

For THE TRUE WITNESS.

## "CANADA."

Noble, happy Canada, thou country of the free!  
Favored home of Liberty, Dominion dear to me!  
Standing out in bold relief to European lands,  
Opening wide thy sheltering arms to European hands,  
Blessings on thee Canada!  
Successful be thy aims!  
My heart is with thee Canada,  
Thy love my homage claims.

Peaceful wert thou Canada till bigots stalked abroad,  
And strove to banish from thy shores "Freedom to worship God";  
From East to West as flames on high their lying standards flung,  
And under cloak of "Equal Rights" the bigot's anthem sung.  
But blessings on thee Canada,  
Thy statesmen all disdained  
To listen to such treason bold—  
Such ignorance unfeigned.

Lovely wert thou Canada, thy hills and valleys wild,  
When Cartier first 'mid forest glades on the  
Algonquin smiled!  
Bringing Hope and Charity and knowledge of  
Man's Faith  
Which Peter preached on Tiber's banks, banishing  
Pagan wrath.  
Then blessings on thee Canada,  
From Heaven's altar fall,  
O'er hill and valley, glade and glen,  
O'er woodland, plain and dell.

"Two million people of that Faith dwell peaceful  
in thy land;  
And if a woman's march was heard right royally  
they would stand;  
Y' stand and fight for Canada as their fathers  
did of yore,  
And drive the bold invader back in tumult from  
thy shore.  
Then blessings on thee Canada,  
Successful be thy aims!  
My heart is with thee Canada!  
Thy love my homage claims.

JAS. T. NOONAN.

Brookville, Ont., April 18th, 1850.

## LADY KILDARE;

Or, the Rival Claimants.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

A DOUBLE REVELATION.

On the Antrim coast, a mile or more above  
Point Kildare, on the shore of a little bay  
about a mile in length, stood the little  
cabin toward which Michael Kildare was  
conducting his companions.

It belonged to a fisherman who dwelt here  
with his old wife. On this day the couple  
were gone to the market on foot, and their  
boat, a small craft with a sail, lay half drawn  
up on the bit of pebbly beach.

The little bay, the cabin, the rocks, all  
presented a scene of loneliness and desolation  
and utter seclusion.

Suddenly, into the midst of this seclusion,  
desolation, and loneliness, a man came riding  
slowly on a jaded horse—a man in whose  
miserable and haggard aspect one would have  
found it difficult to recognize the fugitive  
husband of the Lady Kathleen.

Yet this man was Bassantyne.

His worst enemy, Lame Bill, might have  
guessed him in his forlornness and desolation.  
His garments were worn and dirty and be-  
grimed. The dust on his face, channeled with  
sweat, gave him a savage appearance. A  
wild look gleamed from his eyes—the wildness  
peculiar to a hunted creature, whether  
beast or human.

And Bassantyne knew himself to be hunt-

ed. He had felt that pursuers were on his track  
from the night of his escape from Ballyconnor—  
from the very hour in which he had attacked  
the constable in the mountain pass, nearly  
murdering him, and robbing him of his horse,  
the animal he now rode.

He had skulked along in his flight, avoiding  
the main roads, snatching the little sleep he  
had had in risk yards and in the open fields  
or under hedges, while his horse cropped the  
herbage near hand. He had avoided encoun-  
tering people; had not dared to exchange  
his horse for another; had slipped past  
villages and towns without entering them;  
and all the while he had felt, with an instinct  
no reasoning could persuade, that he was  
being tracked as certainly as if the bay  
of blood-hounds could already be heard at  
his heels.

He had intended to proceed to Ballyconnor,  
and to sail thence to Scotland, but the deadly  
terror gathering in his soul caused him to  
divert his course, and seek for some lonely  
fisherman's cabin. He would hire some fisher-  
man, he thought, to transport him to the  
Scottish shore.

He rode up to the cabin, his wild eyes  
scanning the scene restlessly and suspiciously,  
dismounted and knocked at the door.

No one called to him. He opened the  
door, and breathed an audible thanksgiving  
when he found that no one was within.

"They have gone to market, or to visit a  
neighbor," he thought, his gloomy face light-  
ening up. "I can go off in their boat. I shall  
get off safely after all."

He was hungry—nearly famished. He  
went to a little cupboard and helped himself  
liberally to bread and cold cooked fish, of  
which there was plenty. He sat like a starving  
man, looking over his shoulder at every  
second, as if he expected to see an enemy at  
his elbow.

His hunger stung, he went out of doors.  
His tired horse had dropped upon the grass.  
Clearly he could not have gone a mile further  
without rest and food, of which last he had  
had little enough since Bassantyne had stolen  
him.

The fugitive went out upon the beach,  
climbed into the sleep, and examined it. It  
was sound and trim. He got out again upon  
the shore, and pushed off the little craft into  
deeper water.

And at that moment, as he was about to  
clamber into the vessel again, a party on  
horseback came galloping into full view, ap-  
proaching the cabin.

It was the party headed by Michael Kil-  
dare.

Bassantyne saw that there were several  
men in the party. He did not notice the  
father of the countess' riding-habit, as she  
came up in the rear, and had no idea that  
there was a woman among the newcomers.

He believed himself overtaken—overtaken at  
the very moment when he believed that he  
had won safety.

For a moment he stood as if paralyzed,  
turning a wild, white, desperate face toward  
the newcomers. A mist gathered before his  
vision. His want of food, want of sleep,  
and the awful terror that had been grow-  
ing upon him for days, made him  
for the moment quite blind and helpless.

He felt feebly in his breast pocket for his  
pistol.

"I won't be taken alive!" he muttered,  
half inaudibly.

Then the sound of these ringing hoofs  
rang out with sudden and startling force.  
His vision began to clear. The in-  
stant of sight came upon him again, and he  
turned and climbed up the steep side like a  
cat.

to shake it out, with a glare in his eyes like

that of a maniac.  
"Hallo, Callahan!" cried Michael Kil-  
dare, gallowing down to the beach, Redmond  
Kildare at his side. "By George! It's not  
Callahan at all. It's some thief trying to steal  
his boat!"

Bassantyne scarcely heard or heeded these  
words. There was a light somewhere  
in the rocks. He could not shake out of the  
sail, and here were the men within a rod of  
him.

"A thief! Do you hear?" ejaculated  
Michael Kildare excitedly, Bassantyne's looks  
and manner sufficiently indicating that  
he was in the act of stealing the boat. "We  
must stop him! Here, you fellow, sur-  
render!"

The sail began to loosen now. The breeze  
began to fill it. Bassantyne's eyes lit up  
gleefully as he heard it:  
"Surrender! Never! I will not be  
taken alive! I warn you I am a desperate  
man!"

The Earl of Kildare, who was braver than  
the little lawyer, and who had no intention  
of seeing the sloop he wanted carried off  
before his eyes by some thief bolder than  
he, sprang off his horse, ran over the  
strip of beach, and caught at the stern of the  
boat.

"Back! Back!" shouted Bassantyne  
hoarsely, his face all aflame. "Back, or you  
die!"

Redmond Kildare did not reply, but he  
climbed over the side of the boat, and bound-  
ed toward Bassantyne with a swift, tiger-like  
movement.

Bassantyne recoiled before him in an awful  
terror, drew his pistol, and fired.  
Redmond Kildare flung up his arms with a  
wild shriek, and fell forward on his face into  
the boat.

His shriek was echoed by the countess and  
by Michael Kildare, both of whom came rid-  
ing toward the boat like whirlwinds.

Bassantyne saw them coming. A cold,  
gray pallor overspread his face, and his lips  
set themselves together in a stern and awful  
smile.

"Come on!" he muttered. "It is too late  
to escape now. All I can do is to cheat the  
hangman!"

And as Michael Kildare clambered into the  
boat, Bassantyne put his remaining pistol to  
his heart, fired, and fell dead.

The survivors of the scene were not yet over.  
Michael Kildare hastened to the side of the  
prisoner Redmond, and turned up to the sun-  
light the young man's face. The eyes were  
open, and a look of terrible pain was in them.  
He was terribly wounded in the breast, as it  
seemed, but he still lived.

The little Dublin lawyer gathered the  
wounded man's head to his breast, and  
chafed his hands and wiped his forehead,  
crying out:

"Redmond! Redmond! Speak to me!  
You are not dying!"

"Dying!" cried the countess, climbing  
into the boat. "Redmond dying! I know  
better!"

And then she laughed a wild, insane laugh,  
that nearly curdled the blood of those who  
heard it.

The truth was apparent at a glance. All  
her troubles about the property, with this  
added shock of Redmond's dangerous wound,  
had been too much for the countess, or else  
her cure had not been radical. She was in-  
sane again—incurably insane!

"My God!" cried Sir Russell, appalled by  
these terrible events. "That man dead!  
The countess insane! Redmond Kildare dy-  
ing! What are we to do?"

"We must have help immediately for  
Lord Kildare," exclaimed Mr. Wedburn.  
"We may save him yet. There is a doctor  
on Point Kildare, is there not?"

"The chaplain understands surgery,"  
said the Earl.

"We must obtain his services at once.  
We have no time to spend in going to one  
of the villages along the coast. Let us leave  
our horses here and sail for the island at  
once!"

Mr. Wedburn, being the most self-possessed  
man in the party, had his own way. He  
secured the horses in the fisherman's garden,  
followed Sir Russell into the boat, and set the  
sail.

They made their way out of the cove into  
the waters of the channel, heading toward  
the outer or eastern point of the island of  
Kildare.

Long before they drew near the open beach  
in front of the castle, their approach had  
been observed. Mr. Wedburn displayed his  
banknote as a flag of truce, and as the  
Lady Nora and her friends came out upon  
the beach, and the boat drew nearer to the  
shore, he called out:

"We have met with an accident. We want  
the services of a doctor. Will you let us  
come ashore?"

"Is this a ruse, I like your return to Dun-  
loy?" asked Lord O'Neill.

"By heaven, no! Lord Kildare is danger-  
ously wounded, and we have a dead man  
in here! In the name of humanity, permit  
us to land on your shores!"

The appeal was heeded. The Lady Nora  
signified that they could land.

The little sloop ran into the shelter of the  
point, the countess rising and making frantic  
attempts to throw herself overboard, in  
which she was restrained by Sir Russell Ryan.

It was in sorry plight the little party reach-  
ed the shore.

You saw what had happened, Lady Nora!"  
cried Sir Russell, as he signaled his charge  
upon the beach. "The countess is insane  
again. Her son is dying—"

"Dying!"

"Yes, he was shot by a fellow who killed  
himself the next instant. There the man lies  
dead in the boat!"

Impelled by some sinister fascination, the  
party on the beach approached the boat, to  
look upon the face of the dead man.

At the first glance the Lady Kathleen recog-  
nized him. Despite all his squalor and  
dirt, she knew the dead face as that of the  
man who had made her life a misery to her  
for years.

"It is Bassantyne!" she cried. "It is  
my husband!"

And with a strange, shrill cry, she fell  
forward on the sands insensible.

Tender arms lifted her and carried her into  
the castle—the arms of her old lover.

Lord Kildare had scarcely disappeared  
with the countess when Sir Russell Ryan,  
Lord O'Neill, and the others lifted out of the boat  
the quivering figure of Redmond Kildare,  
and laid it on the sands.

The chaplain bent over him, shook his  
head sorrowfully, and said:

"Lord Kildare, I can do nothing for you.  
No human power can help you now. Let me  
advise you to make your peace with God."

Redmond Kildare gasped for breath.

"Dying!" he whispered. "Am I dying?"  
The chaplain's compassionate face answered  
him.

"Who says he is dying?" cried Michael  
Kildare fiercely. "I tell you he is not  
dying!"

He looked around him sullenly, but he saw  
only pitying sorrow in the faces bent toward  
him.

"We must take him into the castle!" said  
Nora, her eyes flooding with tears. "Oh, is  
there nothing we can do for him?"

The dying man looked up at her with a  
feeble smile and gratitude.

"Too late!" he whispered. "Let me die  
here, Michael!"

The lawyer, weeping like a woman, bent

over the young man.  
"Michael," whispered Redmond gaspingly,  
"shall be Lady of Kildare now, when I am  
gone. What was the law? I want to  
know!"

The little lawyer read the truth in the  
young man's fast glazing eyes, that he was  
dying. He took him up in his arms, and  
kissed him, crying out in his anguish:

"Redmond, don't you guess it? You are  
not the son of Lord Redmond Kildare and  
yonder mad woman. Their son died in his  
infancy, after the mother had been sent to a  
mad-house, and at the time when Lord Red-  
mond was here at Point Kildare. I bribed  
the nurse and substituted you in place of the  
lord's dead son. It was you whom Lord  
Redmond, mistaken and unsuspecting, took  
to be the son of his son. And when he  
died he believed you his son, and made his  
communications to me which I have related."

A spasm of pain, mental as well as phys-  
ical, convulsed the features of the dying  
man.

"Not Lord Redmond's son!" he whis-  
pered. "Who then am I?"

"My son, Redmond, mine!" cried the  
little lawyer, who, whatever his crimes and  
wickedness, loved the dying youth with the  
tenderest affection. "I did it because I loved  
you. It was to make you rich and honored,  
that I did it. I wanted you to bear the  
proud old title from which I was de-  
barred—"

"Ah!" said Redmond. "And who—who  
was my mother?"

The lawyer's face flushed, and he trembled.  
He would not have answered, but that those  
dying eyes compelled him.

"Your mother, Redmond," he whispered,  
"was—Mrs. Liffey—my wife."

With a wild, anguished moan, Redmond  
Kildare turned away from the father who  
had sinned so deeply for him, fixed his gaze  
upon the bright, sunlit sky, and in another  
moment his life slipped from him, and he lay  
on the sands—dead.

The two men, Redmond Kildare and  
Niccol Bassantyne, were buried on the same  
day, and in the same little country grave-  
yard. The story of how they met their deaths  
was not suffered to get abroad.

After the funeral, Michael Kildare, a  
bowed, stricken, and prematurely old man,  
went away with the insane countess, whom  
he restored to her former asylum. He then  
returned to Dublin, where he soon after  
died.

Russell Ryan stayed behind at Kildare  
Castle, with Mr. Wedburn, to apologize to  
the Lady Nora for his harshness and un-  
belief. His grief was so sincere that the  
young Lady of Kildare did not find it diffi-  
cult to forgive him.

Upon the very day of Bassantyne's funeral  
Lame Bill, who had followed Bassantyne all  
the way from Ballyconnor, losing track of  
him in Antrim, came upon Fogarty in the  
streets of Dunloy.

He recognized him, in spite of his disguise.  
Fogarty turned upon him in self-defense. A  
fight followed, in which the two men mortal-  
ly wounded each other. Neither ever spoke  
again, and with them perished all danger of  
a declaration to the world of Bassantyne's  
identity with the fugitive convict. Bassan-  
tyne secret was buried with him, so far as  
the world was concerned.

It was the day after the funeral. The Lady  
Kathleen was seated in the octagonal pa-  
riol, pale, but bright and hopeful. With  
Bassantyne had perished all her grief.

She was absorbed in thought, when the  
door opened and Lord Treaham came in. His  
lordship addressed the young maiden  
widow, and sat down at her side.

"You are not grieving, Kathleen?" he said.  
"Grieving?"

She turned her face to him quickly, blash-  
ing.

"All our sorrows are over, are they not,  
Kathleen?" asked Treaham, gently drawing  
her nearer to him. "You will marry me  
at a little!"

"Yes, if you want me after hearing my  
story," said the Lady Kathleen shyly.

"I shall want you all the same, Kathleen.  
But you need not take up for me these bitter  
memories. Let them die with Bassantyne."

"You must know all before I promise to  
marry you," said the Lady Kathleen.

"Barry, when I went with you to the Scot-  
tish shore to be married, I thought Bas-  
santyne dead."

"I know it."

"That fraudulent marriage in Scotland  
was not my first marriage to Bassantyne!"  
Lord Treaham started.

"I was married to him years ago in Lon-  
don. The marriage was secret. I knew him  
as the Count Clairault. I thought I loved  
him," said the Lady Kathleen pantingly, her  
head bowed. "I thought him good and  
honorable. And we had hardly left the altar  
when he demanded money of me. His words  
when making the demand opened my eyes to  
his character. Two of his friends, who had  
been his groomsmen and witnesses—I thought  
them foreign army officers—laughed to see  
my dismay, my terror, my horror of the man  
I had married. I went to my own home, re-  
fusing to recognize the marriage as valid.

Until he went to Australia I paid Bassantyne  
half my income, to be allowed to retain my  
freedom and my secret. His object in marry-  
ing me had been to get money. I gave it him,  
and kept my secret."

"My poor Kathleen!"

"He was sent to Australia. I heard that  
he died there. All the years he was there I  
was obliged to pay heavy sums of money to  
the two witnesses of my marriage, to prevent  
them from divulging my secret. I have lived  
a life of terror and persecution. The knowl-  
edge that I have been married to a ruffian,  
a villain, a convict, has weighed me to the  
earth. You have heard my story, Lord  
Treaham, and can comprehend now why you  
must leave me."

"Never! Oh, my darling, if you had only  
told me this story that night when we sat  
on the rocks! We might have been spared much  
after-grief. From henceforth, Kathleen, we  
will share our griefs together. My  
darling I shall never let you go from me  
again."

He clasped her in a fervent embrace, and  
both hearts, so long grief-tossed, knew peace  
and joy at last.

For man, like Bassantyne, who could  
murder? Surely not the maiden he had so  
terribly wronged. She made no pretense of  
wearing mourning for him, and when Lord  
Treaham begged her to marry him soon, she  
did not refuse his earnest demand.

Some three or four months later, the little  
Kildare chapel was decorated with evergreen  
and holly, the bell rang a merry peal, the  
country and servants assembled, and among  
these faithful friends the Lady Kathleen  
was married to Lord Treaham and the Lady  
Nora Kildare was united to Lord O'Neill.

Sir Russell Ryan gave away the brides,  
Shamus O'Leary was the grand master of  
ceremonies, both then and at the festivities  
that followed at the castle. Allen Makon,  
her father, Mrs. Kelly, old Shane, Dennis,  
and all were in high spirits, and executed  
their parts in a high reel on the evening  
after the ceremony, with full as much zeal as  
the bride and groom.

And to-day Lord O'Neill and his  
gracious and lovely young wife are as happy  
as they deserve, and Glen O'Neill is being  
restored to his ancient glory.

THE END.

## CARDINAL MANNING ON THE RESURRECTION.

At the conclusion of the Pontifical Mass,  
Cardinal Manning preached at the Pro-  
Cathedral, Kensington, on Easter Sunday  
morning. He said: "You will not need, dear  
brethren, that I should remind you that your  
offerings on Easter Day are made for the  
priests who minister at the holy altar. It is  
in the law of the Church, a law of charity, a law  
more constraining and persuasive than any  
law of human enactment, that they who  
minister at the altar should live of the altar,  
and the offerings that are laid upon it are for  
our Divine Lord Himself, and His disciples  
share them. It is well that a stranger, so to  
speak, should be here and speak of them, and  
know them of themselves; and yet, dear  
brethren, I am not a stranger. In the midst  
of you none can be less so. For many years  
I have had the same task to do, and I do it  
with joy, and I do it without shame. For  
our Divine Master asks the offerings of the  
people, and I am not ashamed to do the same,  
and it is also because that my priests should  
have food and raiment, which is all that they  
desire, and I am sure almost all that they  
possess. I know many who never receive a  
stipend in many years—that what they may  
lawfully receive they give to the schools, or  
for the education of the poor, or to the sup-  
port of their teachers, or to those who are in  
poverty. You know this as well as I do, and  
you know your pastors—I was going to say  
better than I do—yet I don't think that pos-  
sible. They know you by your number, by your  
name, and by your character, and you know  
them, for you have had experience of them  
in times of sickness and in times of ser-  
row, and when you have needed sympathy  
human and Divine, and I think I may say  
you have never found them wanting, and  
therefore, when I tell you that your offerings  
to-day are made to them to give them what  
is most justly their due, I feel I need not say  
another word."

His Eminence then, taking as his text the  
words "The Apostle departed again to his  
home, but Mary stood at the Sepulchre with-  
out weeping," continued: "You may say  
where did they depart to? And yet, the very  
context tells us: 'For as yet they knew not  
any of the Scripture that He should rise from  
the dead.' Although He had told them that  
He should be delivered into the hands of men,  
that they should scourge Him and should kill  
Him, and that on the very day He should rise  
again from the dead, nevertheless there was  
amazement in their minds on finding Him risen.  
But why did Mary linger? Partly, no doubt,  
from that tumult of intense penitential love  
which made it impossible for her to be willingly  
absent from her Lord and Saviour; but, per-  
haps, it may be that she had the recollec-  
tion of the words He had spoken before He  
raised Lazarus from the tomb: 'I am the  
Resurrection and the Life, and he that be-  
lieveth in Me, though he were dead, yet he shall  
live forever.' It may be that the recollection  
of these words, indelible perhaps, yet never-  
theless full of a mystic yet yet accomplished,  
and which was the promise of our Divine  
Lord, could not fail. This was also in her  
heart and she lingered to see the end,  
and these words were Divine in the highest  
possible sense. 'I Am' is the name of God  
Himself. 'I Am' was the name He gave to  
Moses: 'I Am the Eternal Being, the Un-  
created, the Resurrection and the Life.' The  
love which is eternal and which is the  
fountain of all love comes from Him. There  
could be no life apart from the Eternal  
Source. These were the words for us to set  
upon to-day. I do not know that I could  
more clearly bring before you the Resurrec-  
tion of our Divine Master than by remind-  
ing you of His Incarnation. What is the  
Incarnation? The assumption of our huma-  
nity into God. And how was it accom-  
plished? The Eternal Son, Who is the  
Word, the Wisdom, the Intelligence  
of the Father, assumed that creature  
which is nearest akin to Himself. He  
assumed a human soul, and in assuming it  
He assumed a human body, in all respects  
like our own, except that He was free from  
sin. He assumed a Mother; and having assumed a  
soul and a body, He assumed our humanity.  
He assumed a human life, for the union of body  
and soul in our manhood is our life. And He  
was made man—God and Man in one  
Person. And having assumed our humanity  
said Himself: 'Therefore it is My Father  
I love Me, because I laid down My life that I  
may take it up again.' That is to say, it  
was His own Divine freedom of will whereby  
He assumed a human life, and He could lay  
it down for our redemption. What is that  
human life? It is the union of the soul and  
the body. And what is death? It is the  
separation of the body and the soul. But as  
our humanity once united in the Eternal Son  
is united for ever, it is undissoluble for all  
eternity. The Body and Soul of our Lord  
Jesus Christ that were separated one from  
the other, were never separated from Him.  
He Godhead, separated from the human  
body, the Eternal Son. The soul was separated  
from His Godhead, and was always in the  
bosom of His Father. His body was per-  
vaded with His Godhead, and, therefore,  
when upon the Cross, after suffering wounds  
and the drawing of his lifeblood, which were  
an adequate and sufficient cause for a death  
like ours, nevertheless, by His own free act  
He bowed His head and died. Concluding  
his eminence said: "When we rise again there  
will be no more blind eyes, deaf ears, distort-  
ed features, or withered forms. That which  
you watched upon the deathbed a little while  
ago will not rise with the token of death  
upon it. It will be made like the body of  
His glory. And will not our consciences, our  
memory, our relation to those we loved and  
who have loved us and served us, to our par-  
ents and friends be renewed and transfigured  
in His kingdom? Yes, my dear brethren, let  
us realize this on Easter Day. If in any  
of you since Christmas have been carrying out  
your duty to bury them in the earth and wept  
for them, remember that He rose from the dead  
and He consoled all that loved Him in the  
measure of their sorrow, teaching us this les-  
son—that it is the law of the kingdom of  
God that those who have sorrowed most shall  
have most of His joys hereafter. Everybody  
lives for something. One lives for money,  
another for society, another to make his  
fortune, a name, a family. Some are trying  
from morning till night, for men are ambitious,  
and some are striving to live in courts of  
justice, others in Parliament or commerce—  
everybody has got an aim for which he lives,  
and that aim thwarts him, lowers him, stuns  
him, and bids out the recollection of eternal  
life and of the day that he will rise again.  
Well, dear brethren, die to the world, for if  
you gain the whole world it would only nar-  
row your heart. Your heart was made for  
God, and nothing will fill the heart of man  
except God. Everything else pulls him down  
and makes him of the lower station of created  
thing. If you live for the resurrection that  
will satisfy you and enlarge your hearts and  
perfect you, and will bring you to the place  
which is changeless and eternal, and nothing  
less can satisfy you, and be sure of this, that  
any man living in the world may live for the  
resurrection. You may be merchants, traders,  
lawyers, statesmen, or whatever you like, or  
you may live in your private happy homes,  
nevertheless the chief thing for which you

live will be the resurrection when your soul,  
which has already eternal life, will be clothed  
in a glorious body. Remember the words:  
"He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My  
blood hath eternal life. I will raise him on  
the Last Day." A little time and the sea  
will give up all that are in it, and the dust  
all that are buried in it, and from the Cata-  
combs of Jerusalem and Rome, and the saints  
and martyrs from the cemeteries and the  
sleeping grounds around our own churches  
shall rise again; those you buried out of your  
sight, you shall know them, and they shall  
know you, and there will be a time eternal  
in the Heavens for you. Live for this and  
for the day when the just shall shine as the  
sun in the kingdom of the Father.

## Cottage Industries in Ire and.

The Sisters of Mercy in Skibbereen, Co.  
Cork, have taken a step which will, it may  
be hoped, lead to an important industrial  
development in the South of Ireland. With  
the aid of the firm of Ewart, who are at the  
head of the linen trade in Belfast, they com-  
menced linen