

Little Black Sheep.
BY ONE OF US.

We are a happy household flock,
On the pleasant Fenland hills,
And still when I think upon those days,
My heart to the memory thrills.
O'er the trout in the mountain beck,
The bees in the heather bells;
And the cat's call the summer woods,
And the silent lonely fells!

I was earliest up, and latest out,
And always in some disgrace;
'Twas a jacket torn, and unclean task,
Bare feet, or a dirty cap,
O'er the woods at dawn of day
And foot on the mountain side,
The little black sheep of the household fold;
And always in some sad plight.

I had stripes to take on every hand;
I had lessons in every book,
But nothing troubled me half so much
As my mother's sorrowful look.
And often when the house was dark and still,
Angry and weeping in bed,
I have felt her kiss on my hot, dry lips,
And her hand upon my head.

And I heard her say: "Is Jack awake?"
Then what could I do but sigh,
Fling little brown arms about her neck,
And whisper: "I'll try! I'll try!"
I'll try to learn, I'll try to be good,
Oh, mother, for you own dear sake,
And when I failed I was sure to hear
In the night: "Is Jack awake?"

Honor and gold to-day are mine;
Yet many my misdeeds I see,
And wonder and doubt how I have won,
I such a little black sheep.
I could not stray from my mother's arms,
Was true for her love's sweet sake,
And I father's that I have done,
She would ask—"Is Jack awake?"

Now I have boys of my own to guide,
And one is idle and wild,
You think I am the Fenland hills,
The days when I was a child?
Ah, no! ah, no! my little black sheep,
How close to my heart I take;
And when he strays in the solemn night
I whisper: "I'll try! I'll try!"
And very soon his little hot hand
Seeks mine with pentitent sigh,
He softly says: "I want to be good,
To-morrow, I'll try! I'll try!"

THE WIZARD OF SAINTE MARIE.

Wm. Seton in The Catholic World.

One mild, moonlight night in April, 1642, the Jesuit missionary Father Daniel reached the western shore of Lake Huron. His well-worn shoes and tattered cassock told that he had journeyed many a league, and, seeing near by a bed of moss, he was fain to lay down and pray himself to sleep, lulled by the voice of the whip-poor-will. And while he slept the expression of weariness passed from his face; he smiled; his lips murmured words of delight, for a golden vision had arisen before him. Again he was in his far-off ancestral home in Normandy; and strains of sweet music fell on his ear; he beheld his friends beckoning him to come to them; his father and mother, too, he held. In fact, all that might go to make life on earth a paradise came before him in this tempting, intoxicating dream. But by-and-by in the sky overhead appeared a great, flaming cross; onward through the air it slowly moved towards the west, then just ere it disappeared below the horizon Father Daniel awoke. He opened his eyes with a look of bewilderment, as if he could not realize where he was, and as he gazed about him he heard the melancholy howl of a wolf. But presently the truth burst upon him; more than a thousand leagues he was from dear old France, alone in the wilderness of North America. Then, making the sign of the cross, he said aloud: "Ad majorem Dei gloriam." While he was wondering how long he had slept he heard, besides the howl of a wolf, the sound of a human voice among the bushes, and in another moment an Indian stepped forth into the moonbeams. He was tricked out in his war-paint; in his right hand he carried a tomahawk, and in his left hand he held a scalp. "You are doubtless one of the pale-face medicine-men from the mystic land of the rising sun," spoke the savage; "otherwise you would not be resting here so peacefully without any arms to protect you." "I carry this, and I have no fear," answered the priest, rising to his feet and holding up a little crucifix. "Atsan—for such was the other's name—smiled, then asked whether he was going. "To Ossosane," replied Father Daniel. "There I hope to found a mission of the holy church and to teach the red men to love one another."

"Well, I hope that the Hurons of Ossosane will listen to you," said Atsan, "for then they will learn how to be warriors; they will become squaws, and my tribe will easily vanquish them." "Pray, to what tribe do you belong?" inquired the missionary.

"I am an Iroquois," said Atsan proudly.

"An Iroquois?" echoed Father Daniel, who felt a cold shiver through his veins at this much-dreaded name. "Well, is this the first year that you are here? For I perceive that you have taken only one scalp. Or are you weary of shedding blood?"

"I might have grinded my joints with scalps," said the other, "but for a season I have vowed during twelve moons to kill no more Hurons." "You interest me; there is some romance in you," continued Father Daniel, taking him by the hand. "And while I am going to preach the faith among those whom you call your enemies, yet I trust to meet you again."

"It is possible we may meet again," said Atsan. "And when that day arrives I shall perhaps tell you why my tomahawk refuses now to strike any Hurons." "Well, is it far to Ossosane?" inquired the priest.

"It is half a day's march." "Oh! that seems a very short distance to one who has trudged all the way from Quebec," said Father Daniel, smiling. "I have taken two whole moons to get where I am."

"If you like I shall keep you company part of the way to Ossosane," pursued the Iroquois; "for there are more wolves than one roaming through the forest, and you are too brave a pale-face man to be devoured by the wolves." Accordingly, as day was beginning to break, the missionary resumed his journey to the chief town of the Huron nation, and as he spoke the Iroquois tongue pretty well, he endeavored to give some instruction in the faith to his swartthy companion. He spoke in simple, winning language, and when at length they separated within a couple of miles of the journey's end they had become quite good friends. "The Iroquois medicine-men are wise," were Atsan's parting words, "but they are not like you; they teach us not to love our enemies."

Some Hurons of Ossosane, who had been on a trading expedition to Quebec

the previous summer, had brought back word that Father Daniel might shortly establish a mission among them, as Father de Brebeuf and Father Jogues had already done in other places along Lake Huron. His appearance, therefore, this April day was not altogether unexpected. Still, the excitement and curiosity was great when Father Daniel passed through the palisade which surrounded the town, and at the head of the multitude who advanced to meet him were the chief sachem, Ontarho, his handsome daughter, Weepanee, and a noted medicine-man, or wizard, Okitor. The last had a vicious countenance and scowled when he saw the priest bow to the maiden, who wore about her neck a string of party-colored shells, and whose loose, dark hair, which fell to her waist, was adorned with discs of shining copper. Almost the first question which Ontarho put to Father Daniel was whether he had met any Iroquois on his way through the wilderness; and when the latter frankly owned that he had met one solitary individual of that tribe the previous night, the other Indians drew nearer to him and listened with eager ears. It was evident that the missionary had imparted startling news, for where one of this ruthless tribe was found lurking there must be others; and immediately the trembling squaws declared that there came a day when they would venture beyond the stockade to prepare the corn-land. For stretching along the lake for the distance of a mile was a strip of uncommonly fertile soil, and no better corn could be seen anywhere than the corn which was grown by these industrious Huron women.

Weepanee alone appeared calm and unconcerned, and expressed her willingness to fight forth and hoe her father's patch of ground. Whereupon the chief shook his head, and Okitor again frowned when he heard Father Daniel say: "Of such as you, Weepanee, I hope that my Christian flock may be composed; you have a fearless heart."

"To-morrow," spoke Ontarho—"unless the enemy in the meantime shows himself—to-morrow you may go forth and till my land. But to-day you must stay and help to build the Blackrobe a mission-house." Accordingly with willing hands Weepanee assisted in this good work. Hundreds of men and women were thus busily employed, and by the time evening arrived there was a not unseemly structure ready for Father Daniel to occupy. It was seventy feet long, composed of bark laid over an arched, arbor-like frame; in the walls were numerous crevices which served for ventilation, and through the roof was a hole for the smoke to escape. Father Daniel himself made a cross of two hickory boughs, which he placed as far as possible from the smoke-hole; and if he had no bell wherewith to summon his flock to prayers, he was furnished with a tin kettle which had found its way here from the French settlements on the St. Lawrence, and which made a pretty loud noise when he struck it with the stick of copper which Weepanee gave him. "I am glad that you are pleased with what we have done for you," said Weepanee just as the sun was setting. "Indeed I am," answered the priest. "And though this is not the first mission which the church has established among the people, I hope that it will surpass the others in numbers and in zeal." "I heard you say," pursued Weepanee, "that you were going to a whisper, 'that you had met on your way hither a solitary Iroquois brave; pray describe him to me.'"

"He was tall and fine-looking, and carried himself like a warrior," replied Father Daniel. "Yet he could boast of only one scalp."

"Are you sure? Only one scalp?" said Weepanee, ill-concealing her emotion, which the wizard's keen eyes observed from a distance. Indeed, since morning Okitor had held aloof from the others and had watched with sullen visage the work going on. He had already heard of the Jesuit missionaries. "And if this pale-face medicine-man who has come among us succeeds," he muttered to himself, "then nobody will put faith in me; Okitor's power will be gone."

"What I have told you about this Iroquois seems to cause you joy," continued Father Daniel presently. "May it be that you know him?" "Know him?" ejaculated Weepanee, with an air of alarm, and glancing nervously round. But her father was not within earshot, nor was Okitor, although she perceived him watching her. "Know him, did you say? Oh! no, indeed. I would shun an Iroquois as I would a rattlesnake. I loathe all who belong to that cruel, bloodthirsty nation, and the one whom you met must be but a faint-hearted fellow, since he has taken only one scalp." Yet Weepanee's expression belied her words, and while her lips were uttering an untruth her heart was in a flutter of joyous expectation. Father Daniel, however, deemed it best not to press anything more on the subject at present.

On the morrow Weepanee set an example of boldness, and, at the head of many other young women, led the way to the corn-land. A flock of wild turkeys had got there before her, and she slowly withdrew to the edge of the woods as she approached, and a couple of foxes, too, slunk away. For a time she labored industriously with her primitive hoe made of a forked root. But sooner than her companions she seemed to lag, and then went off to make her third, not her fourth, which was close by, but at Wolf Spring, a fountain hidden in the gloom of the primeval forest, and whose water, even in midsummer was icy cool. When Weepanee reached this lone spot she did not immediately drink, but carefully examined the fresh green moss which grew about the rock out of whose cleft bosom the water bubbled. But not a trace of human hand or foot did she discover. "Yet what a pleasant couch this would have made for my Atsan!" she murmured. Nor was there a single twig broken off the laurel-bushes which surrounded the bed of moss. "I do not think he has been here," she said. "Where can he be?"

Presently, while she was listening to catch the faintest sound, a loud, fearful cry rent the air above her head, and a moment afterward down through the branches of a whitewood-tree tumbled a huge panther with an arrow driven through and through his quivering body. "Oh! what a narrow escape I have had," exclaimed Weepanee, shuddering and jumping back from the dead brute at her

feet. "The Great Spirit guided me here exactly in time—he was about to spring," spoke a voice which she recognized at once, and out of a dense laurel thicket her lover emerged with outstretched arms. For a moment neither of them breathed a word; their hearts were too full. Then looking up in Atsan's face while he caressed her, "Ay," said Weepanee, "as when a few years ago you generously saved my dear mother from the tomahawk of one of your own tribe, so to-day you have saved me from death." Then, while she embraced her again and again, "Can you wonder," she added, "that I love you even if you are an Iroquois? Can you wonder?" "Well, am I quite safe here?" inquired Atsan when the first passionate caresses had ceased. "Safe?" said Weepanee, with a look of tender reproach. "Oh! how could you imagine that I would allow any evil to befall you! In the opening beyond these trees are only some squaws at work with their hoes; a few men without weapons are on the edge of the lake mending their canoes. But the greater part of the inhabitants of this place are Hurons, and they are the palisade listening to the preaching of a new medicine-man, a pale-face." "No doubt the one whom I fell in with the day before yesterday," said Atsan. "And I told him if he asked any questions, to frankly answer that he had met an Iroquois the night before. You see, I am not afraid." "Father Daniel told me that he had met you," said Weepanee.

"Indeed! Well, how knew you 'twas I and not some other Iroquois?" asked her lover, smiling and questioning him apart, and he said that the Iroquois whom he had met had captured only one scalp, and by this fact I recognized my beloved."

"Well, it was for love of you that I made the vow to kill no more Hurons during the space of twelve moons," said Atsan. "I know it, and am quite sure no other Iroquois is like you in goodness." Then shaking her head, "But, alas!" she added, "your nation is terrible indeed; your warriors are everywhere; at all seasons, in the most unlooked-for places, they appear—stealthily, as wildcats, blood-thirsty as wolves. Alas! alas! you will end by exterminating us. There will be no Hurons left by and by." "None except Weepanee. But she shall live when the last fight comes; no arrow shall pierce her heart; no hand shall steal her scalp," declared Atsan, again clasping her in his arms.

"Well, tell me," pursued Weepanee, "how soon may danger threaten my native town?" "There is nothing to fear at present," said her lover. "No war-party will march in this direction for several moons—perhaps not even then. But when we do advance, 'twill be with warriors from each of the five tribes who compose our mighty league. Ay, Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas, Cayugas, and Senecas will take part in the final struggle with the Hurons."

"Alas! you will sweep us away even as grass disappears in a prairie fire when a whirlwind blows!" moaned Weepanee. "O Atsan, Atsan! what will become of my father? I dearly love my father. Between him and you my poor heart is divided. Oh! what will become of my father?"

"When the fatal hour arrives, if I cannot save him he will know how to die like a brave," answered Atsan. "But hark! is it he calling you?" Weepanee listened and presently heard her father shouting her name. "Flee!" she said, pushing Atsan away from her, and she fled like a snake out of the grass he started—but Okitor, whose small eyes twinkled maliciously, and he seemed to rejoice in her confusion. "The sachem's daughter is fond of solitude," spoke the wizard, but she lingered by the fountain and admired her pretty face in its limpid water. "Go to there when I am thirsty," answered Weepanee.

"Always!" said Okitor, with a cunning grin. Then, pointing to one of her moose-cans, "but whence that blood?" "Why, surely enough! I have hurt my foot!" exclaimed Weepanee, with a gasp, and "Well, tarry here a moment while I go for a drink; I, too, love Wolf Spring," said the wizard. At these words Weepanee's heart throbbled violently, and when in a few minutes he came back and questioned her about the dent which she could hardly speak. "What has happened to my child?" said Ontarho, who now joined them. "You are trembling as if you had seen a demon in the forest."

"A dead panther has scared her," put in Okitor. "The animal has barely done breathing, and its blood has spurted on her foot."

"Why, sure enough," exclaimed the chief. "I wonder who killed it." "I saw not whence the fortunate arrow came, the panther seemed to drop from the sky," answered Weepanee. "Some friendly spirit from the Happy Hunting-Ground must have sent it as a gift to Okitor," spoke the wizard, again smiling maliciously. "Its coat is superb; I will go and fetch it home." "Father and I will accompany you," said Weepanee, who was determined, should the wizard turn her lover to the forest, she would intercede with her parent for Atsan's life, or else to die with him. Accordingly all three returned to Wolf Spring. But Okitor, albeit keen of eyesight, seemed not to observe the foot-prints which led away to the distant end of the hollow oak; while Weepanee kept pointing to a squirrel which was jumping from tree to tree, and begging her father to shoot it. Whereupon the guileless Ontarho wasted half a dozen arrows on the little creature, who escaped unhurt, to Weepanee's inward joy for she took it as a happy omen that she would be true to Atsan.

On the morrow Weepanee was impatient to go again to Wolf Spring, but her father bade her stay and hear the new medicine-man discourse on the God of the pale-faces. Full of high hope was the heart of Father Daniel when he saw the crowd assembling in front of the mission-house in response to the call of his tin kettle. "This kettle had done many good things since it left old France," he thought to himself, "but nothing half so good as this."

We need not repeat all that he said to his attentive listeners; enough to know that when he got through many expressed a willingness to be baptized, and among these was Ontarho, who, being head chief, had great influence over the others. Weepanee, however, strange to say, refused to follow her father's example, which much grieved Father Daniel, who knew that she was a young woman of character and ability, and other maidens would probably hold aloof, too, from the sacrament when she saw her do so. He argued with her manly but in vain. Weepanee kept inwardly repeating: "My God shall be the same God as Atsan's; I wish to go to the same Happy Hunting-Ground that he goes to." But of course she durst not speak this aloud; and great was the delight of the wizard, who was lying on the roof of the building, gazing down upon the priest with eyes like a wildcat. Okitor had done nothing thus far to interrupt Father Daniel. Angry words, indeed, he had muttered, but only to himself. When, however, the missionary, after baptizing a score or so of Hurons, paused to say that he hoped they would change the name of the town from Ossosane to St. Marie, he could no longer curb his friendly tongue, and springing to his feet, "Friends and brothers," he cried, "what has come over you? Have you all become children again? For the papoose is ever crying after something new to play with. This strange Blackrobe, who appeared among us only yesterday, already turned your heads? He bids you lay aside your tomahawks and love your enemies. He bids you to think more of raising corn and tobacco than of sounding the war-whoop and adorning yourself with your glorious scalp. He even urges you to love the Iroquois, who have never spared the life of a Huron and who make bonfires even of our squaws and papooses. O friends and brothers! heed the voice of Okitor! Keep the ancient name of your town. Ossosane was known as a glorious scalp. He is happy on all this broad and beautiful lake, long before the great grandfathers of this false magician-doctor was born; and 'twill be known generations hence, unless you become children and do what he requests. But mark my words: if you forget to be warriors, if you love your enemies, then the powerful Iroquois will one day come and jeer at your death-songs while the crackling flames consume you." When the wizard had concluded his appeal not a few braves shook their heads, especially the young and fiery ones, and it needed the influence of Ontarho to make them change the name of the place to St. Marie. But even he, renowned though he was for wisdom, was not altogether able to undo the baneful effect wrought by Okitor's artful speech, and the discontented ones withdrew to the council-lodge muttering, "Okitor is right, Okitor is right."

"I will call my native place St. Marie if it pleases you," said Weepanee to Father Daniel after he had spoken to her privately a few minutes. "And when you ask us to love the Iroquois it proves that your heart is full of goodness; you will inquire nobody; you would be as useful as a squaw. But—but I cannot love all who belong to that bloodthirsty nation; no, not all."

"Can you love any?" inquired the priest in an undertone, for he recalled the look of delight which he saw in the Iroquois whom he had met journeying hither, and now he suspected that he had discovered the reason why she refused to be baptized. "You may speak to me in perfect confidence," he added. "Your heart is full of goodness; you will inquire nobody; you would be as useful as a squaw. But—but I cannot love all who belong to that bloodthirsty nation; no, not all."

"Well, well, never mind," continued Father Daniel, who read in her countenance the inward struggle that was going on. "Never mind; I shall say no more at present. But when you have met an one whom you may in all things implicitly trust." "Oh! I know you are very good," answered Weepanee, with moistened eyes; "and although I do not wish to become Christian, I will call Ossosane St. Marie to please you."

Three days elapsed before Weepanee ventured once to meet her lover at Wolf Spring; for whenever she went Okitor followed with his restless, wolfish eyes, and whenever she passed near him he would ask, "Who killed the big panther? Who killed the big panther?" But on the third day of the month, while Father Daniel was giving an instruction in Christian doctrine to a number of converts, among whom the most devout was her father, Weepanee eluded the vigilance of the wizard, who was amusing himself by interrupting the priest with foolish questions, and stole away unobserved to the forest. She tapped on the hollow tree to call Atsan's attention, then began to bark like a puppy; and presently out he came from the dark hole.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DEATH-BEDSCENE OF HENRY VIII. DESCRIBED.

"The last day of Henry Tudor had now passed, and the night of the dying agony commenced. It was a condition of fearful bodily suffering to the King, broken by intervals of remorse and prayer. Had human pride vanished! Had mercy returned to the royal breast? Was the King at peace with the world? No! at every other act of vengeance was to be consummated. For a year or so before the King's death the warrants for execution were signed by commission in consequence of the monarch's state of health. But in this special case the royal tyrant expressed his determination and pleasure to sign the Duke of Norfolk's death-warrant with his own hand."

Dean Hook justly remarks that nothing more terrible than this scene can be imagined: "At ten of the clock, when the cold sweat of death covered his face, when in dreadful agony from head to foot, the awfully prostrated monarch was making a faint effort to sign the fatal document." The action manifested the mastery of a ruthless spirit and evinced the domination of a final impotence. In the very arms of death he would destroy the living; on the threshold of the grave he had just willed that the name of God should make one more sacrifice to the enemy of mankind. Yet even that thirst for the blood of an illustrious subject, whose age he had left nearly childless, might not have been the last of the crimes of this unforgiving prince. A few hours more elapsed (two o'clock in the morning), and the shadow of death was casting a deep and solemn gloom upon the royal chamber. The end now came. The final contest was brief; and, in a pulse that the spirit of the long-dreaded King Henry was wafted to the presence of that Omnipotent tribunal where so many of his iniquitous judgments deserved to be reversed. A death-bed had been described as the altar of forgiveness, where charity and tears commingled as the spirit of prayer communes. These attributes were absent from the dying couch of Henry Tudor, whose last, despairing words, they had just witnessed, Lord Hertford and Sir William Paget had a conversation outside the apartment where the body of the dead monarch lay, still warm and horribly convulsed in feature, the very sight of which made Sir Anthony Browne fall to the ground in a swoon. Yet Hertford kept his eyes fixed on the dying man, and Sir William Paget was the first to utter the words which were to be the last of his life: "The sudden appearance of Archbishop Cranmer upon the scene gave more confidence to Paget. A terrible storm raged at the moment (three o'clock in the morning). A look from one to the other pierced their eyes; they feared one another; nevertheless, the last step had been taken. They had resolved to violate Henry's most Catholic will, and to keep his death a secret for three days, till the conspirators had arranged their plans. Mr. Froude remarks that Lord Hertford did not dare to make public the last conversation he had with the King the day before his death." This sentence contains a withering verdict, and is an exposition of the author's sentiments as to Hertford's actions at this time, not the less of value from its fortuitous candor. Another question remains still unexplained: Did Lord Hertford and Archbishop Cranmer read the predeceased boy-king, Edward VI., at any period of his painful regal pupillage, anything, even a syllable, from his father's last "will and testament?" Or what explanation did they give him as to the special command to have him educated by the ancient Catholic church of England? Did they impart to the young King his father's injunctions for Masses for his (the father's) soul's health, and the due maintenance of the old religion? Do the Protestant eulogists of Archbishop Cranmer approve of the unparalleled desecration in this regard of his own son's confessor in the Council? Do they approve the worst kind of perjury—the violation of solemn oaths sworn at the bedside of a dying man?

It is worthy of remark that during his life-time King Henry had drawn up no will, but the eight-sided "last testaments." "The King," writes his devoted courtier, Sir Anthony Browne, "a gloomy horror of death, and when some gloomy feeling visited his Highness he generally began to think of altering his will and bequeathing more money for Masses for his soul after death."

And now, in memoriam, here is a striking incident, new, perhaps, to many of our readers:

The royal remains being carried to Windsor to be buried, stood all night among the dilapidated walls of the Convent of St. Mary, and there the leading coffin being cleft by the shaking of the carriage along a bad road in heavy weather, it was placed upon a stand, and after a while the attendants discovered that the pavement of the chapel was quite wet from a stream of blood proceeding from the coffin. In the morning came plumbers to solder the coffin, which had burst, when suddenly the men discovered two drops of blood on the King's blood. The narrator—one of the royal household—says: "If you ask me how I know this, I answer, William Greville, who could scarcely drive away the dogs, was my informant." The plumbers, who were greatly affrighted, corroborated the above statement.

The dismantled convent alluded to had been the prison of Queen Catherine (Howard), whose execution took place five years before the corpse of her ruthless husband reached his temporary resting-place. The reader will remember the denunciation of Father Peto at Greenwich Royal Chapel (1633), in the presence of the haughty monarch and his then idolized Anne Boleyn, when the fearless friar compelled the King to Ahab, and told him in his face that "the dogs would in like manner lick his blood. Some Protestant

writers question the above relation. Be it, however, coincidence or the verification of prophecy, the fact stands, and needs no further reference from me.

The Rev. Mr. Dixon, whom I have just quoted, describes Somerset's government as that of a usurper, and the period one of the most disastrous in English history. "The doings of unbridled fanatics and unscrupulous self-seekers made the late tyranny seem in comparison a time of law and order; and men who groined beneath the Seymours and the Dudleys were presently crying out for the Church and the laws of Henry VIII. The magnificent architectural decorations were destroyed, and frescoes white-washed, and in the roof looted the royal arms took the place of the crucifix."—S. Hubert Burke, in Catholic World.

THE PRIEST'S REVENGE—AN EPI-SODE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

One day, in the year 1793, the inhabitants of Fegrecq and the surrounding hamlets were assembled together to celebrate one of the solemn feasts of the Church. Father Aurin was at the altar; the holy words of consecration had been pronounced; the God of heaven was present in that rustic temple. The pious crowd was engaged in silent adoration, when suddenly the dreaded sound of the tocsin resounded through the building. Instantly all the men in the church sprang to their feet; the women huddled trembling together; the priest, seeing such an emotion. "My friends," he said, "the Sacrifice is begun, and it must be finished. God is with us; let us pray. Pray, my brethren."

Then, bending over the altar, he humbly struck his breast, and consumed the consecrated elements. Meanwhile the tumult outside increased; some of the people had hastily left the church, when a child rushed in, crying, "O save him! save the priest! The soldiers have entered the village, and they are following close after me." The priest took off his chasuble, stole and all. Two dragoons came to the door of the church; the priest, seeing them, quickly descended the altar-step, and passed through the sacristy. In the churchyard he met two other soldiers, who attempted to seize him; but he dexterously eluded their grasp, and scaling the low wall of the cemetery, reached the open country. The soldiers, who were strong and active, leapt over fences and enclosures of the fields. His pursuers followed and were rapidly gaining upon him, when he found himself on the precipitous banks of a river. Without pausing to consider, he plunged into the water and swam across. Meanwhile, on the opposite bank, he looked back, and saw one of the two soldiers rushing into the water after him.

Continuing his flight, the priest ascended the hill that rose before him; he increased his speed, and never paused until he had reached the summit. He had now out of the sight and reach of those who sought his life; he is saved. But scarcely had he reflected with deep thankfulness for his escape from his pursuers, when a cry of distress struck his ear. He paused and listened, and again he heard the same piercing cry. He stepped, retracing his steps to the brow of the hill, he saw that the soldiers struggling in the water, and on the point of sinking to rise no more. The priest, who had ever inculcated lessons of charity and preached forgiveness, who had taught men to return good for evil, was not deaf to the voice of an enemy in distress. With the King's will, which he had fled from his pursuer did he now hasten to his rescue.

When he reached the banks of the river, the soldier had disappeared; but he plunged into the stream, and dived again and again, ere he could see the drowning man. At length he reached the man, who was struggling to land the useless weight of the dragon, which he continued to chafe with his hands until animation was restored.

In a few moments the soldier opened his eyes, and recognizing the priest of Fegrecq, he gasped in a faint accent, "What is it you who have saved me, your life I had sworn to take?" "It is so," said the priest calmly, "and now I am your prisoner; I have now no power to escape. Do you still wish to kill me?"

"I would rather die," replied the soldier. "I will not touch a hair of your head. But how we have been deceived! We were always told that the priests were our most determined enemies; that they thirsted for blood, and breathed nothing but revenge."

"My good man," said the priest, "you now see whether we only thirst for revenge. Every priest, my every Christian, is bound to forgive his enemies, and to requite evil with good. In being able to save your life, I have been more than usually fortunate, and I thank God for it. Thank Him, and cease to persecute those who believe in God and serve Him."

"Go, go quick!" said the soldier; "there come my companions; we soldiers can only obey. Fly while you can. I will go and meet them, and tell them you have escaped. They might not share my feelings. Adieu! I shall never forget you. Here they come; save yourself!"

They separated never to meet again.—Youth's Companion.

If you would have appetite, flesh, color, strength, and vigor, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which will confer them upon you in rapid succession.

FIRST RELIEF ULTIMATELY A CURE.

These are the successive effects of one of the most deservedly popular remedies in the Dominion, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which reforms an irregular condition of the bowels and liver, invigorates the stomach, renews digestion, and changes the current of the blood from a sluggish and turbid into a pure, rapid, and fertilizing stream. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

A Common Annoyance.

Many people suffer from distressing attacks of sick headache, nausea, and other bilious troubles, which may easily be cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. It cures Lottie Howard, of Buffalo, N. Y., of this complaint, and she praises it highly.

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