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fered so I did not care to live, yet I had much to live for. There is no pleasure in life if deprived of health, for life becomes a burden. Hood's Sarsaparilla does far more than advertised. After taking one bottle, it is sufficient to recommend itself." Mrs. J. E. SMITH. Beloit, Iowa.

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S-4 MOTHER SUPERIOR.

MARCELIA GRACE. By Rosa Mulholland.

> · CHAPTER XVII. GOD IS GOOD.

He had besought her not to comwith him even to the door, and she had obeyed him and remained on the spot where he had left her, and where she had sunk on her knees, until a faint splash caught by her quick ear told her they had left the island. Then,

wrapped in her dark cloak, she stole out and watched the boat to the opposite shore, and strained her eyes to see the last of the moving figures that

reached the other side.

After all that she went back into the house and softly closed the barred door, and swathing herself in her wraps, lay her length on her face on Mrs. Kil-martin's sofa. Now that action was no longer possible, she was between fatigue and sorrow, like a person drugged and unable longer to distinguish the sharp outlines of the hor rors that pressed around her. one figure was distinctly present to ner among the confused images of her brain-the figure of Byran Kilmartin travelling along the road to Dublin, moving ever towards a prison, towards dishonor, perhaps towards death Sometimes starting out of this haunted stupor she walked about the room as if to keep pace with that terrible move-ment of his which she could not stop

now and again standing still to look at a small likeness of him on the wall, made long ago (when she was a little half vagrant child running to the nun's school in the Liberties), the ardent countenance of a youth who knew no guile, the spirited face of the lad who had rushed, brave of soul, to drill for a dream warfare in the silence of the lonely glen. Or she would handle reverently the books in which his name was written, or gaze long at his old cremona hanging mute against the wall, kissing humbly the bow with which his fingers coaxed the music out of its heart, and out of her heart too. The next hour was spent on her knees beseeching heaven for him, and be tween the gusts of her prayer her spirit looked back through the storm-clouds of the present to the first beginning of her connection with him, to the moment she had looked in his face appealing to her for service, and been allowed to feel that in her poverty and weakness she could be useful to his manhood. She remembered the strange sacred yearning with which she had after that looked on him almost as her child because of her service rendered to him and the conviction she had felt that he would again require help at her hands. What help could she give

the discredit which half, if not all, the world would now heap on him, and to sweeten for him, as far as a woman can by her love and fidelity, the suffer ing and degradation which a mysteri ous Providence appeared to have de creed that he should endure? So the night passed, and in the dewy air of the dawn, while the black moun-

him now, except to be true to him, still

to guard skilfully the secret she had

kept for him all these months, to share

tains were turning purple, and the gold stars white, and the still lake was stirring in little freshets of waves round the house she stole noiselessly out of the house, and bathed her face in the cool water, and soothed her disordered locks, and sat on the rocks hoping that the morning breeze would re move some of the traces of the night's agony, so that the mere sight of her might not scare the poor mother who had yet to learn from her lips in what direful ways the feet of a beloved son were set. With the rising of the sun an accession of courage came to her. An emergency was at hand, and she had got to meet it. She would try to behave like a creature with faith and purpose, faith in God and in him, purpose, to rescue him from the darkness that had momentarily covered him. As soon as the servants were stirring in the house she returned there and re-plied calmly to the surprised looks and

words of the old house-keeper. 'Trouble has come on Mr. Bryan. Bridget, and I am here to tell his mother about it. He is gone to Dublin to deal with his enemies. You will know more of it by and by. Now take the mistress her breakfast, and hint nothing to her till she has had it. Afterwards I will go to her.'

With frightened looks the woman did her bidding, and an hour later she nerved herself for a difficult task which must be done before news should come flying at random from some outer

Mrs. Kilmartin was dressed and resting in her easy chair at the open window before making the effort of moving into the drawing room, when her door opened and Marcella appeared.

"My dear, what a delightfully early visit. But how tired and agitated you look. You are wearing yourself out with those lucky tenants of yours."

Marcella took her hand and kissed it, an homage she was fond of paying to Bryan's mother, and then dropped on her knees beside her, still holding the invalid's frail hand.

"Mother," she said, softly, "will you have me! Bryan has asked me to be his wife."

"Will I have you? My very dear one! Have I not been longing and praying for this? Thank heaven for giving my boy the desires of his heart!" and Mrs. Kilmartin folded the girl close to her.

Marcella stifled a hysterical cry, and hiding her face on the mother's neck, tried to poise the sword with which she was to pierce the tender breast on which she leaned. But she could not of how the newspaper venders were

do it.
"Mother," she began, again com-

manding her voice with a strong effort, "I will be very good to him, and if ever he is in trouble I will cling to him the more; and people do get into trouble in this world, mother; sometimes the best and noblest get the

The suspicion of a sob caught her breath, and with quick alarm Mrs. Kilmartin changed her position and looked her in the face.

"You and I have got to be good to him, and brave for him, mother, for he is in trouble-our Bryan is in trouble. Mrs. Kilmartin relaxed her hold of the girl, and leaned back in her chair,

pallid and panting.
"Bryan in trouble! What is it

Good God! have they shot him? My boy, my only son!"

The sight of her fear and agony strengthened Marcella, who stood up,

and, in a firm voice, said:
"Not so bad as that, mother. He is alive and well. But there is some horrid mistake, or some spite of an Somebody has im enemy at work. plicated him in the shooting of Mr Ffont last winter. Of course it is non sense, and everybody will see that it is so. I was very wrong to tell you in such a deleful manner. I have fright-ened you to death. Come, dear little mother, if you and I are not brave what will people say? We will laugh at the whole thing. We will show them what fools they have made of

themselves—"
To all of which Mrs. Kilmartin listened with fixed dreadful eyes, and only answered :

Where is he?" "I do not exactly know where he is this moment. He went away quite cheerfully last night. Come, mother, look up. Do not look like that or you look up. Do not look like that or you will kill me-me, who am going to be his wife when he comes back.

He was arrested?" "But by his own will and consent. He was warned and he would not go. He would rather prove his innocence

before the world. Mrs. Kilmartin did not stir.

'Think what a hero he will be when he comes back, mother. Everybody will do honor to a man who has passed through such a trouble unhurt.

He life will be inquired into, his virtues will be known, his good deeds done in secret will come to light. I declare when I think of it—I could be glad that this thing has happenedthat the world may know what a man is Bryan Kilmartin "-

Then suddenly breaking down: "Oh, Bryan, oh, my love, my love ! she wailed, and sinking on her knees again, with her face in Mrs. Kilmartid's lap, lot loose the floods of her weeping; and the two women wept and clung together till both were ex

hausted. The poor little mother had at last to be carried back to her bed and left in the darkened room unable to speak more, only lifting her tired eyes now and then to the crucifix Marcella had held to her lips, and then hung on the wall where she could see it. And after that Marcella had to go through her day, without possibility of news, or opportunity for action of any kind, or the chance of any event happening to break the terrible monotony of the

long, cruel, smiling, summer hours. She had at least leisure to write to Bryan, comforting him as to his mother, and saying all that her love and compassion could find words to express, but when the letter was written he remembered that she did not know to what prison he had been taken, and

must wait for tidings. Towards evening the boat was seen

"God is good, my child !" was the priest's greeting, and in his eyes she saw that he knew all. "We know that God is good."

Marcella's strength was spent, she tried to speak, but said nothing. "And strong," went on Father Daly.
"He is good and strong, stronger

than prisons and falsehoods. Now, my child, you will say 'yes' whether you feel it or not."
"Yes," said the girl faintly.

"And I won't allow those black stains round your eyes. Eheu! child. it would frighten the very crows to look at you. We have all a piece of work before us, and if you refuse your share who's going to step into your shoes? Not another soul in the

world could fill your place beside Bryan Kilmartin." "No one shall get the chance," said

Marcella, firmly.
"That's the girl I believed you to be. And how is the poor little mother taking it? I will go and have a talk with her first, and then you and I will lay our heads together over this matter. It will be found that Bryan was not altogether unprepared for this crisis. and you will see that things will go

And then Marcella walked the paths outside while the priest went in and helped the mother to wrestle with her anguish, while the slow-coming night wore on, and as the moonlight began to shine, the girl lived over again the scene of last night, now extracting the sweetness from the agony and hiving it in her heart of hearts, now losing all sense of it in her overwhelm-

ing tribulation.
In spite of his brave, assured words, and of her own determination to hope, she felt a lurking fear that he himself had believed a plausible case had been

made up against him. And as the stars quickened and that mid night search. throbbed above her head, each like a Still, every hour of the day and fiery point of pain, she thought of how night she was conscious of the reality at this moment the news of the arrest of Bryan Kilmartin was flying from yelling the tidings through the thoroughfares, and up and down the

lanes, and past the old house in Weaver's square where she had harbored him on that most blessed yet most terrible night which had first brought her life into contact with his, and at the same time had projected this horrible shadow of misfortune upon his future.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MISSING LINK. Bryan Kilmartin was lodged in Kilmainham prison, and the world talked of his guilt, which was accepted as a foregone conclusion, and rejoiced over as the missing link, discovered at last, between the Nationalists, with whom this man had openly ranked himself in politics, and the Fenians to whose counsels he had all the while secretly belonged.

His arrest caused a profound sensa tion in Dublin. In the best circles scarce a voice was lifted in his favor. It was taken for granted that a man of good family and education, who had so far forgotten the traditions of his class and his duty to his Queen as to become a Fenian, was quite capable of living in wait for his fellow man and fellow-landlord at a street corner, and doing him to death under cover of darkness. To suggest that a man ought to be held innocent till proved guilty was to be looked on as a secret advocate of murder, or, at least, as one in "sympathy with crime."

For rumor already said that it would be proved in the forthcoming trial that Kilmartin had been a Fenian for years. According to a Central News telegram he was an agent for the American dynamite party, and in the caves and cellars of the isle of Inisheen, where he had of late surlily withdrawn himself from the society of his neighbors in the county, stores of arms and ammunition had been discovered, with material for the manufacture of explosives sufficient to re duce London to a heap of dust.

Many people who had long looked upon him as an enthusiast, but knew him to be quite incapable of crime, were so bewildered at finding themselves objects of disgust and suspicion for holding favorable opinions of him, withdrew from his defence,

and went blindly with the stream.

Some good, easy, honestly selfish folk, who had always tried to believe that God had created them solely to take care of themselves, and who had occasionally felt Kilmartin's theories and practice with regard to the lower classes a thorn of reproach in their sleek sides, looked on this misfortune that had befallen him as a judgment upon his folly in meddling with misery that need not have concerned him, and silently wished him well out of the scrape, while they reflected com-fortably that the necks of wiser men like themselves could never be placed in such imminent danger.

It was said that startling revelations, such as surpassed the inventions of romance, might be expected on the trial, but the detectives kept their secrets, and society languished on the rack of suspense. The whispers averred that a woman had been mixed up in the plot; some said a girl of low degree, others said a lady; while one version of the tale set forth how a beautiful needlewoman and a wealthy lady of title, both sworn Fenians, and both interested in Kilmartin, had been aiders and abettors of the murder, and were now in danger of being hanged. Not a few good women thought of

his mother, and, hugging their own boy-babies, pitied her for bringing such a monster into the world; while crossing the lake, and hurrying down to thers, of a harder nature, were sure to the rocks, she met Father Daly. worse than himself. Those who had known Mrs. Kilmartin in younger days were fain to remember, when they spoke gently of her, how warm she had always been on the National side of politics, and held her in some degree accountable for the evil doing of her son.

The fact that there was a mother in the question was mentioned in all the papers, and the "Press Association discovered that the said mother was six feet high, with a masculine voice, and had been implicated, while Bryan was still a child, in International outrages abroad, when she had escaped

from pursuit disguised as a man. . As yet Marcella's connection with the case had not been unearthed, or, at least, if anything of it was known the public had not been taken into the confidence of those whose business it is to make such discoveries. Every morning she scanned the papers with burning eyes, dreading to ee mention of her own name, or of the house in Weaver's square, but nothing of the kind appeared, and she allowed herself to hope that no clue existed to that occurrence of the eventful night in January in which she had played so

active a part. The allusions to a woman, to a needlewoman, or lady of title, or both, as having been mixed up in the transaction of the plot to murder, startled her, but as the rumor was vague in the extreme, and seemed to die away instead of gaining more definite form. she hoped that the only foundation for it lay in the bare fact that the police had searched the house in Weaver's square. Her father's death, accounting for her own disappearance from scene, and her subsequent sudden and complete change of estate had, she believed, cut off all probability of further inquiry into the particulars of

Still, every hour of the day and of that scene in the old house. Even in her troubled sleep she could not lose sight of the dimly-visible closet door, could not forget her anxious vigil while listening for the great bell of "Patrick's" tolling the hour which sounded.

was to enable her to set her prisoner free in safety. It was all so present to her mind that she fancied people would read the story in her eyes or hear the terror of it in her voice, and in those first days of Bryan's imprisonment she was divided between her desire to be in Dublin, close to Kilmainham, and her dread that the reappearance of her face in the streets of the city might in some way bring to mind and to light the daring and secret action of the Liberties' girl who had hidden the present prisoner from the officers of justice, in the hour of, and not far from the scene of the murder for which he was now to be tried.

For the first week or so Mrs. Kilmartin's illness was a positive reason for remaining quietly at Inisheen, but as soon as the poor little mother had recovered from the effects of the first shock she began to make piteous en treaties to be taken to Dublin, where she might be within easy reach of her

Then she consulted with Father Daly as to what was the best thing to be done. Neither to him nor to the mother, more than to any other living soul had Marcella whispered the reason why she dreaded to be seen in Dublin They had as little cause to think that she had ever beheld Bryan Kilmartin in her life before she had met him under Mrs. O'Kelly's chaperonage at the Patrick's ball as had the world at large, and it seemed to her almost as desirable to keep all information to the contrary from their knowledge now as to hide it from the chief of the police And so it happened that both Mrs. Kil-martin and Father Daly looked on in wonder and doubt at her evident distress and hesitation when the proposal to remove to Dublin, in company with, and in charge of, Bryan's mother was confidently laid before her.

"EMANIA THE GOLDEN."

After Tara the Most Historic Spot on

TO BE CONTINUED.

Irish Soil. Two miles west of the city of Armagh lies an earthen fort known as the "Navan Ring." This is all that re-

mains of the renowned palace of the pagan kings of Ulster, the real name of which was Emain Macha, which has been Latinized Emania, and corrupted into Navan, writes T. O'R. in the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

After Tara, Emania is the most his toric spot of Irish soil. No other place in all Ireland, Tara only excepted, is so often mentioned in the historic and romantic tales that have been pre served in such abundance in ancien Gaelic. Emania is the great centre of that wondrous cycle of legend, history and song known as the Cuchullainn style of Celtic literature. Every tale and legend in it refers more or less to Emania. It is curious that while hardly any of the treasures of ancient Irish manuscript literature we pos sess were compiled in Ulster, there is hardly a page of them, no matter in what province they were originally composed, that does not mention this now almost obliterated stronghold of the Ulster kings. "The Book of was compiled in Kildare or Leinster ' in Glendaloch; and for nearly a thousand years, or from the imposition of the "Leinster Tribute" in the second century, down to the time of Brian Borothme, Leinster and Ulster were inveterate enemies, yet "The Book of Leinster" teems with mention of Emania. Even in great manuscript books compiled in Connaught and Munster the name of Emania occurs next in frequency to that of Tara.

So far as can be gathered from the most authentic sources, the palace of Emaiu Machia, or Emania, was erected by the over King, Cimboath, about five hundred years before the Incarnation. It continued to be the seat of the Ulster kings down to A. D. 331, when it was destroyed by the three Collas, chieftains of the race of the over kings of Ireland from a hostile province that made war on Ulster. The destruction of Emania is recorded by the "Four Masters," under the year 331, when Fergus, King of Ulster, was defeated and slain by the three Collas. Emanis was burned and the ancient dynasty that had so long ruled the province of Ulster was destroyed. Emania may be said to have been a desolation since then; for though we are told that one of the O'Neills built a house within the ruins of the fort in 1387, no vestige of it now remains, and it is not probable that it was long in existence.

None of the ancient palaces or great duns of ancient Ireland shows such utter desolation, or bears evidence of having been so unprotected, as does Emania. The great fosse by which is was once surrounded is entirely obliterated save on the west side, where it s nearly 20 feet in depth. Much as Tara has been obliterated, its monu ments are more easily traced than are those of Emania. The county Meath seems to have been a grazing country almost from time immemorial. saved Tara from being entirely up rooted, but the country round this ancient seat of the Ulster kings is essentially agricultural; it is mostly in the possession of small farmers owning from ten to twenty acres; consequently they have levelled most of the great circular embankments that formerly enclosed an area of nearly a dozen acres, and have filled up most of the deep fosse which, if we can judge by the small part of it that still remains, must have been, when Emania was in its glory, between 20 and 30 feet deep. So potatoes are growing and corn is waving over a large extent of the inside of the fortress, where vast wooden buildings once stood, and where mirth and revelry and clash of arms once re-

M. Dorbois de Jubainville, the eminent French archæologist and Celtic scholar, made an exhaustive examination of Emania some years ago. He found that the area within original enclosure was 4 1-2 hectares. or between eleven and twelve English acres in extent, and that the space enclosed was nearly circular. Tara, the buildings in Emania must have been almost entirely of wood. Some of them may, like many of the wooden houses in America, have been built on stone foundations, and there are some traces of stone work still to be There is a magnificent passage in the Felixe of Engus the Culdee, written about A. D. 800, in which the greatness and glory of the Christian cities of Ireland are contrasted with the state of utter desolation into which the strongholds of the Pagan kings had fallen. Speaking of Emania he

Says.
"Emain's burgh bath vanished
Save that its stones remain:
The Rome of the western world
Is multitudinous Glendaloch."

There is no doubt that the ruins of Emania were in a much better state of ly 1100 years ago, than they are in at present, and it is certain that many of its stones have been carried away to build walls and houses. But it is also quite certain that neither in Ireland, Great Britain or in any northern coun try were stone buildings general in ancient times : and we may be sure that when Emania was at the height of its splendor its best and largest buildings were of wood.

The area of eleven or twelve acres that was once surrounded by a deep fosse and high embankment, and with in which all the buildings of Emania were erected, is not quite circular nor is its surface level. Considerable inequality of surface evidently existed in it before it was chosen for the site of palace or dun. The highest part within the enclosure is a good deal re-moved from its centre, and it was evidently on it that the citadel stood. There was a dun within a dun, as there generally was within all ancient Irish fortresses of any great extent. The citadel having been on the highest ground within the enclosure, comcountry for a considerable distance Emania, when at its best, with its vast surrounding fosse and high earthen rampart, capped with a strong fence of wood, might, if properly provisioned and manned, defy almost any army that could be brought against it in ancient times when firearms were un-

THE COUNTRY PRIEST.

It does not occur to numbers of people that live in cities where books are so prevalent as to be part of every-day life, that there are men women and children in the country who are long-ing for good books. Alluding to some recent words written on this subject in these columns, our friend, Mr. Maurice

"Here, in the far west, in these farming regions where people will drive miles to hear a lecture by a Catholic, there is an awful dearth of good books. Many of the priests are worse off than their congregations because they know of books they ought to have, while their flocks do not know much about books. There may be an occasional notice of a book in a Catholic paper or the local journal may have a review; and the books bought, in good faith, from agents-for want of in-

formation-make the judicious grieve. "Eastern Catholics have no conception of the privations and poverty some of these western priests. A priest ought to be able to live like a gentleman-not perhaps like Horace's ideal gentleman on a Sabine farm, with the piece of ancestral silver and other little luxuries-but, at the least, he ought to be able to wear a decent coat and have books. But, as a rule, he can not have the books, even if he has to do without the decent coat. It is heart-breaking to see some of these lonely men, with half-a dozen poverty stricken missions on their hands, hoping that some good fortune may send them the books they

long for. "A lending library, from which should go boxes of books, has been sug-gested; but the box of books might come just at those busy seasons in a country priest's life when he has no

We beg Mr. Egan's pardon for giving that extract from his letter, but our hearts, like his, go out to the country priests all over the United States. They are, whether they can afford it or not, the best friends of Catholic literature. Can any of our readers suggest a plan by which such work as Het-tinger's "Apology," Herr Pastor's "History of the Popes," and Janssen's "History" may be placed within the reach of the poor priest who must keep up a house and try "to live like a gentleman" on almost the forty pounds which Goldsmith allowed his humble

We should like to hear from some of the priests. If one of the rich parishes could be induced to take one of their poor brethren in the wilderness under its protection, what might not come? -Catholic Citizen.

Sure to Win.

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Taken in time Hood's Sarsaparilla prevents serious illness by keeping the blood pure and all the organs in a healthy condition.

The following le in the columns of ing Post is a testin vival of religion w plished under the of Pope Leo XIII. ever, falls into ar his allusions to t virtually describe ters endeavoring Holy Father in his a common error writers to descri " deleterious " org Leo knows their Church, and their that they are in ! having at heart religion. The Je friend than the

this they are well

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ED. CATHOLIC REC

SEPTEMBER

Revival of Religi

LEO'S T

When the pres Chamberlain afte exercised supren the conclave) was the anti Jesuit I formally renoun power of the P wisdom of finding with the civil ar kingdom of Italy by all European fidently believed he would carry his party. That is certain, but th sigenti, prevaile moderate party. can, so far as Ita incessantly-not one whose hostili ferable to its frie There is no cour

religious indiffe total oblivion of as in Italy. Du years' residence men of thought never heard one cussion, and sho to address the the central doctr the Incarnation to Mr. Gladstone ing Christians o For some ti ous ceremonial throughout th not expressly law of 1847, rel

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of the public pe and they did f days when the Italian unity v and at least o priests, monks. fraternity, in s even hissed. June, in the sm in the largest c Corpus Domin Even Bologna of the opposit extraordinary for the firs took possession Corpus Domin its triumphal populace. Ital n a bitterly s formed into

vourselves. Fre

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This is true, their liberty ments to their the theaters, public money which are ma hold no grate nay, that ofter Palermo, the room is five fr versons where Leo XIII., th generation w be celebrated in the days vigorous reli Vatican cou practical follo on the social associations a members, on monthly sum and convale where the i where loans ites, whose with the fund

Not only t reign, Leo phatic warf order. The was one of th for good r previous to indifference, the most in and Naples.

Calabria, in

Leghorn, i