# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

#### To-Morrow

2

Twas only the other night that I wrote Twas only the other night that 1 when To my love, across the ocean; With brimming heart and eager pen I told of a life's devotion. Ind suns rode high, and nights came down, And nonght was mine of sorrow. 'or love played low on her tuneful string And whispered a soft "to morrow."

I knew that my message danced by day On the crest of a curling billow; I knew it was cradied at night to rest On a chaste and foam-toppedpillow. And my heart beat swift as time sprang And noshadow, or sound of warning Chilled day of gold or purple night, Or clouded the amber morning.

I was sure my love had heard the sound Of my voice across the waters; I could picture a blush on the winsome Of the fairest of Adam's daughters. And my heart was full of the brightest J That the tongue of love could borrow; Wherever I went there rang in my ears The song of the glad to-morrow.

But the morrow came all dark and cold. And my heart grew worn and jaded. And life was weary, and hard, and black, For the gloss of love had faded. Fool that I was, I had dared to hope That words so fondly spoken-A promise of love from woman's lips-Could go a month unbroken.

Weli, what care I? To-night I sit And toast my heels on the fender; The flames laugh loud as they hear me swear My hate for the fair pretender. Oh, well may we laugh, my white-tongued friends.

For my heart is free of sorrow— bh : haste me through this fearful night, And let me see—to-morrow.

Dublin, January 23, 1883.

TRUE TO TRUST.

# THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER XXII.

Among the many pleasant and pictur-esque old towns of France none perhaps possesses greater attractions for the lover of art and antiquity than the ancient capof art and antiquity than the ancient cap-ital of Normandy. But if, even now, when revolutionary fury and modern im-provements have detracted so much from its venerable appearance. Rougen still re-tains when monuments worthy of admirtains many monuments worthy of admir ation, what must have been its glory in the

ation, what must have been its glory in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries ? We are told that, previous to the Revol-ution, it possessed thirty-six churches; searcely half that number now retain their original destiny; and often the pious and artistic visitor in Rouen is grieved by the sight of one of those noble monu-ments of faith converted into a warehouse ments of faith converted into a warehouse ish there again. or turned to some other profane use. The din of commerce and worldly affairs vibrates with a strange and unhallowed sound through the narrow aisles and along the vaulted roofs of such sacred edifices the valued roots of such sacred edifices, where once echoed the holy word of God and constant solemn chants. The sculp-tured saints might seem to look down from their fettered niches with pitying sorrow on the busy men who hurry to and fro, bargaining and disputing where their au-cestors once knelt in profoundest adora-tion. But at the time of which we are writ-

ight.

seek Sir Reginald ; so let us return to the

Humbugged Again.

ing none of these painful changes had taken place, and Rouen still gloried in its numerous churches and convents. Some eighty years previous to the date of this story the Cardinal Georges d'Amboise had completed the magnificent cathedral. The famous bell which bore his name rang out its melodious peals from the south-western tower. At early morn its solemn voice floated over the silent town, raising holy thoughts in the mind of the awakenholy thoughts in the mind of the awaken-ing inhabitants; at noon, too, it was heard, and at its sound men took off their hats, women made the sign of the cross, and even little children joined their hands and repeated the prayer their mothers had taught them. For a moment all was silent,

each heart was withdrawn from earthly objects, and it seemed like a brief visit paid by immortal souls to their future abode ; and when they again returned to the concerns of life we cannot doubt but that they brought with them some me-mento of their heavenly flight. And when

the day was well nigh spent, the Angelus once more revived in the hearts of the faithful the memory of St. Gabriel's sal-utation to our Blessed Lady—sweet echo of an angel's voice !

proceeded. Shortly a boy wearing a white surplice issued from the Cathedral; he was followed by other youths bearing lighted tapers; in the midst walked, with downcast eyes and reverent demeanor, i priest robed in handsome vestments ; and

priest robed in handsome vestments; and a rapid glance assured Catherine that he bore in his hands the Blessed Sacrament. For a moment she forgot that she was now in a Catholic country, and looked around with instinctive terror, fearing that the priest and his precious burden would be insulted; but she was speedily reassured on seeing that all the people near were on their knees awaiting the blessing of their Saviour, as he went to be the com-forter of some dying person; and when he had passed many rose and escorted Him on the way. facts we have stated; but while she fully shared the poor lady's disappointment and grief, her hopeful nature made her trust that their mission might still prove successful, and she tried to inspire Adelina with a like confidence. "Perhaps Sir with a like confidence. with a like confidence. "Perhaps Reginald," she urged, "has not ren to any great distance, and some one in the town must surely know where he has n the way. Catherine, Barbara, and her aunt like

Lady Adelina confessed there was pro-bability in this last observation, and there Vatherine, Barbara, and her aunt like-wise knelt; it was the first act of adoration that Lady Adelina had ever paid to Jesus present in the Blessed Sacrament. During the journey which she had just fore prayed the mistress of the inn to ascertain, if possible, where the English gentleman now resided; which she readily romised to do. It was settled that our travellers should

During the journey which she had had made she frequently questioned Catherine concerning the Catholic faith; and although the orace to throw aside her former It was settled that our travellers should remain a few days at Rouen, both for the purpose of resting themselves and to al-low time for the necessary inquiries to be made concerning Sir Reginald's place of residence. Those days were happy ones for Catherine. Each morning she and Barbara might be seen kneeling in the vast Cathedral, and assisting at the Holy Sacrifice, with the eager devotion of those who have long been deprived of so great a happiness. concerning the Catholic faith; and although the grace to throw aside her former errors had not yet been granted, her mind wavered, and now, as she knelt beneath the shadow of the old Cathedral, and heard amid the religious silence that reigned around the footsteps of the priest who had passed quite close to her, she felt awed that perhaps Jesus too was pass-ing by. ing by. As for Catherine, tears of joys filled her happiness. Although Lady Adelina had appointed

As for Catherine, tears of joys filled her eyes as she witnessed the freedom of Catholicity in France; it presented such a contrast to the state of constraint and terror in which those who practiced it were obliged to live in the country she had left. And when she had penetrated into the Cathedral, and saw the lamp burning before the tabernacle, the faithful pray-ing, and priests passing fearlessly back-wards and forwards, we can well imaging Although Lady Adelina had appointed one of the two maids who travelled with them to wait on her niece, Catherine could not relinquish her post, nor would Barbara have willingly exchanged the de-voted care of her young guardian for the formal services of a maid; so the former continued her affectioner method. formal services of a maid ; so the former continued her affectionate watchfulness over Lady Margaret's daughter. She also before the tabernacle, the faithful pray-ing, and priests passing fearlessly back-wards and forwards, we can well imagine her happiness. With what gratitude did she thank God for allowing her to behold the consoling spectacle of the holy faith honored and respected, and the BlessedSac-rament surrounded by all the magnificence that piety and Christian art could devise! over Lady Margaret's daughter. She also found scope to exercise her charity in con-soling and encouraging Adelina; for the poor lady was in painful uncertainty con-cerning her husband, and regretted her lengthened absence from England, and more than once during the six days she spent at Rouen she had almost determined to return to London without events. Perhaps her thoughts might wander from the splendid Cathedral, from the sculp-tured altar before which she knelt, to the to return to London without prosecuting inquiries for Sir Reginald which appeared fruitless; and in these moments of despair fruitless; and in these moments of despair Catherine was like an angel of hope at hidden chambers where, in secret and with fear, the scattered faithful in England her side

were wont to assemble for the celebration of the sacred mysteries, and then she On the seventh day after their arrival their perseverance received an unexpected reward. The weather had become intensewould pour forth an earnest prayer that the Catholic religion might one day flourly cold, and the flakes of snow, which for upwards of an hour had been falling at

While she and Barbara had been engaged intervals from the gray and threatening sky betokened an early and a severe winter. Lady Adelina sat shivering by the fire; her in prayer, Lady Adelina had vieted the various parts of the edifice, and she now returned to her young friends, and remind-ing them of the hour, they all left the church. little niece stood at the win little niece stood at the window watching the peasants who hurried by heedless of the inclement weather ; their wooden shoes ringing loudly on the hard ground attrac-"Well," said she, addressing Catherine ted the wondering attention of the English child.

as soon as they were outside, "you ought to feel happy here, for your religion is held in much honor among these people, and to one who, like you, believes in its truth, it must be a solemn and a joyful A noise in the courtyard, the highpitched tones of the land-lady, and the louder but deeper voice of a man, made Barbara turn from the window and look sight." "And I hope you too, my lady, will one day believe and feel the same happiness that I do in seeing our Saviour thus hon-ored," replied Catherine, smiling. "I know not; but at times methinks the words you have spoken to me are true; but then it fades away, and I remember naught but my sorrows, which, it seems to me, are too heavy to allow my mid to towards the door. In another moment it

was the www violently open; a sweep of cold air blew into the room, the entrance of which was immediately on the court. "O, how cold it is!" exclaimed Adelina. 'Pray shut the door."

"Pray shut the door." A man wrapt in a large cloak, from which he shook the snow-flakes as he crossed the room, advanced with rapid strides towards the fire-place the landlady me, are too heavy to allow my mind to rest on other things. Catherine," she added, after a moment's pause, "we must following close behind. "Here," she cried in an excited tone, "here is all madame wants; he will tell you all; he is monsieur's servant." "Sure, Mistress Catherine, is that your-

inn, and make inquiries as to his resi-

Our travellers therefore retraced their steps to the homely inn where they had passed the night. There was a large fire elf? self!" exclaimed the new-comer ; and then seeing the astonishment which his sudden appearance caused Adelina, he added, in a in the guest room, for the evening was sharp, in spite of the sunniness of the day. Lady Adelina's attendants had disposed appearance caused Adelina, he added, in a more subdued tone, "I beg your ladyship's pardon, but it is searching the country through for Catherine Tresize and the master's little daughter I've been these six months past, and here they are, glory be to God! This is a happy day, and I not expecting it at all, but coming home quite downcast." Lady Adenna's attendants had disposed things as well as they could for the com-fort of their mistress, who, nevertheless, wished herself back in her London home, "My lady," said one of them, as she drew a seat to the fire for Adelina, "there's

a word that is said to them. I do not know how your ladyship will ever live in While the good man stopped to take breathafterthisspeech, Catherine explained to Lady Adelina, who had not yet recov-ered from the bewilderment into which this unexpected arrival had thrown her, this wretched country." "Well, never mind," replied her mis-tress, "it is not for long. I wish to speak this unexpected arrival had thrown her, that the person before them was a servant of Sir Reginald, whom she had frequently seen at the Manor-house. "And Larry O'Toole," she added, will be able to tell us where his master now resides." "That I can," replied Larry. "Ah, the Lady Barbara does not remember use nor

mind. Those around, although they had not understood the conversation, saw by her look of despair that she had heard some unwelcome news. "What is it, my lady?" murmured Cath-erine, who had stood by, anxiously await-ing the result of the inquiries. She was soon made acquainted with the facts we have stated; but while she fully d shared the poor lady's disappointment and grief, her hopeful nature made her effort myself to find my little daughter. 'No,' says I, 'begging your honor's pardon it is not safe for you to go; but, with your leave, I will go, and try to discover the child, and bring her to you.' Well, my lady, the end of it was that the master let was that me start. I have been to the Land's End and seen

I have been to the Land's End and seen the old Manor all in ruins; a sad sight it was, sure. Then to Exeter I went, and learnt that good Mother Bridget—the Lord have mercy on her soul !—had died of the plague, and that you, Mistress Catherine, had gone to London town; so back went I and searched the city; but'its very large entirely as yourself home back went I and searched the city; but'tis very large entirely, as yourself knows, and mighty hard for a poor creature to find any one in it, though there is a power of people on the streets. Many is the weary day I have spent since I left his honor; but, sure, what matters past storms when a man is sailing into harbor?" TO BE CONTINUED.

#### A CONVERT'S EXPERIENCES. London Weekly Register, March 10.

London Weekly Register, March 10. SIR: I think that it may possibly inter-est some of your readers, among whom I doubt not are many not as yet within the One Fold, to hear the experiences of a recent convert, who with his wife and family, was by the grace of God, brought to see the truth and embrace the true faith about a very since. My faw words shall family, was by the grace of God, brought to see the truth and embrace the true faith about a year since. My few words shall not be at all upon the important question as to whether Protestantism in any or all of its contradictory forms can be of Divine institution rather than that august body of all kindreds and nations and tribes united to the See of Peter. My object is not to write a theological tratise, which would be very presumptuous on my part, but merely to skow how the social posi-tion of Catholics in relation to their fel-low-countrymen must have altered dur-ing the last decade, and since the Trac-tarian movement, when to become a Cath-lic, whatever might be a man's station in life, meant the creation of many enemies, the loss of dear friends, and the ruin of earthly prospects. My own antecedents, as well as those of my wife, were strongly Anglican, and a few years since it would have been diffi-cult to find two more devoted members of the "Establishment" than were we, the "many and sad divisions in our Zion," and the "tyranny of the State under which our Church groaned," were indeed matters for regret, but as a High Church clergyman once told me, these "should not be too much dwelt upon." Of the

clergyman once told me, these "should not be too much dwelt upon." Of the "Romish" Church we knew nothing; it was, we were told on the infallible auth-ority of Dr. Littledale, full of the grossest abuses, and was, moreover, certainly schismatic; the ancient British Church was, undoubtedly, not in communion with Rome any more than we were, etc.,

Well, at last the light came. Several of my High Church friends, wearied with trying to "Catholicize the Establishment," dropt back into Liberalism, and we grew alarmed ; but, thank God, looked Rome. wards for peace and safety, where alone it could be found. After vainly consulting several High Church clergymen to assuage our doubts in Anglicanism, or make some supply to the arguments of the Cardinal's Grounds of Faith which I had read, we Were happily received into the Church. Up to this point we scarcely knew a single Catholic to speak to, and not one at all intimately. We had also been informed that (for a start of the s

that "Converts were invariably looked down upon and snubbed by the old Cath-olics, priests as well as laymen, unless the former could get much money out of you." I believe these unworthy libels, which are in use amongst Anglicans, keep many out of the Church to their own grievous loss. As to our friend and solo

A TRIUMPH OF PRAYER.

THE EXAMPLE OF JOHN CHISHOLM.

Antigonish Aurora "Every man who asketh, receiveth, and he who seeketh, findeth: and to him who knocketh, it shall be opened" (Math. vii. 8). Thus faith leads us to ask with confidence, to seek with diligence, and to knock at the gate of Divine mercy with an unat the gate of Divine mercy with an un-faltering perseverance; and so, imparting an all-powerful efficacy to prayer, it en-ables us to obtain the full measure of our petitions. A very admirable illustration of this great and consoling truth is fur-nished in the life and death of a brave soldier of the gallant 84th Highland Regi-ment disbanded at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the year 1783. His name, John Chis-holm, will prepare our readers to learn that he was a native of Strathglass, where the Catholic Church has ever found so much loyalty in the widespread defections from the faith in the land of the heather. Having bidden his companions in arms the county of Hants, where industry and thrift soon procured an enviable degree of comfort for himself and family. One thing, however, marred the happiness which his circumstances were otherwise calculated to ensure: no priest or Catholic lived within reach of his home, and to cap the climax of his perplexity, he saw his the climax of his perplexity, he saw his favorite son, Duncan Mor, wed Miss Hall, favorite son, Duncan Mor, wed Miss Hall, whose anti-catholic prejudices were in keep-ing with the bigotry of her family. In order to avert the dreaded consequences of his isolation, Mr. Chisholm determined at much sacrifice to change his residence, and with his family to fix it, in 1768, at Lismore, in the county of Picton. Here he had almost to begin life anew in a district, now so charming, but then an undistrict, now so charming, but then an un-broken wilderness. Nothing daunted, the brave pioneer was not long in retrievi the loss which his piety had led him the loss which his piety had led him to undergo. Once more, comfort and High-land hospitality found their abode under his roof. The few scattered settlers in the neighborhood were chiefly Catholics. This was a gain: but two long years had yet to pass before the hearts of those pil-grim fathers were to be consoled by the thrice welcome visit of a priest. About the time of which we speak, several of the Scottish landlords, having discovered that the raising of cattle and

several of the Scottish landlords, having discovered that the raising of cattle and sheep afforded larger profits than did the letting of their lands to their former oc-cupants, with a cruelty worthy of their predecessors who had so diabolically con-spired to rob their dependents of the Catholic faith, now heartlessly ejected their tenants from their native homes. The year 1790 saw the beginning of the first important emigration of Highland Scotch Catholics to these shores. In that year Rev. Father Angus B. McEachern landed in Father Angus B. McEachern landed in Prince Edward Island to look after the spiritual wants of his exiled fellow-cour splittual wants of his exiled fellow-coun-trymen, and to begin his long apostolate so faithful, so zealous, so heaven-blessed. For several years this admirable clergy-man, besides his most laborious mission in Prince Edward Island, had charge of all the Sarth and Luich Citheling in this the Scotch and Irish Catholics in this diocese, and so marvelously blessed were his ministrations that not one member of his flock scattered throughout Eastern Nova scotia and Cape Breton, over an area of 8633 square miles without roads, died without the consolations of religion!

During his visits to the mainland, he made the acquaintance of Mr. John Chisholm, held stations in his house, and conceived towards him the warmest feelings of friendship. By ordinary people Mr. Chisholm was simply regarded as a genial, obliging and exemplary neighbor; but the more keen and spiritual eye of the holy priest detected in him the unassuming, but genuine virtues of a saint calculated During his visits to the mainland, he mad ut genuine virtues of a saint, calculated to diffuse peace, charity and religion all around him

Years rolled on, and at length the vigorous constitution, which sickness had always respected, began visibly to decline you," I believe the church to their own grievous loss. As to our friends and rela-tives, we fully expected to lose most of them. My father in-law, a zealous High Church rector, and very "anti-Roman,"

APRIL 27, 1883.

new, and, the night being far advanced, no light could be expected to guide them to a place of shelter. Father McEachern, who was in the habit of designating some mark, wherever he landed during his missionary tours, to reunind him after-wards of the locality, groped a while for a much needed token, and then exclaimed : -- "Blessed be God! We are on Duncan Mor Chisholm's beach; the house is near where we shall get a good supper and shor Chisholm's beach; the house is near where we shall get a good supper and lodging. Come, boys, follow me." The family was soon astir, to welcome the providential visitor and his companions. providential visitor and his companions. The venerable nonagenarian was up betimes to greet his friend, the messenger of heaven, and immediately after supper instantly requested him to hear his last confession. The next morning he had the unspeakable consolation of hearing mass and receiving the visticum. Having re-ceived the Bread of Angels, he refused to variable of any other remain that he company ceived the Bread of Angels, he refused to partake of any other repast; but no sooner had his Rev. guest finished his breakfast than the noble christian soldier asked to be anointed with Holy Oil for the healing of his soul's infirmities, and the invigora-tion of his spirit. With firm step, he walked to his bed, received the sacrament of the dying and the final blessing of the Church; and having thus faithfully finished his course, he immediately, without pain or agony, died in the Lord. His mortal remains rest in the long since disused cemetery of Mill Brood awaiting the resi urrection; his soul enjoys the bliss of the beatific vision, but John Chisholm "being dead yet speaketh" by the force of his good example, exhorting us to realize the all-powerful efficacy of prayer. It may interest our readers to know that the Rev. gentleman whose name repeatedly interest our readers to know that the Rev. gentleman whose name repeatedly occurs in the foregoing lines, is no other than he who afterwards, in 1821, was con-secrated Bishop of Rosen, became the first Bishop of Charlottetown in 1832, and ended his apostolate in 1836. We may add that one of Mr. John Chisholm's and that one of Mr. John Chisholm's grandsons, Duncan, is still living at the old homestead in Lismore, and that in the Diocese of Arichat there are no fewer than fourteen Rev. relatives of his, ten of them being Chisholms.

#### WILL WONDERS EVER CEASE.

No matter how great one's experience, there is always something yet to be met with which calls forth our astonishment With which calls forth our astonishment. Newspapers now and then, as well as the public in general, find this to be so. A case in point are the investigations institu-ted by the "Chicago Tribune," "Times," "Cincinnati Star," and other papers in re-gard to the rather remarkable claims ad-vanced in favor of an article mbich bevanced in favor of an article which ha been placed before the people by means of the press and otherwise. In every in-stance these editorial investigations have resulted in a complete triumph for the article referred to.

The claims made regarding it were not only fully sustained, but scores of prominent and influential citizens were every-where found, who from their personal ex-perience and observations accorded their enthusiastic indorsement. The following extracts from letters of citizens of Fort

Wayne, are specimens of cluzens of Fort Wayne, are specimens of testimonials received from all sections of the country. Under date of January 17th, Mr. John G. Fledderman, the well known Merchant Tailor, in Union Block, writes: "I was a sufferer for many years with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, and found no relief until I tried St. Jacobs Oil. After using two bottles I was entirely cured. I shall always keep it in the house, and will not fail to recommend it the ouse, and will not fail to recommend it to my friends."

fail to recommend it to my friends." Messrs. D. B. Strope & Co., proprie-tors of the Depot Drug Store, 2-6 Calhoun Street, made this statement: "Among our customers St. Jacobs Oil is considered the best liniment known. It always gives satisfaction, and never disappoints. It cured Mr. H. C. Ward, of severe Rheum-tion is three days. We accommend it atism in three days. We recommend it constantly." The Globe Chop House comes to the front with these remarks by comes to the front with a seq.: "When its proprietor, A. Geisman, Esq.: "When

## APRIL 27, 1883.

### SAVED FROM THE SEA.

An Interesting Episode in the Li Patrick Egan, Late Treasurer the Land League.

From The Chicago Herald. "I recognized a face in your st yesterday," said an Americanized Fr man to a Herald writer. "There r few cities in which one is sure to se same faces-Paris, London, New and Chicago. You come across gentland ladies in the four with no likeli

and ladies in the four with no likel of meeting them elsewhere. They the cosmopolitan cities of the world. "But I was going to say," the Fr man went on, "that the face I saw y day was one I had good reason to rer ber. I was in Paris last summer, like the most of those who are not down there, I ran out of it to a wat place when the atmosphere become place when the atmosphere became intolerable—for Paris, like New Yo frightfully hot after the dead heat fa on its tall buildings and dry pavem The place I went to was a little reso the coast of Normandy, where the arm of land runs sharply out into the It has a beautiful name; it would be impolite to mention it in English. you ever hear of Petit d'Enfer? No you ever hear of Fett d'Enfer? No I stopped at a quaint little inn c Hotel Petit d'Enfer, and it was not suggestive of the locality alluded to. the contrary, the delicious sea breeze pled over its dainty table linen, and garcon had to be careful lest the dia his hand should be knocked ou his hand should be knocked ou the hazardous equilibrium at which poised it jauntily over his head. Ou the water, tossing vivaciously on breakers, you could see the white of pleasure boats, craft of all kinds aginable, floating like feathers, and strong glass, the islands rose from bosom of the deep—Alderney and Gu sey. The bathing is delightful there many families flock to it from the e country. Of course, the majority from Paris. "I bathed one day, with no little

noyance from the undertow, which times, is so strong as to endanger and was walking on the beach with other friends. The surf was ful boisterous people, young and old, dren and bonnes, and their gayety unbounded. The children in France no especial restraint under any circ the especial restant under any cir-stances. They are not drilled into decorum of sergeants before they have their pinafores off, as is the case with brought up infants in America. French children are kept in the nu and romp into health; or go out with bonne, who does not attempt to them society manners and unchild t as it were. In this country, they ar run all over the house and occupy apartments of the entire family, an course they must be straight jack. The tiny wads of humanity that course they must be straight-jacks. The tiny wads of humanity that y playing hide-and-go-seek in the brea that day were as pink as cupids and as roly-poly midgets that laughed me enough to spread the infection over gravest of the gathering. Suddenly al the chorus of innocent pleasure a s cry arose; then another and another; in an instant the air was rent with sh of torrow and a church for ropes and in an instant the air was rent with an of terror and a clamor for ropes and unteers. At the bathing places in 1 mandy none of the life-saving pre tions are observed which are univ in other parts of the world. There in other parts of the world. There no buoys, no ropes extending out the deep water, no life-boats to re-those whom recklessness of the under may carry out. All eyes were rivete wo struggling forms whose long oated dismally on the soapy suds as were being carried swiftly to sea, bey the possibility of self-help. The cowa attendants, who were paid for protec the inexperienced and the weak, s stolidly on the sand, arms folded, sha their craven heads even when men th

of an angel's voice! Long did the great bell continue to mingle its tones, now grave, now joyous, with each important event in the lives of the citizens of Rouen, until a day came when it was declared to be a "monument of vanity," and as such melted into can-non balls and sou-pieces bearing the date "An II de l'Egalite." Besides its nolle churches Rame

returned in company with the innkeeper's wife, a clean, cheerful-looking woman, who, with much courtesy, "hoped Madame found herself comfortable." Lady Adelina, when a young girl, had acquired some knowledge of French, but having passed many years without speaking it, she now found much difficulty in making herself understood; however, owing to her own exertions, and the willingness of the land-lady to try and discover her meaning, she contrived to make the latter aware that she wished to ascertain whether an Eng-lish gentleman and his son resided in the neighborhood. The good woman was quite delighted to find out what the lady really wanted; and now told her with great volubility that an Englishmen and his son had stopped at the inn about three Besides its noble churches Rouen is not deficient in specimens of civic Gothic arch-itecture. Not far from the ancient Pal-ais de Justice, where the parliament of Normandy was wont to assemble, there stood, and still stands, an antique clock gatehouse; it spans the street, joining on one side the tower of the Belfroi, from which side the tower of the Belfroi, from which the curfew tolls every evening. Seen through this archway the narrow street looked particularly picturesque, as the last rays of autumnal sum were darting over the high-pitched roofs and fell on the bright costumes of the inhabitants as they hurried to and fro. Now and then the hurried to and tro. Now and then the passers-by turned round to look at a party whose foreign dress excited their curiosity. The strangers seemed no less astonished at the novel scenes they beheld as they freat volumity that an Englishman and his son had stopped at the inn about three years ago, and that they had taken an old chateau in the country. She had often seen them since, she said, at the church of St. at the novel scenes they benefit as they gazed at the houses and people; often they raised their eyes towards the lace-like sculpture of the Cathedral towers, which rose high above the other buildings of the Ouen, and their servant used to visit the Ouen, and their servant used to visit the inn when he came to town for provisions; but the young gentleman had entered the army, and his father had left the chateau about a year ago. All this was pronounced with such rapidity that Lady Adelina comprehended but little of it; and it was not until she had asked many questions, and had heard the whole account slowly repeated, that she understood the truth of the case-Sir Reginald was no longer at town; and it was, in truth, towards this edifice that the travelers were now directeduce that the travelers were now direct-ing their course. After rambling through a labyrinth of tortuous streets, they emerged into a little square, and found themselves at once in front of the north entrance to the Cathedral, just opposite that beautiful door called the "Portail des Libraires." They paused to view the magnificent structure that scarced head the case—Sir Reginald was no longer at Rouen. Had her journey, then been in vain—her sacrifices useless? And must her husband's desires remain unfulfilled ? Must she return to Each unfulfilled ? magnificent structure; but scarcely had the silence of wonder given place to words of admiration, than the clear tinkling of Must she return to England without having obtained for him the pardon which he solicited from his brother, and without re-storing to the latter the child of whom he a bell made them turn their eyes towards the open doorway, from whence the sound had been so long deprived ? Such were the thoughts that traversed Lady Adelina's

Hard Lumps In Breast.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y .: Dear Sir-I wrote you some time ago that I thought I had a cancer. There was a large lump in my breast as large as a wallarge lump in my breast as large as a wal-nut, and had been there four months. I commenced taking your "Golden Medi-cal Discovery," "Favorite Prescription" and "Pellets" in June, and the lump is

gone. Yours gratefully, MRS. R. R. CLARK, Irvington, Mich. Pioneer Press.

Lady Barbara does not remember me, nor how I used to carry her in my arms when the mistress—may peace be with her soul! —went to the farmhouse, as she was wont to do.'

No; Barbara neither remembered the faithful servant nor the days to which he alluded ; indeed, all reminiscences of her life previous to her removal from the or seemed completely obliterated from Mar

Manor seemed completely obliterated from the child's memory. "So you are Sir Reginald's servant," said Lady Adelina, addressing Larry. "This is a good fortune for which I am wholly unprepared. I am his sister-in-law, and have undertaken this journey to restore to him his long-lost daughter. Pray tell me how you chance to be here.

Is your master coming ?" "No, my lady, not he; but after he came to this country, he and Master Austin settled in a queer sort of a house just outside the town, and Sir Reginald, who spoke the French tongue elegantly, went to see the priest who lives at the great church yonder; and very kind his reverence was, and so was a French gentleman who lives in what them calls a "chateau." Well, my lady, Master Austin was much with the family of the "chateau," till, sure, he learnt to speak like a native : and he and learnt to speak like a native ; and he and Sir Reginald would have been happy enough if the death of the mistress and the loss of Lady Barbara had not oftenthe loss of Lady barbara had not often-times made them sad. About a year ago the son of the French gentleman was go-ing off to the army, and Master Austin said he would like to go also; and the end of it was that they both went together to erve the French King against somebody

"Well, and where is Sir Reginald ?" in-"That's the very thing I was after tell-ing your ladyship. The poor gentleman so much said about the merits of

#### No Trouble to Swallow.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife who was also doctoring, and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some, I concluded to be humbugged again, and I am glad I did, for in less than two months' use of the Bitters, my wife was cured, and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humburging - H T. St. Paul Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" (the original "little liver pills") and no pain or griping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach and cleanse the system and bowels. 25 cents a vial.

nothing more to say to us. There would be no more pleasant Christmas parties and family gatherings for us, and our friends and acquaintances would know us no more. It was even probable that I should suffer in my profession, as of course, no one would without necessity do business with a man who had turned "Papist." Such were our gloomy forebodings, but not one of them has been verified.

Even since our conversion, Catholics have been most kind, many coming for-ward to welcome the new converts to their homes and social gatherings in a way which the latter will never forget, and the holy man, who is Parish Priest of the poor suburban mission in which we re-side, and who has been our guide, coun-selor and friend, rather restraining than

otherwise any pecuniary offerings which we were glad to make. As to our Protestant friends and rela-tions we have them still, and although the subject of religion is but seldom touched upon, when it is so, it is with, I think, less rancor, than in the old days of High and Low Church argument. We spent last (bristmas et the superturned) Christmas at the country rectory, and it was rendered even happier than preceding was rendered even napper than preceding ones, at least to us, by hearing Mass in the neighboring Catholic squire's chapel, instead of full choral Matins in the parish church. As to business, city men are, I fear, too indifferent to religion to inquire that their dimensional area for what their clients' faith or morals are; so far we have not suffered under this head. I have thought, sir, that you might think these recent experiences of a modern convert worth recording because they are a proof of how times are changing, and how marvelously the old hatred, ignorance and marvelously the old hatred, ignorance and prejudice against Catholics are disappear-ing in this country, which I verily believe is really wearying of the religious strife and divisions engendered by Protestant-I am, your obedient servant, ism.

L. T. C. The enervation and lassitude of spring time are but indications of the sluggish action of the blood, overloaded with caronate accumulated by the use of heating food in winter. This condition may be remedied by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier known.

butcan Mor undertook to discharge a duty so trying to his filial affection. He pointed out to his father how ominously age had of late been telling on him, and how natural it was to expect that he would not live to see the end of the ap-proaching winter during which it was im-possible in a tiny heat to send for the possible in a tiny boat to send for the priest in Prince Edward Island. He, therefore, suggested that, as the autumn was already so far advanced, it was nigh time to dispatch messengers across the Straits of Northumberland to ask Father McEachern to prepare him for death. "It is quite true," was in effect the excellent man's reply, "that my strength is rapidly failing, and that, although I suffer no bodily pain, at my time of life the end must be near. I must, however, tell you a secret: ever since I came to the full use must be near. I must, however, tell you a secret: ever since I came to the full use of reason, I have never knelt down to pray without humbly beseeching my God to grant me all the consolations of religion at the hour of death, and I feel confi-dent that my petition will be granted. On the other hand, the priest is far away, overwhelmed with the toil of his immense mission, and ought not to be unnecessarily troubled. Trusting, therefore, implicitly in the lov-ing kindness of my merciful Saviour, I wish you, my dear son, not to feel uneasy concerning me. God will send me his anointed servant to prepare me for the inevitable passage in His own good time." Awe-stricken at the inspired looks and language of his father Duncan Mor retired, pondering over the extraordinary pro-phecy. Weeks passed, and already the blustering beginning of a Nova Scotian winter made itself felt, precluding all human hope of a visit from the Island priest. In the meantime, Father Mo-Eachern was as usual busy travelling by boat—roads there were few, and bad at that—from mission to mission before the close of navigation. Late one afternoon, as he was nearing his destination. a cale Ind.) Sentinel.

druggists. Mr. J. R. Seymour, Druggist, St. Cath-arines, writes that he finds an ever-in-creasing sale for Burdock Blood Bitters, and adds that he can, without hesitancy, recommend it. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand specific for all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys.

close of navigation. Late one afternoon,

close of navigation. Late one afternoon, as he was nearing his destination, a gale sprang suddenly from the north accom-panied by blinding showers of snow. The boat became unmanageable, and had to run before the wind. Night soon set in, and the frail craft blindly sped its re-luctant way southward until a huge wave threw it on an unknown beach. No human dwelling was visible in the dark-Mr. G. W. Macully, Pavilion Mountain, B. C., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is the best medicine I ever used for Rheu-

purses under their mean little noses. "Suddenly two forms dashed into waves and gallantly swam toward the this report to make: I have had a large trade in St. Jacobs Oil, and know of a great many cases where it effected a speedy cure of Rheumatism and Neuralgia. It sells on its merits." Messrs. Boyer & Campbell, of Waterloo, Indiana, write : "Mr. J. W. Walker, of this town, suffered with Rheumatism for fifteen years. After trying a most merits." with Rheumatism for fifteen years. After trying a great many remedies without experiencing even relief, he was induced to use St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured him. He states that he feels like a new man." Among others who have experienced the effects of the Great Ger-man Remedy, might be mentioned Mr. Christian Krah, No. 59 Griffith Street, who was suffering so severely from Rheu-Christian Krah, No. 59 Griffith Street, who was suffering so severely from Rheu-matism, that he was unable to sleep or work. None of the many remedies he used benefited him, until "The Conqueror of Pain, St. Jacobs Oil, was applied, one bottle of which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Rudolph Jasper, No. 72 W. Washing-ton Street, was likewise made happy by its use. Mr. Rodemann the druggist, stated: "I must say that it is the best liniment I ever sold." To those wishing to get rid of pains, we would say, here is your choice "to strike oil." "-Fort Wayne (Ind.) Sentinel. "MOTHER SWAN'S Worm Syrup" for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipa-tion, tasteless, 25c Diamond Dyes will color any thing any color, and never fail. The easiest and best way to economize. 10 cents, at all

disappearing women. There were shi of anguish as they wildly cleaved water with their strong arms; and the wife of one clutch two little chil to her breast, and suppress the agony to her breast, and suppress the agony rose to her lips. She began to pray fervent English, with a slight Irish ac The other won an was weeping al hysterically, for one of the drowning hysterically, for one of the drowning tims was her daughter, a pretty Swiss lein that I had seen accompanying aged lady towards the bathing ho Who the second victim was I could learn, except that she was Spanish and was accompanied by a maid who f ed as her mistress went out of ro The swimmers swam as only men can are resolved to succeed on their are are resolved to succeed on their er and come back to those who are der them. But what a fight they had the sea. The huge waves met them terrific force and hurled them back autumn leaves down a mountain side pinnacle of some huge wave would mount and into its depths d pear, while the crowd on shore ca their breath and only breathed again v the two valiant fellows rose once more breast and conquer the sea. Now breast and conquer the sea. Now are near the women—now the unfor nates, benumbed and helpless, are sr away from them as if with demon fin On they go, rising, sinking, plunging, d ing the thick, gray foam away from t faces and out of their almost blinded and a second time they clutch the won them bed lime functor like ninces hold limp fingers like vises, with a few magnificent strokes, 'turn breakers as the Russians did the Bal and now they are coming in. Great ( did we not cheer ! At last they reach sand, and many are ready to relieve t of their dripping burdens. The Spa lady was resuscitated easily. The yo Swiss girl was all but dead, and in a s time expired. She had sunk twice be the gallant rescuer reached her. "The lady, who had clasped her

little ones and begun praying as the sy mers went out, ran into the arms of of the two men, who, the brine sa his entire body, lavished kisses on her the children. They quickly went the hotel. I saw the man on the s yesterday, none the worse for the sple risk he took for a pair of stranger whom, in all probability, he knew al utely nothing. But a woman in da moves the heart of a man as no c motive can. I did not a man as no c how small in stature he is, for I tell we thought him a giant that day. It