

WHAT ARE NEWSPAPERS?

(From the British and Colonial Printer.)
Organs that gently play, my boy,
To answer the taste of the day, my boy,
Whatever it be
They hit the key
And pipe in full concert away, my boy.

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fleming.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

'Yet, is this girl I sing in naught uncommon,
And very far from angel, yet I trow
Her faults, her sweetness are purely human,
And she's more lovely than the woman
Than any one e'er that I know.'

in her letters, had done precisely the same with Sydney. 'Sir Harry was a man of thirty, not bad looking, and rich enough in Cornish tin mines to put the possibility of mercenary motives entirely out of the question. Miss Owenson had spent many months following her mother's death with Miss Leonard, and now the question arose, was Sydney the father of Sir Harry Leonard? Dick Macgregor, his mother, and sister revolved this question in all its bearings and involved in vain. Sydney was serenely silent on all these tender matters, and there was a quaint dignity about her that forbade questions. Dick's attention she took with a consistently indifference and good nature that was exasperating to a degree.

It was a large and well-lighted room, the floor covered with dark-red wool carpet, the walls colored of some dull, neutral tint, and containing by way of furniture three queer spindle-legged old-fashioned chairs. Three or four ladies and as many men stood clustered around a picture—the picture, the only picture upon the wall. At the extreme end of the room two or three others hung—excepting these the plastered walls were quite bare.

It is a very small picture but in a different way, quite as striking as 'The Little Sister.' A dead white expanse of frozen snow, falling away into the gray and low-lying sky. Black and spectral against this ghastly whiteness stands out the tall powerful figure of Sir Harry, his dark face, full of passion, remorse, and horror. Behind him, leaning and evil, tempting him to the murder of a friend for the sake of that friend's wife, crouches 'The Little Master.' Away in the distance, at the foot of an icy precipice, lies prostrate and helpless the gallant Sir Folko. But the interest of the picture centres in Sir Harry. You can see the fierce battle between temptation and honor, between the inherent ferocity and nobility of his nature, and you wonder almost painfully how the struggle will end.

as to affirm that in his tender years he was 'Uncle Griff to the other boys of the school. A thin, patient-looking old man, whom you intuitively know for an old bachelor at sight, badgered by his strong-minded sister, patronized by his nephew and niece, and imposed upon in a general way by all the world. One of those men who battle weakly all their lives with Mammon, and end as they began, hopelessly poor—one of the great brigade of the Unsuccessful.

'You are for the defence,' persists his fair inquisitor—for Mrs. Harland, are you not? 'Yes. 'Poor thing?—Katherine heaves a sympathetic sigh—'how dreadfully she must feel, to be tried in a week for her life.' 'There is no question of her life,' says Mr. Nolan, still in that absent tone; 'they cannot bring it in willful murder, do their worst. It will be outrageous to bring it in even manslaughter. Our hope is that we will get a verdict of 'not guilty.' 'But she is guilty,' says Miss Owenson, opening her eyes; 'she killed her husband. Killing is murder, is it not? 'God forbid!' cries Lewis Nolan, so suddenly, so energetically, that Katie absolutely recoiled.

A LONDON PRIEST AT KNOCK.

The Rev. Joseph Kavanagh, of St. George's Cathedral, Southwick, lately spent a few days at Knock, which he had been led to visit, like so many others, by the account of the apparitions appearing there. Father Kavanagh remained at Knock four days. He arrived there on the Monday preceding the feast of Corpus Christi, and found the place besieged with visitors, many of whom had come from great distances in the hope of finding relief for their ailments. Amongst them was a woman from Deptford (a village near London), who had deputed Knock on the recommendation of her parish priest, Father Featon. She suffered from paralysis of her right arm and hand, which had assumed a shrunk and withered appearance. After a stay of some time she returned home able to use the hand and arm, but she is now subject to fainting fits. Father Kavanagh corroborates the statement of other visitors as to the number of crutches and walking-sticks left behind, he himself counting as many as seventy in one heap. He said Mass in the chapel each morning, and while offering up the Holy Sacrifice on Thursday, the feast of Corpus Christi, some members of the congregation called out immediately after the Elevation that they saw a vision on the wall above the altar. The people at once became very excited praying aloud and with great fervor. Archdeacon Cavanagh, the parish priest of Knock, entered the chapel from the sacristy and beckoned the people to remain quiet and to calm themselves. Father Kavanagh states that at the time he could perceive nothing unusual in the direction in which the vision was seen. After Mass the apparition was examined separately by Archdeacon Cavanagh, and their accounts as to what they saw did not vary in any essential particulars. After Mass Father Kavanagh, accompanied by the Archdeacon, endeavored to account for the apparition of the rays of sunlight entering the windows. While doing so they perceived a light in the form of a star above the altar on the wall of the church, which remained stationary for a considerable time. As it was entirely out of the line of light of any of the windows, and remained intact even after sunset, its presence could not be accounted for by either of those who witnessed it. During his stay at Knock Father Kavanagh saw many instances of the fervor and devotion of those who crowded around the shrine, and was thoroughly impressed with the piety of the visitors. He also bears testimony to the courtesy of Archdeacon Cavanagh, whose labours were most harassing and constant.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

Truth says:—The wholesales do not visit the stalls at Clapham. said Mrs. Potiphar, in her 'curtain' lectures. And it would appear from the following advertisement that the children of the upper classes cannot even meet at church those of the middle and lower classes at Sydenham. But who, I should be glad to know, decided upon the right of each child to rank amongst the Sydenham upper classes? Was it the Bishop of Madagascar or the beadle? 'N.B.—The afternoon service on June 27 will be for the children of the upper classes, when the Bishop of Madagascar will preach to them on missions. Tickets for this service may be had of the vicar or the churchwardens of St. Matthew's. Each child is requested to bring a small coin for the Madagascar mission, and a cut flower, which will be left in the church, and forwarded to the Children's Hospital.