For the CATHOLIC RECOR

CONFESSION.

CONTINUED.

At the dawn of Christianity

The Persuasive Peddler.

He drifted in, in a quiet way,
And he softly said what he had to say,
And we all sat still,
For his manner was bland and his voice
was mild:
He seemed like an innocent, trusting child.
How could we kill
A visitor who came in like that,
Who didn't forget to take off his hat,
Or wipe his feet,
Who telked in a gentle, modest way,
And softly said what he had to say
In a tone discreet?

He teld of the wares he had to sell.
But so gently he told what he had to tell
For he was so quiet and so point
That we still sat still,
For he was so quiet and so point
That none of us, somehow, could make;
seem right
The circumambient air with him,
Or to dislocate him limb from limb,
As we used to do
When agents called and bothered us so
That we really sometimes didn't know
Just what we had done, till it all was oVer, and we'd got through.

So he mildly sold us seissers and knives, And matches, and hair-oil, neckties, an And matches, and halr-oil, neckties, and lives
lives
Of the Presidents,
Elastic, and buttons, and necdles, and thread.
And shoestrings, and pencils with movable lead

lead

(For thirty cents)—
And when he went out, in his quiet way,
After bidding us all a soft "Good dav."

With a lightened load,
We sill looked blankly at what we'd bought,
And we all exclaimed, with a common we all exclaimed, with thought: Well, I'll be blowed!

## CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER LIX. A HAPPY RESTORATION.

The two funerals took place on the same day; but while Rick of the Hills was fol day; but while like of the little was for lowed to the grave by sincerely mourning hearts, Mortimer Carter was laid in the ground without a regret being passed above his ceffin, and with only the prayer

above his coffic, and with only the prayer said over his remains that charity prompted. The money for which he had toiled and schemed, for which he had sacrificed his soul, having no one to claim it revereted to that government whose spy and informer he had been.

His accompliee in the surreptitious entrance to Father Meagher's house, who was no other than Thade, Carter's paid spy, being told of Carter's death, and hoping to obtain some mitigation of the punishment due to his own crime, made a frank confession. On that night which had resulted so disastrously for Carter, the latter, not knowing that Marie had gone to the home of Rick of the Hille, to be absent until morning, had stolen after and absent until morning, had stolen after midnight to the pastoral residence, and noiselessly cutting a pane from one of the kitchen windows, the blinds of which Motra habitually kept unfastened, he had found it easy to insert his hand and loosen the clasp which held the window down; that done, be had raised the eash and enthat doue, he had raised the sash and entered the kitchen, while his companion watted without. His purpose had been to drug every sieeper that he found in the house, and then, with the insensible form of Marle in his arms, to walk baidly out of the front door, which he, being within, would have little difficulty in opening. He intended to have borne her to a vehicle that, in the charge of another hired accomplice, waited a little distance up the road, and the driver of which, at the first sound of Tighe's voice calling to his companions. and the driver of which, at the first sound of Tighe's voice calling to his companions, had whipped up his horse and escaped; Thade gave his name and description, but the officers of the law were unable to find

Thade's punishment was mitigated

Thade's punishment was mitigated through the merciful interposition of Father Meagher, and the fellow in his gratitude promised with apparent sincerity to reform his evil ways.

Father O'Counor was summoned to Dhrommacohol, and just as he had heard a full account of Carter's death a letter came from Walter Berkeley, he who had been so well known as Captain Dennter. The letter contained an alarming account of Lord Heathcote's falling health, and Father Meagher, perceiving Marie's eyes fill with tears, and Father O'Connor look troubled, said, with his hand on the young troubled, said, with his hand on the young

priest's shoulder:
'Charlie-forgive me-William, it is but just that you all, father and children, should meet once more; you and Marie be yourselves the bearers to his lordship of this paper signed by Carter; I shall telegraph to the Bishop for leave of absence for you, and Father McShane will go down to complete multi His Green and a down to your place until His Grace sends a

Marie hailed the proposition with frantic delight; the young priest, with some misgiving as to whether it was quite his duty to leave his beloved parish for the sake of visiting a parent who had even doubted the oridence of his own heart; and Carroll looked with blank dismay at the prospect of a separation from his affianced, short though it might be; he would have accompanied her, but Father

Meagher said quietly:
"No, Carroll; this affair comprises a a time and a place upon which you must not intrude—Lord Heathcote's family not intrude—Lord Heathcote's family must be alone until this dreadful business

So the brother and sister departed, first Daronmacohol, and that they bore important news. What was their surprise, portant news. What was their surp on their arrival in London, to be met on their arrival in London, to be met by a servant in livery who mentioned their rect. Being answered in the affirmative, he requested them to follow him : he led the way to an emblazoned carriage, drawn

by two magnificent horses.
"Mr. Berkeley sent it for you," said the liverled servant; and with wondering looks at each other, the brother and sister took their seats within the handsome

palatial edifice before which the carriage, stopped? It was, for Berkeley himself, too impatient to wait, at the first sound of the wheels grating on the space before the house had come forth, and was descending the broad stone steps. Another moment, and he was embracing his brother and sister. He drew them within the house, so excited, so eager to tell them his news that he could hardly wait to hear their tidings; and when he heard, when he held the paper and saw upon it that blotted mark—the hand had been so weak-that made it—when he read the signatures of the witnesses, he fell upon his knees

and said aloud:
"My God! I thank Thee."
Rising, he told them how on the receipt

of their telegram he had acquainted his father with the facts, and the suffering nobleman—already strangely softened because of that very suffering, and yearning, as he felt his death approaching, for another sight of his chidren—broke forth into joyful expressions at the unexpected news, acknowledging to Walter that for the last few days he had been struggling with himself to subdue his pride and send for them.

"I shall go to him now," said young Berkeley, "and tell him all; and in the meantine you can rest, and partake of some refreshment."

He rung for a servant to conduct his

He rung for a servant to conduct his guests to separate suites of private spartments, and he repaired to Lord Heathcote. In a comparatively short time, however, he rejoined his brother and sister—his face aglow, his form so violently trembling that his very voice quivered:

"Come," he said, seizing a hand of each; "he knows all, and he is convinced—he yearns for you, he waits to clasp you both!" He rung for a servant to conduct his

Yes, there he stood in the centre of his private apartment, actually standing though his feeble strength had not permit ted him to assume that position for days before—his arms outstretched, his stern face now softened to infinitable terder ness by suffering and the wild yearning of his long pent, heart, and his voice crying: "Come! my children—my chil dren!" He encircled them both, he pressed each in turn to his heart, but it was to Marle his longest and fondest carees was given. "My darling! my darling!" he given. "My darling! my darling!" he murmured; "it is as if my lost one had

murmured; "it is as if my lost one had returned to me—my poor, injured, slandered lost one!"

His sudden strength gave way, and he was borne to his bed, but with his children about him: Marie's hand performing for him the tender citizes she had so often performed for the sick and lonely poor.

With the next day came a transient return of strength, and while it lasted the nobleman would work. Lawyers and friends whose friendship he had tested, and whom he wanted now to serve as witnesses, came in obedience to his summons, and the story of his Irish marriage, witnesses, came in obedience to his summons, and the story of his Irish marriage, with the legitimacy of his three children, and their right and heirship to his property, were for the first time given to the Euglish public; then the matter of his will was settled—his title, with the bulk of his property, would descend to Walter, who was the elder twin brother; the of his property, would descend to waiter, who was the elder twin brother; the remainder of the estate, comprising a much larger portion than Marie dreamed of, would be divided between her and Father O'Connor, now compelled to as sume his true name of Berkeley. When all was completed Lord Heathcote laid his head on the pillow again with an air of intense relief.

intense relief. intense relief.

Walter wrote a faithful account of sil to the abxlous dear ones in Dhrommacohol, adding that, as his father's death seemed so near, his guests would remain

until the end.

The end did take place, but not as the young priest and Marie had devoutly prayed and wished—Lord Heathcote did not die a Catholic; though expressing himself satisfied that his children should discontinue the control of the country that he had not discontinued to the country that the country is not the country that the country is not the country that the country the country that himself satisfied that his children should be of the faith of their mother, he per-sisted in his determination to die in that creed in which he had been reared. So, even with his priestly son at his bedside tenderly holding one of his hands, the Episcopal elergyman came and read the prayers prescribed by the Church, and the old nobleman breathed forth his soul in

One of his efforts to respond.

Carroll and Clare, now deeming it a Carroll and Clare, now deeming it a duty to join their bereaved friends, arrived in London in time for the courtly funeral; and when the obsequies were over, and everything pertaining to the strange events which had been made public regarding Lord Heathcote's early life was arranged, then all turned their faces once more to Ireland.

## CHAPTER LX.

CORNY O'TOOLE IS SATISFIED. The little village of Dhrommacohol eemed to have lost its identity in the gala place which it had become-it was so utterly unlike its former staid, quiet self. Excitement ran so high within it owing Excitement ran so high within it owing to the many strange events that were taking place—Miss Berkeley, regarded as the angel of the little district because of her kindness, to the poor, turning out to be the daughter of an English lord, and about to wed young Carroll O'Donoghue, the darling and idol of all his tenantry; then Carroll's start—resuells loved with himself, though she was not noted for himself, though she was not noted for the gentleness which marked her friend, Marie,—about to marry Marie's brother, now bearing a title, and the possessor of a vast Euglish estate, and better than all, reported to have become a Catholic in faith and practice. In addition to these startling facts, there was still another: startling facts, there was still another:
that of Father O'Oonnor being now Father
Berkeley, and the son, also, of this great
English lord. People wondered somewhat if the wealth which report said was
now his would make any difference in his
stupple style of living. In a little while
they were answered: the aid which poured
into every impoverished cable, which
provided for the sick and the ignorant,
which lessened not a mite of the economy which lessened not a mite of the economy of his own household, told of one who in wealth, as in poverty, would follow in his

Master's steps.

Both weddings were to take place on
Both weddings were to take place on the same day. Father Meagher, assisted by Fathers Berkeley and McShane, was to perform the ceremony in the little to perform the ceremony in the little parish chapel of Dhrommacohol; immediately after, the bridal parties were to start for London, in which city Walter Barkeley — now holding his father's title of Lord Heathcote—and his could that be their destination—that

tain seasons of the year.
So it was little wonder that the whole village of Dhrommacohol was aroused, and in such a state of joyous excitement that even old Ned Maloney, the miser, who was yet alive and pursuing his osten-sible trade in his general shop, was noticed by parties who entered his dingy place to be more gracious than usual—it might be owing to the stir given by approaching events to even the little business he conducted. Disgusted and slarmed by the deception practiced upon him regarding the first and only race in which he had ever engaged, he had, on recovering his horse, availed himself of the first oppor-tunity to sell the animal, and to discharge the groom, Arty Moore.

The only visage that was somewhat lengthy was that of Tighe a Vohr.

"Faith, Moira," he said one day, just a week before the eventful day of the wedding, "it's a burnin' shame, afther all me good behaviour, that Father Mesgher won't as much as tip me a wink to let me kn't as much as tip me a wink to let me know that he's aware o' me impatience in this matther o' our coutably—he jist sacrifica is due all our hardiness. He aven

this matther o' our coortship—he purtinds to be noticin' nothin'! an' Now it's bard to be thrated in this manner, an' I lave it to yersel', Moira, if I haven't been as sober, an' as dutful, an' as a attinuive for the past two months as you'd wish me to be—haven't I left off all me wild thricks?"

thricks?"
"Indeed you have, Tighe!" said Moira
warmly; "and I undertook to tell uncle
something about it last night."
"An' what did he say, darlia'?" And
Tighe leaned forward with bated breath

Tigne teaned forward with batch of the to catch her answer.

"Why, he said that you hadn't been tested enough yet—that I must wait until you were more settled down, and until he could be sure that you would abstain he could be sure that you would abstain from liquor."

Tighs leaned back in his chair, disappointed and crestfallen. "Well now, that's moighly hard, wid me heart breakin' for you the way it is! but niver moind; it's far off God sinds, an' mebbe He'd sind a bit o' luck to us afore the wake is out."

His hone was realized, for on the even-

wake is out."

His hope was realized, for on the evening of that same day, meeting Carroll and Clare together and unaccompanied—as on most other occasions they were—by the young Lord Heathcote and Marie, Tighe stopped them to ask a

"Ganted before you ask it, Tighe,"

"G-nated before you ask it, ligue, said Carroll laughingly, "even to the half of my estate, my faithful fellow!"
"No, Mr. O'Donoghue, it isn't anything lolks that I want; it's to ax you to get something for me that will make me happier then the whole o' yer estate could do. You see, Masther Carroll, me heart is breakin' wid love o' Moira Moynaban, is breakin' wid love o' Moira Moynaban, an' Father Meagher thinks I'm not shieady enough to get her, though I've been on me good behavior so shirtet that I didn't as much as give one crooked luk this while back. Now, mebbs if you'd give Father Meagher this characther o' me, an' at the same toime puttin' in a coaxin' word to hilp the matther, an' mebbe if Miss O'Donghue would do the same, things would come right for poor Moira things would come right for poor Moira

Carroll laughed heartily, and Clare joined him in the burst of merriment. "Why did you not tell me this before?"

"Bekase I thought his riverince, seein' me efforts to do betther, an' me melan-choly luks, would take pity on me, an' tell me from himsel' that I moight have Moirs."

Motra."
"Well, well, Tighe, make yourself content—I think I can manage it for you."
"Thank you, Masther Carroll; you were niver yet wantin' in settlin' a difficulty!" and Tighe a Vohr departed, so light hearted that his joyful spirits would find vent in a merry retrain. That evening he was summoned to Father Mesgher's

study.
"Now, Tighe," said the priest, assur "Now, Tighe," said the priest, assuming a severity to make his words the more impressive, "if I consent to your marriage with my niece Moira, remember that I shall be confiding to your care the only, and to me the dearest, relic of my family; she is young and guileless, and unfit to cope with the trouble which an unsteady husband would bring upon her.

"I know that, yer riverince, but marriage" il make a man o' me." And Tighe a Vohr straightened himself, and looked with clear, frank eyes into the priest's face. "It will be the dearest task o' me life, yer riverence, to protect ivery hair

"Then God bless you, Tighe; and may

He ever keep you faithful to Him!"

The priest's hand was raised in blessing which Tighe, deeply affected, knelt to receive. Then Father Meagher said:
"Send Moirs to me—I have something

to say to her."
With a light heart he sought the young girl, and in the exuberance of his joy, when he had told her the good news, forgetting that he had not yet the right which alone would make Moira grant him the printings he would have exupt which alone would make Moira grant him the privilege, he would have caught her to him and pressed a kiss upon her forehead, but she, with instinctive dell-cacy, drew herself back: "You forget, Tighe, we are not married vet."

"Thrue for you darlin,' an' I loike you

he betther for yer modesty."

But when she had gone, and he was alone with Shaun, feeling that he must give vent somehow to his wild emotions, he caught up the dog, much to the animal's astonishment, and gave to it the embrace he would have fain bestowed on Motra.

such luck: marriage afore us, an' occans av joy! Oh, how'll we contain oursel's at all, at all?"

And Shaun was hugged until the poor brute, fond as he was of his master, fain would free himself.

Had Carroll O'Donoghue his wish, he would have had the wedding of Tighe a Vohr occur at the precise time of his cwn, but Father Meagher refused to have it so, saying that it would be better, and that the young couple themselves would prefer to have a quiet ceremony when the other bridal parties had gone to London. So it was arranged; and the important day arrived on which four faithful hearts were

The ceremony was quiet and simple, devoid of showy costumes and magnifi-cent wedding favors; the ostentation consisted rather in munificent gifts to the poor, in lavish hospitality to the tenantry poor, in lavian nospitality to the tenantry; and true blessings went up from simple, earnest hearts, and grateful God speeds, which bore an omen of good in the very manner of their utterance, followed the

derived not a little of their beauty from the loveliness of the pure souls within.

Father Barkeley was the last to receive their adieus, and to his sister he turned for the final embrace. He held her to him; it was the first time his mortified heart would permit him so fond a caress.

"Marle!" he whispered, "to your noble sacrifice is due all our happiness. Heaven has well rewarded your devotion to duty. May He in whose footsteps you have sought to follow ever keep and guide you!"

One klas upon her forehead, one more touch of his beloved hand, and he turned away, while she, weeping with joy and gratitude, stepped into the carriage in waiting.

The quiet little wedding ceremony which Father Meagher desired for his neice was performed, and Tighe's "best man" had been Corny O'Toole. Tighe, however, had stipulated with Corny that he must permit himself to be dressed in accordance with Tighe's taste, and the latter man, too happy in the prospect of an opportunity to be near Mrs. Carmody, willingly assented. The result was that Corny appeared to better advantage than he ever had done before, although pretty Meira, excited as she was with joyful assteination, could not help laughing at his odd little figure, and wrinkled, fill-featured face.

face. Cathleen Sullivan and Mrs. Kelly, with fragile Bartley Donovan—the latter grow-ing more fragile, and at the same time more beautiful every day—were also more beautiful every day—were also present, with many of Tighe's old friends

present, with many of light's old friends and acquaintances.

At the repast which followed the ceremony, Father Magher presided, and a merrier party had never assembled. In the midst of a temporary luli which had followed the ebullition of mirth caused by one of Father Mesgher's excellent witty stories, the company were suddenly and amusingly electrified by Corny O'Toole—who had contrived to be seated next to Mrs. Carmody—rising and saying with his hand on his heart:

"Understand me, Mrs. Carmody; I

affections from the cold grave of your affections from the cold grave of your lamented husband; if it is any satisfaction, me'sm, to have them remain there, Corny O Toole is not the man, no Mrs. Mollie Carmody, Corny O'Toole is not the

Mollie Carmody, Corny O Poole is not the man to ask you to remove them!" The words, the look, the attitude of the little man, together with Mrs. Carmody's flushed and indignant face, convulsed the assemblage. Roar after roar shook the table, in the midst of which Father Mea-gher's hearty laugh could be distinguished; he remembered the episode of Mrs. Car-mody's love-letter, and it made his mirth the heartier, while Tighe a Vohr, laughing as loudly as the rest, thought within him-

"Poor Corny has proposed to me mother at last, su' I'm a feered he's got his final

Quiet was restored at length, and Mr.
O'Toole humbly saying that, as he now
was convinced of Mrs. Carmody's sentiments, he would no longer annoy her by an offer of himself, that indignant lady consented to pardon him; and when he explained further to the company how he unbounded admiration which, from is earliest manhood, he held for Mistress nis earliest manhood, he held for Mistress Molle Carmody, would descend unchanged with him to the grave, she deigned to be exceedingly friendly, thus cheering the little man's heart, and the perfect peace and pleasure of the party

On their short wedding trip to Tralee,

"I know that, yer riverince, but marriage'll make a man o' me." And Tighe
a Vohr straightened himself, and looked
with clear, frank eyes into the priest's
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life, yer riverence, to pretect ivery hair
o' her head."

"Well, Tighe, if you will promise to be
as true to her interests as you have been
to those of your young master, Carroll
O'Donoghue, I shall be satisfied."

"Oh, thin, I can shwear to that, yer
riverence—you'll never have cause to On their short wedding trip to Tralee,

to Moira, "an' that's the rayson he gev suck a luk whin he passed." And there-upon Tighe told the whole story of the race which had resulted so disastrously for Mr. Canty, concluding with a humor-

for Mr. Canty, concluding with a humorous detail of the deception regarding the Widow Moore which he had practiced on the soldier Garfield, and Moira was so convulsed with laughter that she was obliged to lower her veil.

Weeks passed, marked by no sad event save the death of Bartley Donovan, and that was so like the end of some fair, youthful saint, that even those who loved him best could scarcely regret his demise. With his hand in Cathleen's, with his eyes fixed upon her face, he had said with one of his exquisite smiles:

"Do you think I shall see that Heaven you used to tell me so much about—and that dear God, and His blessed mother?"

His lips and his eyes had closed simul

His lips and his eyes had closed simul-

words, and with one gentle sigh he had Father Meagher, hardly thinking that the end was so near, and yet prompted by a singular impulse, had brought him the Viaticum scarcely an hour before. Mrs. Kelly would no longer detain Cath-leen from the desire of her heart—to conleen from the desire of her heart—to con-secrate herself to God in religion; and as the good woman herself had been offered a permanent and lucrative position in the home of Carroll O'Donoghue, and nothing now remained to keep the young girl, the latter gladly avalled herself of the opporinter giadly availed hereelf of the oppor-tunity. Marle, or Mrs. O'Donoghue, on being told of Cathleen's desire, insisted on furnishing a munificent dower. Mrs. Carmody had taken the place of

Moirs in Father Meagher's household, and Corny O'Toole was quietly living his old obscure life in Tralee; but he sometimes macohol friends.

Tighe and Moira were the happy owners of a pretty little home on the O'Donoghue domain, and Shaun, faithful Shaun, as

domain, and Shaun, faithful Shaun, as devoted to his master as ever, had a most honored place in the household.

One morning the whole village was electrified by the news that Maloney, the miser, had been found dead in his bed. "Died widout praste or docther!" was the conclusion of every announcement of his death made by the simple full, and accom-

his wretched abode, and having no one t

We leave them all at last-the friends whose fortunes we have accompanied so long—happy in the reward of that virtue which sacrificed no duty, and which never forgot its allegiance to Him who even in this world so lovingly rewards goodness, and so justly punishes crime.

THE END.

A LEGEND OF ALL SOULS DAY.

A gloomy three days' storm has prevalled all along the French coast. Dull gray clouds hide the bine vanit of heaven and frown upon the tossing waters beneath. The fresh, invigorating air, remembered with delight by all who have ever been in Normandy, has given place to a damp, chilly heaviness, broken occasionally by fierce gusts of wind and rain. The fisher-boats are all in port, the the small ones drawn up high on the beach, the larger securely anchored. But this is not due only to the storm. Even if it were the fairest of weather, no Dieppe fisherman would set sail to day. It is All-Souls' day—the feast of the dead, the commemoration of the loved and lost; the commemoration of the loved and lost; and who is there that has not loved and lost; But among these simple Catholic souls one feels that the loved are never lost. The dead live still in the tender remembrance of those left behind. Tears shed in preven for the departed have an hed in prayer for the departed have no

But the heartless and ungrateful man But the heartless and ungraterul man who fishes to day will be everywhere followed by his double—a phantom fisher in a phantom boat. All signs fail him, all fish escape his net. Again and sgain he draws it in empty. If he persist, at length he thinks himself rewarded. His net is so heavy he nearly swamps his boat in the endavor to draw it in; and horrible to say, his catch is only grinning skulls and disjointed human bones.

At night, tossing on his sleepless pillow,

he hears the ghostly "white car" rolling through the silent street. He hears his name called in the voice of the latest dead

through the slient street. He hears his name called in the voice of the latest dead of his acquaintance, and dies himself before the next All Souls' day.

Spite of the bleak and rainy weather, all the good people of Dieppe, or rather of its finer surburb, Le Pollet, are gathered together in church. Rudess it is, weather beaten, discolored, gray-green, like the unquiet ocean it overlooks, Notre Dame du Pollet is still grand and picturesque. It has suffered both from time and desecration, as is seen by its broken carvings, empty niches, and ruined tombs. The altars are plain, the ornaments few and simple. On the wall of the Lady chapel hang two rusty chains—the votive offering, it is said, of a sailor of Le Pollet, once a slave to Pirates. Miraculously resound by our Lady, he returned to his native place only to sing a Te Deum in her chapel and hang up his broken fetters therein; then, retiring to a neighboring monastery, he sail the sail of the sail or retiring to a neighboring monastery, he took upon himself a voluntary bondage

which love made sweet and light.

It is the solemn Mass of Requiem, and almost noon, though the sombre day, subdued yet more by stained gless windows, seems like a winter twilight. The church is all in deep shadow except the sanctuary with its softly burning lamp, and its altar decked with starry wax-lights. Black drappries ham about the lights. Black draperles hang about the altar, black robes are upon the officiating priests. The slow, mournful chant of the Dies Irw, sung by a choir invisible in the darkness, resounds through the dim, lofty

Motionless upon the uneven stone pavement kneel the people, a dark and silent mass, only relieved here and there by the gleam of a snowy cap or bright. by the gleam of a snowy cap or bright colored kerchief, for the fisher folk, and o' her head."

"Well, Tighe, if you will promise to be as true to her interests as you have been to those of your young master, Carroll O'Donoghue, I shall be satisfied."

"Oh, thin, I can shwear to that, yer riverence—you'll never have cause to regret givin' Moira Moynahan to Tighe a Vohr!"

"Then Gad bless you Tiche and mark of the fisher folk, and, indeed, all the peasantry of thrifty Normandeed, all old woman perhaps seventy years of age, and looking as the Norman peasants usually do, even older than her years. The full glow of light from the altar falls upon her white cap, with the bright blue kerohlef tied over it. A string of large beads hangs from her bony fingers. Her eyes, singularly bright for one so aged, are raised to the black veiled crucifix, and tears glisten upon her brown and withered cheeks. Her arm is drawn through that cheeks. Her arm is drawn through that of a slender young woman, and near them is a little girl, round and rosy. All three are dressed nearly slike, and all say their beads, though not with the same tearful devotion. Anxiety and weariness are in the young girl's pale but pretty face; and the child looks subdued, almost frightened, but the gloom around her.

by the gloom around her.

Behind them kneels a comely matron, little child clinging to her gown ; near her two fishermen, one old and gray haired. The other, who is young, has an arm in a sling; he kneels upon one knee, his elbow on the other, and his face hidden in his

They are two households over whom hangs the shadow of a calamity, perhap all the greater because of its uncertainty. Two months ago Jacques Payen and his son satied for the fishery. Jacques Suchet and his cousin, Charles Rivaud, completed the crew; for Jean Suchet, disabled by a broken arm, remained at home with his grandmother and sister. The season proved unusually stormy. Two fishing-boats of Le Pollet narrowly escaped the terrible rocks of the Norman coast; and one of these reported seeing a wassel, reall the greater because of its uncertainty. one of these reported seeing a vessel, re-sembling that of the Paynes, drifting past them in a fog, with broken masts and cor dage over the side. They hailed the wreck, but heard no reply, and concluded

wreck, but heard no reply, and concluded that the crew had been swept over board, or possibly had escaped in their boat.

Weeks had passed since this vague but terrible intelligence had reached the stricken families. Old Mere Suchet had at once received it as conclusive. She wept and prayed for the bold young fishers, the hope and comfort of her old age. Not so Manon Payen. No one dared condole with her, not even her old father Toutain. Life hitherto had gone so well with her! Her husband loved her; her son was her pride and delight; which bore an omen of good in the very manner of their utterance, followed the wedded couples.

Never were there two more beautiful bridge—the very simplicity of their cost tumes enhancing physical charms which in the cost of such an end. More money than even tumes enhancing physical charms which in the cost of such an end. More money than even transfer in the measure of the conclusion of every announcement of his death made by the simple folk, and accompanied by a look which told their horror of such an end. More money than even frightful. What! her husband and son transfer in the measure over the conclusion of every announcement of his death made by the simple folk, and accompanied by a look which told their horror of such an end. More money than even frightful. What! her husband and son transfer in the measure over the conclusion of every announcement of his death made by the simple folk, and accompanied by a look which told their horror of such an end. More money than even frightful. What! her husband and son transfer in the measure of the conclusion of every announcement of his death made by the simple folk, and accompanied by a look which told their horror of such an end. More money than even frightful. What! her husband and ellight;

could not be! It was too dreadful! God could not be so cruel! Besides, there were no better sailors than the Payens, father and son; none who knew the coast so well, with all its perils, hidden rocks and dangerous currents. Their vessel was new and strong; why should they be lost; they alone? Jean Pinsard was not positive it was their vessel he had seen; how could he tell in a fog? No; she was sure they were safe. They had put into one of the islands. They would not risk a dangerous journey in stormy weather just to tell her, what she knew already, that they were safe.

To Mere Suchet's Mathilde, the betrothed of Jacques Payen, how much better and clearer was this reasoning than the submissive grief of her plous old grandmother! Young people cannot easily believe the worst when it concerns themselves. Mathilde could not pray for the repose of the souls of her lover, brother and cousin. With the passionate, impatient yearning of a heart new to sfilletion, she besought the Blessed Mother for their safe return. Her brother Jean did not try to destroy her hopes, though he would not say he shared them.

As time passed on and brought no news of the absent, the hearts of these two poor women grew faint and sore; but they refused to acknowledge it to one another, or even to themselves. Their days passed in feverish, and often value endeavors to could not be ! It was too dreadful! God

or even to themselves. Their days passed in feverish, and often vain endeavors to be cheerful and busy; their nights in anguish all the more bitter because silenced and unconfessed. On All-Souls' day old Toutain and Mere Suchet had wished to

Toutain and Mere Suchet had wished to have a Requiem Mass offered for the lost sallors, but Mathilde wept aloud at the suggestion, and Manon forbade it instantly, positively, aimost augrily.

Manon had borne up well through the sad funeral services of the church. She smiled upon her little ones, and returned a serene and cheerful greeting to the curious or pitying friends who accosted her. All day she had carried the burden of domestic cares and duties, while her heart ached within her bosom and cried out for solitude. Now, at hight, alone with her ached within her bosom and cried out for solitude. Now, at night, alone with her sleeping babes, the agony of fear and pain, so long repressed, takes full possession of her sinking heart. Mingled with the roar of the treacherous sea she hears the voices of husband and son, now calling loudly for help, now borne away on the fitful wind. She sees their pale faces, with unclosed eyes, floating below the cruel green water, their strong limbs entangled in the twisted cordage. Now great, gleaming fish swim around them. Oh! it is too fearful. From her knees she falls forward upon her face and groans aloud. But on a sudden she hears a stir without But on a sudden she hears a stir without
—a sound of repressed voices and many
hurrying feet. Hope is not dead within returned. No, 'tis but a group of fisher-men on the way to the pier; but Pinsard stops to tell her, with a strange thrill in his rough voice, that there is a fishing boat

coming into port!

Mahon screams to her father to watch the little ones—she must go to the pler—then files out into the night. It is not raiding, and she raturns to snatch her wakened and sobbling babe, and wrap him in his father's woolen blouse. She does not know when Mathilde joins her; she

not know when Mathide Jains her; she is scarcely conscious of the warm, exultant clasp of her hand. Jean is there, too, sgitated but grave.

As they turn the angle of the village street before them lies the open bay. It is past midnight, but the pler is crowded.

There truly company on with outerwand There, truly, coming on with outspread canvas, white in the struggling rays of a watery moon is the missing ship! They know it well. Upon the broken, pebbly shore the two women kneel to thank God; but they can only lift up their

woices and weep.

"They are not safe yet," says Jean shortly. "The wind takes them straight upon the pier. They will need all our

The crowd make way instantly for the breathless women. The lighthouse keeper stands ready with a coil of rope. The fishermen range themselves in line, tighten their belts, and wait to draw the friendly hawser. Great waves thunder against the long pler, sending showers of spray high above the pale crucifix at the end against which the women lean. Now spray high above the pair crucial at the end against which the women lean. Now the moon, emerging from a light cloud, sends a flood of pale radiance upon the vessel's deck. It is they! Jacques Payen is at the helm; young Jacques stands upon the gunwale.

The light-house keeper throws his rope; the fishermen raise their musical, long-drawn cry. Jacques catches the rope, but in silence; and silently the crew make

"It is their vow !" cries Manon, darting forward among the wondering men.
"They will not speak until they sing Te
Deum at Notre Dame for their safe re-

Reassured, the men pull in vigorously, but to no effect. Again, and yet again, but the ship does not move. A moment since it came on swift as the wind; now it seems anchored forever not fifty yards away. They can see plainly every object upon the deck, where the slient crew stand gazing towards the pier. Even Manon and Mathilde have seized the rope, and draw with the strength of terror. and draw with the strength of terror.

Breathless, unsteady, large drops of sweat
standing upon their faces, they pause
irresolute. Stretching her arms toward
her husband, Manon holds out her babe.

A white mist rises out of the sea and
hrugs like a veil between them. Sad, reproachful voices rise out of the waves,
some rees at hand, others far out. An icy
wind life the mist and carries it slowly

wind lifts the mist and carries it slowly away, clinging for a moment like a shoud around the crucifix. The cable falls slack in the strong hands that grasp it. The ship is gone-vanished without a sound : ship is gone—vanished without a sound; but far away echoes a solemn chorus, "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me."

There is no more fruitful source of disease than vitiated blood. It involves every organ and function of the body, and if not immediately corrected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, sooner or later leads to fatal results. Be warned in time.

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions.

To Invigorate both the body and the brain, use the reliable tonic, Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine.

At the dawn of Christianity was groaning under the tyrannidevil. Everywhere was a morace for pleasure; the impress of was stamped on every heart. Outside the fullest growth was the appanaging rupt society. Man, a willing passions, sat down contented shadowy region of death; bound foot, he willingly embraced his amid the dismai clanking of his contented that the dismail clanking that the dismail clanking that the dismail clanking the dismail clan flattered himself. This deplorab dation pressed heavily upon soci yoke of slavery, for four thousan reminded man of his fallen and wrenched from his impassion sighs and mournings. Satan, a master, compelled enelayed to pay a heavy tribute in the of passions, hatred and disorder of passions, hatred and disorder tions which bound our faller in still faster servitude. The God, when the fullness of time h looked down upon His oppresse and sent, after the manner delegated to King Pharaoh in his children of predilection, begotten Son to pay and exh for all the general price and r all mankind. Thus wrapped human nature, Christ caused the liberty to shine into the damisery and servitude. He co mission of mercy and compas principal object was to allevia and miseries of heart rending h and miseries of heart rending? His very name implies that H. rescue from the bonds of soul of man: "Thou shalt name Jesus, for He shall peeple from their sins." (Mat The whole history of His replenished with facts each at holding His eagerness to coming hearts; but the chiefest glorious victory over death and which he stamped His mission, and institutions with the se Divinity. Among His institutione standing out most prom His Church, His visible repr and mouth piece upon earth mankind the graces of redemp ing by His glorious resurrection seal of His Divinity upon this i He then proceeds to enrich its ures and to provide it with means of which it may be e-discharge its high office. At treasures with which He en one of the chiefest and most is the sacrament of penance Church was established by Je to perpetuate the work of a sinners to God, it obviously for the reconciliation of sinners to to be the principal office of the But how was that reconcilist made? Was Christ to come to every sinner and say to each to every sinner and say to each the case of Magdalen and of sick of the palsy: "Thy sins a thee;" or was the power of for to be delegated? Carist not come personally if He had so but St. Paul teaches us telegated a minister to perwork. We read, 2 Cor., v. I. arrangement of Divine in the reconciliation of sinn all things are of God who h ciled us to Himself by Chris given to us the ministry of rec for Christ, God as it were even in For Christ, God as it were even. For Christ we be seech reconciled to God." It is even these words of St. Paul that ciled to Himself the world who in turn appointed His a their legitimate successors in ministers, i e, to reconcile those guilty of post-baptisms will leave for the cure of the into which man may fall after In the sixteenth chapter of S beginning with the eighteent read: "Thou art Peter an rock I will build my Church, And I will give to thee the kingdom of heaven. And thou shalt bind upon earth bound also in heaven : and thou shalt loose on earth, locsed also in heaven." An apostles assembled together occasion He uses the sallanguage in precisely the (Matt. xviii., 18.) We mu (Matt. xviii., 18.) We mu serve that Christ, in this met a twofold promise which He after His resurrection, viz primacy of Peter over His ( firmed by these words, "feed firmed by these words, "feed
"feed My sheep" (John xx
and secondly, the power of
the power of torgiving sins
ment of penance. The apos hegitimate successors as promised to partake of of binding and loosing, due subordination to the invested in supreme auth according to St John, when of time had come, Uhrist promise which He had mad ferred on His Apostles t releasing the soul from the of sin and of restoring it to of a child of God. Jesus His resurrection, appeared of His disciples assembled for fear of the Jews, greeting them with the salutation, "Peace be with added: "As the Father hat! humanity, to release ma bondage of sin; and after shall return to My Father. by the power entrusted to you to continue the work you to continue the work by Me, and thereupo upon them, He said, the Holy Ghost, who shall forgive they are fo whose sins you shall ret retained." (John xx, 22, 25 ises made by our Blessed Apostles prior to His deat rection are now fulfilled, guage He employs to con-of loosing and binding is of

and consequently cannot strued: "The power which My Father, the same I con

you. Receive the power