

At the dawn of Christianity was groaning under the tyranny of the devil. Everywhere was a race for pleasure; the impress of his fallen growth was the appalling rapt society. Man, a willing pascion, sat down contented in shadowy region of death; bound foot, he willingly embraced his smid the dismal clanking of his clattered himself. This deplorable dation pressed heavily upon soul yoke of slavery, for four thousand reminded man of his fallen and wrenched from his passion, eight and counting. Satan, a master, compelled enslaved him to pay a heavy tribute in the form of passions, hatred and discord, tions which bound our fallen in still faster servitude. The God, when the fullness of time had looked down upon His oppressor and sent, after the manner of his children of predilection, the begotten Son to pay and exhort for all the general price and re all mankind. Thus wrapped human nature, Christ caused the liberty to shine into the dark misery and servitude. His mission of mercy and compassion principal object was to alleviate and miseries of hell, rendering His very name implies that He rescue from the power of the soul of man: "Thou shalt name Jesus, for He shall save people from their sins." (Mat. The whole history of His enlighten with facts each an holding His eagerness to conglorious victory over death and which He stamped His mission, and institutions with the redivinity. Among the most one standing in Christ's name His Church. His visible prom and mouth piece upon earth channel through which He dis ranking the grace of redemption by His glorious resurrection seal of His Divinity upon His He then proceeds to enrich tures and to provide it with means of which it may be discharge its high office. At treasures with which He end one of the chiefest and most is the sacrament of penance. Church was established by Jes to perpetuate the work of r sinners to God, it obviously fo to be the principal office of the But how was that reconciled into was Christ to come to every sinner and say to each the case of Magdalen and of sick of the palsy: "Thy sins are thee?" or was the power of for to be delegated? Christ may personally if He had so but St. Paul teaches us to delegated a minister to per work. We read, 2 Cor., v. 18: "arrangement of Divine dis discharge his high office. At all things are of God who given to Himself by Christ cued to us the ministry of re... We are therefore act for Christ. God as it were ex For Christ we beseech reconciled to God." It is ev these words of St. Paul, the celled to Himself, the just who in turn appointed His sp their legitimate successors in ministers, i. e., to reconcile those guilty of post-baptismal sin now see what is the reme will leave for the cure of the into which man may fall after. In the sixteenth chapter of St beginning with the eighteenth of building up the Church, the subordination to the invested in supreme authority according to St. John, when of time had come, Christ promise which He had made on His Apostles the releasing the soul from the g of sin and of restoring it to of a child of God. Jesus, His resurrection, appeared to His disciples assembled in for fear of the Jews, greeting them with the salutation, "Peace be with added: "As the Father hath also send you." . . . I alleviate the ills and mis humanity, to release man bondage of sin; and after shall return to My Father, by the power entrusted to Me, and continue the work upon them. He said, the Holy Ghost, whom shall forgive they are for whose sins you shall retain." (John xx., 22, 23) ises made by our Blessed Apostles prior to His death, rection are now fulfilled, gauge He employs a binding of of losing and binding is not And: "The power which My Father, the same I con you. Receive the power

could not be! It was too dreadful! God could not be so cruel! Besides, there were no other saviors 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 Pinard 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 soul of her lover, brother and cousin; with the passionate, instant yearning of a heart new to affliction, 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 vain endeavor to anguish all the more bitter because silenced and unconfessed. On All-Souls' day old Toulain and Mere Suchet had wished to have a Requiem Mass offered for the lost sailors, but Mathilde wept aloud at the suggestion, and Manon forbade it instantly, positively, almost angrily.

Manon had borne up well through the sad funeral services of the church. She smiled upon her little ones, and returned serene and cheerful greetings 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 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, flitting 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—a sound of repressed voices and hurrying feet. Hope is not dead within her yet, for she springs to the window with the wild thought that it is her absent returned. No, 'tis but a group of fishermen on the way to the pier; but Pinard stops to tell her, with a strange thrill in his rough voice, that there is a fishing boat coming into port!

Manon screams to her father to watch the little ones—she must go to the pier—then flies out into the night. It is not raining, and she returns to snatch her wakened and sobbing babe, and wrap him in his father's woolen blouse. She does not know when Mathilde joins her; she is scarcely conscious of the warm, exultant clasp of her hand. Jean is there, too, agitated but grave.

As they turn the angle of the village street before them lies the open bay. It is past midnight, but the stars are many. There, truly, remains in with outspread canvas, white in the struggling rays of a watery moon is the missing ship! Tasy know it well. Upon the broken, pebbly shore the two women kneel to thank God; but they can only lift up their voices and weep.

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

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 pier, sending showers of spray high above the pale crucifix at the end against which the women lean. Now the moon, emerging from a light cloud, sends a gleam of pale radiance upon the vessel's deck. Is it 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 fast.

"It is their vow!" cries Manon, darting forward with many a sobbing word. "They will not speak until they are to Deum at Notre Dame for their safe return."

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 silent crew stand gazing towards the pier. Even Manon and Mathilde have seized the rope, 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 hugs like a veil between them. Sid, reproachful voices rise out of the waves, some near at hand, others far off. An icy wind fits the mist and carries it slowly away, clinging for a moment like a shroud around the crucifix. The cable falls slack in the strong hands that grasp it. The 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.

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his wretched abode, and having no one to claim it, it reverted to the government.

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

A LEGEND OF ALL SOULS DAY.

A gloomy three days' storm has prevailed all along the French coast. Tall gray clouds hide the blue vault 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, chillant heaviness, broken occasionally by fierce gusts of wind and rain. The fisher-boats are all in port, the small ones being 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; and who is there that has not loved and lost? But among these simple Catholic souls one feels that the loved are never absent, and often vain endeavor to anguish all the more bitter because silenced and unconfessed. On All-Souls' day old Toulain and Mere Suchet had wished to have a Requiem Mass offered for the lost sailors, but Mathilde wept aloud at the suggestion, and Manon forbade it instantly, positively, almost angrily.

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

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

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

One kiss 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 niece was performed, and Tighe's "best man" had been Coryn O'Toole. Tighe, however, had stipulated with Coryn 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 Coryn appeared to better advantage than he ever had done before, although pretty Meira, excited as she was with joyful anticipation, could not help laughing at his odd little figure, and wrinkled, ill-featured face.

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

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

"Understand me, Mrs. Carmody; I never meant to have you remove your affections from the cold grave of your lamented husband; if it is any satisfaction, may'm, to have them remain there, Coryn O'Toole is not the man, no Mrs. Moille Carmody, Coryn O'Toole 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 Meagher's hearty laugh could be distinguished; he remembered the episode of Mrs. Carmody's love-letter, and it made his mirth the heartier, while Tighe a Vohr, laughing as loudly as the rest, thought within himself:

"Poor Coryn has proposed to me mother at last, and I'm feared he's got his final answer."

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 to the company how the unbounded admiration which, from his earliest manhood, he held for Mistress Moille 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 were restored.

On their short wedding trip to Tralee, Tighe and his pretty young bride were one day confronted in the street by a couple whose faces were familiar to Tighe, and the sight of which brought back some of the amusing incidents of his life. They were Joe Canty, the sporting man, and the fair, stout Widow Moore. Evidently from their manner to each other they were husband and wife; and Tighe, looking at them with a rough twinkle, was met by a glance of haughty contempt from Joe Canty.

"I supposed he learned all about the trick I once played on him," said Tighe to Moira, "and that's the reason he gave such a look when he passed."

And thereupon Tighe told the whole story of the race which had resulted so disastrously for Mr. Canty, concluding with a humorous detail of the deception regarding the Widow Moore which he had practiced on the sportive Canty, 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 dead God, and His blessed mother?"

His lips and his eyes had closed simultaneously with the utterance of the last words, and with one gentle sigh he had died.

Father Meagher, hardly thinking that the end was so near, and yet prompted by a singular impulse, had brought him the Paternoster solemnly an hour before. Mrs. Kelly would no longer detain Cathleen from the desire of her heart—to consecrate 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 availed herself of the opportunity. Marie, or Mrs. O'Donoghue, on being told of Cathleen's desire, insisted on furnishing a magnificent dowry.

Mrs. Carmody had taken the place of Moira in Father Meagher's household, and Coryn O'Toole was quietly living his old obscure life in Tralee; but he sometimes cheered himself by a visit to his Drommachool friends.

Tighe and Moira were the happy owners of a pretty little home on the O'Donoghue 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 "died without praiser or doer" was 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 people dreamed he possessed was found in

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 burin' shame, after all me good behaviour, that Father Meagher won't as much as tip me a wink to let me know that he's aware of me impudence in this matter of our courtship—he just purtains to be noticin' nothin'! an' the same toime sure the whole of Drommachool can see that I'm dyin' about you."

"I have it to yersel', Moira, if I haven't been as sober, an' as dutiful, an' as attentive for the past two months as you'd wish me to be—haven't I left off all me wild thricks?"

"Indeed you have, Tighe!" said Moira warmly; "and I undertook to tell uncle something about it last night."

"An' what did he say, darlin'?" And Tighe leaned forward with bated breath 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 from liquor."

Tighe leaned back in his chair, disappointed and crestfallen. "Well now, that's moighty hard, wid me heart enough to set her, the way it is! but never mind; it's far off God sinds, an' mebbe He'd sinds a bit of luck to us afore the waks 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 favor.

"I wanted before you ask it, Tighe," said Carroll laughingly, "even to the half of my estate, my faithful fellow!"

"No, Mr. O'Donoghue, I don't want anything of that kind; it's to ax you to get something for me that will make me happier than the whole of yer estate could do. You see, Mather Carroll, me heart is breakin' wid love of Mrs. Moynahan, an' Father Meagher thinks I'm not honest enough to set her, the way it is! but never mind; it's far off God sinds, an' mebbe He'd sinds a bit of luck to us afore the waks is out."

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of their telegram he had acquainted his father with the facts, and the suffering nobleman—suddenly strangely softened because of that very suffering, and yearning, as he felt his death approaching, for another sight of his children—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 to the meantime you can rest, and partake of some refreshment."

He rang for a servant to conduct his guests to separate suites of private apartments, 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—be yeams for you, he waits to clasp you both!"

Yes, there he stood in the centre of his private apartment, actually standing, though his feeble strength had not permitted him to assume that position for days before—his arms outstretched, his stern face now softened to inimitable tenderness by suffering and the wild marriage of his long part heart, and his voice crying: "Come! my children—my children!"

He embraced them both, he pressed each in turn to his heart, but it was to Marie his longest and fondest caress was given. "My darling! my darling!" he 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 by his children. Marie had been performing for him the tender offices 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 life marriage, with the legitimacy of his three children, and their right and help to his property, were for the first time given to the English 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 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 assume his true name of Berkeley. When all was completed Lord Heathcote laid his head on the pillow again with an air of intense relief.

Walter wrote a faithful account of all to the anxious dear ones in Drommachool, 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 be of the faith of their mother, he persisted 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 clergyman 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 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.

A HAPPY RESTORATION.

The two funerals took place on the same day; but while Rick of the Hills was followed to the grave by sincerely mourning hearts, Mortimer Carter was passed ground without a prayer being offered over his coffin, and with only the prayer said over his remains that charity prompted. The money for which he had labored and schemed, for which he had sacrificed himself, having no one to claim it reverted to that government whose spy and informer he had been.

His accomplice in the surreptitious entrance to Father Meagher's house, and 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 Hills, to be absent until morning, had stolen after midnight to the pastoral residence, and the noiselessly cutting a passage from one of the kitchen windows, he had entered, and had found it easy to insert his hand and loosen the clasp which held the window down; that done, he had raised the sash and entered the kitchen, while his companion waited without. His purpose had been to drug every sleeper that he found in the house, and then, with the insensibility of Marie in his arms, to carry her boldly out of the front door, 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 Hills, to be absent until morning, had stolen after midnight to the pastoral residence, and the noiselessly cutting a passage from one of the kitchen windows, he had entered, and had found it easy to insert his hand and loosen the clasp which held the window down; that done, he had raised the sash and entered the kitchen, while his companion waited without. 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