Nora's Pledge.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BYAN. "Wishs, Paddy, what brought you? You're

welcome, asthore,
To your supper at home with your wife;
Sure they told me as much, and see, whisper, what's more,
You've the pledge, they say, taken for life.

"Arran, Nora, don't mind 'em, what harm if I nave?" Sure there s plenty of men with the same, And I never heard yet that they asked 'by yourlave'
Of their wives—or cared much for their

"Is it blame you, my darlin'? God help us!

An wry
Would I blame you, and I here alone?

No! I pray on my two bended knees till I
did

die
For the father that pledged you, my own."
'Now wait a bit. Nora, and wet me the tea,
And we'll talk of the prayers by and bye;
You were always a wonder entirely to pray,
But I'm never mucu good wnile I'm dry."

"Sure I have it here ready, well drawn, and

Of new milk with the cream on for you, And I'd like you to show me the publican's Where you'd get a more elegant brew, And the fire I have bright as my heart is,

And the life it have bright as in here, and warm And I'm thicking your pleigs won't be broke, while my arm Is around you like this, Patsy dear."

"Why thin, Nora, 'tis true for you, darlin' Not a half of the drunkards that roam Would be ever seen d wkening a publican's

door,
If their Noras would keep them at home.
Sare the Austinence pledge would be easy to

Reep
If two heads and two hearts were as one,
And if nomes were like this, no poor Noras
would weep
Through the comfortless evenings alone.

"Let me kneel down then, husband; I'm thinking I'll take
A pledge from you, dearest—'tis this:
I will promise your home ever home-like to make,
And I'n handsel my pledge with a kies,
And you'll promise to come here and stay
with your wife.
When you've finished your work for the
day. day, And sue's pledged now to make your home happy for tife; So now, darin', let's come to our tea.

KNOCKNAGOW

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 fort, a tax cart was seen coming from the direction of the

village.
On! 'tis Richard," Grace exclaimed;

"The so glad."

She evinced her joy by a series of little bounds as she took Miss Kearney's arm and tried to hurry her forward. But her companion's pace was too slow for her impatience, and she ran on alone, "She is a very interesting child," said Mr. Lowe.

Mr. Lowe,
"She would not thank you for calling
her a child," said Miss Kearney with a

"I should scarcely have called her a child a moment ago," he replied, "for she talked and looked like a very sensible woman. Perhaps she is older than she seems?
"No; she is a child in years. But

she really astonishes me sometimes."
"Who are the gentlemen?" he added, as the tax cart stopped.

"My brothers."
Grace pulled open one side of the heavy gate with all her might; but as she was about exerting her strength with the other, she suddenly lat go her hold, and ran out on the road. The taller of the two occu-pants of the tax cart reached her his hand, and she was standing between his knees in an instant. They drove on; and Miss Kearney said, in reply to her companion's

dook of surprise:

"They are going round to the bick gate. Grace will bring them out immediately you may be sure."

"is she a relative of yours?" he asked.

"Her mother's sister is married to an uncle of mine," she replied. "Her father, Dottor Kiely, is a very eminent physician, and a man of distinguished talent."

his patriotism; and yet, strange to say he is the favorite doctor of nearly all the great families of the county, and he has great families of the county, and he has ever so many public appointments. Grace would say, 'quite a monopoly of them,'" she added, smiling her angelic smile—as much at her own homely

phrase as at the more learned one her little friend would have used. aristocracy. Perhaps it tells as well for the high

character and skill of Dr. Kiely."
"About what age is he?" Mr. Lowe asked.
"I believe about fifty," she replied. "He is the finest-looking man I

"Has he a large family ?"

"No; two daughters. The eldest is a very beautiful girl; but Grace is her Wather's idol."

Yes; he has a son,"

There was a kind of hesitation in her manner of replying to his last question that caused Mr. Lowe to look inquiringly at ber. But their conversation was in terrupted by a tall, brawny peasant, who was passing the gate, to talk to Mr. Kearney. The peasant's name was Donovan, but

he was universally known as Mat the Thrasher. He excelled in all kinds of work as a farm laborer, and never met his match at wielding a flail. As a consequence, he was in great request among farmers from October to March; and, indeed, during all the year round-for Mat could turn a hand almost to anything, from soleing a pair of brogues to roofing and thatching a barn. His super iority as a ploughman was never ques tioned. As a proof of his skill in this Kearney was about running what in Ire land is called a "ditch" through the land is called a "ditch" through the centre of the "kiln field," the difficulty presented itself—how to make the fence perfectly straight. And, as a matter of course, Mat Donovan was immediately

"Now," said Mat, after looking at the ground, "where do you want to run it?" The idea of a potato-stalk making a "From this bush," his employer rafter for a house made Miss Kearney

replied, 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

worthy to be grappled with even by his genius.

Mat walked away without uttering a word, leaving Mr. Kearney and a half-dozen workmen, who, leaning on their spades, were waiting the order to begin at the construction of the new ditch, taltogether unable to conjecture how he intended to proceed; but with unshaken faith in his ultimate success.

Mat walked leisurely back to the "gurteen" when he had been at work, is and was soon seen coming through the gap near the ash tree with his plough thereby lifting the irons, so as that they might glide over the ground without cutting through it, till he came to the ash tree. Facing his horses towards the whitehorn bush at the opposite end of the field, he fixed his eye steadily on that object.

his "Yo—up!" to the horses, and on he came, nearer and nearer, slow but sure, till they could catch the air of the song which he commenced to chant with as great solemnity of look and intonation as great solemnity of look and intonation as if its accurate rendering were a neces-sary condition of the success of his under-taking. They soon had the benefit even of the words, and as Mat pulled the horses to one side as their breasts touched the whitethorn busb; he coninued while he reined them in :

"Oh, had I the lamp of Aladdin, And had I his geni also, I'd rather live poor on a mountain, With colleen dhas cruiteen amo."

"There it is for you," he exclaimed, as he folded his arms, after flinging down the reins, "as straight as the split in a

peeler's poll."

Mr. Kearney thrust his thumbs into the arm holes of his waistoost, and looked intensely solemn, which was his way of expressing extreme delight.

The workmen looked at one another and half the hole is allest a delivation. The workmen looked at one another and shook their heads in silent admiration—Jim Dunn, as he flung his coat against "the belly of the ditch," declaring in a decided tone, as if there could be no decided tone, as if there could be no possible question of the fact, that "nothin' could bate him." And Tom Maher, after spitting first in one fist and then in the other (if we may be pardoned for chronicling such a proceeding), firmly clutched his spade with both hands, and eyeing his hero from head to foot, devoutly wished "bad luck to the mother that'd herended him her desurter." bad luck to the mother that'd begrudge him her daughter."
By which Tom merely meant to express in a general way his belief that Mat the Thrasher was good enough for any woman's daughter, and intended no allusion to any particular mother or daughter. But the flush that reddened the honest face of the ploughman, and a certain softening of his gray eyes, told plainly enough that Tom Maher had unconsciously touched a sensitive chord in the heart of big Mat Donovan.

the heart of big Mat Donovan,
Some readers may, perhaps, require
an explanation of Mat's allusion to "the
split in a peeler's poll." The fact is,
that respectable "force," now known as
the Royal Irish Constabulary, have
always been noted for the extreme care bestowed by them on the hair of their heads. At the time of which we write a "crease" down the back of the head was policeman in country districts where "swells" were scarce. And to such a pitch of perfection had the "force" at ained in the matter of this crease, that tained in the matter of this crease, that Mat the Thrasher could find nothing in art or nature capable of conveying a just idea of the straightness of the line he had marked out for Maurice Kearney's new ditch but "the split in a peeler's poll." We have thought this explanation necessary, lest the split in the poll should be mistaken for a split in the skull—a thing which our good natured friend never once thought of. The "new ditch" is to this day the admiraalent."
'On, I believe I have heard of him, be not one of your great agitators?"

tion of all beholders. To be sure, it never was and never will be the slightest earthly use—a fact of which Hugh tried "Yes; I suppose you would call him to convince his father before this whim vas put into execution. But Maurice Kearney was headstrong, and would have his way in such matters. narrowly escaped being a fruze ditch_or what in other parts of the country would be called a whin hedge—by a character-istic blunder of Wattletoes, who was sent by his master to sow the seed of the "un-profitably gay" shrub. In due time a drill of turnips appeared along the top of the new ditch; while Hugh Kearney was astonished one fine morning to find a promising crop of funze in the very middle of his "purple-tops." Miss Kearney wished Mat a happy

Ohristmas.

'I wish you the same, and a great many of them, miss," he replied, looking lowards her for a moment, and then turned to resume the conversation with er father. "He is a magnificent specimen of the

Irish peasant," said Mr. Lowe to Miss

"No," replied the latter; "I won't sell any turnips. I'll want all I have, and more. But I thought you had a good crop of potatoes. I never saw finer. y turned out bad," said Mat.

"Were those the potatoes behind your touse, Mat?" Miss Kearney asked. house, Mat?" Miss Kearney asked.
"Nelly pointed them out to me one day,
and asked me did I ever see a flower-

garden so blooming"
"The very same, miss," Mat replied, with a sorrowful shake of the head. "I never laid my eyes on such desavers,"
"I suppose they were blighted," said

Miss Kearney.
"No then, miss," he replied, with a reproachful sadness in his look and voice. "Every stalk ov 'em would make a rafter for a house the first of Novem ber. But put the best man in the parish to dig 'em after, and a duck 'ud swally all he'd be able to turn out from morn-

ing till night."

her facher:
"I think, sir, you might give Mat the turnips he requires."
"Do you want to have the whole parish coming for turnips?" exclaimed her father in no amiable tone.
"Sure you can refuse the next person

that comes.

"Very well," said he, with a resigned look and a shrug of the shoulder, as if there were no help for it.

Mat Donovan expressed his thanks; but in a manner that showed he was pretty sure his request would have been granted in any case. He strode up the hill with an easy, swinging gait; and as he carried a huge stick in his hand and turned in the direction of the fort, Miss Kearney remarked that he was going to join the "wren boys."

She should have known better, however, than use the words "wren boys" in the

She should have known better, however, than use the words "wren boys" in the sense she did. They are only called wren boys who carry the wren in a holly bush decorated with ribbons from house to house on St. Stephen's Day: and many who hunt the wren do not join in this part of the proceedings. We may remark also that though the "king of all birds" is said and sung to be "caught in the furzs" on St. Stephen's Day, he is invariably "caught," and often ruthlessly slain, too, on Christmas Day.

"caught," and often ruthlessly state, too, on Christmas Day.

Mr. Lowe was beginning to feel quite at home with his fair companion—whom we shall call by her Christian name, Mary,

we shall call by her Christian name, Mary, in future—and on seeing her brothers coming through the lawn towards them, asked her to tell him semething about them.

"Well," she replied, "my eldest brother, Hugh, lives at home and attends to the farm with my father. Richard is a surgeon; he has a great wish to go to Australia. tralia, but my father and mother are opposed to it."

Richard and Grace came on merrily to-

gether; while Hugh walked thoughtfully, if not moddily, behind them. He was about the middle height, broad shouldered and strongly built. His hair and beard were black as night, and his complexion were black as night, and his complexion to dark that strangers sometimes asked if he had been a salior, or had lived under a tropical sun. His dress of gray tweed betokened the farmer; but a heavy gold watch chain seemed to indicate that he was not indifferent to display. He was not popular like his father; but the respect with which he treated events spect with which he treated even the humblest day laborer, and a certain quiet independence in his bearing towards the gentry of his neighborhood, won for him the esteem of all classes. On the whole, Hugh Kearney was looked upon as come-thing of a puzzle by his friends. And latterly his sister Mary, who loved him above all her brothers, used to feel uneasy at the thought that he was not happy,

Richard was a contrast to Hugh in almost every respect. He was tall, slender, fair skinned, light haired, gay, thought less, and talkative.

Maurice Kearney introduced his sons to

Mr. Lowe-"Sir Garrett's nephew;" and as Grace had told them all about that gentleman, and his intention of spending some days with them, Richard and he were on excellent terms immediately, and had all the talk to themselves till they came

up with the wren hunters.

Mr. Lowe was astonished to see an excited crowd of men and boys armed with sticks, and running along on either side of a thick, briery fence, beating it closely, and occasionally aiming furious blows at he knew not what. After a while, how-ever, he caught a glimpse of the tiny object of their pursuit, as, escaping from a shower of blows, it flitted some ten yards along the fence, and disappeared from view among the brambles. The crowd, among whom Mat the Thrasher and Wattletoes were conspicuous, rushed after; and as they poked their ticks into the withered grass and beat the bushes, the poor little wren was seen creeping through poor little wren was seen creeping through the hedge, and the blows rained so thick and fast about it that its escape seemed miraculous. It did escape, however, and after a short flight had just found shelter in a low sloe bush, when Mat the Thasher leaped forward, and with a blow that crashed through the bush as if a forest-tree had fallen upon it, seemed beyond all doubt to have annihilated his kingship. Grace, who could only see the ludicrous side of the scene, laughed till she had to catch at Mary's cloak for support, while Mary turned away with an exclamation of pain. But though she kept her head turned away to avoid seeing the little mutilated representation of the proto martyr, even she was forced to laugh when the huge

Thrasher shouted—
"I struck her! I struck her! and knocked my hat full of feathers out of

After a minute of complete slience, durt changed its tactics altogether, and flaw right across the field into a quarry over-grown with brambles, followed by all its pursuers except Mat the Thrasher, whose Kesrney.

"Let us wait till you hear him talk," said she. "You will be sure to hear something out of the common from Mat the Thrasher, as we call him."

Mat, it appeared, wanted to know if Mat, it appeared, wanted to know if Mat, however, looked at them as if to his mind it was no laughing matter, and requested some person or persons unknown to "let him alone after that." Then after pondering deeply for a moment, with his eyes fixed on the ground, he walked slowly away; as if, in spite of Jim Dunn's assertion to the centrary, he had met something to "bate him" at last.
"It is very ridiculous," said Mr. Lowe,

to see grown men in pursuit of a little wren, and as much carried away by the excitement of the chase as if it were.—"

"Well," said Mr. Lowe, who was a little posed by the remark, "I believe hunting the wren is not the only kind of hunting that could easily be made to appear ridi-

The window of Mary's room faced the weet, and she was fund of sitting there in the evening. It was a curious little bower, up in the pointed roof of the bower, 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 promisenous collection of odds and ends of houses, not one of which bore the alightest resemblance to any of the rest. The window was the only one in the lay covered gable, and looked into a little enclosure, half garden and half shrubbery. Mary sat near the window, looking at the fast-sinking sun, while Grace stood opposite the looking glass, arranging her hair.

"Ah, Mary," the said, with a sigh, "that's the elegant young man."

"Mr. Lowe."

"Mr. Lowe."

"Mr. L.)we."
"Is he, indeed? Then I suppose Richard is to be discarded?"
"Oh, Richard is quite an Adonis. But, then, Mr. L.)we has such an air—he is so then, Mr. Liwe has such an air—he is so aristocratic. He seems to admire you," she continued. "But that's of course, They all admire a be a uty." Miss Grace dwelt upon the word, with a curl of the lip, as if she had the most sovereign contempt for beauty. At the same time she stood upon her toes and surveyed herself in the glass from every possible point of view. of view.

"Do you think yourself handsome Grace? "Well, between you and me, Mary, I do

Though not in the usual way, perhaps."
"You mean 'handeome is that handome does?"
"Not at all! I was not thinking of

"Not at all! I was not thinking of that stupid old proverb. But there is Adonis in the garden, and—what shall we call the other?—Apollo."

Mary looked round and saw her brothers and Mr. Lowe in the garden.

"And what will you call Hugh?" she

"Oh, Nabachodonosor, if you like-or Finn Macool," replied Grace, laughing.
"I really don't know what to make of him. He seems to be always trying to calculate how many thorns in an acre of furze."

Richard here called to his elster, saying "Can you tell us anything about these tracks in the snow? We are puzzled by

hem."
"No," Mary replied, opening the window, end looking down with surprise.

"The puzzle is," said Richard, "that there are no tracks coming towards the house. The person must have jumped from your window." from your window." "Do you think anything has been stolen?" she asked,

"The tracks," he replied, "are those of slight high heeled boots, such as gentlemen wear."
"I don't know on earth how to ac-

"And he must have been well ac-quainted with the place," Richard con-tinued; "for he faced straight to the stile beaind the laurels; and no stranger

vould have done that." Mary's face flushed crimson : but to owe were looking towards the laurel and did not observe her. They followed the footprints out on the road near "the Bush"—where the lads and lasses of Bush"—where the lads and lasses of Knocknegow were wont to assemble—and here all trace of them was lost in

the trampled snow.

The three young men returned to the house through the armyard, Mr. Lowe having expressed a wish to see the horse of which his host had spoken in

the morning.
"Really, Mary," said Grace, "it is like

that one of the Melodies,

'Weep for the hour When to Eveleen's bower The lord of the valley with his false vow

Is there a lord of the valley in the case?" "I don't know what to make of you,"
said Mary, looking at her as if she
thought it just possible that Miss Grace
Kiely might be the queen of the fairies. "But as you really must be a witch of

"Not one of those ladies, I hope," Grace interrupted, "who nightly travel upon broomsticks."

"Well," Mary resumed, laughing, "anything you like. But perhaps you could make out the mystery?"

"Well, let me see." Sae knelt down, and resting her elbows on the low window frame, put her hands under her chin, and with knitted brow contemplated the foot-

prints in the snow.
"The solution of the mystery is this," she gravely began. "There is nothing very extraordinary in a man's footprint affair enough; but the wonder is, as Sydney Smyth said of the fly in the amber, 'now the devil it got there.' Have you read any of Sydney Smyth's

"Never read Peter Plymley's Let-

"Never," Mary replied.
Grace shook her head, and was about proceeding with what she called the

lution of the mystery, when she again "By the bye, there was a discussion at our last literary dinner party—as I call them when we have the poets and editors-about Longfellow's

'Footprints on the sands of time.' 'Tis to be hoped when I speak of

Longfellow you do not suppose I mean your graceful brother?'
'No," replied Mary, laughing, "I am
not quite so illiterate as you suppose. Though I dare say your poets and editors would be apt to set me down for a

brother—for archness, particularly in the presence of a stranger, was not in Mary's way. preciate your humble servant slightly, and has perpetrated an acrostic which I will repeat for you some time. But un fortunately the 'Brehon' is the rummest

Now, if I am, indeed, a bard, Immortal song, uncrowned, unstarred— Though gold, and friends, and rivats guard— Shall win thee, spite of Fate, Jessie.'

She substitutes 'Eva' for 'Jessie,' and takes it all to herself. I fear the poor child's head is a little turned," sighed Miss Grace, with a very wise shake of

Mary laughed for the poor child was five years her senior. But Grace, with-out condescending to notice the interruption, went on:
"To return, however, to the

'Footprints on the sands of time' It was objected that the returning tide would wash away a footprint from the sand, and therefore the idea was a bad sand, and therefore the idea was a bad one. But papa very properly observed that time, when compared with eternity, was nothing more that the strand between the cobing and flowing of the tide. But to come to our footprints in the snow. We need not trouble ourselves with the notion that his Sable Majesty has had anything to do with them. Of course you read 'Robinson Crusoe'"

'Yes," Mary replied, wondering what Robinson Crusoe could have to do with it.

"Very good. Well, the solution of the

mystery is this: our man Friday—in a stylish pair of Wellington boots—was standing there when the snow com-menced to fall; and, like a patient savage as he was, there he remained till the snow left off—and then walked away. Quod erat demonstrandum. Excuse my eakness for Latin."

"I declare," said Mary, with a look of wonder, "that must be it."
"Oh," exclaimed Grace, resuming her bright look, "there are a pair of feet making tracks," as our Yankee friends would say, which might well frighten John the Baptist himself if he met them

in the wilderness."

And she pointed to Barney Brodherick, who was making for the stile behind the laurels, in his not to be described mode of locomotion.

Mary called to him, and Barney swung round and looked up at them.
"Barney," said she, "did you meet
anyone on your way from town last

anyone on your way from town last night?"
"Begob, I did, Miss," replied Barney, with a start. "An' God forgive me," he continued, pulling off his hat and taking a letter from the lining, "I forgot to give you this bit uv a note."

He came under the window and threw the letter up to Grace, who caught it and handed it to Mary.
"What o'clock might it be, Miss Grace?" Barney asked, with the coax-

Grace?" Barney asked, with the coaxing grin he always wore when speaking

"It is past four, Barney."

"Thanum-on dioul, can it be late so earley?" he exclaimed, Tare an 'ouns, I'll be kilt." And Barney "made tracks" for the stile benind the laurels.

Grace laughed, and turned round to repeat his words; but checked herself on seeing Mary with the open letter in her hand, gazing towards the distant

nountains "And now," she said abstractedly,

"he is gone." TO BE CONTINUED. THE SPIRITUAL LIFE OF

MEDIÆVAL ENGLAND. 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 cf Scots so it would appear as if few could keep their tempers in speaking or writing of the med eval time. 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 con-siderable learning in individual instances, when heresies are wild and monstrous, while faith is touchingly simple and devoted. What strikes a student of history most forcibly ages which are past the more we learn the oneness of the spirit amidst all out-ward differences of form. We are every day obtaining more knowledge about th day obtaining more knowledge about the middle ages. Much has come to light since, thirty years ago, I wrote some "Lives of English Mediæval Saints," at Littlemore, and, little as I have been able to follow the progress of history since then I have seen enough to acknowledge that recent publications have brought with them the conviction that there was mor ancestors than appeared at first sight.

It has now become simply ludicrous to look upon the devotional ideas of the middle ages as made up of indulge and gifts to monasteries These, of course, had their right place, as they have now. But, if ever it was doubtfu', no one now can doubt that the mediaval signer knew quite as well as the gentle man of the nineteenth century that if he offended God and did not resolve never to offend Him again, he would infallibly be lost, though he left all his lands to the neighboring con-vent. Priests might sing Requiems, and nuns might recite their office, but nought could avail the impenitent before the judgment seat of Christ. If any man doubt it let him read a sermon preached by Berthold of Regensburg, somewhere near Toggenburg or Sargaus, not far from where the railway now skirts the lovely lake of Wallen. The skirts the lovely take of wanten. The bare footed Franciscan introduces, in his dramatic way, a man who had kept possession of ill gotten gains rising up in the midst of the congreup in the midst of the congre-gation, and saying, "Ho! Brother Berthold, I have done good to the brother

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A more pleasant physic
You never will find
Then Pierce's small "Pellets,"
The Purgative kind.

o dig 'em after, and a duck 'ud swally all he'd be able to turn out from morning till night."

A couple of pointers that had kept close to Hugh's heels; since he left the house aggested the subject of shooting; and after for a house made Miss Kearney

Mary was relieved from the task of talk.

Of the whole lot."

"The what?"

"Oh, such ignorance! The rummest suggested the subject of shooting; and who is really a nice fellow—I confess to remedy is so near at hand?

smile in spite of herself; but the duck swallowing all the potatoes a man could dig in a day, forced her to laugh outright.

To make amends for what she considered her ill timed mirth, she said to the said to the fallows.

THE TRACKS IN THE SNOW.

THE TRACKS IN THE SNOW. hood, and I make my confession every year; I have often entertained you at my house, I am in the confraternity, and have besought your prayers, that when I am dead you may watch over my body with song and lections." "Thou hast done well," is the Brother's answer, "and as toon as thou art dead we will pray for thee, and read long vigils, and chant beautiful Masses for thy soul, and loud requiems, and bring thee in procession from thy parish church into our minster, and lay thee before the altar. But, I teil thee, if thou hast not restored what thou hast robbed, then if all the tears and the raindrops which were ever shed or rained since the world began were turned into monks and brothers, grey monks and black, preachers and minorites—yea, into patriarchs and prophets, martyrs and confessors, widows and virgint—and if they were to read and to sing and weep tears of blood before God for thee to the day of judgment, they would do thee no more good than if they did all this for the foul fiend." Such was mediaval doctrine in the year 1256. Moreover it results from many hitherto unknown documents that there was much more of what sults from many hitherto unknown documents that there was much more of what we should now call spirituality everywhere in the middle sges than even Catholics were disposed to think. It is even plain that nations were not reduced even plain that nations were not reduced to one uniform standard. There was, for instance, a type of devotion which was peculiarly Euglish, and the object of the present essay is to point this out.

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A NEW HOME TREATMENT FOR THE CURE OF CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS
AND HAY FEVER.

The microscope has proved that these diseases are contagious, and that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the internal lining membrane of the upper air passages and custactian tubes. The eminent scientists, Tyndsll, Huxley and Beale, endorse this, and these authorities cannot be disputed. The regular method of treating these diseases is to apply an irritant remedy weekly, and even daily, thus keeping the delicate membrane in a constant state of irritation, accompanied by violent sneezing, allowing it to chance to heal, and as a natural consequence of such treatment not one permanent cure has ever been recorded. It is an absolute fact that these diseases cannot be cured by any application made oftener than once in two weeks, for the membrane must get a chance to heal before an application is repeated. It is now seven years since Mr. Dixon discovered the parasite in catarrh and formulated his new treatment, and since then his remedy has become a nonsehold word in every country where the English language is spoken. Cures effected by him seven years ago are cures still, there having been no return of the disease.

So highly are these remedies valued, and so great is the demand for them, that ignorant imitators have started up everywhere, pretending to destroy a parasite of which they know nothing, by remedies, the results of the application of which they are equally ignorant. Mr. Dixon's remedy is applied only once in two weeks, and from one to three applications effect a permanent cure in the most aggravated cases. These remedies are a specific for Gatarrhal troubles peculiar to females.

Mr. Dixon sends a pemphlet describing his new treatment on the receipt of ten cents in stamps. The address is A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King street west, Toronto, Canada.—Seientific American.

What Is Wanted

Is something that will make a man sleep well, eat well and rise in the morning re-freshed and strong, with none of the worn out tired feeing sure to be found where constipation dyspepsia or diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood exist. Burdock Blood Bitters meets every indica-

tion expressed above. The Cheapest medicine in use is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, because so very little of it is required to effect a cure. For croup, diphtheria, and diseases of the lungs and throat, whether used for bathing the chest or throat, for taking internally or in-haling it is a matchless compound.

For Frost Bites.

There is no better remedy for frost bites, chilblains, and similar troubles than llagyard's Yellow Oil. It also cures rheumatism, lumbage, sore threat, deafness, and lameness and pain generally. Yellow Oil is used internally and externally. There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

I can recommend Burdock Blood Bitters as a sure cure for scrofula I had it for four years, and was so bad at one time that

four years, and was so bad at one time that I was almost a solid sore. I commenced taking B. B. B. last summer, have taken three bottles, and am entirely cured now.

MISS ELLEN PIPE, Jasper, Ont. How to Cure Headache.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parmelee's Pills a first class article for Billous Headache."

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions.

lor the past few years, those who have the worker as worker have greeted over Five Allians of solars for their services. The work is a first the work is early pleasant, adapted to both young the thing of the services. You can work all the time of its part time only Any one certification of the services of the time of the services. The converted of the services of before we secure all the workers we need, we will lay all re you FREE. Better write before you rest, and then bu conclude not to go to work, or if we cannot employ you no harm is done. Every one of our workers makes big money True & Co., Box 139, Augusta, Maine

THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

Editorial Correspondence of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Baltimore, Nov. 14th, 1889. CONCORDIA HALL.
On Monday the cathedral was crowded

On Monday the cathedral was crowded with Bishops, priests and people. High Mass commenced at 9 a. m. The celebrant was Archbishop Heles, of Milwaukee. A very eloquent sermon was presched 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 suitably adapted for concerts, dramatic and oratorical exhibitions. Besides the and oratorical exhibitions. Besides the great advantage of an extensive platform, on which two bundred 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 pronounced on the platform by the orator or the dramatist. It has, though in a more substantial form, all the features and advantages of the Pavillion in the city of Toronto.

I have already sent you an account of

I have already sent you an account of the papers read and speeches delivered by Mr. C. E. Bonaparte and Mr. W. A. Dougherty on the first day of the open-

ong of congress.

HON. HONORE MERCIER.

On Tuesday ex-Governor John Lee Carroll presided, and after the assembling of the delegates at 10:30 be introduced the Hon. Honore Mercier, the Premier of Quebec, who was received with loud and repeated cheers, and who delivered one of the most elequent and most telling speeches heard at this cultured and exceptionally brilliant gathering of lay gentlemen. It is to be presumed and most ardently wished for that Hon. Mr. Mercier's noble, Catholic and patriotic address will be given to the public in extenso, that all Canadians may have an opportunity of studying the grave questions so lucidly and so elo quently elaborated, while enjoying the satisfaction and very landable pride in Catholic Canada being so nobly and so truthfully represented on this grand occa-

sion.

Hon. Mr. Mercier it was who brought forward the Jesuits' Estate Act, by which the order received a very slight compensation for all the losses it incurred by the confiscation of its estates under the government of King George III. As Mr. Mercier said, when referring to that matter, "the same king who robbed the Jesuit Fathers of their hard-earned property drove your fathers into rebellion, by robbing men of their liberties and national independence."

Mr. Mercier spoke on the Church and

its relation to free government. When religious freedom was proclaimed in America, he said all Europe was under the dominion of absolutism. The right to assemble was denied, the right to vote, even in England, was confined to the few, and it was only in this country that the spectacle was presented of a govern-ment by the masses instead of a govern-ment by the classes. In the grand and glorious work of extending the doctrine of religious and political freedom Arch-bishop Carroll took no small share. bishop Carroll took no small share.
The Declaration of Independence
was a revelation to the world. It
proclaimed with no uncertain sound that
the source of all government was in the
people. It was due to the influence of
Archbishop Carroll and Benjamin Frank
lin that French Canadians remained
neutral in the struggle between England and her American colonies. Arch bishop Carroll was very zealous in the cause of education. He realized the importance of education in a government of the people by the people, where every citizen is a statesman. It is a most fitting occasion, then, to erect now a monument to his memory, and no monument to the more appropriate than ment could be more appropriate than the one just erected in the capital of the

In speaking of the \$400,000 given recently by the Quebec government to the Jesuits, he said it was simply returning to them property of which they had been despoiled by George III. of England, It was an act of restitution of land, It was an act of restitution of which the people are proud, and history will praise the people that had the moral courage to do it.

I should add to all that has been said

freest people on earth, the University at

that Hon. Honore Mercier produced, a sincere and zealous Catholic, a mos tavorable impression among the delegate of the Catholic congress of Baltimore During his stay in that Catholic city he During his stay in that Catholic city he was the guest of clergymen. Outside of the actual work of the congress his tim was spent among prelates and priests of the highest distinction and the most austere piety. If not at actual congress work he could always be founeither at the residence of Cardinal Git bons or at the College of Loyola of Calvert street, his favorite resort. I hat he honor as well as the very gree pleasure of meeting him at both place especially at the college, where he spen pleasure of meeting nim at ooth places especially at the college, where he specially at the college, where he specially at the college, where he specially at the college, with the Jeaust Fathers and others of the special debately countries. free and debatable questions, on which even against the Fathers themselves, h always chose the side "orthodoz," Th Hon. Honore Mercier is in every sense the word a God-fearing man, a practic Catholic, an able statesman, who read much and has studied deeply and we all the social problems of his time at day. Although not interfering with at man's right to indulge in a glass of with or ale, he is himself a very strict te

or ale, no is nimself a very strict to totaler, not even permitting himself the use of tobacco in any shape or form.

On motion of James Fagin, of Ne York, a vote of thanks was tendere. York, a vote of thanks was tender Premier Mercier for his kindly expre-sions towards the Catholics and ti government of the United States. Mo signor Gadd, the representative of Ca dinal Manning, of England, was intr duced, and conveyed the congratulation of the Cardinal and the Catholics England to the Catholic Congress of the United States.

THE NEW SOCIAL ORDER. Peter A. Foy, of Detroit, read a pap