# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

# Written for the Record. "Tired."

"We are so tired, my heart and L.

"We are so tired, my heart and 1." Why so tired, my heart and 1." Sweeter than "sweet" and "Poet's sigh," Are the whispered notes of Hope e'er by ; And Nature sings thee a sweeter song Than Poet's heart could dream of loon; And life is no empty, mocking dream, No sembiance of things that only seem But a battlefield, where no ly done, Then, stile back the weak'ning cry, "We are so tired, my heart and 1."

We are so tired, my heart and L." No labor that's done with a willing heart, Can ever bring barren grain; No pain united to His own Pain Can ever on earth be vain, And the faith that trusts in Him That's love Has anchored sure and deep-A hope, within His heart, that it eternally may keep The moments dying one by one, Bear with them buds whose bloom Will come-when life is done; For no prayer from an earnest heart goes up, But with gentlest dews refills life's cup. And one Heart will for love sigh-rende love If thou'll take thine heart to That Heart above.

The tow'ring oaks earth's winds smite The towfing oaks early's whose some down— Their sway the yielding willows own, And sun's bright rays dissolve in tears. That earth may drink to store the years, and dreams will come, at dead of night, To soothe the erring child of blight And fancy wreath for her, its phantoms bright, And sacrifice of birth divine. Will it not guide the soul aright? On earth "no cross," in Heaven "no crown," Then bid thine heart all grief disown. MARY JOSEFHINE London, Aug. 7th, 1880.

London, Aug. 7th, 1880.

### TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

"Not now, not at present, if you will come with me to New Orleans, where I must go at once M. Perrier has received information that a general rising of the Indian tribes is to take place on the 15th Indian tribes is to take place on the 15th of December—that they have planned a general massacre of the French. If the Governor had not received timely notice of this conspiracy, the whole colony must have perished. Now there will be time to avert the danger. He wishes me to come to him as soon as possible. He says my long intimate knowledge of the Indians will be of great service at this moment, when the lives of Frenchmen and the fate of the colony hang on a thread. Now, dearest wife, what do you think we should For the present we run no danger emaining here. So many of the in remaining Illinois are Christians, that there is no danger of their rising against us." Madame d'Auban did not answer at

once. She walked onwards a few steps

my own love, but I don't see any pariticular prospect of death just now. And I look forward to gathering plenty of strawberries next summer from the plants we set this morning. It is a great blessing the set the plants we can trust deal we set this morning. It is a great onessing we have an overseer we can trust. Jean Dubois will look after our affairs as well as I could myself. Antoine will come with us, I suppose. And now go and tell Mina of the journey she is about to take." take "Henri," she said, turning back again

as she was going into the house, "do you know what a feeling of reliet it is when Providence decides a question long de-bated in one's conscience ? I have often the bare with the providence with a paradise thought our life here was like paradise for you and myself, but that a change might be good for Mina; and then I scarcely ever hear now anything of that other poor child. There may be duties to perform towards him yet. I had never

than to seek suffering." It was not quite in d'Auban's nature to

feel this. Courage in endurance rather than in action is in general a woman's characteristic.

characteristic. When it was known in the settlement that the inhabitants of St. Agathe were about to depart, though only for a few months, there was a general feeling of dis-may. Not only the Black Robe was going, but the White Chief and his wife and child. It was a public calamity, and crowds came to St. Agathe to ascertain if it was two

it were true. Mina assembled her friends on the lawn and made them a parting speech. She said she was going to the south, like the birds they used to watch preparing for their yearly flight, and that like them she would return when the winter had come and gone. She was sorry to go, and she carried away in her heart all her Indian brothers and sisters. She would bring them back gifts from the city of the white men: golden balls, such as Simon some-times carried in his barge, and pictures times carried in his barge, and pictures like those in the church, only so small that they could hold in their hands—and sweet-meats more delicious than maple-tree sugar. But she should not stay with the white people, she did not like white child-ren—she could not help being white her-self, it was not her fault: the like roses, if not make themselves red like roses, if they wished it ever so much: she must be white whether she liked it or not." Here

neighboring habitations had met and, were awaiting Father Maret's arrival. Mina was enchanted to land, after so

many weary days' confinement in the boat, to run on the grass and to climb the hill which stood between the river and the hill which stood between the river and the beautiful plain in which the tribe of the Sun-for so the Natches called themselves —had built their city, or rather the im-mense village, the huts of which were scattered amidst groves of acacias and tulip-trees. In the centre of a square stood the palace of the Sun, or chief, of the patient. Oncoints to it was the abode

the nation. Opposite to it was the abode of the female Sun, mother of the heir-apparent. It was only as to size that these palaces differed from the other huts. these palaces differed from the other nucs. All the houses were composed of one story. They were roofed with thatch in-terwoven with mats of a fine texture and embroidered in various colours. The day was waning as the tarvellers approached the city. Torches of blazing pine wood, for d at certain distances. and carried on the pool of the second wards and the second wards are set of the second wards are s mingling with white blossoms, filled her with admiration. She saw, for the first time, regular gardens and alleys sym-metrically planted. All the gorgeous beauty of southern vegetation united to a degree of civilization she had never before witnessed. The party was received at the door of Father Souel's hut by his only servant, an old negre who clanned his hands with joy

rather Souer's but by ms only servant, an 'ld negro, who clapped his hands with joy at the sight of a black-robe. He explain-ed in broken French all the chief of prayer would have to do, and, with scarce a moment's delay, Father Maret hastened to the huts of the sick persons he named to him. D'Auban in the meantime went rier. Circumstances might have changed since his letter had been written, and, in any case, a panic amongst the Europeans would only have been likely to precipitate a collision with the natives. In a very short timenow, he would be able to confer In a very short time now, he would be able to confer with the governor of the colony on the necessary precautions to be taken for the protection of the Europeans. One person mentioned that, a short time ago, a depu-tation from the chief had gone to M. Chepar, the commander of the neigh-bouring fort, to remonstrate on some harsh measures which the Natches com-plained of. There had been a great deal of mutual irritation at that time, which

sister who had gone some time ago to the land of the hereafter. I shook my head, and then the other boy said: "Your sister's skin was of the colour of the leaves which fall in autumn, and her eyes like the berries we gather on the guava bushes. But this is a daughter of the white men with a neck like snow and eyes of the colour of the sky." But the other answered: "I am sure she is not a child of the white men. She is not like the next morning. The marquis wept when he heard of her death, and said: "If this poor soul died where she might have served God, how joyfully will she serve him in a place where she will never die."—Digby's "Broad-deate of Herer." other answered: "I am sure she is not a child of the white men. She is not like any child I have ever seen, and I should like to have her for my own. I think she comes from the great blue salt lake which stone of Honor."

comes from the gre it bute sait lake which some of our people speak of, or from some cloud in the sky." "What did you say to them, Mina ?" asked her father, clasping her hand still tighter, with a vague sense of uncasiness. "I told them I was an Indian child, father, and that I was born in a land a great way off which belowed to available great way off, which belonged to another tribe, and that the Indians I loved were Christians. Then they told me that they were children of the sun, and one of them touched my hair, and said that a ray of sunshine had turned it into gold, and the other asked to look at my little crucifix this one round my neck. He said some-thing about the black-robe chief of prayer, and then spoke in a low voice to the other, who asked me my name. I said it was Wenouah, the Lily of the Prairie. They gave me these flowers, which I was not tall enough to gather myself. Will they not look beautiful on the altar, these bright red flowers ?" D'Auban smoothed and stroked he

head, and hurried towards the hut. The evening was beautiful; the scenery en-chanting; the air soft and baimy; but he felt ill at ease. There seemed to him a heavy weight in the atmosphere. Perhaps neavy weight in the atmosphere. Fernaps it was only his fancy. Perhaps a storm was gathering. A few dark clouds were lying over the mountains to the westward. 'The lights from the pine-wood torches in the town were brighter than ever. Groups to wist some of the neighbouring French colonists. He found them unconscious of any approaching danger, and did not think it prudent to communicate to them the intelligence he had received from M. Perwere soothsaying and telling fortunes, after the manner of their tribe. From the trees hung cradles, in which infants were rocked to sleep by the evening breeze. At the fountain in the middle of the square, maidens were filling their wooden pitchers. Screne, lovely, and very picturesque was the aspect of that Indian city as the moon rose high in the dark-blue sky, as the light of myriads of stars shamed the brightness of the pine-wood torches. Strange it was that precisely at that moment a fit of home sickness came over d'Auban such as he had never felt in the wilder northern re gions he had so long inhabited. But in this hour of serene beauty, in this spot of luxuriant loveliness, he thought, with a

FRIDAY, AUG. 20.

Pennsylvania there are 285,000 Irish born and 560,000 Catholics. In short, there are 2,000,000 Irishmen born in America, and 10,000,000 of Catholics. Of course it is indisputable that the large majority of Catholics are of Irish birth or descent. But if we once begin to inquire who were the ancestors of American citizens, we shall soon find that there are no real Amercans except the Indians.

icans except the Indians. The author of the decrees against the Jesuits is the grandson of a brother of Charles Dominique Ferry, a poor brother who was in the college of Yesoul when the Society of Jesus was suppressed by the Pope in 1763. On being released from his vows by the brief "Dominusac Redemp-tor," he studied Latin and theology, and was ordained by the Archbishop of Besan-can. When the Republic was proclaimed It is announced on excellent authority that Rev. Dr. Feehan, of Nashville, has been appointed Bishop of Chicago. On the occasion of his recent visit to Miian, Cardinal Manning was presented with a set of vestments which once belonged to was ordained by the Archbishop of Besan-con. When the Republic was proclaimed he refused to take the oath, and his life St. Charles Borromeo. More apparitions of the Blessed Virgin are reported to have occurred at New Mar-ket-on-Fergus, Ireland, accounts of which are being published in *The Nation* of Dubwas so exemplary that he was guillotined. Shortly before his execution he had inare being published in *The Nation* of Dub-lin, and other papers. It is said that during prayers in the House of Commons, the Catholic members duced one of his brothers, an inn-keeper, to leave his native land of Monaco, to setto leave his harve hand of stohands, to set the in France, and this brother of the ex-Jesuit who perished on the scaffold at Ly-ons, was the grandfather of Jules Ferry, the present Minister of Public Instruction. devoutly repeat the Litany of Loretto and other prayers, blessing themselves "openly

#### BETTER THOUGHTS.

tated over the threatened confiscation of the property of the college propaganda, where the students are Americans and Hope flies about the cradle and the grave alike; lives with the rich and poor alike; adds brightness to the smile and softens the sorrow of the present; glorfies the sur-roundings, and poetizes the magnificent. Hope is man's best friend, only to be quit-Bishop Vaughn says the Pope's "anx-ieties and responsibilities are indeed mo-mentous; his personal labors are increasing; often the whole night as well as day, is consumed in work; he positively refuses to spare himself in his solicitude for all the churches." ted for her pale sister, resignation, when hope, turning away her radiant face, forhids all endeavor, whispering softly. mit."

The Congregation of Rites has issued a Decree for the introduction of the cause of John Andrew Parisi, a secular priest, One of the poets has versified an Arab one of the poets has versided an information story, wherein is told how an angel wrote in a resplendent book the names of those who loved his Master; but the chief to whom he came in vision did not know the Lord of the angel, and he begged to have born in Rome in the year 1700, and a com-panion of Blessed John Baptist De Rossi. His life was spent in the instruction of the young and amongst the poor. M. Manina, an Old Catholic cure of Montfaucon in the Jura bernois, has abjur-ed his errors and re-entered the fold of the Church. Old Catholicism is "on its last legs," and its former supporters seem to be deserting its cause with the alacrity with which cause did to take large of is bin his name written as one who loved his fellow-men; and lo! when the angel bright-ened the tent and showed the golden book his name stood first.

Some have said that the Christian religion, by representing heaven to us as our true country, detaches us entirely from that in which we live on earth, and causes us to neglect the duties of society. This sian government are seriously thinking of abolishing civil marriage. They profess to be shocked at the wide and rapid spread reproach is clearly false, since our religion

 
And I we have we have to dear on the start is not start is not to see of the st ment on the little competitions, fa tions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some that died six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together.-Addison. There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden—but oh! how many that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty—with objects that glad-den the eye and warm the heart. We wight beauty for would The age testant and even Evangelical Viceroys of India, allowed Sunday work to go on un-der their auspices for years and years. of disease and death, of misfortane, sundering of earthly ties, and the cankerworm of grief; but a vast majority of the evils hardly been a month in office before the detestable system of doing work in the Government offices on Sunday is abolished. strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon the record of its progres nothing to shield it from the heartiest execrations of the human race. It she not exist; it must not. Do away with all this; let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity, and kind-ness, mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for usalone. How much happier should we be were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blest us with a home which is not all dark. There is sunshine everywhere—in the sky—upon the earth, there would be in most hearts if we would look around us. The storms die away, and the bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it murmurs not at a world so beautiful. and who can live happier than we? NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO. At this season many inducements are held forth to visit the grand cataract of Niagara. forth to visit the grand cataract of Niagara, which numbers amongst its attractions a boarding school, under the charge of the Ladies of Loretto, whose reputation as educators of youth is not necessary to re-mark. The increased accommodation afforded by the large addition now in pro-gress forecher with its well known advangress, together with its well-known advan-United States are native-born citizens, Take any State. In Georgia the census shows 5,000 of Irish birth, and 26,000 Cath-elies; in Indiana there are 29,000 of Irish \$15.00 monthly.

# FRIDAY, AU

Where the lamps guiver In the subterrance Down under the bed At morn they ent Where the caverno The light of the bi And the slimy arch Its oozes of silty c

But hark ! like the From places that Or the shricking n Or the shrieking h ing The course of the What alarm rings And quick glanc The workmen abai And gather with

"All hands to that "An made to that thundered, As he pointed w To the upper arch dered The strata of silt And swift at the w The laborers, in Sprang up on the plaster With clay the de

But they came to Despite their str The entering jet of The rift in the y And the moist cla ous fingers To the platform While the winds ers.

Kept whistling "Run all for the As he saw the a Thro' whose wide Thro' whose wide ed, And the shrill a But the angry wa The din of their As they filled th troubled The sleep they of

Back to the air-lo On the outside And eight of th chamber chamber When the swift As if vexed to the Its giant streng Hurled a massiv

That opened no But still fast and While the twee And vainly the or To escape them Through the ope Had mounted When they heat calling

On all who we Above and belov Their efforts to Inserting their They hoped fo But the hopes abated. When back fr

They turned to To share their "Smash the l already!" The voice of t Who stood to h Of the blacker And the workn listened, And their mo For they knew glistened, Meant death

"Smash it out while the ang Encircled th Then under the shiver, And the lock Eight men rus Submerges t

God pity the daughter 'Twas a fear Down there in With none of But whenever

Shall tell th Eight men, at On Peter W -The Pilot.

Peter BYW Where the lamps

Where the iron pic Primæval layers Underneath the wa A full score and e And muscular arm Adapt the ponde Above and below, To the seas expan

suffer and to dare." "I have no doubt you may be of the greatest use, dearest wife. We may, indeed, be called upon to take a part in this struggle-a terrible one, I fear-for evil passions will be engaged on both sides. A shade of anxiety passed over her

face "At New Orleans there are so many

Europeans. Is there no danger of my

"Not much, I think, after the lapse of ten years, and when you appear there as my wife. But we must be cautious how we proceed, and at first you must live in retirement-at the Ursuline Convent, perhaps, if I have to leave you for a while. I would rather you were not identified even with Madame de Moldau."

"A likeness may strike people, but nothing more, I should hope. We some-times forget, dearest, how incredible a true history may be; and every day makes me less like my old self."

D'Auban smiled, as though the lapse of time did not make her a whit less beauti ful. She was at thirty-three, though in a different way, just as lovely as at nine-

teen. "Then you will be ready to go as soon as I can arrange about a boat and engage rowers. The sooner we set off the better. Father Maret will go with us, I think. How little we thought, when he was talk-ing just now of his journey, that we should be his companions! The descent of the river is of course a far easier thing than its ascent. Still it is tedious enough. But, please God, we may return here in a few months. We must look forward to that, my dearest wife."

"I dare not think of it. Henri, For some time past I have been a great deal too happy here-happier than people usually are. I felt certain a change w hand. For the last few days I have ringing in my ears some lines a traveller carved with a penknife on a plank in Simon's barge.

"Oh my superstitious darling," exclaimed d'Auban, fondly and reproachfully. "will you never give up believing in pre-sentiments? What are the lines you mean ?"

And if, midway through life a storm should

Amidst the darkening seas and flashing With faith unshaken and with fearless eye, Thy task would be to teach me how to die.

"And you would teach me to die

M ret, his breviary was the started on a tion of his luggage. They started on a beautiful October morning. St. Agathe was in its greatest beauty. Madame d'Au-ban fixed her eyes wistfully on the *pavilion* as the barge glided away, and took leave of it in the silence of her heart. She of it in the silence of her heart is the bird of the first started on a will be delighted to see you, and to mave an opportunity of sending a letter by safe hands to the governor." "Perhaps it would be as well that I should see him. Where does the pere Souel say mass when he is here!" "When the weather is fine, in the open

squeezed tightly the fittle hand clasped in her own. Mina's regrets were for the moment swallowed up in the excitement of the journey, and when the boat began to move she clapped her hands with joy. The descent of the stream, as d'Auban had said, was far less trying than its ascent; at the date at difficulties "When the weather is fine, in the open air; or in the winter or rainy season, in hut which is ill-fitted for a chapel. There are not a great many Christians here, you know. We have no regular resident missionary, and no school. I have been fewer converts amongst the still it had its difficulties, its sufferings, and its dangers. In some places it was difficult to steer the boat amidst the float-Natches than amongst any other tribe, I believe, with which Europeans have had relations. They are more attached to difficult to steer the boat and st the hoat ing masses of rotten wood and decaying vegetation which impeded its progress. Sometimes a cloud of mosquitoes darken-ed the air and inflicted the greatest tor-ment on the travellers. They had to step their form of worship than the other In-dians. We colonists are not an edifying et, as you well know, so that it cannot be said that religion flourishes here. Still we like to hear Mass now and then. We on shore now and then to get provisions and purer water than that of the river. If have not turned quite heathens. So, au they landed amidst the brushwood they were obliged to light fires for fear of serrevoir; to-morrow in the field behind the

hut, where, I believe, you are staying." D'Auban walked back to the yillage. were obliged to light fires for fear of ser-pents. The sun was very hot and the nights sometimes cold. They hurried on as much as they could, without feeling any considerable amount of anxiety; still they could not but long for the journey to end. Now and then they exchanged a few words with some of the natives on the banks of the river. They seemed in general well disposed, and nothing in their language or their looks gave the least in-timation that events such as M. Ferrier anticipated were really impending. One evening the rowers had slackened their speed, they were lying on their oars and the boat gently difting with the cur-rent, when on a promontory a little ahead The moon was shedding her pale light on the trembling foliage of the acacias, the large tulip leaves rustled in the night large tulip leaves rustled in the night breeze, and the mangolias emitted their ncens

y, something white came running swift-towards him, and, before he had time recognize her, Mina threw herself into row."

"Child !" he exclaimed, with the sort of anger which anxiety gives, "What are you doing here ? Why have you left ur mother ?"

your mother ?" "We both fell asleep when you went away, but I woke up in a little while. It was dull to lie down doing nothing when the moon was shining so brightly; I thought I would steal out quite softly, without disturbing my mother, and gather, in the field behind the house, some flowers to put on the altar to-mor-row morning; I have seen some vases in Pere Souel's room like those we have at

'You should not have left the hut alone, Mina," said her father, taking her by the hand.

"I have got those beautiful red flowers, papa, and I met some friends in that field."

"Friends ! What friends ?'

their speed, they were lying on their oars and the boat gently drifting with the cur-rent, when on a promontory a little ahead of them appeared two persons, who hailed them as they approached, and made signs they wished them to stop. They turned out to be Frenchmen, from the settlement of the Natches, who were on the look-out for Father Maret. They had heard that a priest was on his way to New Orleans. Father Soule had gone some weeks before to the district of the Yasous. Two or three persons had fallen ill since and were lying on their death-beds in great need of spiritual assistance. The next day hap-pened to be a Sunday, and the French to-gether with a few native Christians, had commissioned these deputies to entreat the stranger priest to tarry for a few hours to say Mass for them, and to minister to the sick and dying. D'Auban did not much like the idea of this delay, but the need was so urgent that he did not feel himself justified in refusing his assent. The "Friends! What friends?" "Two Indian boys, papa, with dark black eyes and long hair hanging down their backs, and bright feathers round their heads, and belts embroidered with justified in refusing his assent. The boat was accordingly moored to the shore and a single rower left in charge of it. red silk about their waists. The moment they saw me, one of them came and spoke nd you would teach me to die, nri, as you have taught me to live." "I will teach you anything you like." Natches, where Christians from the what he said. He asked if I was his little

"What did they say ?" said d'Auban, sharply; "repeat their words exactly." Mina did so, and then said. "Father, do let us stay another day in this beautiful village.

"God forbid," murmured d'Auban. "This place kills me. The very smell of the flowers seems to poison the air. never hated any spot so much. Now 1 us try to eat something, and then get to oon the mother and the child were

slumbering quietly side by side on a mat, with some cloaks for pillows. Father Maret took his breviary out of his pocket, and said: "It has been a good day's work, my dear d'Auban. What a blessed thing it is to help a poor soul on its way to eternity ! Thank God we stopped here. It has not been in vain. Several Christians would have died without th ments if His Providence had not conducted us to this place."

As he approached the outskirts of the memory of the action of the series requires when a series of the series requires when a series of the series requires the series of the series requires the series requires the series of the series requires the series requires the series of the series requires the series requires the series requires the series of the series requires the series req

office now: you will take some rest !" "It will be time enough to rest to-mor-' answered the priest, with the smile which his friends knew so well, and which lighted up his pale face at that moment with more than usual brightness. Long d'Auban remember those words, and the smile which accompanied them. For some minutes he watched the priest ing his office, and then his own eyelids closed, and he fell asleep.



During the civil war the famous Marqui Worcester, marching once in Cardi hire, near the ruins of a monastery at Strata Florida, a woman, who was a hundred years old, was presented to him who had embered the monks in Catholic tim and had lived above three-score years in great regret for the loss of the public ser-vice of the altar, and in constant private devotion, without seeing a priest, nor thinking that any could be found in Eng-land. The Marquis asked her: "When the

religion altered, you altered with the retheir hats on. She answered: "No, master, I stayed to see whether or no the people of the new religion would be better than the people of the old, and could see them in nothing, but grow worse and worse, and charity to

CATHOLIC NEWS.

St. Charles Borromeo.

and largely at the close."

other foreigners.

hurches.

ships.

Catholic circles in Rome are much agi-

ung and amongst the poor.

which rats are said to take leave of sinking

The Morning Post says: The Prus-

that of King's College, with scholarships. The Sisters of Charity who have charge of St. Vincent's Hospital in this city, says the Portland (Oregon) Catholic Sentinel, have again been awarded the contract for keeping the United States Marine patients who visit this Port. This is the third re-newal of the contract with the Medical Department at Washington, and shows that the services of the Sisters in caring for the sick sailors are duly appreciated. The new wing of the hospital is well under way, and will be completed in a few

A nut for the Rock to crack : Lord Lawrence and Lord Northbrook, two Proder their auspices for years and years. Catholic Lord Ripon, part of whose creed it of course is to "break the Sabbath," has We hope that our Scotch contemporaries will give due prominence to this signifi-

cant fact .- Liverpool Times. Lady Holland, one of "Rome's Recruits." gave one of her great garden parties on Saturday last. Accordingly all the fash-

Saturday last. Accordingly all the fash-ionable world found its way to Kensing-ton, and drove up to Holland House un-der the beautiful avenue, the gates of which are almost opposite to the Pro-Ca-thedral. The weather was fine, and up-wards of a thousand persons assembled, in-cluding the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the royal facily and other members of the royal family A special tent was erected on the terrace for the Royalties to take refreshments in, whither they were conducted by Lady Hol-land, who received her guests in the large and historic dining-room.—Liverpool Times.

A young English lady residing in the suburbs of a large city in the South of France says, in a letter to her parents, that since the expulsion of the Jesuits the infidel rabble, emboldened by the conduct of those in high places, have grown intolerably truenlent and sacriligious. Respect-able females dare not walk out unprotected, she says, in her neighborhood, at any hour of the day, for fear of outrage; and on more these section letters of the more than one occasion lately some of the ruffians have entered places of worship during divine service smoking, and with

The great majority of Catholics in the

# THE KN

# MORE ARCHDEACON

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PILGRIN

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sight very 1 Martin I cured of ev Mary Ba cured of ev Samuel 1 Middlesex, could not s John Bro a lupus in in his neck Pat Bren was cured pearl is we etter than Margare Galway, r stone bline Bridgid has been c Honoria gained the carry two one ar. Mary after County D the left le and left a in the R sent out years par John I street, of was cure to those but got last seven could les now wor Anasta Donegal and for s

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