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AGENTS for the DOMINION CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing various Catholic periodicals and their prices, including 'New York Tablet', 'Freeman's Journal', 'Catholic Review', etc.

JUST RECEIVED. A fine LITHOGRAPH of BISMARCK—'SATAN AND THE CHURCH'—size 19x24 inches, Price, 25 cts.

It represents Bismarck attempting to pull down St. Peter's, at Rome. His Satanic Majesty, who happens to come along, promises if he (Bismarck) succeeds, he will resign his place in his favor.

FREE BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. SERMONS BY THE LATE REVEREND J. J. MURPHY, who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the night of December 4th, 1875.

We have just received from our Agents in England a consignment of SERMONS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS, given by THE LATE REV. J. J. MURPHY, IN 1871. Price, \$2.00. Free by mail on receipt of price from

D. & J. SADDLER & CO., Catholic Publishers, 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

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.

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 Terregles; but before she repaired to Stone 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.

the poorest inns; and at one of these they were compelled to take their evening meal in the room 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 yeoman with whom they had conversed on their way to York. He soon renewed acquaintance.

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.

The lieutenant of the county being 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 Terregles, 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.

It was, as Lady Nithsdale herself says, a particular stroke of Providence that she made the despatch she did, for the magistrates of Dumfries soon suspected her. The indefatigable Amy, whose ears were always open, whose discretion was never slumbering, learned, by a fortunate accident, that one of them was heard to say, he should, the next day, insist upon seeing the Countess of Nithsdale's leave from government.

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 Traquahair, and on the following morning set forth 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 slumbers. 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, 'Revivisco.' '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 moment 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 faithful 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, and all, all who dwell around!' she continued, looking around her at the scattered cottages on the hillside; 'may you and yours be well and happy!' 'I feared how it was, my lady; I fancied, if I was not here betimes, I should never look on your ladyship's fair face again. Ph! madam, 'tis an awful thing when the head of an ancient house sits for ever from the home of his ancestors. 'Tis an awful thing for a' the pui folk about! and as for me and my guide wife, why I think it will go nigh to break our hearts! But that's neither here nor there: what man be, maun be; and I dinna mean to make your ladyship downhearted! I only thought I would see the last o' ye!" and the old man brushed away a tear. "I just made bold, my lady, to bring wi' me a little o' the seed of our famous kale, which my lord used always to praise. I thought in a gow-sced 'twas axct to impossible that, with so much upon your mind, your ladyship 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 have not put him from their minds yet!" "Nor ever will, my lady; that's not the way with a true Scot. We shall keep the Maxwell's in mind as long as you and yours remember Scotland, and, maybe, longer too. But yonder's the gray light in the east; I must not be keeping your ladyship."

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band, and only they, are likely to be punished for neglect of their duty." "They deserve no punishment on that score," replied the countess. "Neither do I owe them gratitude; nor need the government visit upon them the good deed in which they did not participate." "But, from all I tell you, dearest Winifred, it is plain you should not linger here!" "I shall be gone to-morrow, Heaven favoring me," replied the countess. "This evening I will bid farewell to two dear friends, and to-morrow I am gone!" And with many tears, and last farewells, and promises of communicating by letter, the cousins parted.

The friends to whom Lady Nithsdale alluded were Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Mills, whose names she did not care to mention even to the duchess, lest it might ever transpire that they had assisted in her lord's escape.

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 Providence, she was indebted for that happy prospect.

CHAPTER XXVII. But I had rather see him roam An outcast on a foreign strand, And wif his master beg his bread, Nae cair to see his native land, Than bow a hair o' his brave head To base usurper's tyranny, Than cringe for mercy to a knave That e'er was owned by him or me. Jacobite Song.

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 assuaged but ill 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 children.

Earl and Countess of Traquahair. Her daughter the Lady Anne Maxwell, became the wife of Lord Bellow.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

In a recent sermon preached at Chelsea, England, by his Eminence Cardinal Manning, Archbishop 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 head a crown of twelve stars"—words taken from the twelfth chapter of the book of Apocalypse. 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 sanctuaries 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 Nail 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 and her glory? He had sanctified her for the sake 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 Immaculate 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 alleluias 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 Redeemer 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 carpated 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 endeavored to draw out? What conception of the dignity of her person could they have 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 understand 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 elevated in the whole life of mental prayer; they would be elevated in all the conceptions of the filial relations with God: a tenderness would come over the hearts of men, and the high and noble character of conscious dignity over those who were but hand-