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LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XVIII.-CONTINUED. Very gently he gathered the limp body the poor child into his arms and carried of the poor child into his arms and carried him, half insensible, to his mother, who kissed, and fondled, and laughed, and

When Norah Denver saw Maurice shoot out across the ice, straight, as it seemed, to inevitable death, her heart beat quicker than his feet flew. When his saw him wheel back safe, triumphant, its beating suddenly ceased, her limbs lost strength, her eyes light, and her brain thought, in the same instant. The whole scene swam wildly round and vanished in thick darkness. faint cry she fell forward upon her hands

and face. At once there was a crowd of women round her. She was lifted gently to a seat with much slapping of hands and

little tender cries of pity.
Some offered smelling salts, some stood idly by and gossiped and wondered, as compassion or curiosity prevailed. All talked and wondered.

Norah's consciousness returned almos as quickly as it had fled. A faint pink tint showed in the pure white of her cheeks, like the wavering flush on the pearly lip of the sea-shell.

There was a buzzing in her ears; then
the murmur of voices.

"Poor thing!" she heard a quiet voice

" I saw him beside her just the mo sav. ment before. It was the fright of it over-came her. I suppose she is his sweet-

heart. "Rather wants to be his sweatheart,"

"Rather wants to be his sweatheart," answered the cold, clear voice of Lady Dulwich. "It is the talk of the town how she has angled for him. This judicious faint ought to complete the capture." "Hush," cried half-a-dozen voices together, for the flush deepened on Norah's cheek, and a quiver ran through he body. "Hush; she is coming to." At the same moment the dark lashes lifted from the white cheek, and the brave blue eyes looked straight in Lady Dulwich's face, who knew then that her poisoned arrow had gone straight home.

arrow had gone straight home.

Bravely did Norah strive to hide the sudden pain planted in her heart. But her pale cheek and quivering lip told their own tale. The world, then, had meddled with her fair name. So ran the bitter thought that tortured her. She was censured for lack of maiden modest. The bitter truth was the more bitter from the lips of an enemy. Besides, the world was right. Unwooed, she had given her love. Oh! how she loved him She never knew how she loved him till now. Every nerve in her body quivered, and the blood burned in her cheek and forehead. Perhaps he had seen her love and pitied it. This then was what his kind-ness meant. The thought thrilled her through with shame. How weak she had been, and how foolish! But she would conquer her love, and hide it till she could conquer it. Never, never, would he guess her heart's secret.

her heart's secret.

She nerved herself for the first brave effort, as her quick eyes caught sight of the form she loved so well, pressing eagerly through the throng with an anxi ous fear on his face, which brightened with delight as he saw her. "So you fainted, Norah," he said, when

so you hamed, fortain, he said, which he came close up.

"Tell me," he went on more softly,

"was it for my sake or the boy's?"

He could not have hit upon a more unhappy question. Lady Dulwich's cruel words seemed to scund again in her ears. words seemed to sound again in her ears. Her fainting was taken as a public prosion of her love.

"For both," she said very sweetly and

What was in the words or tone that chilled the heart of Maurice Blake—a mochilled the heart of Maurice Biake—a mo-ment before warm with triumph and love. Her words were not unkind, they were gently and even kindly spoken. He had come to her full of joy and love and pardonable pride in a brave deed, done bravely in her sight. He had hoped for a warm welcome. He had re-

solved that now was his time to speak

and make her his own for ever.

Two words of hers—only two—sweetly spoken and with a smiling face, and he elt he might as soon strike her in the as ask her to be his wife.

No change in voice or manner was there that ear or eye could find. Bu every pulse of his heart felt the chilling change. Soft word or sweet smile brought him no comfort. The sunshine cannot warm, nor blue sky cheer, when he chill of the cold, dry east wind is in that Maurice could hear his own hear

hat a change was the drive home rom the morning's drive, when the jing-ling of the silver bells in the clear frosty ling of the silver bells in the clear frosty air was less joyous than the beating of their own hearts. The subtle flow of sympathy which seemed to reach from mind and mind, and heart and heart, without the aid of words, suddenly ceased. No fits of tender musing broke the even tenor of their talk. Norah was bright heartiful and kind as ever. But oright, beautiful, and kind as ever. the something which had so thrilled his

LIFE SAVER TO MANKIND

is what Mr. George Benner, Wiarton, Ont., styles Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Not that I am at all fond of having my name put in public places, but as a life saver to mankind, I hereby state what Dr. A. W. Chase's K.-L. Pills did for me A. W. Chase's K.-U. Fins did for the For nearly four years I was greatly troubled with Constipation and general weakness in the kidneys, and in my perilous position was strongly advised to use Chase's Pills, and to-day I can safely and truthfully state that they have saved

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heart was gone from the smile in her blue eyes and the tones of her gentle voice.

His whole soul rebelled against the vague, chill barrier interposed between

him and the hope and happiness of his life. But it rebelled in vain, as the im-patient bird beats out his life against the clear glass, which keeps it back from summer air and sunshine. With a dull, aching sense of something

lost and wanting, Maurice took his leave, and pressed the little white hand that frankly returned the pressure, and looked into the blue eyes that answered his own with open courtesy. Norah went straight from him to her

own room, and throwing herself upon her face wept tears that hurt, not eased, her bursting heart—tears of passion and de-spair. But with every choking sob her resolution grew stronger. "He must spair. If he loved her, she told her troubled

If he loved her, she told her troubled heart again and again, he would have spoken his love. It was his right to speak. If he guessed her secret now he would pity her—a hot flush of shame covered face and neck at the thought and offer her his pity in mistake for love. So these two drifted slowly apart, each chilled by the other's coldness, and the few frank words that would have made both happy were unspoken. So much the poisoned words of an angry woman

could effect—
Alas! how light a word can move
Dissension between souls that love.

day the gulf between Day by day the gulf between them grew wider. Maurice could not stem the impalpable and mysterious current that carried them apart. He could not understand, nor resist, nor resent the change. He had no cold look or word to complain of, yet by slow butsure degrees he slipped down to mere acquaintanceship. He felt no anger at all, only an aching

pain. He would trouble her peace no longer with his unwelcome love. He groaned in secret, and she wept; but they

saw each other no more.

All the more eagerly Maurice Blake now flung himself into the torrent of political excitement that then rushed. eethed, and boiled under the surface of Dublin society, making the solid seeming and stately institutions of the Govern ment shake, and frightening the ears o the wary with the hollow, threatening murmur of impending change. Here all the impetus of his suppressed passion found a vent, and he worked with an untiring industry, a feverish zeal, that sur-passed and surprised the most devoted of his comrades. Lord Edward alone could keep pace with his enthusiasm.

was a fair morning in the early spring. Maurice sat alone by a table at the open window of his room, through which the sunshine and cool air entered to tell of the green world without, and woo him in vain to healthful exercise. He bent resolutely over his papers, and put all the energy of his pent-up passion into his work.

Christy entered without knocking. He seemed curiously excited, and stumbled as he crossed the room. His hand shook so that a letter which he silently offered to Maurice slipped from his fingers to the floor. Maurice stooped to pick it up, and in that instant, still without a word

Christy disappeared.

The letter was in Dr. Denver's handwriting. It was very short. "Dear Maurice—I have desired this while back to see you, to break some news which must now come to you as a surprise-bu a pleasant surprise. Come to me at once

a pleasant surprise. Come to the at once on receipt of this, and bring your manhood with you. I have that to tell and show which will test your stoicism."

Without a moment's delay Maurice was out of doors and striding towards Dr. Denver's house, which was close at hand His mind was in a whirl.

wague way he associated the sudden sum-mons with Norah and hope. Up the stone steps of the doctor's house he went three at a time; but before his

hand could touch the knocker the door was opened by the doctor himself. "Come in," he said, cordially pressing Maurice's hand and walking with him to the parlor. It was a large dim room, with a rich red, velvety paper on the walls that made a kind of rosy twilight in it. Standing a little away from the door by which they entered was a tall, gaunt man, dressed quietly in black velvet with the deep lace ruflles and cuffs that the fashion of the day prescribed. His was a face and figure to catch and rivet attention. The large features were finely formed, but his forehead was seamed with innumer able wrinkles, so deep and clearly cut that they seemed carved, with a chisel's edge, on stone. His hair and beard were iron grey, and his keen blue eyes looked out with an eager longing look from under his grey eyebrows. There was dead sil-ence in the room—silence so profound

eat. Dr. Denver spoke at last, in a voice that

uivered with excitement. "Maurice," he said abruptly, "this is our father. Sir Valentine, my old your father. Sir Valentine, my old friend, I can honestly congratulate you on your son.

Maurice was surprised that he felt no Maurice was surprised that he left ho surprise. Rather with the speaking of the words came the thought that he had known the secret all along, as he eagerly clasped his father's bend.

So those two met for the first time in silence. They looked into each other's honest eyes with joy and love; the aching yearning of their hearts at rest.

CHAPTER XIX.

"TELL TRUTH AND SHAME THE DEVIL."

-Henry IV. Part I Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt."
-Henry V.

Is this proceeding just and honorable? Is your assembly so?"—Henry IV. Part II. Christy's letter told the hideous plot which Mark Blake had concocted with Lord Dulwich, and the startling news had given Sir Valentine power to break the galling links of habit which bound him to gaining files, and against which he had so long chafed in vain. He determined that an apostate should never be heir at Cloonlara, and with him to determine went a determine the set foot in Ireland.

he learned from his old retainer that his brother was dead, and that his nephew was a parricide as well as an apostate. was a particide as wen as an apostate.

An action in trespass was promptly begun for the recovery from Mark Blake, who entered into possession on his father's death, of all the lands, tenements, and hereditaments of Cloonlara, on Sir Valentine's arrival. The famous Philpot Curran and Leonard M'Nally, the leading senior and jumper counsel of the Industry Curran and Leonard at Nairy, the leading senior and junior counsel of the bar, were engaged for the plaintiff; and in compliance with the quaint legal fic-

When he set foot in Ireland

tions of the day "John Doe" and "Bichard Roe" were called into court to do forensic battle for the respective claimants. Of the result no doubt was possible. Sir Valentine was recognized by all his former friends. The decision was merely a question of time. But Mark Blake's advisers exhausted every subtle technical objection, which the stupid and cumbersome procedure of the courts so plentifully afforded itself, to stave off the evil fully afforded itself, to stave off the evi

Sir Valentine pursued his course steadily, but with stoical calmness. Nothing deterred him and nothing disturbed him He took his place in society and held it with stately ease, as if those long years in the wilderness had been no more than fantastic dream. Silent, reserved, ap parently emotionless—he made the man-ner of the woods and wigwams seem the perfection of high-born grace in what was

then the most courtly capital of Europe.

His tenderness for his son was most touching, by reason of a certain humility that mingled with it. It seemed to ask pardon for the stubborn wilfulness which sundered them so long, and robbed the son of a father's love and care. With every look of his eyes, every tone of his

every look of his eyes, every the of his voice, the younger man paid back the long arrears of duty and affection. Against Mark Sir Valentine's resent-ment was silent, deep, implacable. He refused all overtures of meeting or compromise. His wrath found vent in reso lutely pushing forward the suit which would drive the apostate from Cloonlara But it was with Norah Denver that the

real character of the man most showed itself. The womanly tenderness of soul which had dominated his life, making at nce its delight and its misery, still lay soft and warm under the sternness with which grief and misfortune had overlaid his character.

In Norah's presence the cold and state In Noral s present the state of ful to see. They grew to be close com-panions: those two. He humored her fancies; he anticipated her wishes. It may be that the keen instinct of a father's heart hinted at how matters stood be-tween her and his son, and that he set himself to clear away the obstacles that sundered their lives. If it were so he vatched and waited with quiet patience

biding his time, and said no word.

Norah met his affection with unaffect ed delight. He seemed to take his place almost at once beside her father in the daughter's heart. She lavished on him all the little tender tokens of thoughtful affection that only a woman can be The strain of her secret love for Mauric hurt her sorely, though she hid her suffer-ing with smiling lips or cheerful words. To her woman's heart it was relief to give ner love for the son free scope in her ten-

derness for the father.

Sir Valentine entered heart and soul into the "United Irishmen" organization, with his son and his son's bosom friend. There was good hope, then, of a peaceful victory; for the power of the Castle qualled before the power of the

The Government, however, still played a game of brag, and pressed forward in their course of bigotry and oppression though they were walking with conscious

The more moderate party, of which Grattan was leader, bided its time, and

nade no sign.

But Lord Edward believed that the nour had come for a bold stroke in the House of Commons itself, which would teach the Government that the power of the United Irishmen must no longer be

trifled with.

Maurice Blake and his father strongly seconded his views. It was resolved that by Lord Edward himself, who typified their organization alike to the country and the castle, the challenge should be

The occasion was not long wanting Under the anspices of the United Irishmen the policy by which the Irish Volunteers had succeeded in wresting something of ireland, right from England's reluctant grasp was revived. An armed association had been organized, calling themselves The First National Battalion, and having for device an Irish harp, surmounted, not by the customary crown, but by a cap of liberty. Its meetings had been proclaimed and suppressed by the Government. As usual the coercion proelamation bred new trouble for its authors. A body of delegates of the old Volunteer corps of Dublin retaliated by announcing their intention of holding a meeting to celebrate the successes of the French Re-

The Irish Government, in desperation, resolved that this meeting should also be suppressed. It was thought advisable by the bigots to strengthen the hands of the Lord Lieutenant, by an address from Parliament approving of the proclamation. Lord Edward went down to the house on the day the address was to be moved, with a number of friends he could trust. Maurice Blake and his father

were, of course, of the party.

These and others of the United Irishmer These and others of the United Irishmen waited in the strangers' gallery, while!Lord Edward, his lips compressed and his bright eyes blazing with restrained excitement, walked up the floor to his place. It was a full house. The beautiful Amphitheatre in which the money changers now rustle paper and chink coin was then now rustle paper and chink coin, was then crowded with the wealth, the intellect, and the beauty of the gay capital. Gratan was there, eagle-eyed and eagle-beaked, resolute for liberty, but biding his time, and, as the United Irishmen thought too patient of oppression. Curran thought, too patient of oppression. Curran was there, his ugly features luminous with the genius that shone through as light through a transparency. On the over-crowded benches of the

Government Lord Castlereagh was the most prominent figure, sleek, graceful cold and false. A few seats off sat Flood dark-eyed, cadaverous-looking, awkward and uneasy in the Ministerial chains in which he had fettered his genius and

patriotism. As Lord Edward passed to his place he received kindly greeting on all hands. From the Ladies' Gallery especially bright glances were showered on the handsome and noble young patriot. that gay throng were many by whom the beautiful Pamela was envied. But Lord Castlereagh frowned and bit

his lips as he saw him, and Mark Blake, who had been "brought into Parliament" by a noble patron, after his apostacy, rose quietly and slipped out.

The obnoxious address was being read as Lord Edward entered. It was couched in the language of undiluted coercion. There was a ruthless trampling down of

was as savage as the mover. "The Papists" were denounced as "crawling slaves for whom life was an excess of toleration." The United Irishmen were "disloyal traitors, the flame of whose vile conspiracy must be quenched in blood." The Lord Lieutenant was ex-horted " to stamp with armed heel on the norted "to stamp with armed neel on the poisonous snake which mistaken mercy had engendered." Each forrous sent-ence was followed by a furious burst of applause from the Ministerial benches. But a quaver as of fear seemed to run through those wild cheers. There was through those wild cheers. There was touch of terror in the desperation of their defiance, and many an eye wandered uneasily to where the gallant young leader of the United Irishmen sat, with face pale and resolute, only the flashing eyes to tell the fierce scorn that consumed him. The debate was short as it Only the Government and partisans took part in it. As taunt and insult were repeated without reply, their spirits rose, and their triumphant jibes and scornful laughter rang through

the house.

At length the time came to put the question, and a momentary silence fell on

the assembly.
As the Speaker rose, Lord Edward rose with him. Before a word could issue from the Speaker's lips his fresh, young voice rang out boldly through the hushed assembly, in words that have lived to our own day

Sir, I give my most hearty disappro bation to this address, for I do think that the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this house are the worst subjects the king

All eyes were upon him. For a mo and when all is complete we stand at a ment after he had spoken the silence seemed to grow even more profound than before. Then the storm burst loud and distance and admire. The effect is really very pretty—a soft white mass, with wreaths of ivy and clusters of red periors from the storm blust indicates furious round the daring young patriot, who stood there facing them smiling and defiant. At first it was an inarticulate roar of rage; swords were half drawn and seats overleaped by the howling throng, and it seemed as if the Government partiagns would attack him even in the tisans would attack him even in sacred precincts of the house itself; but the more cautious of the placemen noticed that in the strangers' galleries were those whose hands were on their sword hilts, and whose eyes waited only a signal from Lord Edward; and held back their furious friends.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE STATION MASS.

Only a week from Christmas, and Aunt Eva, Kitty, and I are on our way by our usual short cuts, to tell Mrs. Ryan that we are coming to the Station on the morrow. I am getting along quite famously this afternoon, so much so that Kitty looks at me surreptiti ously now and again, but says not a word. Aunt Eva is an old campaigner All her life she has roamed the hills, and to day, despite her fifty golden years, she puts me to shame with her light, active step. Our present little stroll is only eight miles, but she thinks nothing of it. A few weeks ago should have emphatically refused to walk, and insisted on riding Princess Maud; but at last I have imbibed Irish ways, even with the turf smoke. tell you a secret, I have perpetrated pair of shoes a la Kitty's-an ordeal, I must confess. There were none in the village to suit me, and as pair after pair were tried and found wanting, I felt so humiliated that my feet, erstwhile my pride, seemed now my shame and degradation-and was only saved from eternal disgrace by an old cobbler who thought he could make me a pair. He did, leaving them a size too larger -"for improvement"! When first introduced I viewed them with wonder, ut familiarity is everything, and after a few private rehearsals I came to the conclusion that there was nothing after all like home manufacture. swing along now with a Kitty-like air, my head aloft, as if eight miles werewell, just a nice little exercise.

The road never seems so short as when enlivened by Eva's bright stories and sly sallies. She has read everyknows everything, and Kitty and I are never satisfied without her Her heart and mind are always youth ful and buoyant; she enters into all our interests and pleasures, she sees the good and pleasant side in every thing and everybody. She has a gay smile for the people we meet. They brighten at her coming, and she has a way of making men, women, and children show their very best when she speaks to them. It is one scene of hap piness and mirth and sunshine from the time we leave home till our return. As we go through the village every head is at the door, every voice cries a loving greeting, even the babies in arms join the general chorus.

We reach Mrs. Ryan's, shut in by the woods, the blue smoke drifting through the trees, the dying sun flashing on the old farm house, turning the vellow thatch into gold, and peeping through its latticed windows for a warm good night, as it slowly sinks behind the mountains. Through the open gate we go to the wide, comfortable farm yard, with its long clamps of turf on one side and lofty hayricks on the other. There is a clean, fresh, washed look everywhere, in preparation for the Divine Guest of the morrow, and the neighbors who, though miles away, will gather to give Him a joyous welcome. Little Dymphna stands on the door-step, and seeing us, comes for ward, her hand over her eyes in pretty Kitty catches her with a bound and carries her in triumph to the house, where we are received with whole souled rapture-Aunt Eva, as becometh a dearly loved queen. best chair is brought forward, and mother and daughters gather around her with a hundred endearing questions. Kitty is in the midst of the little ones, Dymphna by universal consent, as the baby, holding first place at the meeting, and I, as the bashful stranger look on the scene so picturesquely beautiful, so peculiarly Irish.

looking out on the garden, half vegetable, half orchard, with a sunny corner for Grace's flowers. Off the kitchen open three or four bedrooms, and above is the loft for the farm-boys. hearth is a study, deep and roomy, with huge piles of turf throwing their cheery, pleasant flicker on the shining flags, dancing in and out, through the whitest and brightest of china, on the old-fashioned dresser. At one end a table stands ready for the altar, the basket with the vestments having just been sent from the farm where yester Kitty's eyes day's station was held. fall on it, and she asks Mrs. Ryan if she may arrange the altar, and so save Father Tom some time for his morning's confessions. We go to work, frace and Couth lending willing From small beginning we de hands. velop into decorations. Lace curtains, evergreens, and leaves are pressed into the service, and in an hour we have, to our own eyes, grand results. A recess at one end holds the altar the kitchen table. The wall we drape in white, with a water-fall of lace as a border, the whole caught up with holly and ivy. An old family crucifix is suspended above, the large white figure showing effectively on the ebony wood. With the assistance of blocks for the flowers, and candles on the altar, we succeed admirably. Kitty

> subdued, restful light on the whole. We are proud of our work, and Mrs. Ryan and Aunt Eva go into ecstasies, declaring that the priests will be amazed when they arrive in the morn-It is later than we expected, and ing. we hurry homewards. Kitty is seized with anxiety as to my welfare, wond ering how I shall stand the return brisk effort. She need have no fears, how Half ever. I step out like a Trojan. way back she suspects something has changed me, for she cries reguishly 'Dolly, where are your American rubbers?'

arranges the altar-stone and vestments

with the familiarity of an old sacristan

berries, the sad, sweet, pathetic Figure

on the cross between; below, the altar

crowned in great bunches of laurel and holly, with chrysanthemums here

and there to brighten the coloring. On

look out on the mountains, shedding a

either side of the altar two w

"Gone a begging," is my resentful response.
"Sensible girl!" with a wise shake

of her head. "I knew we would teach her better."

But I vouchsafe no remark.

Through the fresh, keen air we drive next morning and arrive at the Station to find the priests hard at work The bedrooms are the confessionals, the kitchen the chapel; the women are kneeling before the altar. A great fire roars up the chimney, and there is solemn stillness over everything. In the farm yard and around the door every one apart, buried in their prayer books, the men are preparing for con ession, evidently a matter of much thought. In and out they go, kneel ing before the altar until turn to be heard. Father Tom says first Mass when his penitents are almost finished, the curate hearing meanwhile. I wish I could give some idea of that Station Mass in the kitchen so strange and new, so wonderfully de It is like a peep at the Cata votional. combs. a glimpse of the early Christians, a scene of the penal days when their forefathers gathered by stealth for Mass in the mountains

A thousand hallowed memories come crowding on me as my eyes fall on the bowed head of the old priest at the altar, the sunlight softening his white hair and worn, holy face. I think of the dread days when others like him, of his own blood and kindred, were chased like wolves through these same mountains-nay, that even the very ground I now kneel on may be sancti fied by the blood of martyrs! I pray as I have never prayed. There seems as I have never prayed. something in this truly Catholic scene that stirs me to my very soul. der the Irish are pious, no wonder they are pure : no wonder they to day are, as they have ever been, in the most distant climes, missionaries of the grand old faith! The Mass continues. With deep re-

verence the communicants advance after the Domine, non sum dignus Mrs. Ryan and her two stalwart sons leading off; then, two and two, and women approach with bowed heads to receive Him whose delight it was to be with the lowly. It is a glorious sight and brings tears to my eyes, and the mountains fling back rosy smiles through the latticed windows as as the sun climbs above the peaks with youthful joyousness. The first Mass is over, and as the old priest goes to the confessional the young curate takes his place at the altar. A second band of communicants at this Mass, and then it is over - but, no! not yet. Father Tom appears at a little table, a large open book before him, and in a loud voice reads the name of each house holder. The one named comes for ward and gives an account of each member of his family, those present at the Station, those those absent and why, naming a day through the week when they shall attend at the next station in the neighborhood, and so on down to the last name on the list. I am astonished at this beautiful spirit of humble faith and the wonderful government the parish priest has over the souls committed to his charge. In speaking of it on the way home, Aunt Eva tells me the same rule is observed in the towns and villages; but there the people go to the churches, the house-

fari ishe wal