THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

A Song of Summer.

2

Oh, lovely sunbeams through the meado

dancing On golden pinions all the livelong dav. Kissing young leaves, on crystal steamlets giancing. Chaoging to living gold their sliver spray ; Wee amorous elves, could with the roots of the state o

Woolng the daisy in her grassy bed Till the shy flower unconclously uncloses Her dew semmed leaves, and blushes rosy red

Gliding grav rocks, on rugged mountains streaming.
Bidding the flowers, in sheltered nooks awake.
Calling young song-birds from their happy dreaming.
Waking the laughter of the dimpling lake;
Playing 'so-peep' amid the white buds blowing 'la pearly clusters on the hawthorn tree.
To the round syze of wondering childhood ships

showing Tne rapid journeyings of the wandering

Shedding a halo brighton you'hful tresses, Bidding young hearts for very rabure sing, Touching the brow of care with kind O gitetses, Ah merry sunceams, like siy Cupits stray-ing In the giad footsteps of the rustle 'ass, On sun-tanned these and snow-white ker-chief piaying.

chief playing, Twinkling like fire-flies in the emerald

Oh, lovely sunbeams, like b'est angels glid

Ing Through convts of galor, sickness, want, and g'oom Te'ling of clouds like golden chariots riding Proudly majestic o'er a world of bloom ! Of winding isnes, and mik-white home-steads peeping Like m clest virgins from secladed ho wers; Of shallow pools, and baby streamlets leap-ling

ing In gtiddy gladness 'neath down-drooping flowers.

On the poor children playing in the gutter. Nursed am d hardship, bitter tears, and

Rissing their rags like loving friends ye

Arising their rags has bound sparking in fatter, Warming their limbs, and sparking in their eyes! Whet from the dust they raise their beam-ing faces, Once pinched and wan, now radiant with

Ye love to show a thousand fairy graces That want and squalor have no power to blight.

Dance, levely sunbeams, through fair country mendows, Bathe ball and cottage in your holy light, From city slams go chase the mouraful shadows That fill poor homesteads with eternal

night. To the who pine in ignorance and sorrow May all your teaderest, holiest gifts be

That sorrowing hearts one : ay of hope may

In the sweet knowledge that ye come from heaven. —Chamber's Journal.

BARBARY.

A STORY OF FARM LIFE IN ILLI-NOIS.

Yes, I was at his first wife's funeral, an' if anybody had to'd me 'at in a little more'n a year I'd a' ben his second I'd more'n a year I'd a' ben nis second I'd said they was crazy. You see, my third cousin, Marthy Jane Holly, she thet was Marthy Jane Spnidin', llved in his neigh-borhood, an' I was visitin' of her when his first died, an' Marthy Jane tuk me along to the funeral. It was a dreadful dull day in February, an' that mudy the team could hardly pull us. An' when we drav up to the house I thought it was just shout he lonesomest place I had ever seen. The house was a great big two-story frame with nine winders an' a big front door, and the yaid hadn't a tree o bush in it. 'Law sakes, Marthy Jane ! says I, 'what a barn of a house !

"'Well,' says she, 'its bran new; they jist moved in it this fall ' There was a sight of folks in the house

an' I got in somehow 'mong the women an' tried to look 'round some, but I got sort o' interested in the talk. One o' th women said, 'What a pity t'was Miss Hillyer had to die jess as she got settled in her new house.' An' another one said, 'She'd noticed many a time when folks built fine houses one or t'other of 'em died.' Ther a right old woman sooke up, an' says she, 'That's nonsense. Matildy Hillyer killed herself so she did. Her an' them two silps of girls done all the work for the men't built this yer house an' the las' time I see her she told me she made a hundred yards o' rag carpet, wove it an' all.' 'What made her ?' interrupted another

sot mouth of his all the time But, as I stid, I 'greed to have him at last, an' we was married at brother Jim's early in was married at brother Jim's early in March, an' Jim an' Cynthy giv me a right nice weddia' dinner. I will say that fer 'em, an' what's more I always will believe they thought it was a good thing fer a old maid like me to git to be Mrs. Squire Hillyer. "I felt a little jubious about his children

wantin' a stepmother. You see, the oldest girl, Emly, was about eighteen, an' I thought maybe she liked bein' bas; but I thought maybe she liked bein' bass; but laws, she'peared glad when I come an' had a real nice supper ready; an' Barbary, the next girl, was a smilin,' too; an' I heerd her tell the boys-there was three of them, from fourteep down to ten years cid-that she liket my looks. "Well, I kin tell you, it waen't long afore I found out that managin' him was no easy matter and Ernly was his nicter

"'Barbary Hillyer,' says I, 'you ain't no such thing !' 'Yes I am, ma," she says; "but we're goin' to wait till he's of age; he's only turned twenty now." "'Dear me,' thinks I, 'what will the Squire say.' You see I never'd thought of Barbary carin' fer anybody. All the young fellers in the neighborhood took every chance to be with her an' was comin' to the house on errands, or to see Steve, an' haugin' 'round Sundays. But laws! I never thought of her carin' more fer one than tother. An' wondered how when he wanted a thing done it had to be done his way; an' she was like him; an' so they didn't agree very well, an' he hevin' the power she hed to give up; and so she was most always in a bad bumor. The hous too savicilly Stars the older: lawe! I never thought of her carin' more fer one than tother. Au' wondered how it would turn out. Pail was a nice boy, but his folks waan't very well (ff, au' I felt worrie!. Au' so the time went on. Harvest was over, an' Emly married, au' her man, we beard, had rented a farm in the meighborhood; when one day, Bar-bury an' me bein' busy in the kitchen, the Squirz come in savenin' in minbty good The boys, too, especially Steve, the oldest of the three, was everlastin' quarlin'. So I begun to think afore many weeks that I'd better staid single, even if it wasn't pleasant livin' with sister in laws; an' ef it hadn't been for Barbary I dun know what I'd a dun; but Barbary-dear.

It hadn't been for Barbary I dua know what I'd a dua; but Barbary --dear, dear, I choke up yet when I thick of her. She was so pretty, with her big blue eyes an' white skin an' red mouth. "I can't somehow help likin' good-lookin' folks, an' I do thick its a resi mis-fortune for a girl to be ugly. Mebbe I'm wrong, but I know I allays felt it was to me; an' the minit I see Barbary I liked her. She was that sweet in her ways; allays givin' up to Emly, an' a callfa' of me ma from the start which is more than Emly ever has to this day. Au' I soon see she was his farrite. Not as he sait so, I could see his eyes follerin' her as she went singin' round the house, and then the name Steve had given his colt; an' I says, 'Selim! Why. you surely haven't sold Steve's colt?' He laughed. 'Steve's colt,' he said, 'but my horse; the beast's over four years old.' 'Oh, pap !' said Barbary, 'you oughtn't done it; Steve loved him so.' ''''''' is is him the black solt it. pap; 'an' a new suit o' clothes; that'll make it all right.' Bat it didn't. When went singin' round the house, and then she never said nothin' back to him, no odds what he said, an' Emily, pore thing, never could hold that sharp torgue of harn. Not that she much is here to be the said

borse thief.'

was goin' to sell him? I say he is to sell what didn't belong to him !'

said.

an' him wrong; but what't right, often, an' him wrong; but what's the use of bangin' your head agin' a stone wall, I "I couldn't help laughin' to myself a

little, fer all it hurt mighty had when I thought of Marthy Jane Holly and Cynthy ta kin' o' managin' him. I did try to better things at first. There was so much hard work. You see, there was nine in the family, countin' the two 'hands,' an' allays eight or nine cows to milk, an' the chickens an' the ga den; an' we women hed all them to tend ter: an' we women hed all them to tend ter; an' I says one day. 'Ef you'd let the girls hev part of the butter money for themselves don't you think they'd like it? Girls want a little money sometimes.' He jist gimme one look out o' them steely eyes of his, an' says he, 'The butter an' eggs hes allays bought the groceries. You better not be puttin' fool notions in them children's heads,' an' his mouth shet down like a rat trap, an' you better know I children's beads,' an' his mouth shet down like a rat trap, an' you better know I hushed up; but I kep a thinkin'. Wim-men wil, you know, an' I thought he calls 'em children. Well, I kin tell him they're past that; an' ef I aint fooled Em'y'll show him pretty soon, fur I'd see her an' one o' the hands together a good deal. Howes a the speak hong men

deal. He was a nice enough young man, so I didu't meddle. What'd ben the use? Well, after a while I found out 'at Bar-bary wanted a organ awful bad; an' the school miss 'at taught the destribut ool miss 'at taught the deestric school. school miss 'at taught the deestric school, where the three byse went to school all winter, had got the spring term, an' wanted to board at our house, an'sed ef Barbary hed a organ she'd learn her to play for her board. So I thought i'd tackle him agin, and I was as cunnin' as I knowed how to be. I said how good Barbary was, an' how she could sing like a bird, an' how we'd all enjoy music, an' it wouldn't cost much. But laws! I might as well talked to the wind. He sot that mouth of his'n an' says, says he. 'My out 'em. I was mighty feared their pap would ask fur 'em, but he didn't. An' as soon as the men went out of the kitches that mouth of his'n an' says, says he, "My I went to look fur 'em. I soon found Barbary ; she was set in 'on the back porch cryin'. But she wouldn't say one girls can play on the washboard; that's the insterment ther mother hed, an' I won't hev no finniky school misses boardin' here puttin' things in their heads. There's a leetle more o' than now

than I fancy.' "That's a hit at me, you see, but, laws, I didn't care. I gues "What made her? interrupted another woman. "'Nobody made her,' said the old woman. She's that bigoted. I told he old woman. She's that bigoted. I told he old woman. She's that bigoted. I told he not 'twouldn't pay, but she said Squire was sot on hevin the bigest house of the prairle, an' heg cit key set is alkin' 'bout a organ, an' heg cit key set is alkin' 'bout a organ, an' he might let us be a little like other "'i'i don't care,' broke in my third "'i'i don't care,' broke in my third an' he might let us be a fittle fixe office folk, an' ma,'she went on, 'ef my mother hedu't had sich a hard time, I belleve she'd ben a livin' yet, but I guess pap didn't mean it. I ought to be ashamed.' And she wiped her eyes and went upstairs Well, things went on the same way; bu The boys was rough sometimes, but I allays liked boys and never told tales and when Steve wanted me to praise his colt -for his pap hed give him a fine one-or Bob wanted me to give his calf more'n its bob wanted me to give his calf more'n its share of milk, or little Tom wanted any thing I could get for him, I allaye humored 'em; an I knew they liked me, ef I wasn't their own mother. "We hed an awful lot of work the sum went on through the room where she lay across a great hall into another big room, an' I thought a hundred yards o' carpet My ! bat they looked cold an' dreary, an' l say to Marthy Jane Holly when we got back to their cosy little house, that it ''Well, when my visit was ont I went home, an' I declare I were thought once of him; but along about Christmas what does Marthy Jane Holly's man do but to particle follors. ''We hed an awful lot of work the sum mor a year after I went there. He put in a big crop, fur he said he was bound to pay fer a twenty acre pasture he hed just bought, an' so we hed to be up airly an' hired another band; an' I declare it was like a big hotel, only I believe it was harder. An' I thought he'd work hisself to death, too; for there wasn't a lazy bone of him; but along about Christmas what the bidy; an' the boys—I was sorry fur the little fellers. It seems to mo felle was like a big note, only i benevel i was harder. An' I thought he'd work hisself to death, too; for there wasn't a lazy bone in his body; an' the boys-I was sorry fur the little fellers. It seems to me folks thinks children never gets tired. Why I have knowed Bob to be that wore out thet he'd crawl upstairs at night on his thet he'd crawl upstairs at night on his hands and knees; but I couldn't do nothin,'only be good to'em. "Well, one day he fell out with the 'hand' thet I'd seen Emly liked, an' turned him off-right in harvest time, too. An' thet didn't help matters, fer Emly sulked, an' the man was a good worker, an' his plaze couldn't be filled. An' him an' Emly had several fusses, an' at lat she told him she was goin' to mary i

eat with tears runnia' down her face. "'Barbary,' said I, 'where kin Steve he ? Your pap's nearly craz", for fear he has stole Selim and gone off.' Barbry's face badn't eggrevated him the way she did. "Of course it wasn't any caster on m

badn't eggrevated him the way she did.
"Of course it wasn't any caster on me an' Barb ry after Emly was gone, though I do say the hird men was wful ciever help'n' us whenever they could; an' I rays to Barbary one day. 'Don't you fail in love with any of them boys, for I can't spare you.' An' she laughed, a' her face turned red. Aa' you could'a upaot me with a feather when abs asys, cried like, 'I won't, ma; I'm engaged to Pril Thomas.'
"Barbary Hillyer,' says I, 'you ain't no such thing !'
'Yes I am, ma," she says; "but we're goin' to wait till he's of age; he's only turned twenty now."
"Dear me,' thinks I, 'what will the Squire casy.' You see I never'd thought

better times, carefully concealing their names, which in those days it would

there or to En'ly's." "'Is he comin' home ?' I asked Phil. He shook his head. "E a'ly is at our house now,' he said, 'an' I think he'll go home with her. He is prettly badly hurt from a fall, he says, an' is somewhat lame, but he'll get along.' I went into my ironin', feeling thankful an' left the youngsters to themselves. Bless 'em they made a pretty pair. "'Pail stayed till about four o'clock, and after he was gone. Bathar come in

Squire come in, seemin' in mighty good humor, an' he says, 'I tell you, mother'down the road, an' I heaved the clatterin' of a horse, an' I run out j ist in time to see Barbary go ilks a fissn out of the back gate to ward the stable. It was all over in a minute. I see the horse are up as she flung the open door to. I see her pap hangin' with one foot in the stirrup, his head draggin,' though one hand still held the bridle; and I got to him somehow jist as he got his foot lose, an' I helped him up, an' there iay Barbary white an' still. Her pap let go the horse an' stooped down. humor, an ne says, 'I tell you, moiner-he called me that nearly always...'I've had a streak of luck. I got a big price for Selim an' he's gone.' Now Selim was the name Steve had given his colt; an' "I'll give him the black colt ' said

"Be still! he said, sharply; 'she's not dead. Help get her in the houss. We lifted her up an' she opened her eyes. 'Phil,' she whispered, faintly, 'tell pap Steve's 'then her voice ceawed an' her sweet eyes shut again. We got her on the bed, an' I got the camphire, au' pap rang the big bell for the hands, an' "He hed no right to sell my horse,' cried the boy, 'he gave him to me right at first, an' I raised him, an' he'd nicker to me, an' let me do anything with him, an' I loved him ; an' far pap to sell him, with out even tellin' me, he's no better than a soon as they come in sent one for the doc tor. But 1 found where she was hurt "'Oh Slevey,' says I, 'don't talk so_it's wicked' Bat the boy was wild. "'ft's not wicked to tell the truth,' he There was a great ugiy bruke right between her petty white shoulders. A little stream of blood begun to trickle out of her neuth "What'd he give him to me fur if he of her mouth.

Phil an' Steve an' Emily.' "H: thought I'd lest my senses, I know. 'They're there,' I said. 'Phil was here.' saved himself from failing, an' the Squire caught him again, kicked him savagely

again. "Never mind, pap, he don't-he don't show fight. But what could a slender lad of fifteen do against astrong man? 1 was that scared I couldn't move or speak. And as fur Barbary, she was white on the don't mean it, Stevey,' she muttreed, 'I know it's hard, but I guess he likes us chil-as fur Barbary, she was white on the don't mean it, Stevey,' she muttreed, 'I know dren.'

dren.' "Go,' I said, 'send fer em.'

as fur Barbary, she was white as a sheet as her pap shet the door on Stere and turned around. He looked at us a minit; He went out with the queer gray color creepin' over his face that I see in the morain.' An' pretty soon I heard the horse gallopin' off. Then he came back his eves was glarin' and his face red as fire. "You git to work, miss ; an' as fur you," "You fit to work, miss; an as fur you, he said to me, 'you let that boy alone; none o' your petin' him. Do you hear? I didn't say a word, an' he went in the room, bagin' the door to after him. Well, we done all we could. The doctor came, an' Phil, an' Steve, an' Emily an' per man. But she never spoke but after they came. She nurmured then brokenly. All we could make out was, "We locked at each other. Then Bar bary, with her white face set sort o' like "Pap-Steve never-Ma's real good-Pnil -mother!' she cried aloud at last, an her father's, walked to the kitchen door, opened it an' went out in the darkness, her eyes opened wide, an' she looked wonfor it was a cloudy evening. And supper was late, owin' to the men bein' at work deringly at us, fixing her geze for a little on her pap, who stood at the foot of the bed. Then a long shudder shook her body, an' her breath came in gasps; a in the lower meadow. I dished up the meal and called all hands; but neither Barbary or Steve came in an' we ste with torrent of blood poured out of her mouth

an' she was gone 'Yee, we had to bear it. People can hear things when they have to. But he's never been the same man. An' his face keeps that queer color. I've heard that Burbary ; she was set in' on the back porch cryin'. But she wouldn't say one thing about Steve. She dried her eyes an' helped do up the work, an' then we was goin' to bed. I had to go in the room as it was bed time an' I didn't know what to do. Lelipped out an' hunted for Steve. She crede in at the barnyard do. Lelipped out an' hunted for Steve. She crede in at the barnyard it is feat caught. Barbary and it all

an' his feet caught. Barbary see it all, error. A solemn m for her. At New Year she is to be mar-ried to a fine young fellow whom I my self have picked out to be her husband. Everything was going on smoothly; the young folks liked each other—at least so I thought—and everything was ready for the ceremony to take place at the Com mune, when, this evening my daughter threw herself at my feet begging me to over right often. She has a little girl now She calls it Barbary, an't it's mighty cute. But it'll never be like my Barbary to me or pap either. An' after all, Selim had put off her marriage. Surprised at first, I raised her up: "What ! do you not love your intended got out himself, an' was on his way home when they caught him. But pore Stevey, husband ?" I asked her. "Yes, father" she answered; 'but I do he said he never wanted to see him sgain. not wish to be married yet ' he said he never wanted to see him sgsin. "Phil Thomas? He was pretty, down-hearied for a good while, but he's shiked up now, an' I heard he was waitin' on Melinda Jones. She's a nice girl, but she couldn't hold a candle to Barbary. "Dead folks soon forgot', you say. I don't heliare it. Folks don't forget to he "When I pressed her with questions as to this strange caprice, she at last con-fessed to me her girlish notion. She wanted to wait hoping that the day would come when she might be married with the blessings of the Church. When

SEPTEMBER 8, 1888.

that from that day, whether it was from a change of principles or from gratitude, the member of the revolutionary government was in secret a protector of the little Church, which was allowed to exist When the Reign of Terror was at its worst in France, my grandmother, then a young girl, dwelt in the Fauburg Saintin peace, unknown to its persecutors.

ST. THOMAS OF AQUINO.

St. Thomas of Aquino was by far the

St. Thomas of Aquino was by far the greatest man of his $a_{\beta}(-1)$ man of noble birth, of ancient lineage, of commanding presence, the most consummate theolo-gian, supreme in learning and goodness, the friend of popes and of kings—yet in position (and he desired to be nothing else) he was but an humble monk. One day at Bologna, a stranger arriving at his monastery, isked the prior for some one day at Bologna, a stranger erriving av me monastery, asked the prior for some one to belp him to get provisions and carry his basket. "Tell the first Brother you his tarket. "Tell the first Brother you meet," said the prior. St Thomas was walking in meditation in the cloiater, and, waiking in meditation in the clister, and, knowing him not by sight, the stranger said to him, "Your pilor bids you follow me." Without a word the greatest tracher of his age, "the Doctor Angelicus"—the angel of the 'cbools, as he was called by the affection o his admires, ho eed his head, took the hasket at d followed. But he means the temple was just beside the dwelling place of one of the members of the evolutionary government who was an basket aid followed. But he was suffer-ing from lamences, and since he was unrevolutionary government who was all implacable enemy of religion. It was a cold winter's night; the Mid-night Office was celebrated in bonor of the festival of Caristmas. The shop able to keep up the pace, the stranger rebuked him roundly as a lazy, good for-nothing fellow, who ought to show more zeal in religious obedience. The saint meckly bore the unjust reprocees and answered never a word. "D, you know

answerd never a word. "D) you know t, whom you are speaking-whom you are treating in this rude way?" said the ind'grant cit'zens of Bologns, who had witnessed the scene. "That is Brother Thomas of Aquino" 'Brother Thomas of Aquino i'' said the stranger, and immediate y throwi g him self upon his knees he beggod to be for given "Nay," said St. Thomae, "it is I who should ask forgiveness, since I have not been so active as I should have been." And this humility, so rare in little men, was the chief characteristic in this truly great man. spotless white cloth, supplied the place of an altar. The vestments had been taken from their hiding-place, and the little assembly were piously recollected,

great man. Ouce when reading aloud in his monas. tery the prior thought he had make a false quantity in the Latin and corrected him Thomas instantly altered the word as the prior had said. "Way did you not Was there tell him that you were right ?" asked the the first first you were right ?" asked the mould a first way of the quantity of the word," says St Thomas, "was of no consequence; but it was of consequence that I should be obsident." Once again : When he was addressing a vast congrega-tion in one of the chief churches of Paris, an insolent intruder came up, the did an insole of the other came up the sisle, beckoned him to stop, and simed at him an abusive harargue. The saint waited till be had ended, and then, without one word of anger or rebake, calmly continued his dis-course. From that disciplined and noble spirit of the first man of his age all pride had been expelled. "Give me, O Lord"_____ this was big doing many or the spirit of t this was his daily prayer-"Give me, O Lord, a noble heart which no earthly affection may drag down."-Archdeacon Farrar.

The Churches of Scotland.

The London correspondent of the The Longon correspondent of the Catholic Review writes: 'From Scot-land it is pleasant to hear that 'within the last fifty years no less than sixty churches have been dedicated to God in honor of Our Lady alone' Consider-ing how noor the Scotch Catholics are ing how poor the Scotch Catholics are ing how poor the Scoten Catholics are this announcement cannot fail to be surprising. We all know that St. Margaret—like Bruce David, Wallace, Gavin Dudbar—was a devout client of the Mother of God; and that in the Catholic days before the bones of Pres. Catholic days before the bones of Pres. byterianism usurped the place of chivalrous South Catholicity, the temporal, like the spiritual, life of Scotland was very different from what it is now. very different from what it is now. There were no heartless poor laws in old times, Meirose, Judburgh, Dry-burgh, like Roslyn, Seton and Holyrood —all tell us what Catholicity was, But. the new life of Catholicity in Sootland is wonderfully vigorous and springlike. The late Mr. Moneith of Carstairs once said to may. In Soctland there are said to me: In Scotland there are a few Catholic grandees and a few there are the state of the s

SEPTEMBER 8,

The Land of the Be

By the hut of the peasan

weeps, And nigh to the tower ose to the crad

sleeps And joy loves to linger (Lies a garden of light full fume, Where never a tear-dro

And the rose and the bloom-Tis the land of the bea

Each moment of life a me And beckons man over Through the heart-sobs rolling of drums,

The army of mortals ob Few lips that have kissed

brow, A face from each firesid But we know that our

watching us now In the land of the beaut

Not a chaim that we kne d'ry was crossed, And we stood in the val. Not a trait that we prized

is lost-

is lost— They have fairer and lov As the lilies burst forth wh of night Into bondage at dawn-bre So they bask in the glow

Light, In the land of the beaut

O! the dead, our dead, dead, Are close to the heart o When the last deed is do word is said, We will meet in the beau dead! —JOHN JE

CATHOLICS OF S

CORRECTION -- In our is inst. there occurs an er to deprive the aged Lord oncr which he acquired bis faith publicly on the otherwise acting as becan tian. The paragraph in page three, beginning wi Echad been reconciled to the ought to have been place after the last line of the graph, column three, v

wardly enemy Tae name, Mr. Robe ought to have been in brackets, at the end of the fourth paragraph, co page third, thus : embowell trg-(ROBERT CHALMERS) indicate that the writer' stating that Jacobite priso to death in a very cruel distinguished author, Rob

BY THE REV. ENEAS M'DO LL. D, F R. S, E PART II.

For some time before th of 1745, Presbome had enjo tive quiet. Whatever fac were, on cossion o expedition, ruthlessly tor brutal soldiery, who beat as a few starved Highlander pillaged the Church of Pre the books and vestments burned them in the marke

that time till the arrival of

congregation had assemble room in the greatest privac The pastorate of the nei ish of Bellie was, at this ten years longer, held by t Godsman. From our ear. we have been accustomed worthy priest spoken of as His mission was dedicated in Blessed Virgin. He was Although his parents were living in a fen which the Duke of Gordon, he often very young, was present felt strongly attracted towa olic religion But, how or not tell. The priest at For Mr. Hacket, took notice of was at pains to instruct him intelligent and tractable, a him in due course, into Church when he was about of sge, Showing afterwar desire to be a priest, app

made to the Rev. Charles

admission into the monas James in 1719. This could

ever, as Abbot Stewart co age too great. He was, th

to nome the following year.

man and his companion through Germany in order

pestilence which was, at the

College of Rome, on Januar It was not long till Mr. Gods

They reached

France.

not reason, indeed, for each one to fea for himself, for his family and for the good shepherd, who was in greater danger than his sheep ? With a stern but calm air, the conventional remained throughout the mass, and according as the Holy Sacrifice was coming to an end the assistants became all the more un easy in the expectation of a conclusion that could easily be guessed. When the mass was finished and the lights were nearly all put cut, the assist-ants glided away one by one; then the stranger advanced to the priest, who had recognized him, but who preserved the moess of a stoic. "Citizen priest," he said, 'I have some thing to say to you." "Speak, brother ; what can I do for vou ?"

MIDNIGHT MASS DURING THE

BEIGS OF TEBRIOR

Germain. A void had been made around her and her mother, their friends, their

relatives, the head of the family himself, had field the country. The hotels were deserted, or were in the possession of new landlords. The two women had given up their grand house for a modest

dging, where they lived on in hopes o

"I want to ask a favor of you, and I know how ridiculous that makes me. My face grows red like a girl's, and I cau-

"And yet my person and my ministry are but little calculated to make you uneasy, and if some feeling of piety brings you to me-" "Ea! There is nothing of that kind,

I know nothing of religion; I don't want to know anything; I am one of those that have done all they could to destroy yours; but, to my misfortune, I have a daughter..." "I see no misfortune in that," inter-

"I see no misjortune in tux, inter-rupted the priest. "Wait, citiz.p; you will see. We men of principle are often made the victims of children. Inflexible towards every-body else in maintaining the idea that we have formed for ourselves, we hesiwe have formed for ourselves, we hesitate and we become children in presence of the tears and prayers of our children. I have a daughter whom I have brought up to be an honest woman and a true citogenne I thought I had moulded her after my own image, but I was greatly in

my first anger was over, I cannot tell you

rule of conduct-the marriage of her deceased mother took place in the

Church; her memory required this pious

action ; she would not consider herself married unless the ceremony took place

at the foot of the altar ; she had r

remain a maid for the

o his daughter's intentions."

still better her idea."

to me respectable; and a little whil

have been dangerous to have known. The Churches, being perverted from their sacred purpose, were used as atores or industrial establishments. All ex-terior practices were at an end. Never-theless, in the shop of a manufacturer of wooden aboes, in the Rue Saint Dominique, an old priest, in the rule shift Domini-que, an old priest, who had resumed the numble trade of his father, used to gather together a few of the fathful for prayer; but precautions had to be used, for the pursuit was unrelenting, and the bumble

"' Pail stayed till about four o'clock, and after he was gone, Barbary come in to help about supper. "I wish pap'd come," she kept saying; 'I want him to know Szeve is no thief ' Presently she ran out on the back porch and sto of looking down the road, an' I heared the clatterin" the festival of Caristmas, the shop was carefully closed, whilst the incense perfumed the small room at the back. A white bureau, on which was placed a spotless white cloth, supplied the place

moved.

little assembly were piously recollected when a knock at the door that sounder ike the usual knock of the faithful, down. "Barbary !' he cried. She never called their attention. One of the assembly rose to open the door ; a man entered with besitating steps. His appearance in this place at this time Stere found his horse had been sold he flew into a dreadful rage. Au' I couldn't blame bim, though I tried to pacify him, tellin' him his pap had a right to do as he "Be still !' he said, sharply; 'che's not as unexpected and unwelcome; his you ?' "Be still !' he said, sharply; 'che's not figure was, alas! too well known; it was the man who, in the public coun cils, had shown himself most bitter against the meetings of the faithful, and

whose presence at such a time was there fore all the more to be feared. The majesty of the Holy Sacrifice was not disturbed, however; but fear had seized all their assistants. Was there

he is a thief " 'Send over to Thomas'es,' I said, 'for "Oh, dear, dear ! his pap heard Steve, fur jist then he came in an' grabbed the boy by the collar an' flurg him across the

In spite of his trouble his face lighted up, ""Then Steve is not ..." he began, but at the name Barbary's eyes opened and opening the door threw him into the yard. You needn't think Steve didn't

consin, Marthy Jane Holly, 'its her own fault. Ef sho'd managed the Squire right he'd never built such a house. Sne told me she wanted a littler one, handy and fall of closets, but the Squire wanted the big one. Now I say of she managed-'O, pshaw !'' said the old woman, 'Miss Holly, you dunno what you's talkin' The woman that'll manage Sam bout. Hillver sin't hurn ?

At this minute a man came to the door of the kitchen where we were sittin' an' said, 'All as wanted to look at the corpse please walk in'. I went in with the rest an' tuk a look at the pore critter, an' went on through the room where she lay

does Marthy Jane Holly's man do but come down to our house with him in a sleigh. You might o' upsot me with a feather when they walked in.

"You see I was nigh onto thirty-five, an' not been extra good lookin' I'd bout con cluded nobody ever want me for a wife; but the long and short of it was he had heard about me, an' he said he was lone some an' his children needed lookin' after, tell you he's a good talker ; an' Martha Jane Holly came to see me, an' said all he needed was the right kind of a woman to manage him; that he was a good pervider, an' had about as good a farm as there was in the country; an' my brother Jim as I was livin' with an' Cyn-ther his with carbon to the livin' with an' Cyn-ther his with and the country is an ' no use talkin' it over. Emply faced her there his with and country is an ' no use talkin' it over. Emply faced her farm as there was in the country; an' my brother Jim as I was livin' with an' Cyn thy his wife—she was Cynthy Smith—lo Tom Smith's daughter you know,—they said it was a splendid chance far me; they knowed I could get along with him an' so a give in; but I sort o' mistrusted that air

him know I'm boss here.'

"I didn't sleep much that night an' I thought, 'Well, Sally Humphrey was a happier weman than Mrs. Squire Hülyer, reckon, but Mrs. does sound better.' Not a word was said in the morning till breakfast was called. Then little Tom asked for Steve. "'I reckon he's asleep in the bara,' said

pap; 'go tell him to come in; he's acted the fool long enough.'

The boy went, but soon came back, say-iag he 'couldn't find Stere.' I see Squire's face change color. But he sat down to the table without a word, an' he was about through broacher order the was about through breakfast when there was a knock at the back door. Barbry opened the door and a strange man walked

"Squire,' he said, 'good mornin.' That horse I bought of yer yesterday is missin', an' I though mebbe I'd find him here. He either got out of the stable or was taken out.' For a minit nobody spoke. Then

Tommy said, 'Pap, Selim ain't here. Mebbe Steve's gone after him." " Whose Steve ?' said the stranger.

"Whose Steve ' said the stranger. "He is my son,' answered pap, quickly. 'You shall have our help, sir, in getting your horse Set down an' eat a bite while I look about a bit.'

The stranger sat down an' Barbary poured his coffse, while I followed the Squire out. As soon as the door closed benind us he grabbed my arm. ""Where's that boy ?' he whispered sav-

agely. "I don't know,' I said, fer I didn't. He looked at me. His face turned most the color of ashes. 'Oh, God !' he cried, then

he hurried towards the stable. "I was kind o' stunned fer a while. I

don't believe it. Folks don't forget ; but all the good reasons she gave me to obtain from me a thing so contrary to my

they can't go mourning always. An'it wouldn't be right of they could. I know long as I live l'il never forgit my girlis,

long as 1 live 1'll never forgit my girlis, who give up her sweet young life to save her pap. No, i'm not sorry I married him either. He's awful good, ef he is a little close with money. But that's his nature. I reckon it's cuse he know how hard it is to get. But, bless my heart, its nigh four o'clock, and that girl will never oft support on without Less to the super

git supper on without I see to it; so you must excuse me a while. There's the must excuse me a while. There's the album with Barbary's picter in it. Tain't half as pretty as she was; but you can guess a little what she's like by it. "Ei you see him comin' just slip it out o' sight; he can't bear to see.it There's

some of my folks' likenesses in it too. No, I never did hev mine taken. Don't reckon I ever will, but, laws, I must see about supper.'

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor ;-Please inform your readers that I wave a Please inform your readers that $1 \xrightarrow{xve} a$ positive remedy for the above \xrightarrow{x} med dis-ease. By its timely use the state of hope-less cases have been \xrightarrow{x} manently cured. I shall be glad to said two bottles of my remedy FREE to any ef our readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and F. O. address.

n' Respectfully, I DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Tor nato, Ont.

tew Catnolic grandees and a lew tudes. and very poor Catholics; yet there is somehow, a vitality about Scotch Catho-licism which I think look more promisoment is approaching og than does the English."

Bad Companions.

A story is told of a gentleman who had a splendid singing canary. A friend wanted to see if he could teach his sparwatten to see it ne collin teach his spar-rows to sing by keeping the charty with them. He borrowed it and placed it in the cage with the sparrows. Insteal, how-ever, of teaching them to sing, the poor bird got so timid among the strange birds bird got so timid among the strange birds that it stopped singing altogether, and did nothing but chrp like the sparrows. The owner then took it back, but still it would not sing, until he put it beside a capary that sung well, when it soon regained its old notes. old notes.

A Wedding Present

Of practical importance would be a bottle of the only sure pop corn cure—Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor—which can be had at any drug store. A continuation of the honeymoon and the removal of corns both assured by its use. Beware of imitations.

Prompt Results.

"I was very sick with Dowel complaint "I was very sick with Dowel complaint last summer. I tried other medicines but all was no use antil I tried Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawbury. The next day I was like a different man." Geo. H. Peacock, rest of her life. She pleaded so hard, adding her prayers and tears to her words, that she tri-umphed. She herself told me of the retreat which, a few days ago, it would have been had for all if I had known. I a different Strud, Ont.

Chronic Coughs and Colds

Chronic Coughs and Colds And all Diseases of the throat and Lungs can be cured by the use of Scott's Emul-sion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. See what W. S. Muer, M. D., L. R. C. P., etc., Truro, N. S., says: "After three years' experience I consider Scott's Emulsion one of the very best in the market. Very excellent in Throat affec-tions." Put up in 50c. and \$1 size. have come to find you, and now I ask . Before you stands your persecutor , you Before you stands your persecutor , you will bless the marriage of his daughter according to your worship " answered : "My The worthy prise, exclusion and no ran The worup pre-exclusion and no ran-ministry knows - exclusion and no ran-cor; I am - pleased, besides, at what you as - me. One thing only grieves pro-that the father is so much opposed pro-that the father is so much opposed "You mistake me ; I understand sen-

Consumptive Tendencies

timents. That of a daughter who wishes are often inherited, but the disease itself may gain a foothold through impure blood, bad diet, unventilated rooms, etc., keep the blood pure and the circulation perfect by means of Burdock Blood Bitters, and thus ward off consensuitor making its to be married as her mother was, appears I saw that there is something in your ago ceremonies which makes me understand by means of Burdock Blood Bitters, and thus ward off consumption, which is simply scrofala of the lungs.

still better her idea." Some few days afterward the same back room contsined a few intimate friends who were witnesses to a mar-nisge. It need hardly be mentioned PURITY OF INGREDIENTS and accuracy of compounding, make Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine the criterion of excellence.

a favorite with his superiors, larly one of them, F. Wolf man and prefect of studie age and his studies compl rdained priest in the year at Bordeaux, on his return he engaged for his passage byterian shipmaster This p won by his conversation and board, that he refused to any fare. Arriving at Edin in August, it became his di brate Mass in the lodgings of Duchess of Perth. Having friends in the Enzie, he was a October to the mission of Da was on the best of terms the neighboring priests who were was not long till Bellie, becom 1734, he was removed to th He dwelt for some time al village of Auchenhalrig, ad Park of Gordon Castle. Con times, it is noticeable that t Gordon's factor, Mr Alexan Protestant, boarded with M till his marriage. Soon afte man built for himself a cotte enhalrig. This cottage still of the priest's residence th years after he undertook the Bellie, he was efflicted by a se of palsy, which assabled him year. During the disastrou sequent on the defeat of Prin Mr. Godsman was arrested an a prisoner to Fochabers. T no charge against him, he ately liberated. Additional laid on Mr. Godsman in cons the prominent part Rev. J. Preshome had taken on the Prince. He could not appe