VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1876.

CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

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New York Tablet,	Weckly	\$ 3	
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IF WE KNEW.

If we knew when walking thoughtless Through the crowded, noisy way, That some pearls of marvelous whiteness Close beside our pathway lay, We would pause when now we hasten, We would often look around, ,

Lest our careless feet should trample Some rare jewel in the ground. If we knew what forms were fainting For the shade that we should fling,

If we knew what lips were parching For the water we should bring, We should haste with eager footsteps. We would work with willing hands,

Bearing cups of cooling water, Planting rows of shading palms. If we knew when friends around us

Closely press to say good-bye, Which among the lips that kiss us, First should neath the daisies lie We would clasp our arms around them, Looking on them thro' our tears.

Tender words of love eternal, We would whisper in their ears. If we knew what lives were darkened

By some thoughtless word of ours, Which had ever lain upon them Like the frost among the flowers; Oh! with what sincere repentings, With what anguish of regret. While our eyes were overflowing, Would we cry -forgive-forget.

WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

BY LADY DACRE ..

CHAPTER XXVI. - (Continued).

This was but poor satisfaction. Having been so suddenly summoned from Scotland, she had not been able to arrange any thing at Terreagles; but before she repaired to Scone to wait upon the chevalier, not knowing in such uncertain times what might occur during her absence, she had taken the precaution of burying in the ground the family papers, which her husband had committed to her charge, and other articles of most value.

It was fortunate she had done so, for the house had been searched after her departure: and as the countess herself expressed it, "God only knows what might have transpired from those paper !"

If those documents were to be preserved, it seemed absolutely necessary she should repair to Terreagles, and that she should do so without delay, and as privately as possible.

For this purpose she again provided herself, Amy and Walter Elliot, with saddle horses, and retraced her way to Scotland.

It was no longer the inclemency of the season which constituted the danger of the journey, but the fear of being discovered. On this occasion, however, it was but for herself she feared: after her long seclusion in the most confined parts of London, as she rode forward, inhaling the clear country air, with the delightful certainity that her husband was in safety and freedom, instead of being a prisoner, indanger, distress, and loneliness, within the Tower walls, she contrasted the buoyant spirit with which she looked upon this merely personal risk, with the horrible oppressive weight which lay at her bosom as, two months before, she had traversed the same road.

Her spirits almost rose with danger; and she gladly yielded herself up to the enjoyment of the

, early spring. The hedges were already beginning to be partially clothed in their green livery; the meadows in the neighborhood of London were fresh and bright; the birds twittered, and sprang from twig to twig; the primroses and wild violets already peeped forth on the more sunny banks. The unusually hard soft delicate fingers, and, she hurried from the winter had been followed by the rapid bursting castle. It was in vain to struggle, longer with her firth, the flush, of an early spring. As she advance, tears ; she yielded to, the natural, impulse, and anemones and the blue harebell; cowslips and daf
| As she advanc| tears | she yielded to the natural impulse, and | many or the over these who were but har escape have not been over strictly guarded, yet both | securing a competency to her son, who married his reficonscious dignity.over those who were but har escape have not been over strictly guarded, yet both | securing a competency to her son, who married his reficonscious dignity.over those who were but har escape have not been over strictly guarded, yet both | securing a competency to her son, who married his reficonscious dignity.over those who were but har escape have not been over strictly guarded, yet both | securing a competency to her son, who married his reficonscious dignity.over those who were but har escape have not been over strictly guarded, yet both | securing a competency to her son, who married his reficonscious dignity.over those who were but har escape have not been over strictly guarded, yet both | securing a competency to her son, who married his reficonscious dignity.over those who were but har escape have not been over strictly guarded, yet both | securing a competency to her son, who married his reficonscious dignity.over those who were but have not been over strictly guarded, yet both | securing a competency to her son, who married his reficulty and the securing a competency to her son, who married his reficulty and the securing a competency to her son, who married his reficulty and the securing a competency to her son, when the securing a competency to her son, whe

ACENTS for the DOMINION. fodils painted the fields. All nature seemed to the poorest inns; and at one of these they were band, and only they, are likely to be punished for Earl and Countess of Traquhair. Her daughter smile before her. Her journey was one positive enjoyment, notwithstanding the degree of fear which induced her prudently to avoid the large towns, and the considerable inns, at which she was likely to be known and to put up at the smallest

and humblest resting-places.

To Amy, the naturally light-hearted Amy, the joyous laughter was no longer a stranger. Her eye danced once more with gayety, and she even occasionally thrilled a snatch of one of her old Welsh

Her lady smiled kindly upon her: "I scarcely thought ever to hear that sound again, Amy. It does me good to hear it; and yet," she said, "there is much pain mingled with the pleasure it affords. It brings back with overwhelming tenderness past days of happiness ;-past, never to return !" and her eyes filled with tears.

" My dearest madam, I could chide myself for my

silly song if it makes you ween."

"No, dear Amy, sing on. I love to her the melody, although it draws tears; they are not bitter

"Nay, madam, I can sing no more; my voice is gone:" and they rode on in silence. After several more days of continued journeying, Lady Nithsdale ventured to repose herself for two nights at Traquhair; where, with ner sister-in-law and Lord Traquhair, she enjoyed the happiness of a free out-pouring of the soul, and where, to willing

eurs and open hearts, she gave every detail of their brother's escape. The lieutenant of the county being an an old and tried friend of her lord's she felt assured that he would allow no search to be made for her without forwarding to her due warning to abscond.

She did not send any notice of her return to Tereagles, that the magistrates of Dumfries might not be prepared to make inquiries about her ; but she suddenly made her appearance there, feigning that she had the leave of the government to do so. The better to persuade them that it was with permission she was there, she sent to her neighbors and invited them to visit her; while in the interim she busied herself in securing the papers.

The gardener alone knew where they had been buried, and with the assistance of the faithful old Hugh she recovered them. They were as yet un-hurt; but, although in the highest state of preservation after one very severe winter, they could not have remained much longer in the ground without prejudice.

It was, as Lady Nithsdale herself says, a particu-lar stroke of Psovidence that she made the despatch she did, for the magistrates of Dumíries soon suspected her.

The indefatigable Amy, whose ears were always open, whose discretion was never slumbering, learned, by a fortunate accident, that one them was heard to say, he should, the next day, insist upon seeing the Countess of Nithsdale's leave from gov-

There was not a moment to be lost; Lady Nithsdale resolved to depart before daybreak. She forwarded the rescued documents by a safe hand to Traquhair, and on the following again for London.

It was now that she bade a fond, lingering, last adieu to her home: she knew that it was for ever she quitted it! When all were at rest, she gently visited each well-known apartment. She repaired to that which her children had usually inhabited she looked with sadness upon the vacant room. She thought how often she had there heard their prattling voices—there bent over their quiet slum-bers. She paused at the door, and the tears gushed from her eyes. A thousand trifling incidents crowded on her mind; there was not a spot that was not alive with recollections.

"Truly," she thought, "did my lord say, as he parted hence, "Our castles will be desolate, our name extinct!" She looked upon the motto, "Reviresco;" " Truly did he say,' Not here will any Earl of Nithsdale flourish again ! But he is safe our children are safe; and we shall be happy, in all the charities of domestic life. 'Twere sinful to allow such regrets to stifle for a mement the gratitude which ought to overpower all other emotions."

But when, ere the early dawn appeared, they prepared to mount their horses, and she saw the aithful old gardener, with his blue bonnet in his hand, respectfully hold the bridle rein, enacting the part of squire, the tears would flow unbidden : Thanks, my good Hugh! I am glad to see you once more; for, alas! Hugh, I shall never, never return to this dear home again! Heaven bless you, ond all, all who dwell around!" she continued, looking around her at the scattered cottages on the hillsides; "may you and yours be well and happy!"

"I feared how it was, my leddy; I fancied, if I was not here betimes, I should never look on your leddyship's fair face again. Eb! madam, 'tis an awful thing when the head of an ancient house flits for ever from the home of his ancestors. Tis an awsome thing for a' the puir folks about! and as for me and my gude wife, why I think it will go nigh to break our hearts! But that's neither here nor there: what maun be, maun be; and I dinna mean to make your leddyship downhearted! I only thought I would see the last o' ye;" and the old man brushed away a tear. "I just made bold, my leddy, to bring wi' me a little o' the seed of our famous kale, which my lord used always to praise. I thought in the outlandish countries my lord is like to abide in now, he might not meet with any such ; and I guessed 'twas next to impossible that, with so much upon your mind, your leddyship should give it a thought."

"Give it me, good Hugh; and depend upon it your kind recollection of my lord shall not be forgotten. I will tell him that his old friends here nave not put him from their minds yet !"

"Nor ever will, my leddy; that's not the way with a true Scot. We shall keep the Maxwells in mind as long as you and yours remember Scotland, and, maybe, longer too. But yonder's the gray light in the cast; I must not be keeping your leddyship."

Lady Nithsdale could not speak; but she pressed the old man's hard, weather beaten hand in her own

compelled to take their evening meal in the room neglect of ther duty." where the other travellers were also accommodated.
They remarked a sturdy farmer who looked hard at them, and by the blaze of the fire they recognized the yeomaa with whom they had conversed on their good deed in which they did not participate." way to York. He soon renewed acquaintance.

"Why, is it you, my demure puritan? What plain you should not linger here!"

brings you this road again so soon? Did you not friends in London?"

I thank you; far better than when last we met," the cousins parted. answered the countess.

panion said, though it was roughly said, has come might ever transpire that they had assisted in her out pretty true : they have made away with a good lord's escape. many of the rebel lords."

Lady Nithadale shuddered. "But the king did spare some of them, and they say would have spared more, if his ministers would have let him; but a good many took French leave. There was half a dozen broke out of Newgate at dence, she was indebted for that happy prospect. once, they say; and though some were taken again, there was one Hepburn found out where his wife and children were abiding by spying his own family tankard, the Keith, tankard, as they call it, which they had stuck in the window just for that very purpose; he was a lucky fellow! And pray, young woman, you can't tell me how 'twas the Earl of Nithedale got away?

Lady Nithsdale started, "Nay, sir! how should I know?

Why, you have been in London, and I thought folks must have talked enough about it there; for, to my mind, 'twas a strange thing, and that's the

truth. Do you think the guards were in the secret? "Oh, no, no! they knew nothing!" exclaimed the countess, anxious to exculpate them from such a charge.

"Why, I thought you knew nothing!" answered the yeoman, with a cunning glance; but if you do, you need not stand in fear of me: I should never wish to say any thing to anybody to their pre-

judice." "I never heard any suspicion of infidelity thrown out against the guards," answered Lady Nithsdale, in a more composed manner; "but I have left London some time, and other circumstances may have

transpired."
"Then you don't know that twas the earl's mother that brought him the clothes in which he disguised himself?"

No! indeed, I do not," answered the countess, with a glance at Amy, which she could not control. "They say that's a positive fact," proceeded the

farmer; "and perhaps, then, you have not heard, what they tell me is equally true, that on the twenty-fourth,—yes, it was the twenty-fourth, was it not, that the rebels had their heads off?" Lady Nithsdale bowed assent. "On the twenty-fourth of last month, the very

day the Earl of Derwentwater was beheaded, the water in the most round Dilstone Castle turned as orv singular, was "Strange, indeed!" ejaculated Amy, with a coun-

tenance in which awe and wonder were honestly visible; "on the very day he suffered!"-and the thought of the scaffold, and the blood, of which she had caught, or fancied she caught, a sight, flashed across her mind. She turned so pale, that the countess, now the most self-possessed of the two hastened to withdraw attention from Amy, lest her emotion should become too apparent.

The feminine horror of blood, and the superstitious terror with which she listened to so unnatural a portent, had thrown her more off her guard than circumstances of real peril would have done.

Lady Nithsdale inquired whether the Earl of Wintoun's trial had yet come on; and the youman, proud of his superior information, told her that it had, and that he had received sentence of death; but he added, "he seemed so wild and strange, that half the world thought he was not in his right

Meanwhile Amy Evans had recovered herself, and the countess was glad to seize the first opportunity of retiring, and of avoiding any further observation. Upon her arrival in London, she found from her

friends, the Duchess of Montrose and Mrs. Morgan, that the king was even more than ever incensed against her, for having, against his prohibition made her appearance in Scotland; and that if he should succeed in securing her, there was reason to fear that she would be proceeded against according to the utmost rigor of the law. And this, she heard from some of the best law authorities, would be no other than, in a case of high treason, to make the head of the wife answerable for that of the husband.

It therefore became necessary that she should take measures for her own speedy departure. But before she left her native land for ever, she ventured to have one more interview with her good cousin, Christian of Montrose. It was, however, by stealth that the duchess visited her, and in sorrow that she bade her farewell.

"I fear to injure you by my visit, dear cousin," she said; "and yet I longed to bid Heaven prosper you on your journey. You will let me know when you are really restored to your husband and your children. Though we may never meet again, it will be sweet to me to funcy you enjoying perfect happiness with those who are so dear to you.'

"I shall, indeed, be happy; but, alas! dear Christian, this heart will ever yearn towards its island home. I love the very soil of England; and, as I pass along, I look with fond regret at every house, at every tree, and think with sorrow that I am henceforth to be an exile: that I can never, never look on them again. As for my friends -such friends as you, dear Christian! But think you in very truth there is no hope of our being

ever allowed to revisit our dear England?" Alas the king is still so angry with you individually. He has granted the Viscountess Kenmure £150 per annum for the education of her children; theL ady Nairne, too, has met with favor; but, dear cousin," she added, smiling, "he says you have given him, more trouble than any other woman in Europe; and although I verily believe the comfort of knowing, that by her exertions in relations with God; a tenderness would come over many of the other prisoners who have made their her last visit to Terreagles, she had succeeded in the hearts of men, and the high and noble character

"But, from all I tell you, dearest Winifred, it is "I shall be gone to-morrow, Heaven favoring

find a hearty welcome, that you are so scon for the me," replied the countess. "This evening I will north country again? How fared it with your bid farewell to two dear friends, and to-morrow l am gone!" And with many tears, and last fare-"It fares well with some of our dearest friends, | wells, and promises of communicating by letter,

The friends to whom Lady Nithsdale alluded "There have been great doings going on in Lon- were Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Mills, whose names she don since you went this road: and what my com- did not care to mention even to the duchess, lest it were Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Mills, whose names she

To them she scarcely knew in what terms sufficiently to express gratitude; and it cast a gloom over the prospect of speedy reunion to the objects of her dearest affections, to think that she should never more see the persons to whom, under Provi-

CHAPTER XXVII.

But I wad rather see him roam An outcast on a foreign strand, And wi' his master beg his bread, Nac mair to see his native land, Than bow a hair o' his brave head To base usurper's tyrannye, Than cringe for mercy to a knave That ne'er was owned by him or me.

Lady Nithsdale's voyage was performed in safety and at Paris she joined her husband and her children, whom he had conveyed thither from Bruges to await her coming.

The happiness which they had almost feared to picture was at length realized. They together gazed upon their noble boy; she saw the little Lady Anne nestled in her father's bosom; she gave herself up to the joy of gazing on them, with no fear that this joy should be snatched from her by any power except the immediate will of Heaven.

On the fourth of May they reached Avignon, where all his adherents flocked around the Pretender, the Earl, or, as he was there styled, the Duke of Mar, the Duke of Ormond, and many others, to the number of thirty lords.

But the petty broils, the dissensions, and the jealousies of this mock court assorted but ill with the feelings and habits of Lord and Lady Nithsdale. They soon left Avignon, and proceeded to Italy, where they lived in privacy, with no wish beyond each other's society and the company of their chil-

After all which they had endured, it was enough to be together; and for weeks, may, mouths, the delightful certainty of being restored to each other stood in lieu of all things else.

joyed and that which we no longer fear to lose, will not alone be productive of lively, positive happiness; other thoughts, other desires, find room within the heart.

As their children advanced in years, they could not but feel that they were doomed to vegetate in a foreign soil; they could not but feel that their position in life was very different from that to which they had been born.

The remembrance of home, the image of absent friends, the memory of departed ones, were treasured up in their minds; and Lady Nithsdale would unperceived dwell on the pale sad brow of her lord, as, hanging on his arm, she paced with him the shores of the Mediterranean; and she could easily read that his thoughts had leaped over intervening time and space, over years gone by, and over the mountains, plains, and seas that interposed between them and their home, and were sadly fixed upon the past and the distant. He caught her eye, as tearfully, fondly, it was turned on him.

"Yes," he said, "my thoughts were far from hence. The clear pure heaven above us is unbroken by a cloud, but dearer to my eyes the misty sky of Scotland; the deep blue of the unrufiled sen is beautiful, but to my feelings the dusky waves that dash against the ruined walls of our own Caerlaverock are more sublime in their wild grandeur. The distinct, defined outline of you purple mountains may be more brilliant, but my heart yearns for the softened hazy outline of our own Scotch hills melting into the pearly hues of our watery sky !"

As he spoke, a light bark glided rapidly by, and the boatmen kept time with their oars as they chanted, in their musical tongue, Italian poetry to Italian melody.

"And dearer to my ears," said Lady Nithslale, "the simple ballad of a Scottish maiden, than even these sweet sounds as they are wafted to us over the waters!"

They stopped to listen to the song as it died away: and, as they listened, another and more awful sound struck upon their ears.

The bell of one of the small chapels often constructed on the shores of Catholic countries, was tolled for the scul of a departed mariner. As it happened, the tone was not unlike one of which they both retained but too vivid and painful a recollection.

The countess felt her husband's frame quiver beneath the stroke. There was no need of words.-With a mutual pressure of the arm, they returned upon their steps and sought their home.

Unconsciously their pace quickened. seemed to fly before the stroke of that bell! Such suffering as they had both experienced leaves traces in the soul which time itself can never wholly

To those who may have been interested in the fate of the two persons who form the subject of the foregoing memoir, it may be satisfactory to know that the Lady Nithsdale was not parted by death. from her beloved husband till many years after. Let them have this conception, and they would be ward, when in the year 1744, he died in his exilent Rome. She survived him five years; but she had would be elevated in all the conceptions of the filial the comfort of knowing, that by her exertions in relations with God : a tenderness would come over

the Lady Anne Maxwell, became the wife of Lord Bellew.

THE END.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE BLESS-ED VIRGIN

In a recent sermon preached at Chelsea, England, by his Eminence Cardinal Manning, Arch-

bishop of Westminster, from the text. "A great sign appeared in Heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her hend a crown of twelve stars"words taken from the twelfth chapter of the book of Apoclypse. The sign, his Eminence said, signified the Incarnation. The woman was the mother of the Redeemer of the world; the child of whom the context spoke was the Redeemer himself. Her being clothed with the sun was a sign that she was clothed with surpassing glory. The moon through out Scripture was used as a symbol of instability, mutation, vicissitude, and change, and therefore of the world; all creatures under her feet signifying that she was the first of creatures: and the crown of twelve stars signify the union of all perfection on the head of that one person. His Eminence then proceeded to show that the glory of the B. Virgin is pre-eminent, surpassing the glory of all the creatures of God: secondly, that it has in it that which makes it singular in its kind, sets it apart and not only above, and with a distinctness which makes it unique and unapproachable. First, there was her essential glory: secondly, the glory of her divine maternity; thirdly, there was her glory in virtue of the rights of her Divine Son; fourthly, there was her glory as the mother of all living; and lastly there was her accidental glory, which was the participation of that of her Divine Son. Why was it the Catholic Church paid to her the reverence and veneration which was called devotion, or, as he desired or rather loved to call it, "worship," a good old racy, ancient. Saxon word; our mother tongue had in it a fragrance like the earth when we turn it up. None but those who did not know their catechism could misunderstand the use of the word "worship; and if they did misunderstand, he would rather send them to learn their catechism than enter into a theological disquisition. Why had the Catholic Church dedicated her sancturies to Mary, the Mother of God? Why in every church was there a Lady Chapel? Why had we a series of feasts all the year round, beginning with the Annunciation, and ending with the Assumption? Why was it the Insil Mary was put in the mouth of every child? Why is it to the world which in its ignorance and twilight faith does not understand the glory of the hypostatic union of God and man in the person of Her Son, that we seem to go too far? Because they do not understand the real glory of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ. He would ask what one thing had the Church ever done or said for her sanctification But human nature is so constituted that the con- and her glory? He had sanctified her for the sake tinued possession of that which we have long en. of His Son, and for her own sake, because He made her to be the Mother of His Son. Among the first fruits of God and the Lamb, before the throne in Heaven, would be the Blessed and Imma-culate Mother of God, and before the throne of Her Son, with her many diadems and the crown of twelve stars which she wears would be a crown purchased in His Precious Blood; and in the midst of all the allcluias of heaven, she would say as the least saint of heaven would say, "by the grace of God, I am that which I am." He had to speak a word of duty to them, if they knew not the Blessed Mother of Our Redcemer as they ought. Not to call her Blessed was a mark of an imperfect faith and of a cold heart. He asked them who were not of his flock-would to God they were-if they honored the Blessed Mother of Our Redeemer as they ought? Did He not honor her? did He not venerate Her? Did not all His disciples do the same? Did she not say, speaking in prophecy, "All generations shall call me Blessed?" And yet perhaps they had carped at the honor which Catholics gave her. Those who were of his flock he asked if they had

paid to her the veneration which was her due? Not one of them-they were far from the example of her Divine Son. St. Alphonsus laid down a rule which was a rule of wisdom derived from the Holy Ghost. He said that as to the glories of the Blessed Mother of God, whatever the faith did not prohibit him to believe, whatever was not inconsistent with any decree of the Church, whatever was not forbidden by the light of nature that he believed with joy. What conception of her sanctification could they have that would go beyond the immensity of grace which he had endevored to draw out? What conception of the dignity of her person could they bave which surpasses the dignity of the divine maternity. Let them cherish that conception as affectionate children of her who was the Mother of God and their mother. They had to make reparation for not having honored her as they ought, and for others round about them. They had to make reparation for England, the tradition and the title of which was the Dowry of Mary once, but now, since three hundred years, had wrecked her sanctuaries, pulled down her altars, and abolished her festivals, and had become mute, so that the public voice of England does not call her Blessed any more Let them pray to her, pray to her Divine Son to pour out the light of faith upon England, upon the whole world, he might say; the warfare between the seed of the serpent and the seed of the woman, the woman clothed with the sun, is fierce, and though not more fierce at this day than at any other period of the century, more stealthy, more perilous, because more secret. Let them pray that God would pour out the light of faith that men might understad the mystery of the Incarnation and submit themselves to the rule of the King who has all in heaven and

on earth, and then they would know how to love this Blessed Mother. If grace be the measure of glory, and if the grace of the Blessed Mother of God be an immensity, as her grace was, so is her glory. Let them have this conception, and they would be

securing a competency to her son who married his roficonscious dignity over those who were but hand-