afford it. I must manage to repay the pretiest and sweetest girlin Sundown, ill afford it. I must manage to repay the question. In consequence of her answer, he has built a gen of a cottage down by the Delaware; the wedding day is only two weeks off, and he is now thinking about the bill for furniture. Mr. Kenzie, the upholsterer, has just left him. "My dear Maitland," Kenzie said, "I know I am asking an unwarrantable favor. and doing an unwarrantable thing in pre

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senting a bill before I have entirely finished a job, but I am awfully 'hard up ;' a batch of unexpected payments have to be made, but the sound of a bell informs him that the Sundown steamer is at the wharf. This and if you would let me have a hundred being the case, he forgets all about Kenzie and turns to go over to Sundown to have "If I could, I would, but I can't, you a talk with Grace.

see," and John Mailland tossed his pocket. book in the air. "Empty. There is a tight sum due me here, but I can't draw it till Monday. Will Monday do?" and Leapder, and wonders whether he and Leapder, and wonders whether he I'm afraid not," said Kerzie, his coun-

would have the courage to swim across to the lady of his love if there were no tenance falling: "I must have it to-mor-row at the latest. Good-day." "I wish I could help him," thinks superanuated steamer. Light, pleasant, careless thoughts; flowers on the brink of a precipice !

John Maitland, falling into a reverie made up of "ways and means." He is so deeply up of "ways and means." He is so deeply immersed in thought that he does not see a sunburned stranger who enters. The "There are more things wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."stranger drops his portmanteau, and throws back his Ulstercoat : then he takes a survey of the little office, and smiles

"Have the cares of matrimony alread begun to oppress, my brother in future i "Why, Will Lynch !---Will, old boy !

to that work of architectural beauty, the exclaims John, starting up, and shaking the stranger by both hands. "How-when-from whence on earth did you pier. This cottage is a small, frame, chocolate-colored house, with a veranda and a tiny lawn in front. The structure come here ? I thought you were in Rom "So I was until lately; but the looks so fragile that one would not be surprised to hear of its being bodily carwants a correspondent to go to some festival in Iceland, or Greenland, or somewhere, and so I have been recalled, with orders ried away by a pair of muscular burglars, but Aunt Bridget covers her slight doors and windows with bolts and chains, for

to report at the editorial rooms in New York to day. And I go, like Cicero-isn't it ?-but to return-some time." of the ente "You have been over at Sundown ?"

of the enterprising Echo, is seldom at home, and Aunt Bridget, though as an old maid she pretends to hate the h, yes, all the morning. Dear old sex, does not like the idea of having "no Aunt Bridget, who used to scold me awfully when I brought home stray dogs, and ask me where I expected to go to, man about the house." On this afternoon Aunt Bridget has gone to church, for Father Augustine is when I came into the parlor with unwiped holding the Forty Hours' Devotion, and ces, went into an ecstasy of joy, and as Grace, having given all her music lessons for Grace-dear little Grace She'll make

you a good wife, John, and I think you can be trusted with her." and made her visit, is sitting before the piano, which, small as it is, fills half the "You think !" echoes John, in a perfectly Grace is not beautiful ; it is true she has indescribable tone. the dark blue eyes and the luxuriant

On the John Maitland, a haze coming between

"I can't stand this, even from him," nutters John Maitland between his set teeth, his face whitening with suppressed anger. "Grace, leave us." pay Kenzie's bill, and buy that carpet for

w fence and escapes.

lone anything_

"I've nothing to say against her per-conally, and I've told you that before," interrupts the old man; "but I don't see itting-room Grace admired so much and which her aunt thought we could why our family-your grandfather, John Maitland, fought under William at the not afford. I'll go and see Kenzie at

Having gone into the back office and Boyne-should be so fond of Catholics It's just your confounded, pig-headed, made sure that "the firm" had no farther need of his services, he starts for Kenzie's nate desire to offend me In justice to Andrew McVeigh, it must

be said that he does not mean more than one half of what he says. He has had a day of disappointments, and his temper is worse than usual.

"You have thwarted me whenever you could, John Maitland, and I may repay you yet by cutting you off with a shilling, if I have to leave my money to the world

Papist ?" And the inconsistent old man ives his whip a vicious flip which, either disasters in Egypt, and is blind accident or design, makes a red mark his nephew's cheek. Then, chuckling, the deadlier danger they are fomenting i Ireland. It is time to drive the madmen from the wheel in both Ireland and Enghe walks slowly from the garden, takes his horse's bridle, and proceeds down the land; and it is not, we trust, too late to steer the nations into peace and unity. The burden lies on England, who has all to lose. Ireland has lost all—and has

street. John Maitland, gasping with rage, looks after him. "I could kill him where he stands !" he everything to gain.

mutters, hoarsely. "I will ! I will !" "John !" Grace lays her hand on hi A Bargain in Corner Lots arm, and then shrinks back. Fury changed her hero into a demon. is what most men desire, but to keep from filling a grave in a cemetery lot ere half She feels powerless. She sees the golden cross of St. Paul's glowing in the sunlight, and the sight inspires her. "John," she says, pointing with her hand, "go, if you love your days are numbered, always keep supply of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" by you. When the first symp-

our soul; if you love me, go, and kneel before our Lord! He alone can save you toms of consumption appear lose no time in putting yourself under the treatment of from your passion !'

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medi-cine for every one in the spring. Emi-grants and travellers will find in it an effectual cure for the eruptions, boils, pimples, eczema, etc., that break out on

If you suffer from headache, dizziness, back-ache, biliousness or humors of the blood, try Burdock Blood Bitters. It is a gained it the approval of the public, but gained it the approval of the public, but its superiority in the essential qualities guaranteed cure for all irregularities of the blood, liver and kidneys.

The Pope would observe, and justly oblogland's enemies invading Northern Inserve, that he would be as much a prisoner lia, seizing the Australias, or dashing at with your six millions as he is to day at aglaud's own shores. Should the storm burst that is now

gathering, Ireland must dec'are her inde-pendence. If the thunder be delayed, it is only for a time. Ireland will, if pre-sent relations continue, at once get reco nition as a nation from France, Germany Austria and Russia. The United States would not fail to follow. Ireland is larger and richer and far more populous and in fluential than half the free nations the Pope, with the surrounding country of ten or fifteen leagues, wholly neutral; of the surrounding surrounding is that the practice Earope-Denmark, Belgium, Switzerland Sweden and Norway, Greece, and Bul garia. Ireland's position and natural wealth would soon make her one of the of ten or fifteen leagues, wholy neutral; and assigns to him a revenue of twelve millions. If the Pope should accept this arrangement, would Your Majesty con-sent to it ?" Although the astute Emperor sent to it ?" Although the astute Emperor chest and most prosperous countries in England blames the Gladstone Ministry

understood the apologue, he made his proposal to Pius VII.; but the Sovereign Pontiff replied that Savona appeared to im as good a prison as Paris, that siz llions a year were not necessary him, tenpence a day being enough for him, which he would willingly receive in alms from the faithful. A similar reply was given by Pius IX., when Quintin Sella sent him a Public Debt bond for 3 225,000 francs as the income of the Holy and the refusal was repeated by Leo III.

Young and middle aged men suffering rom nervous debility, premature old age, oss of memory, and kindred symptoms, hould send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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