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ORGANIST.

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A LAST GLIMPSE OF LINKED LIVES.

'Adoro te devote, latens Deitas,— Que sub his figuris vere latitas— Tibi se cor meum totum sublicit, Quia te contemplans totum deficit." —St. Thomas Aquinas

Hugh was buried, according to his own request, in the Catholic cemetery of Melbourne. Notwithstanding his change of religion, many friends from his former mission came the twenty hours' journey, in order to follow him

to his grave.

Hugh had made himself generally beloved among his people, and the romantic story of Mabel's faithful love for him soon became known far and wide. A subscription was set on foot, with the proceeds of which, three months after Hugh's death, there rose over his humble, flower-adorned grave a beautiful white marble cross, bearing the following inscription :-

HUGH FORTESCUE.

Who died in Melbourne, after twenty-seven years of labor spent in the service of God and of his fellow-creatures. Also in loving and grateful Memory of MABEL FORRESTER

They were faithful in life, In death they shall not be divided." Requiescat in Pace. For Katie Mackay sunny days were

yet in store. For many weeks after her arrival at Melbourne she suffered from nervous fever, and for days her life hung in the balance. But she re-covered, thanks to the kind nursing and motherly care of good Mrs. Manvers; perhaps, also, on account of Steenie's unwearying prayers on her

Steenie was left, by Hugh's generous forethought, in possession of what, to him, was a small fortune. The little farm belonging to Hugh's own place, not far from Hobart Town, and which Steenie had for some time superintended, under Hugh's directions, be came, according to wishes expressed in Hugh's will, Steenie's own property. Thither, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to bear the journey, Steenie desired that Katie should accompany him as his wife. He came to her one evening, as she sat mournfully enough alone in the kitchen of Mrs. Manver's house. It was a Sunday, and all the household, with the exception of herself, had gone out to church. It was self, had gone out to church. It was the first time Steenie had seen her up and dressed. She was looking very white and thin, a mere shadow of the blooming girl from whom he had parted on the Leith Pier, now so many years ago ; but there was an expression of chastened sorrow in ice that more than compensated, Steenie thought, for her once brilliant

beauty. He had stolen in upon her unobserved, as she sat reading, or rather weeping, with an open book upon her lap; and she was first made conscious of his presence by feeling his lips pressed upon her forchead, and his arm gently but firmly drawing her towards himself. Steenie! Steenie! Maister Steenie

Logie!" she exclaimed, with sad emphasis, "I telt ye ken, that ye sudna demean yersel' sae muckle as to mak' luve to the likes o' me."

"Eh, but, Katie! gin I love ye,

lassie! what wad I do if ye garred me gang awa' an' leave ye alane!"
"Steenie," said Katie earnestly,

withdrawing herself forcibly from the she drew back, and looked him steadily in the face with humble, abashed -"Steenie, div ye mean to tell me that ye love me still? Div ye mean to say ye can forgie an' forget a' the pain I hae garred ye suffer? I's no the bonnie Katie Mackay ye kenned in Glaskie an' Edinbury lang syne. Eh, Steenie, man, times is gey changit, an' I wadna deceive ye-ye ken a

"Whisht ye, Katie, whisht ye Fu' weel, owre weel, I ken a' ye wad tell me; but gin ye'll love me, Katie, I's willin' to let bygones be—dinna gang for to bring them up to me. Eh, Katie, I hae loved ye these mony sair lang years, an' noo I ask ye fairly yince mair, wull ye no come hame alang wi'me, and be my wife?" He had sunk on his knees before

her, and was looking up at her with his honest sailor face, so full of warm trusting affection for the girl who had wronged him so cruelly, and so falsely forsaken him on a previous occasion How could she refuse him? could she help loving that noble, true hearted, faithful lover?

So Katie, fairly vanquished, with tenderness welling up within her heart, bent down her proud little head and hid her face in Steenie's fair. clustering curls, and sobbed as if her heart would break. She no longer made any resistance, but allowed him She no longer to take her in his arms, and, with bitter tears of remorse and sorrow, asked his pardon humbly for all that had gone before; promising faithfully that never again should he have cause to regret the confidence he had re posed in her. And Steenie went home some few weeks later — home to his own little farm,—Katie — poor little Katie Mackay-accompanying him as

A good, faithful one she proved too, in the end, none the less so because of her previous sad experiences. She loved him at last devotedly, as he, good, honest fellow, deserved to be loved. WANTED BY A YOUNG LADY A situation as oreanist in a Catholic church. Experienced and good references. Apply Box 186, Owen Sound, Ont. 962.3

Steenie prospered, and became a rich man; and after some years sent for his old mother, with his brothers and sisters, and established them all Katie bore him a large comfortably. family, the eldest of whom, a daughter, was named after Katie's beloved mis-tress, whom Katie never ceased to remember with the most tender affec-

Father Vaughan, whose residence in Melbourne was, as Hugh once said, only temporary, went for a time to Port Arthur, where he labored among the convicts. From thence he joined the Jesuit missionaries in New land, where he died, some years later, of fever caught in the discharge of his duties, faithfully fulfilled to the last.

Jessie mourned very heartily (for her) over Mabel's and Hugh's death. She never afterwards would go near Elvanlee, which remained in strange hands till the young Sir Wilfrid came of age. Before that time arrived Sir Wilfrid was a Catholic. He had never forgotten early impressions made upon him during the stay in Brittany. Child as he was then, his aunt's example and lessons were not altogether

Mabel unwittingly had sown good made! unwittingly had sown good seed in her little day, and in due time it had taken root very far down, to grow up into a goodly tree, spreading its branches over the home of Mabel's happy childhood.

So it came about that, in a few years' time, another little Mabel walked and danced merrily in the footsteps of her departed great aunt — a Mabel with just such another auburn head and starry eyes, who loved the flowers, the birds, the glad sunshine, and the sparkling burn; a Mabel who knelt every morning not far from the first Mabel's favorite place, in just such another beautiful church — a Catholic memorial church, erected, in memory of his aunt, by Sir Wilfred Forrester, in the village of Elvanlee; and where, every year, so often as the feast of St. Michael came round, there was offered up, in the sanctuary of Mabel's dream, a Mass for the repose of her soul whose body rested far away under the distant

waters of the South Pacific Ocean. Perhaps, among all those who mourned for Mabel's loss, no one sorrowed so deeply as Geordie Græme. The news came to him one cold, dark December evening when he was ill, suffering from an attack of intermittent fever, and nearly killed him.

When the Leander was burned at sea, telegraphic communication with Australia did not exist. The history of the disaster could only be transmitted by the ordinary means to Europe. It was not therefore until November that the intelligence reached England, and then the information was so scanty that for a long time there was no positive assurance respecting the survivors of the terrible catastrophe. Geordie Græme had clung persist-

ently to the hope that Mabel was among the number. In the first list of name that appeared, hers, by some mistake, had been inserted among the saved. Overwhelming therefore was the blow when at last it came upon him. He had been call out from dinner, one evening, to attend a case of sudden emergency. His sister had tried to dissuade him from going, for he was ill himself, and very unfit for out of-door work; but Geordie would not heed When he returned two hours later, Mary came to meet him with a face blanched with horror. In her hand she held a black-bordered letter, which she was nervously trying to con ceal; but the moment she looked at him she saw that concealment was useless. Geordie held the evening paper

"Oh! brother brother," said his sis ter, as she twined her arm lovingly within his, and drew him along with towards his study, "this is awful Who could have believed it possible?

Then the brother and sister sat down together side by side, and read Father Vaughan's letter relating the melan choly story.

Few words spoke Geordie Grame either then, or at any other subsequent period, upon the matter. He listened while Mary talked to him, making short answers, and shading his face with his hand; but when she left him that night, thinking he was going to rest, he locked the door of his study, and opening one of the drawers of his bureau, took from thence a packet of letters, all tied together with a piece of blue ribbon. They were Mabel's letters - written at long intervals. had never lost one of them — from the first, written from Glendower, on the day of Guy's wedding, in answer to his account of the interview with little Katie, to the last a few hurried lines written on board the Leander and sent ashore from Lisbon. There they were the early ones in clear, round, childish handwriting, at first beginning "My dear Mr. Grame,"then, at a later date, simply "Dear Geordie;" and again some very affectionate ones, that called him "My dearest old Geordee," but invariably signed "Your little friend,

There was one in particular, enclosing a piece of hair, which he had once asked for, when she was about fifteen, and which she had sent him from The Hermitage. Over this one Geordie lingered for a long time, and there were many tear-marks upon it before he replaced it in the drawer.

After that night Geordie Græme was ill for many weeks. There were some who thought that the doctor's health had Completely given way; but he pulled through, nevertheless, though from that time forward he altered and

who marries Geordie Græme. Poor Miss Rawlins quite broke her heart, and lived only six months to enjoy the comfortable independence Mabel before starting on her voyage, secured

Jeanie Kerr never forgot the salutary lesson of Maggie's awful death. Before leaving Edinburgh, Katie had contrived to obtain a farewell interview with her, in which she had wrnng from Jeanie a promise to enter as a penitent the Asylum of the Good Shepherd, near Glasgow-an asylum not far from the school in which Katie herself, and Jeanie's own sister Agnes, had spent the five most innocent years of their lives.

Jeanie kept her promise. The day after Mabel's departure she went to Glasgow, and acting under the influence of the late terrible impressions she had received, she asked and obtained a shelter under the care of the white-robed sisters of the Good Shepherd. There, after some years, she died a

happy, contented death. A death of suffering it had been, nevertheless, for Jeanie, soon after her entrance into the Asylum, began to show symptoms of spinal disease. She bore all her troubles bravely, taking them in a spirit of penance, as some atonement for the evil she had done. Very different was her end from what Maggie's had been!

Supported by one of the Mothers, with the glorious sunset of a St. Mary Magdalene's evening lighting up the little altar opposite her bed, fortified with all the sacraments of the Church, with the soothing sound of prayer rising around her, Jeanie Kerr, the once lost, degraded outcast from society, restored, through the saving sacrament of penance, to the forfeited dignities of her womanhood, passed away, with a peaceful smile upon her lips, redeemed and pardoned, into the arms of her Saviour.

Thou wert wretched, thou wert drooping, Thou wert crushed upon the earth; Who art greater now, and pure. Than an angel in his mirth."

I have nothing yet good to relate about Jeanie's mother, the infamous Mrs. Kerr; but she has a daughter in heaven, so that even for Mrs. Kerr, hardened sinner as she is, there remains some hope.

Two scenes more, and my story closes. In a little village in the far Western prairies of America there is a Christian settlement, whose school is under the management of St. Vincent de Paul's Sister's of Charity. hour of school is over; the children have dispersed to their respective homes, and the little Sister who has been all day with them is slowly pacing the convent garden, her rosary in hand. Very little older, slightly altered, too, in any way is the Sour St. Laurent from the gentle Marie whom we used to know at Vrananches. There is the same dove-like expression, and there are too the same sweet, holy, eyes, the same kind, pleasant face looking out from under the broad white linen coiffe of the Sœurs de St. Vincent. Anyone would

know Marie at a glance.

"Ma sœur! ma sœur!" calls a voice
behind her; and down the garden walk comes a little orphan child who has found a home with the good Sisters. "Ma Sœur Superieure sends to you this letter, and says that you are to read it before supper. It comes from our dear country—from France! Ah, ma Sœur, shall I ever see France again?

The child is crying, and Sour St. Laurent bends down to take her in her arms to console and comfort, as withdrawing herself forcibly from the sheltering arms that would have taken hoarsely muttered,

| Silently up before her eyes, and hoarsely muttered, | Silently up before her eyes, and into smiles, is chasing a brilliant- of the children of men; the winged butterfly down the garden walks, with cries of pleasure, Sour St. Laurent opens the letter and reads it.

It is from her sister Marguerite, en closing a copy of Father Vaughan's account, sent to his daughter, of Mabel's end and Hugh's death. Sour St. Laurent does not get through it without shedding many tears; but they are not all tears of sorrow. There s much of joy mingled with her grief. Going out of the garden, an hour later, into the silent chapel, where all is dark save for the glow from the sanctuary lamp, she kneels down with a full heart — a heart overwhelmed with gratitude, as she repeats the words with which she took farewell of Mabel now long years ago.

"Adieu, chere amie ; au revoir, dans le Sacre Cœur de Jesus, nous nous re trouverons toujours.'

It is Christmas evening, in the Convent of the Perpetual Adoration a Vrananches. The letters which, du ing the holy season of Advent, not been delivered (according to the general rule which, in conventua ouses, forbids all unnecessary com munication with the outer world during that time of solemn preparation for the Feast of the Nativity) have been this morning laid upon the Sisters plates, in the refectory.

Not until after second Vespers of the day does Genevieve-or, rather, let us call her by herown beautiful name-the new name by which she will be distinguished among the "Followers of the Lamb" — Sour Marie du Saint Sacrament - find leisure to open and peruse a long, closely-written letter, with the Melbourne post-mark, which has come to her from her beloved father

Fully an hour later Genevieve comes slowly down the cloister leading into the nuns' choir. Her eyes, though swollen with weeping, are full of pure and radiant peace. She brings with aged considerably. God send him a lish, to which she has appended a good wife, for he deserves that blessing; and she will be a lucky woman lows:—

"Of your charity, pray for the re-pose of the souls of Mabel Forrester and Hugh Fortescue, who departed this life, the former being lost at sea on the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel; the latter, who died on the Feast of the Angel Guardians, fortified by all the sacraments of Holy Church : on whose souls sweet Jesus have mercy. For a brief space Mabel's friend has

been grieving with grief most natural over Mabel's loss. Unable at first to turn her mind from the horrors of the awful night, which rose before her, a picture too vividly real, Genevieve's heart has been almost breaking with sympathy for the sufferings her darling Mabel must have endured. Back again to Elvanlee her thoughts have been carrying her, back to the thou-sand memories of their golden girl-hood, to the ravin, to the glen, to the rocky shores and rushing streams, where the glad eyes and joyous voice, and loving tenderness of her friend, all come before her, as though she had looked upon them, heard them, enjoyed

them but yesterday.

Do what she would, Genevieve could not shut out the terrible contrast which for awhile her excited imagination unrolled before her. The gay, sunny hearted, sunny-faced Mabel, with her perpetual flow of strong, healthy spirits, her glad enjoyment of the smallest pleasures of daily life, her keen sense of the beautiful, her passionate enthusiasm for what was high and holy; and then in contrast to see her as Genevieve's fancy would behold her - alone, dying, terrified in those fearful flames, far away in the midst of the broad ocean she had with so fatally true an instinct dreaded when long ago in the long summer evenings at Elvanlee she had sat with Genevieve upon the beach, "idealizing," as Genevieve was wont to call it, about the beauties of the sea."

There had always been about Gevevieve's love for her friend Mabel some-thing particularly tender and protecting. She never could bear to see Mabel suffer; and in days gone by had continually sought to guard and shield her even from every little annoyance.

It was, therefore, only natural that the detals of Mabel's death should be distressing in the extreme to Genevieve, and for awhile she had yielded to her grief, and had astonished her Sisters in Religion - who were accus tomed to her uniform serenity, which it had often been laughingly asserted nothing could have the power to dis-turb — by the violent outbreak of anguish with which she had received the terrible news But when, a little more than an hour later, Genevieve comes down to the chapel, the passion ate outpouring of her sorrow has had its way; Nature has asserted her rights, and is satisfied. Once more Genevieve grows calm, and turns for comfort to the "Adorable Veiled Presence," to whose service she has consecrated her existence.

Softly opening the chapel door, Gen evieve enters, closing it again behind Hushed and darkened is the silent choir; the red lamp sheds its radiance over the altar, where, high enthroned, in the midst of lights and flowers, a God is dwelling whose name is Love. In that holy place no sound breaks the solemn stillness. There the There the passions die away into nothingness there God's will is worshipped by counless thousands of adoring angels, and made lovely through the sweetness of His presence to the human hearts of His chosen children upon earth; there the everlasting arms are held forth to shelter and support; there, too, the Eye that never sleeps looks down with loudred times over that a religion work of the standard of the shelter and support. of the children of men; there all doubts are answered, all troubles weighed in their right balance; there the Sacred Heart of a human God, a heart both Human and Divine, is beating ever through the long hours of day and night-beating with yearning tenderness for the mourning and the heavy-laden who come to Him for rest There is peace, there is joy-there, in deed, is heaven begun on earth, where all earth's sorrows dream themselves into slumber, soothed by the lullaby of God's love.

Genevieve Vaughan, Sœur Marie du Saint Sacrament, kneels down before the altar, and there falls upon her wounded spirit God's own delicious peace. Kneel on, thou chosen child of the most Adorable Sacrament, and with thee let me close the last scene of my story. Happiest of all thou, who hast chosen for thy portion to dwell in the shadow of the sanctuary, and to know no other love on earth than the leve of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. In our poor outer world hearts are daily torn with loving. There is no earthly love but has its bitter pangs. Not to everyone is it given, as to thee to begin on earth the life of heaven. To be able to love - only to love once and for ever that which shall form thy own beatitude in eternity, is a great gift, a wondrous gift. Thou who hast it be thankful — see that thou hold it fast, and let us once more call thee blessed - happy beyond all who are blessed and happy on earth.

To dwell beneath the shadow of the Altar, to hope with, to suffer with, and to adore the Glorious One before Whom the bright-winged seraphs and the hosts of cherubim veil their faces in speechless adoration - O God, is there on earth a bliss to compare with thine?

I believe not, and would fain end with trusting, loving Mabel's last words, quoted from the hymn of St. Thomas Aquinas-words which soothed her in sorrow, wooed her in joy, and comforted her in the hour of death, when the vita venturi sœculi was opening out before her, and was close at hand, too, for the

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

life so closely linked with hers, the shaded life of her beloved Hugh.

"O Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio, Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio— Ut te revelata cernens fat le Visu sim beatus tuæ Gloriæ."

THE END.

SILENT PREACHERS.

The following anecdote from the pen of an English journalist is worth re

years ago I had to spend some time in London. I happened to fall in with a civil engineer, a young man of good family, who had been employed on the Suez Canal. As I was a matheon the Sucz Canal. As I was a mathematician I soon became quite intimate with him. One Sunday he expressed a desire to accompany me to High Mass at a neighboring church. I thought that although, as a Protestant, he could not sympathize with our devotions, he was nevertheless gentleman enough to behave respectfully. We were not long in the church, however, before I noticed that my friend was inspecting the congregation rather curiously and turning round in his place in order to get a good view of their faces. I said nothing about it after Mass. The following Sunday he came again and behaved in the same manner. On the third Sunday we had the following con-

"Wilson," said I, "it strikes me that you enter a Catholic church much in the frame of mind in which you would enter a theatre."

"You are much mistaken," he an swered, blushing; "for a long time I have held your church in the greatest veneration

"Yes, but to judge by the way you gaze about, the place has no sacredness in your eyes. It were better, I should think, for a Protestant to pray in his own church than to go to the Catholic Church and hold an inspection of the congregation.'

"I confess," said he, "that I showed an unbecoming curiosity, I forgot myself, but I am sure if you will listen to an explanation of my behaviour you will acquit me of irreverence."
"Well, let me hear your explana-

tion, Wilson; I am not disposed to judge you harshly. "I was observing the expression on the faces of those present, in order to judge if they really believed in what

was taking place at the altar.' "But what particular interest had you in applying this test to the sin-

cerity of these poor people?"
"Simply this," he replied, with true
Saxon candor: "I should like as much as possible to study your religion by direct observation before studying it in "Are you thinking of becoming a Catholic?" I asked with astonishment.

I asked with astonishmen "Yes, when I have got over certain difficulties I feel in accepting your form of worship." "Might I ask you, Wilson, what first

awakened your interest in the Catholic religion? "It was the modesty of Irish servantgirls. I once spent some time in Ireland, and had occasion when there to enter all manner of public houses. The maid servants were all poor—some of them had not a pair of shoes to their feet. They were the most submissive and the most obliging creatures I ever laid eyes on. They jested and listened to jests; but as soon as any of my men - and there were some pretty rough fellows among them - dropped a remark that seemed in the least to be an insult to their virtue, they immediately drew themselves up with the dignity which inculcates such an esteem fo virtue in such poor and unlettered people must have something in it that rises high above superstition. seen a great deal of the world, but I have

seen none who compare in this respect with the poor Irish Catholics." "A very natual result," I remarked, "of their devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and the habit they have had from childhood of confessing their sins. We regard as a matter of course what you

consider heroism in these poor girls."
Shortly after Mr. Wilson (this, by the way, is a fictitious name, his real name I cannot publish) went to Father Anderdon, himself a distinguised convert. What took place afterwards I did not learn, as I had to leave London the following week. Few persons, on hearing of this man's conversion, could have been aware of the part which the Irish servant-girls had in it. The Church is never without her silent preachers of the Word, and the command, Go ye and teach all nations, has a wider application than we are apt to think. There is no one who is not an apostle, for good or for evil. —From the pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs, Nov.,

The number of Catholic churches in Great Britain is now 1735, of which 1500 have been erected during the last fifty years; and yet there are persons who persist in asserting that Catholic ity has made no progress in the country during that period. It is not likely that the churches would have been erected if there were not congregations to use them.

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Written for the CAT e Iona's front arises

MARCH 24,

and stern,
The hallowed "Knockin
Carn-cut-ri-Erinn. On its summit in the sum bow'd and broken; He has looked his last of farewell is spoken.

Ne'er again shall see the cloudy mountain qu Hear its glens reverberate each river.

Listen to the bells of V woodland pealing, On the dewy steps of dark moon stealing. Song of clerk or voice of glowing bosom never And Carn-out-re-Erinn, ever.

Iona. not to thee alone, the O'er Irish dust in other is is swelling. And hearts as tender as th

in each fibre, Mark many a Cul-vi-Era the Tiber. Ah! surely He chastiset The sorrows of our pilgric election.

Then, be the ride short or always yearn,
Our steady gaze direct to ri Erinn. +Literally: The back t Little heathy hill.

FATHER MURPI SOUPE

Many years ago v Patrick's day lectur speaking of the en proselytizing societic suffering from the vis

Well, as the story of those periodical vis of which I have been came over from Eng quite a little band of vert the people from tantism. Unlike the those devoted gentler to argument or eloqu miracles for the succe No, they had come pl with money, and to an abundant outpour of what they called the Gospel of Christ. Unfortunately for

their mission they ch their operations the p Father Murphy. His was not Father Mur prevented the speaker real name. In this parish of there were, as there parishes, eertain w people who never we practiced any of the And these, or rather o

the English mission

Now this Father Me who would stand no all rascally nonsens therefore it wasn't lo fixed upon his plans put a stop to this wo the faith of his poor p One morning as he the highway, he ov well known Protesta

Verner, as we shall c "Good morning, s exceedingly astonish would notice him at a

"Fine morning," phy. "Yes," answered fine morning. It re light of the Gospel to appear in this be I am thinking, Mr. keep on as they are old Church will have

Jemmie," said t impudence of the ma you are taking abou ing of the conversio of some of my people "Yes," str," an "that's what I am ta "Now, Jemmie."

"Now, Jemmie, you are a man of s You know jus what these people a were and what made about nor to ask you ask you is-don't you of your reverend I going in the wrong you think the poor neighborhood have a oney than the poor Protestant money? heads together we co fectly fair little gan money would be made belongs, that is, to th of this neighborhood them, as you are a mie?"

Jemmie made no it was clear that he tremendously to wor You understand priest, at last. "I think I do, sir mie, "I think I do." "Oh, you think y

sure you do?"

Yes, I am." "Very well the Murphy, "but mind ask you to turn C Protestant or turning serious a business All I ask is call up morning and take people see you com can talk this matter

comfortably by ourse 'I'll do that, si "I'll be with you