

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

## SABBATH BELLS.

Sabbath bells are swinging  
All the city o'er,  
Here the 'francing tinkling,  
There the Bourdon's road.  
I could bend for ever  
Ear toward their lays  
Bringing back before me  
Scenes of other days.

In a highland village  
By the North Esk's flood,  
Where among a pine grove  
Prim the "wee kirk" stood,  
Sunday morn, together  
Mab' and I there sang;  
Aye returning wishing  
The road but "mair lang."

'Mid the many clanging  
This bright Sabbath morn,  
One methinks resembles  
Yon from which I'm torn.  
Oh, ye bells! uncensured  
Could your merry lays  
Bring before my vision  
Those thrice-happy days!

D. McK. MACARTHUR.

## SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER IV. Continued.

This decided Miss Evans: she had a great desire to see the visitor.

"Is your friend, Miss O'Gorman, handsome?" she inquired.

"I can scarcely say; but she is very amiable." She linked her arm in his, but seeing his lip curl as she did so, withdrew it quickly, and, bowing her head, walked on in silence. He did her injustice then. It was not coquetry that prompted the act. In fact, the incidents of the last hour had roused her to feel; and just then her better nature almost predominated over the calculating worldliness which was the ruling characteristic of her disposition. At this particular time she wavered between two suitors. One was the son of a wealthy tallow-chandler, who had purchased an estate in the neighborhood, and was "doing" the fox-hunting squire in great style. The other was a young officer, who would be the heir-at-law of the Grindem Hall property if Mr. Oliver Grindem should not marry. That "if" made Miss Evans pause. If it were not for it the young officer's victory over his rival it would be easy.

But certain chords in her heart, which she thought she could control at will, began to vibrate unbidden, as she walked along that well-remembered mountain road, with Brian Purcell for her escort. She almost feared that if he wooed at that moment he would win. And were there no chords vibrating unbidden in his heart? If not, why the compressed lip, and the fixed look, betokening resolution? And when hersaw! slipped from her shoulder, and he essayed to adjust it, and when she turned round and looked into his eyes what did she see in them that caused her pale cheek to flush, and made her press her gloved hand over her lips to hide the smile of pleasure and triumph with which they trembled?

The family evinced considerable astonishment at seeing Brian at that hour of the morning, accompanied by one with whom they knew he had not been familiar for years. His sister Kate looked troubled, too; but his quiet manner of explaining the matter set her at rest. Miss O'Gorman felt quite agitated, and shrank before the penetrating look which the cold, haughty beauty fixed upon her.

"How lonely we'll all be after you, Fanny," said Brian, regarding the graceful little figure, cosily wrapped up for traveling, with a look of affectionate regret.

Fanny's soft eyes filled with tears, as she tried to say cheerfully: "You know I'm to come soon again." But little Fanny's tears fell down her round cheeks for all that.

Miss Evans glanced quickly from one to the other. She moved her chair with an impatient jerk as she fancied that Brian had observed her; and nathless the scornful curl of her lip, disclosing the ivory-white teeth, there was a shadow on her brow as she gazed into the crackling wood fire with that peculiar look betokening deep thought. So absorbed was she that Fanny and Miss Purcell had left the room to see to a refractory traveling-bag that would not shut, without her being aware of their absence. On discovering that she was alone with

Brian Purcell, Miss Evans cast one hurried glance around and rose to her feet. Brian had been standing all the time, with his arms folded.

"Brian!"

He started; for the voice, and the look that accompanied it, were exactly what they used to be. She needed no verbal assurance that he was attending to her.

"Am I forgiven?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "of course—that is, if there was anything to forgive."

"But—but—may we not meet as we used to do—as in old times?"

Oh! that rosy smile, and the fond look, quickly veiled by the drooping lids! And, oh! the plaintive music in which she uttered the heart-swelling words, "old times!" Brian wavered irresolutely; but just then the door opened, and he answered "No." Miss Evans turned quickly towards the door, and the fearful eyes of Fanny O'Gorman met hers. At that moment it was announced that the carriage was ready, and Miss Evans was hastily leaving without saying "Good-by" to anyone. Fanny moved aside to let her pass, but she stopped and held out her hand; Fanny placed hers in it, and the queenly beauty drew the shrinking little maiden towards her, and stooping, kissed her cheek. Before Fanny had recovered from her surprise, the carriage was whirling at a rapid pace along the avenue.

"Good-by, Brian."

"Good-by, dear little Fanny, and don't forget Christmas."

He pressed her hand, and was securing the rug about her feet when his father jerked the reins impatiently, touched the horse with the whip, and they were gone. Brian did feel lonely; but after which vehicle did his thoughts go as he watched the moon going down behind the mountain? Fortunately, he just then remembered his promise to Connor Shea, and ordered his horse to be saddled at daybreak that no time might be lost. He would ride over himself and inform Sally Cavanagh of little Neddy's departure for America, and endeavor to assure her (as Connor begged he would) that, "with the help of God, it was all for the best."

Reflecting upon this changed the current of his thoughts. They turned neither to the right nor the left of the Fingerpost to follow the fruitless idol of his youth, or the gentle maiden whom, something whispered to him, he had not prized at her real worth, but by the Gap, and on with that sorrowful cavalcade, on to the sea. He pondered over the dismal theme—the Exodus of the Gael—deeply and long. And nothing but trust in an all-wise Providence enabled Brian Purcell to avoid the conclusion that we were a doomed race.

## CHAPTER V.

It was on the third or fourth day after Fanny's departure that Kate Purcell had a letter from her. After reading it, Kate fixed her eyes on Brian, as if she would read him, too.

He held a letter, directed to his father, in his hand, trying, as his sister thought, to decipher the motto on the seal.

Kate's scrutinizing look deepened to one of displeasure as she said, reproachfully, "Pon my word, the outside of that letter appears to have more interest for you than the contents of this."

Brian tossed the missive on the table, and placed his hand on his sister's arm to prevent her from putting the little rose-tinted billet into her writing desk.

"Read it for me," said he, "or, if it is not 'crossed,' let me read it myself."

"My Darling Kate—My worst forebodings, I fear, will be realized. I told you that horrid postscript in aunt Sarah's unwelcome letter meant mischief. She has not the least compassion for me, but tells me 'to make up my mind,' and 'tis a happy girl I ought to be.' Oh! my own darling Kate! I could find it in my heart to hate her for her want of sympathy, and so I would, I think, only for her love for you and every one at dear Ballycorrig. She inquired most particularly about every one. She wanted to know particularly about Coolbawn, and whether the house was kept in repair. She appeared pleased when I told her it was, and that Brian stops there in the harvest and spring. I then began to tell her all you told me about your uncle, who died a young man and left his farm to your mamma—when, to my surprise, the dear soul burst out crying. What do you think, Kate? he proposed for her, and she says he was the only one of her admirers she ever cared for. Now I can understand why dear aunt Sarah

rejected so many suitors, and why she loves your mamma so much. We had a pleasant party last evening, but I'll give you a full description of it in my next; it is too near post hour now. Mr. M. was as complimentary as usual. Dear Kate, I don't think it is entirely on account of papa's wealth—but no matter. His aristocratic sisters killed me with condescension. How I hate condescension! The servant is going with the letters—I must break off. With fond love to every one at dear Ballycorrig, dearest Kate, your ever affectionate and attached friend,

"FANNY O'GORMAN."

"Templeview, Dublin."

"P.S.—Have you seen Miss Evans since? I thought her strange, but she is really beautiful. I hope Brian is well."

"I can't exactly make out her meaning," said Brian, laughing, "except that bit of romance about her aunt. I wonder can it be true?"

"Is it about Fanny's aunt you are talking?" said his mother, who was in the act of placing a cold ham on the breakfast table.

"Yes, mamma," replied Kate; "she says that uncle Richard proposed for her aunt Sarah."

"Is it really the fact, mother?" Brian asked, with some interest.

Their mother sat down near the window, and pressed her hands gently at each side of her white cap, much after the manner in which Mr. Lorry used to arrange his wig. She was a quiet, handsome, benevolent-looking little woman, who spoke in a clear, decided tone of voice, which generally took people quite by surprise at first.

"It is, then, true," she began somewhat abruptly. "She was at my wedding; that was the first time he saw her. She was on a visit to Tom Maher's—father of the present man—and of course they brought her with them to the wedding. I suppose you know that one of the Miss Mahers married your father's second cousin. I'm told they're rolling in riches in America. Two of their sons are at school in France. Fine, dashing girls the Mahers were—five of them."

"But what about uncle Richard and Miss Conway?"

"Why," said Mrs. Purcell, in her decided way, "he fell in love with her, and she fell in love with him. Now, do you know what about them?"

"But why were they not married, then?" said Kate.

"Well, I don't know," and Mrs. Purcell compressed her lips and shook her head. "There was foul play somewhere. Anonymous letters were sent to her and her friends, full of lies. She did not believe them, and wrote to Richard to say so, enclosing the letter in one to Henrietta Maher, as her friends intercepted their correspondence. He never got it. The end was, poor Richard died, and she never got her friends in this part of the country after. What a good little creature that Fanny is! The house is not the same since she left."

"But, Kate, what are you thinking of? Here is your father and the toast not made yet."

Kate and her mother set about preparing breakfast, and Brian handed his father the letter with the large seal.

Mr. Purcell put on his spectacles, and throwing back his head, and holding the letter at arm's length, read the superscription.

"I believe it is from Quill, sir," said Brian.

"Read it," said his father, tossing the letter towards him, and trying to look unconcerned.

"The money must be paid, sir," said Brian, after glancing at the letter. "There is no use in trying to put it off even for a week."

"Hang the fellow, he'd be smashed long ago only for me, and there is my thanks," exclaimed Mr. Purcell. "When does he say he must have the money?"

"On Thursday," said Brian; "and the best thing you can do is to send the sheep to C—on Wednesday."

"I'll lose ten shillings a head by selling them now—every farthing of it. I often paid the blackguard a year's rent in advance, and there's my thanks." Mr. Purcell drew his chair to the breakfast table, and commenced to cut him slices from the ham. Kate poured out the tea, while Mrs. Purcell turned over the toast with her knife, and carefully selected the best done cuts for her husband. The meal passed in silence.

"By the way, sir," said Brian, looking through the window, "here is Tom Burke

coming up the avenue, and perhaps you could agree with him about the sheep. By offering to keep them for him a month, he'll give a higher price than you expect at the fair."

Tom Burke was a plain, simple looking man, in corduroy breeches and gray woolen stockings—the former always open at knees, and the latter, at least, fallen half way down his leg. He was the wealthiest cattle dealer in the district. Mr. Purcell opened the hall door himself, and ushered him into the parlor. He bowed to Mrs. Purcell and Kate, holding his hat in one hand, while the other was thrust down to the elbow into an inside breast pocket.

"Good morrow, Tom," said Brian pushing a chair towards him; "sit down."

"Some commands I have for you from Liverpool," said Tom Burke, pulling a huge purse from the breast pocket. "Commands," was Tom's word for everything in the shape of a message.

"Poor Connor Shea," he continued, in a very feeling tone, considering the roughness of his appearance, "that kem short o' money to pay his little boy's passage." His listeners waited in some anxiety, while he fumbled at the bag with his clumsy fingers. At length he abstracted a ring from amongst a bundle of bank notes, and handed it to Brian.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## NEWS FROM ROME.

(FROM THE LONDON UNIVERSAL.)

The *Messenger* says the Russian Government informed the Vatican that it had abandoned the idea of suppressing the dioceses in Poland. This news is good, if true. We give it under reserve.

At length the Vatican has given consent to the mixed marriage of the eldest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh to Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, heir to the throne of Roumania, but on the rigorous condition that the children (if any) shall be brought up in the Catholic faith.

The brochure of Father Brandis, of the Society of Jesus, on the political attitude of the Pope towards France appeared on Saturday. The Holy Father revised the proofs. The general thesis of the work, without completely renouncing the monarchical idea, is in favour of the Republic unreservedly for the time being.

Dom Sebastien, the newly-elected General of the Trappists, was for a long time Superior of the monastery of Mont-des-Cats in France. He was born at Bouchain, in the department of the Nord. As captain of the Pontifical Zouaves he took part in the sanguinary engagements of Patay and Mons, experiencing the worst vicissitudes of the campaign of 1870-71 against the Legion of Honour.

Before the Catholic Congress of Genoa separated a deputation went to the house in the Via Ponte Reale, near the Bourse, where Daniel O'Connell died forty-five years ago, and placed a crown of laurel, attached by white silk, on the votive tablet with Latin inscription erected by the Catholics of Genoa in 1875. The inspiration of this happy act came from the *Eco della Gioventù*, which published a laudatory article on the faith, courage, and perseverance of the great Irish agitator.

The provincial delegates of the Society of Jesus remained at the monastery of Loyola up to last Thursday, arranging matters of discipline concerning the Order. Father Martin having announced his election to the Queen Regent of Spain, Her Majesty has responded with felicitations, and announces that the Jesuits could count upon the friendliness of the Government, and that their delegates might rest without disquietude on Spanish soil.

Some details of the conversion of Simon, the patriarch of Nestorians, to the true faith are to hand. It is confidently expected that the eminent convert will issue a circular to his heretical brethren inviting them to follow his example; also a letter to Mgr. Audou, Archbishop of Ourimani, acknowledging him as his representative in the diocese; and, finally, one to the Persian Government notifying his conversion, and safeguarding the interests of those who may be guided by his example. This adjuration is one of the most important events of the time.

Three illustrious members of the confraternity which watched over the Hospice of the Trinity at Rome have presented a noble protest in the name of those associated with them against the Decree suppressing the institution so rich in souvenirs and substantial offerings of charity. Commander Colucci, the Royal Commissary, who closed this excellent establishment, cannot feel very easy in his mind. The ladies who got up this movement are the Princess Jacinto Massimo and the Marchioness Clotilde Viteleschi, infirmarians, and Mme. Coluzzi, vice-prioress.

## HE QUIT THE DOCTOR.

Gentlemen,—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years and tried several remedies but found them of little use. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I quit the doctor and started to use B.B.B., and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case, and I can highly recommend this excellent remedy to all. Bert J. Reid, Wingham, Ont.

Fair Amateur:—Yes, I painted that. What school of painting would you call it? Artist, gently: Boarding-school.

## THE FEAR OF DEATH.

The fear of death is excited by any severe attack of disease, especially colds or coughs. This need not be where Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is kept on hand for family use. This unrivalled remedy cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis and all throat and lung diseases. Price 25c. and 50c. Sold by druggists.