

Nora's Pledge.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR RYAN.

"Wishes, Paddy, what brought you? You're welcome, welcome, welcome. To your supper at home with your wife; sure they told me as much, and see, what's that? You're the pledge, they say, taken for you?"

KNOCKNAGOW

OR THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER III.

MAT THE THRASHER.

As the party approached the avenue gate, on their way to the farm, a tax cart was seen coming from the direction of the village. "O! it's Richard," Grace exclaimed; "I'm so glad."

lapped, laying his walking stick on a whitethorn bush in the fence, "to the ash-tree at the left hand side of the gap," pointing to a tree at the opposite side of the field. "In a straight line," he added, looking at Mat as if the problem were worthy to be grappled with even by his genius.

THE TRACKS IN THE SNOW.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRACKS IN THE SNOW.

The window of Mary's room faced the west, and she was fond of sitting there in the evening. It was a curious little house, up in the pointed roof of the oldest part of the cottage—which had been added to at different periods, and presented the appearance of a promiscuous collection of odds and ends of houses, not one of which bore the slightest resemblance to any of the rest. The window was the only one in the ivy covered gable, and looked into a little enclosure, half garden and half stubbly. Mary sat up at the window, looking at the fast-falling snow, while Grace stood opposite the looking glass, arranging her hair.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE OF MEDIEVAL ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. F. D. M. M. M.

It is only very gradually that we are obtaining a real knowledge of the middle ages. Hitherto it has been one of those subjects which no one could approach without getting into a passion. Just as no one can talk soberly of Mary Queen of Scots so it would appear as if few could keep their tempers in speaking or writing of the medieval age. The fact is that it is only by little that we can understand a period so very different from our own. A chaotic time is always a time of great contrasts—when profound ignorance exists side by side with considerable learning in individual instances, when heretics are wild and monstrous, while the faith is touchingly simple and devoted. What a student of history must forcibly be that the more minutely we know the ages which are past the more we learn the oneness of the spirit amidst all outward differences of form. We are every day obtaining more knowledge about the middle ages, and much has come to light since, thirty years ago, I wrote some "Lives of English Medieval Saints," at Littlemore, and little as I have been able to follow the progress of history since then I have been enough to acknowledge that recent publications have brought with them the conviction that there was more in our medieval life amongst our ancestors than appeared at first sight.

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THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

Editorial Correspondence of THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Baltimore, Nov. 14th, 1889. CONCORDIA HALL. On Monday the cathedral was crowded with Bishops, priests and people. High Mass commenced at 9 a. m. The celebrant was Archbishop Healy, of Milwaukee. A very eloquent sermon was preached by Bishop Gilmore, of Cleveland, on the absolute necessity of Christian dogmas and religious training forming the most essential part of Catholic education. The immense crowd then repaired to Concordia Hall, to assist at the opening of the first Catholic lay congress ever held on this side of the Atlantic. Concordia Hall is situated about the centre of the city. It was erected by Catholic Germans for public entertainments, and it is most suitably adapted for concerts, dramatic and oratorical exhibitions. Besides the great advantage of an extensive platform, on which two hundred can be easily accommodated, it affords seating or standing room for two thousand people, and has an extensive gallery on which about one thousand more may occupy seats and listen to every word of the orator or the dramatist. It has, though in a more substantial form, all the features and advantages of the Pavilion in the city of Toronto. I have already sent you an account of the paper read and speeches delivered by Mr. G. E. Bonaparte and Mr. W. A. Dougherty on the first day of the opening of congress.