BY FATHER RYAN.

Lonely Hearts! lonely hearts! this is but a land of grief; Ye are pining for repose—ye are longing for relief: relief:
What the world hath never given—Kneel,
and ask of God above,
And your grief shall turn to gladness—if you
lean upon His love.
Lonely Hearts! God is Love.

Restless Hearts! restless hearts! ye are tolling night and day,
And the flowers of life all withered, leave but
thorns along your way:
Ye are waiting—ye are wailing till your tollings all shall cease,
And your ev'ry restless beating is a sad—sad
prayer for peace,
Restless Heart! God is Peace.

Breaking Hearts! broken hearts! ye are de solate and lone,
And low voices from the Past o'er your present ruins moan!
In the sweetest of your pleasures there was bitterest alloy—
And a starless night hath followed on the sunset of your joy,
Broken Hearts! God is Joy.

Homeless Hearts! homeless hearts! through the areary, dreary years,
Ye are lonely, lonely wan'drers, and your
way is wet with tears;
In bright or blighted places, wheresoever ye may roam,
Ye look away from earth-land and ye murmur "where is home?"
Homeless Hearts! God is Home.

TOO STRANGE

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

NOT TO BE TRUE

"I think papa is getting a great deal better now, dearest mother," Mina said, as she unfolded a bit of embroidery, on which her slender fingers were soon busily

He is, indeed, much better. M. Le noir's treatment has perfectly succeeded, and now he is of opinion that change of air will greatly contribute to his complete recovery."
"Oh, how delightful! Then we shall

leave Paris. Where shall we go!"
"My dear child, we do not mean to
take you with us. Madame d'Orgeville
has kindly invited you to spend the time
of our absence with her daughters." Mina frowned, and, hiding her face in

her hands, did not answer.
"You have many things to learn, my child, and you may never have such an opportunity again. I would not willingly cut short the time of your residence in Paris. The lessons you are taking, now from first-rate masters, are of the greatest advantage."
Mina sighed. "Could I not go to school

in some convent? "Do you dislike Mesdemoiselles d'Orge-

"I like Julie pretty well, and Orane very much; but I cannot—indeed, mamma, I cannot—feel happy with them, as I used to do with Therese, Rose and

There was a slight tone of irritation in Madame d'Auban's manner as she answered, "That part of your life is past, swered, "That part of your file is past, Mina; it is of no use to be always dwelling upon it, and nursing vain regrets. You are French, and it is not your destiny, my child, to live with Indians."

You are French, and it is not for your with Indians."

"I cannot feel French, mother! I cannot think or speak as they do. The girls here do not understand me. They do not care for the sky, or the trees, or the sunset clouds. Ontara and I used to talk of the conductor of the set clouds. Ontara and I used to talk of the conductor of the ladies, "I have you will be conquered. I know you bent five-franc pieces like watters, but a silver plate! You have semblage, and was standing opposite Mademoiselle Gaultier, with his back to Mademoiselle Gaultier." knew what every flower said. I showed him one day a passion flower, and I told him that it was the flower of the Christians' prayer; that the cross and the crown of thorns, the spear and the nails, were in its bosom, and that was why I loved is so much; and he pointed to a sun-flower, and said, 'This is the flower of the Natches' r. It worships the sun, as we do. day it turns to him as he sets the same look which it turned to him when h

"But, my Mina, Ontara is a heathen. How could you have felt so much sympathy with one that does not believe in Jesus Christ?"
Mina mused for a moment. She was

putting to herself the same question.
"Mother, Ontara will be a Christion one day. He promised me never to part with his crucifix, and to say every day a prayer I taught him. Mother, Ontara will love our Lord one day; he loves the Great Spirit now much more than many of the French Christians do."
"Do not say the 'Great Spirit,' Mina.

You must leave off talking like the In-

"I will say 'the Good God,' said Mina gently. "But, mother, some of the people here speak of the Supreme Being. Are

Not much better than heathens, I am d," said Madame d'Auban with a She looked anxiously at her daughter. A fear was perhaps crossing her mind lest her sweet wild-flower should lose its fragrance in the hothouse of a l'ersian

olroom. Where are you and my father going?" asked Mina, after a pause.
"To Brittany; he wishes to see his native place again before leaving France, perhaps

Madame d'Auban did not add that this was to be the first step of a long journey, the accomplishment of which was her long-

cherished hope.
"Mother, where is your native place?" This was timidly said; Mina was conscious that there was something mysterious in her mother's fate. Many little circumstances had led her to suspect it besides the prayers they daily said in secret for her unknewn brother. She had never ventured before to put a direct question to her on the subject. There troubled look in her mother's face as she

answered-"Your fate and mine, my daughter, may be similar, I think, in one respect.

Neither of us will probably ever visit again
the place of our birth; but you may speak
of yours; I can never mention mine."

Mina seized her mother's hand. "I

am so sorry?" she said, tenderly kissing it. "It is so sad never to speak of what

A sudden thought seemed to occur to Madame d'Auban. "Mina," she said, "if in after years, perhaps when I am dead, it in after years, perhaps when I am dead, it should ever come into your mind that, where so much concealment was necessary, there may have been guilt, remember what I now say to you. Never dream for a moment, my child, that there was aught to be ashamed of in your mother's life; keep in mind this solemn assurance, given in the eve of our first separation. You cannot understand its full meaning now have will hereafter. Vour mother's now, but will hereafter. Your mother's history is an extraordinary one, but no dis-grace is attached to it. These words must remain buried in your heart, my daughter. Question me not, nor others, on this

subject; we will not revert to it again."

Mina again kissed her mother, and then said, "Is there the least chance, mamma, that the appointment papa hopes to obtain will be in New France?"

"Not the least chance of it-banish all or Not the least chance of it—banish an such hope from your mind, Mina. If a post was offered to him on the continent of America, he would decline it. He does not wish, and I would not for the world that he return to a country where he has suffered so much. The effects of that suffered so much. The effects of that terrible time are only now disappearing. I always observed at New Orleans that the sight of an Indian made him shud-der."

The blood rushed to Mina's cheeks and suffused her temples; her heart beat with violence. "And yet Ontara saved his life and mine, and Pearl Feather died for us!" she passionately exclaimed; and, rushed forward a little beyond the bench, she stood still. battling down the vehement feelings her mother's words had awakened. In a few instants she returned, and, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, whispered, "Dearest, dearest papa, I know how much he suffered, and he is so good; but, oh, mother, some of my In-dian brothers are good too!" Just as the young girl was giving way

to this burst of feeling, the quiet corner where her mother and herself were sitting was invaded by a number of smartly-dressed persons, who formed themselves in a group just opposite to them. They were discussing with great eagerness some-thing that was going on or about to take place, and which evidently excited interest and amusement. In the centre of this assemblage stood a lady of unusual height, whose features were strikingly handsome. She was dressed in the extreme of fashion; spoke in a loud, ringing, but not unharmo-nious voice, and seemed to command the attention and admiration of the bystanders. The expression of her countenance varied every moment; sometimes wild meriment gleamed in her black eyes, and arch, mischievious smiles played on her lips, or look of defant resolution compressed them tightly together. At moments, a sweet and almost melaneholy shade of thought overcast the sparkling brilliancy; she talked a great deal, and

esticulated incessantly.
"Does the great trial of strength really come off to-day ?" asked one of the gentlemen who crowded round her. "You have made a bold challenge, Mademoiselle, and I fear your backers will have to pay

"Bah!" she said laughing. "Even defeat in this case will be honorable. And so much the worse for those who have been rash enough to stake their fortunes on the strength of my wrist i slender one, gentlemen," she added, showing a well-shaped and very white

"Does your antagonist furnish the

general burst of laughter. Mademoiselle Wonders will never cease

"Perhaps not," said the lady, and the thoughtful, mournful look came into her face, but in a second she was laughing again at her own thoughts, apparently I could amuse you all very much," she said, "by relating my adventures since we

'It has been reported that you had left Paris, but nobody could tell where you had gone," said one of the gentle-I dare say not. Well, I went to the

dull little capital of a foolish little kingdom. Guess now where I went."

"I should never have guessed," said another gentleman, "that Mademoiselle Gaultier would have sought dulness under

any form. There is no affinity between her and dulness."
"I did not find Stutgard at all dull.

On the contrary, the twenty-four hours I spent there were exceedingly lively."
"And what in the name of patience took ou there, my dear ?" asked the same lady

you there, my dear?" asked the same lady who had spoken before.
"Well, if you wish to hear the story, here it is. His Royal Highness of Wurtemburg and I were great friends all last winter. He is, you know, a patron of the stage—writes plays himself—bad ones—but that is neither here nor there. He had often invited me to visit his duchy; so last week, as the weather was fine and so last week, as the weather was fine, and 'aris not particularly amusing, I took it into my head to go. I travelied day and night, with only one servant. Oh, dear, what beautiful nights they were! I wonder if you Perisians have ever thought wonder if you rerisians have ever though of looking at the stars \(l \) assure you it is very worth while. At the end of four days I arrived at the Ko ig's Hof, and wrote to my royal friend to announce my arrival. He had the condescension to ill bows and smiles and compliments; but when I spoke of paying him my respects at the palace on the morrow, I noticed a visible embarrassment on the Grandducal countenance. He said there was no occasion to fatigue myself so soon after the journey—ah! ah! do I look like a person easily fatigued?—and that he would send his chamberlain the next day to inquire after my health. And the chamberlain came, and, what was more ex-traordinary, the chamberlain told the truth! It appears that his Royal Highless, good soul, had betrayed imprudent marks of satisfaction on hearing of my arrival, and had given orders that I should e forthwith invited to dine at the palace.
ut it was not to be. The noble and high and mighty and vitruous Countess d'Erns thumer, a Wurtemburgian—Madame de Maintenon—a left-banded, morganatie

sort of divinity, presiding over the de-corum and morality of the pompous little court, had decreed otherwise. She raised a tremendous outcry, and protested against such an honor being paid to Mademoiselle Gaultier, premiere actrice du Treatre Francais. And the veto took

"Too bad! "Too insolent!" "Intolerable!" "Impertment!" evaluited able!" "Impertment!" exclaimed the listeners, in different keys.
"What did you say to that wretched should be a superment."

chamberlain?

"I asked if the excellent countess enjoyed good health."
"Good heavens! my dear," exclaimed one of the ladies, "you were not going to poison her?" "No; I am too much afraid of hell; and

besides, it would not have been half such fun as what I did de " "And what on earth was that ?" cried

the audience. "Well, I took a drive the next day." " Is that all ?"

"Is that all?"
"I drove myself, of course, as I do here.
Mine host of the Konig's Hof, whose good
graces I had won by florins and civil
speeches, lent me a charming pair of unspecies, iet me a charming pair of un-broken horses, which I ordered to be harnessed to a light phaeton. It had rained all night, and the ground was de-lightfully soft and muddy, My friend the chamberlain had kindly informed me at what hour I might have the pleasure of seeing all the beau monde of Stutgard parading up and down the promenade. Was not this a treat for a stranger from Paris? The Countess d'Ernsthumer, he said, always took a drive between one and two in her open carriage and four. I managed my steeds to perfection; we raced up and down the alleys, scattering mud in every direction. I kept them pretty well in hand till we came in sight of the morganatic equipage. 'Tis not to be described how frantic they then became —how they reared and plunged, and ended by running against its left wheel and sending it right over on its side— gently enough, too! The good German horses stood stock-still, and the ladies fell one upon another in the mud, like so many pillows in silk and muslin cases. 'Well done !" " Well done !" " Bravo.

Madlle. Gaultier !" re-echoed in the circle "Ay, but mind you, nobody cried 'bravo' on the promenade at Stutgard (and the Germans can work themselves up into a fury if you give them time); so there was no time to lose, and I drove like the wind to my Konig's Hof, where a nke the wind to my Konig's riot, where a post-chaise and four was waiting for me. We flew rather than galloped to the frontier. The postboys had never before been promised so much Trinkgeld. Once on the French side of the river, I stood up in the carriage, shook my glove in defiance, and then flung it into the Rhine. In four more days and nights I travelled back to Paris, the only place for human beings to

"What did the Grand Duke think?"

somebody said.
"Oh! I had a letter this morning decribing the storm in a puddle which ensued. I was to have been thrown into prison. Ah! ah! The journey back was delightful. We had all sorts of adventures, and ran a thousand risks, Constant and I. We were nearly murdered in a cut-throatlooking inn.

"Have you never known what it is to be frightened, Mademoiselle Gaultier?' a lady asked.

a lady asked.

"I beg your pardon, Madame, I am
terribly afraid of the least pain; the prick
of a needle makes me faint, and a hard bed
cry. Mais que voulezvous?—excitement

ame d'Auban and her daughter.

Ah, Monsieur le Comte!" the actress gaily exclaimed, "I was begining to think

you had forgotten my challenge"
The person she thus addressed answered with a smile: "You are not content with one defeat, fair lady; you must seek another. So be it then. On the last occasion when we tried the strength of your wrists, you forfeited to me the rose which Zaire had worn on the preceding evening. I am grown more ambitious now, and if I win I shall ask for the glove which the free German Rhine is carrying to the

"Ah! you have heard of my adventure, Mosieur le Comte? Are you not afraid of measuring your strength with so malig-

of measuring your strength with so malignant an enemy?"
"Very much afraid," answered the stranger, with a smile. "But faint heart never won or vanquished fair lady; so I must needs keep up my courage by all the inducements in my power. Here are two silver plates: bent or unbent, they remain yours after the trial; and if I win then I claim the chammion's glove." then I claim the champion's glove."
"Very well," said Mademoiselle Gaul-

tier. "Give me a plate."

"It was handed to her. She took it up with a half-confident, half-doubtfull look, coloring with eagerness, and smil-ing as if anticipating a triumph. Then laying it down again, she began by bendng with her fingers slender and thin; but as strong as steel, a five-franc piece, which she rolled as if it had been a wafter. Every-

applauded.
lot for the great attempt!!" she said; and the eyes of all present were fixed upon her as she again took up the

silver plate. Madame d'Auban and Mina were watching her like the rest. There was something irresistibly attractive in the good- humoured wilfulness of her hand-

some face.
"Nobody has ever conquered me," she

said, overlooking, with femmine inconsis-tency, her recent defeat.

When a woman wills something, and that something is a triumph of some kind, how resolved she is upon it! The colour deepened visibly under the rouge of her cheeks. She bent the whole strength of her fingers, of her arm, of her whole frame on the plate, which would not yield to that desperate pressure. Her lips were firmly and tightly compressed; the veins in her forehead swelled. She turned pale with the prolonged effort. "Allons! I am beat," she cried, vexed and yet laughing. "I don't believe you can bend it, Monsieur le Comte."

Monsieur le Comte "
The stranger bowed, took it up, and with a scarcely preceptible effort rolled it up like a piece of parchment.
"Bravo!" exclaimed the lady, with frank good humour, and pulling off her

glove she presented it to her antagonist curtsey. "To have entered the lists with such an adversary is in itself an honor, and to be defeated by him more glorious than to conquer a meaner foe. And yet," she added, laughing, "it is pitiful not to be able any more to boast that what anybody else has done one can also do."

Her correge accompanied her as she

Her cortege accompanied her as she moved away, and no one remained in this part of the garden but Madame d'Auban and Mina and Madlle Gaultier's antagonist, who suddenly turned round and sat down at the farthest end of the bench where they were seated. He took a parcel of letters from his pocket and began to read them, without paying any attention to his neighbors. Mina had been much his neighbors. Mina had been much amused with the scene she had witnessed. "Is not that gentleman wonderfully strong, mamma?" she added in French. "Speak French," whispered her mother,

glancing at the stranger.

"The lady is also very strong," Mina said in that language, "and she is very handsome too. Do you think she looks good, mamma?"

The gentleman at the end of the bench evidently understood German, for he turned round, amused at Min's question, and looked at her with curiosity first and then with unmistakable admiration. But

he soon resumed his reading.
"I think her manners are too bold, but there is something prepossessing in her countenance," was Madame d'Auban's an-swer to her daughter's remark.

"Yes, mamma; I see what you mean about her being too bold, but I am glad you like her face. I do."
"She is an actress—not a person in society."

"An actress! I wonder if she acts as well as Pouponne?"
"Who is Pouponne, my dear?"

"Madame de Simiane's grand-daughter, namma. She came the other day to see Julie and Origne, and she told us that a her school they were going to act Athalie, and that she was going to be the Queen. M. d'Hericourt had been teaching her when to stand and sit down, and to put out her hand, and to look up to heaven. She repeated to us her part; you can't think how well she did it, mamma; especially that bit when Athalie says:-

'Ou serais-je aujourd'hui si domprant m faiblesse Je n'euusse d'une mere etouffe la tendresse?"

"Hush, darling!" said her mother, and an expression of pain passed over her face.
Mina preceived it, and, hastening to

change the subject, exclaimed' "I wish I was a queen! Not a make-believe one, but a queen in good earnest. "What can make you wish for such a

fate, Mina? "I would then fit out an immense ship and return to America, and on the top of the hill where Eagle-eve used to carry me

I would build a cathedral as large as Notre Dame, which would be the wonder of the New World." "Do you fancy that kings and queens are free agents, my child; or, that they are happier than other people?"

Everybody says-happy as a king or a queen. Julie says, she should be as happy as a queen if she married some-body about the Court, and was invited to

Marly."
"Those who use that form of speech have never known what anguish often wrings the hearts of those they foolishly envy."
Mina laid her head in a caressing

manner against her mother's shoulder, and looking up into her face said, "But how do you know what they suffer, sweetest mother? You have never lived in a meeting, I will write in three months' as- palace.

ing her lips upon it, murmured, my work for it, Mina, there is sor no slavery more galling than that of royalty, and no more melancholy prison than a palace. The hardest of all chains are often invisible; and many a heart breaks in silence on or near a throne.

These last words uttered with some emotion, and in rather louder voice than that in which Madame d'Auban had hitherto spoken, cause the stranger, who had now finished reading his letters, to bend forward and endeavor to catch a glimpse of her face; but, not succeeding, he collected his papers and walked away. As he passed before Madame d'Auban he poked hard at her, and in a few minutes turned back again and fixed his ever earnestly upon her. She remarked it, and for the first time she also caught sight of his features, and felt at once they were

or instructions, and test at once they were not unknown to her.

"Put up your work, darling," she hurriedly said. "It is time to go."

"Oh, let us stay a little longer, dearest mamma! It is so pleasant now under

No, no; make haste, Mina." For the third time the stranger turned back, and this time he stopped opposite to them. Madame d'Auban's eves eager glance, and every trace of color vanished from her cheek. She remained motionless and cold as any of the stone statues about her. The stranger pro-nounced a single word, "Madame!" There was wonder, respect, and a tacit inquiry in the tone with which it was uttered. In the ears of her to whom i was addressed, it sounded like a voice from another world; for that stranger and herself had been friends in early youth—almost like a brother had that man been to her; and at sight of him thoughts of her family, and home, and old associations were rushed upon her with

indescribable might 'The Comte de Saxe," she murmured. The name died away on her lips, but she could not express the choking and blinding tears which would flow in spite of all

'Dear companion of my schoolhood,' the Count began, in a low and rapid tone
—"friend of my earlier days, do my
senses beguile me, or do I, indeed, behold
you again? Oh, madame, what does this
mean? What miracle has raised you from an untimely grave? For God sake explain to me this mystery!"

Madame d'Auban made a strong effort

to rise, and leaning on Mina she turned away. "It is a mistake," she faintly said, away. "It is a mistake," she tainty said, and tried to walk on. But the Count seized her hand and exclaimed—
"It is your voice, as well as your face! It is yourself! You cannot de-

ceive me!" "Let go my mother's hand," cried Mina,

with the air of a young chieftainess.

"You make her weep. Begone!"

Without heeding her, the Count continued—"Good God! madame! cannot you trust me? Have you the heart to treat me as a stranger?"

She had struggled for composure, and

partly revained it. A thousand rapid thoughts and fears had passed through he mind. In those days of irresponsible power in sovereigns, and with the strong abhorrence of mesalliance in royal families, there was more ground for her apprehen-sions than can be easily conceived in the present day. In a steadier tone she said —"This is some singular misapprehensions, sir. I have been ill, and was overcome by the suddenness of your strange address. Some accidental resemblance I

suppose—"
"Resemblance!" cried the Count, impatiently. "But be it so, madame, if such is your will. My respect is as unbounded as my attachment is profound. Far be it from me to intrude upon you. simplest wish is as much a law to r

as when at your father's—"
"Hush! for God sake hush!" The
words burst from Madame d'Auban's lips, as she glanced at Mina, and, before she had time to recall them, she felt that she had tacitly acknowledged what she had meant to hide. A crimson hue over-spread her face.

Your daughter?" said the Count de Saxe, glancing admiringly at Mina, who was frowning at the audacious stranger.
"And her name is—"
"Wilhelmina d'Auban," cried the

young girl; "and I wish some of my brave Indians were here to drive you away

'Ah! madame, we have both mourned," said the Count—" both wept over the loss of another Wilhelmina."

Madame d'Auban burst into tears. "Do sit down again," cried the Count de Saxe; and she did so, for her limbs were trimbling, so that she could hardly stand. He stood for a moment gazing upon her with an expression in anxiety, curosity, and sympathy were all combined. Mina looked from one to the other with a perplexed and anxious countenance. At last, in a tone of deep feeling, he said—"I know not whether to go or stay. I scarcely know how to address you, madame. Would to God you would speak to me one word only! Tell me, I am not mad!"

Madame d'Auban raised her tearful

eyes, and looked at him with that pecuiiar expression which had made the Princess Charlotte of Wolfenbuttel the object of his boyish worship, and she answered in a tremulous voice, "She whom you think von see is indeed dead-dead to friends, to that world in which she once lived. Do not disturb the peace of her grave. Forget the stranger you have met to-day.

"Could I ever think of you as a stran ger?

Think of me as you please! But, oh, M. de Saxe, be kind, be generous, and do not by a fatal curosity ruin happiness which hangs on a thread!"

"You are happy, then?"
Madame d'Auban glanced at her aughter, and bowed her head in assent. "Heaven forbid I should cause you a

moment's uneasiness! I will, of course, forbear from any inquiries that may pain you or endanger your peace; but may I not come and see you? Will you not give me the explanation of what an nour hence will seem to me an incredible "M. de Saxe, if you will give me your word of honor that you will be silent as

alace."
Madame d'Auban pushed back the curls om her daughter's forehead, and, presson her daughter's forehead, and presson her daughter eagerly cried the Comte de Saxe; "but if at the end of three months I do not hear from you, I shall think it my duty to inform the king,

my master, of your existence."
"In three months? So be it. I live, you will hear from me before that You promise that you will not follow me now, or seek to discover my

promise," answered the Count. But if during that interval you should need the aid of a strong arm and a devoted heart, think, madame, of Maurice of Saxony. I suppose I must not ask for one word of kind farewell?"

Madame d'Auban held out her hand, which he kissed with profound respect. "Farewell, and heaven bless you, Maurice," she said in a trembling voice.
When the mother and daughter had the Comte de Saxe disappeared, the Comte de Saxe stood some time in the same place, musing on

this extraordinary meeting with one whom for years he had thought of as dead. If I am not more mad than any madman in Bicetre," he inwardly exclaimed, "truth is stranger than the wildest fiction.

TO BE CONTINUED.

See what the Clergy say.

Rev. R. H. CRAIG, Princeton, N. J. says: Last summer when I was in Can-ada, I cought a bad cold in my throat. It became so bad that often in the middle of my sermon my throat and tongue would become so dry I could hardly speak. My tongue was covered with a white parched An old lady of my congregation advised me to use the Shoshonees Remedy, which she was using. The first dose relieved me, and in a few days my throat was nearly well. I discontinued the use of it, but my throat not being entirely well became worse again. I procured another supply, and am happy to say that my throat is enirely well, and the white crust has entirely disappeared. I wish that every minister who suffers from sore throat would try the Great Shoshonees Remedy.

Rev. GEO. W. GROUT, Stirling, Ont., says. Mas. Georger Francis was severely afflicted with Kidney disease, and had been under the care of three physicians without any beneficial result. She has since taken four bottles of the Shoshonees Remedy, and now enjoys the best of health.

Rev. T. C. Crown, Brooklyn, Ont., says: My wife was very low with Lung disease, and given up by her physician. I bought and given up by her physician. I bought a bottle of the Shoshonees Remedy, and at the end of two days she was much better. By continuing the Remedy she was perfectly restored. Price of the Remedy in a box.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Cologne cathedral as it now stands, repesents an expenditure of \$10,000,000 Father Nugent, of Liverpool, England, is again in this country, and intends visiting the Irish colonies of Minnesota. Cardinal Hergenroether has left Rome

for a short vacation in his native land. present he is at the springs of Gastein. It is reported that the German government have ordered the expulsion of the Jesuits who migrated to Alsace and Lor-

The Ottawa Separate School Board have a scheme on foot to issue \$30,000 deben-tures for the erection of several new school

buildings.

The Protestant summer residents of Southampton, L. I., have been instrumental in establishing a Catholic Church in the village so that their servants might worship in their own way.

On Sunday evening, Bishop Duhamel blessed the statue of St. Joseph, at the Hull Catholic Cathedral, in the presence of a large concourse of people. The ceremony was an imposing one.

Arrangements are being made in Baltimore for the reception of Archbishop Gibbons on his return from Europe. A grand procession will form a part of the pro-

The magnificent Catholic Cathedral now building at South Kensington, London, will be next in size after St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. About \$1,000,000 has already been raised for it, and contri-

butions are steadily coming in. The Marquis of Bute has just built a villa on the Mount of Olives, overlooking Jerusalem, where he and his wife and daughter will spend the coming winter. The announcement reads like a sentence from Lothair.

The Mexican Government has replied The Mexican Government has replied to the proposal of the Vatican for the re-establishment of diplomatic relations be-tween the republic and the Holy See, and conciliatory instructions have been sent by the Vatican to the Mexican bishops.

On the 50th anniversary of the religious profession of the Very Reverend Father Beckx, Superior of the Society of Jesus, Father Marco Rossi of the same Society, was charged with the task of presenting to him the precious relic of the crucifix of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. The ruins of the Sanctuary of Emmaus

have recently come into the possession of Catholics, the property being now secured Catholes, the property being now secured to Mdlle. Dartigaux de Saint Crie, of Pau, foundress of the Carmelite convent of Bethlehem. She proposes to restore the sanctuary, and to found close by a Carme-On Tuesday, August 24th, St. Bene-

dict's Monastery, College and Hospice at Fort Augustus, Scotland, was opened with impressive ceremonies in the presence of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's and Ed-inburgh, several Bishops and mitred abbots, (among whom was Abbot Wolf, of Atchison,), and a concourse of the laity.

The anniversary of St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Order of Jesuits, was recently celebrated at the Monastery of Loyola, in the province of Guipuzcoa, in the North of Spain, with great ceremony. More than 50,000 Basque peasants and mariners and several hundred aristocratic mariners and several number aristocratic families from the neighborhood assembled to witness the local fetes, which consisted of dances and bull-fights, after a morning devoted to High Pontifical Mass, celebrated by a cardinal and 120 priests. About 300 Jesuit Fathers were present at their formularly shring. founder's shrine.

It will be remembered that the parish many, was ceded some time ago by action of the Government to a handful of "Old Catholics." The thousands of faithful Catholics have been forced to content themselves with a temporary chapel. It seems that the grass has since grown up all about the parish church. It would naturally do so in an unfrequented place. But the local police have addressed a sharp note to the Catholic parish committee, calling upon them to have the grass removed. They are pleased to consider the church as Catholic property, where expenditure is concerned; yet they will not allow the Catholics to keep the building for their own use.

The conversions from Ritualism to Catholicism have within the last few years been more numerous than is generally imagined.
To particularize only a few Ritualistic churches which have supplied clerical converts, seven Anglican clergymen have "come over" from St. Saviour's, Leeds; six from St. George's in-the-East; seven from St. Bartholomew's, Brighton; and three from St. Paul's, Knights Bridge. These four churches alone have taken from the Anglican Establishment twenty-three clergymen and given them to the Catholic Church. Other well-known Ritualistic churches have also supplied their quota of clerical converts, including St. Michael's, Shoreditch, Prestbury. St. Peter's, London Docks; St. Thomas, Oxford; St. John the Divine, Kensington, Frome; St. John of Jerusalem, Hackney; St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington; St. Matthia's, Stoke Newington; St. Barnabas's, Oxford; and St. John's,

St. Leonard's. CONVERTS IN INDIA.

"Society," says the Bangalore correspondent of the Times of India, "has been discussing the recent conversion to Roman Catholicism of Mr. J. D. Sandford, Judicial Commissioner of Mysore and Coorg, who has just returned from Europe. With a Roman Catholic Viceroy at the head of the Government in India, of ad of the Government in course there are people who insinuate that Mr. Sandford was not altogether influenced by conviction and piety in changing his religion. But I happen to know that Mr. Sandford had been seriously meditating this step for some months past, and that his conversion was by no means a surprise to a great many here who know Mr. Sandford was, I believe, rehim. ceived at St. Peter's, Rome, on his way out to India."

Conversions to the Catnolic Church among English residents in India are, even now, comparatively rare, though not so rare hitherto as to justify the suspicion which the correspondent above quoted de-precates. Take Mysore and Coorg alone; was not Mr. Lewin Bowring (a convert) perfectly restored. Price of the Remin pint bottles, \$2; Pills 25 cents ox. Sold by all medicine dealA Lov

FRIDAY, O

I might have ;
As if I saw it
As if I could no
Was tremule
Nor knew the
A cruel hold

I might have d With words And you had But loved me Nor said these The pride th Ah, no! the lo

That cannot
If mine were t
Would warn
None others, t
But his will I am glad I sp So near—no Come in. Al-"My darling No more until I sign the pl

-Illustrated Cath WESTMI

At the close of wrote of my vis - the most and begun more tha ago upon the ru which the conqu the Isle of Thorn faithful children rooted every sto ship, and rear Prince of the upon which the mortal church, a the Saxon He Danish Vikings, Norsemen, the ortal church, orsemen, Plantagenets, th the weakness of of the transplan survived the wr the ruin of nu and now stands city, surrounded dor and show o an emblem of a age, in its beau stones which th literally glorifie ies, what holy sad feelings th cloisters, this fa It speaks to you tomb of Sebert. who began t worship and whole history more than the destiny of royal and prin ine without n make this Abl claiming even holiness of th madly cast aw isles where so

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> ever enter to-day enter royal hands mystery of of that poll God was dr God was dr voices of the place an her imprecation Hall—"His our children place of the orkmanshi infinitely n men was the Victim. N fessor and h to receive th from which ished infide green marble to quicken children of

under

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lasting life. up for the Victim, w Westminste by a display ble. But th appear mor painfully r sacrilege h