## OUR QUEBEC LETTER.

The Legislature Called for January 37thpr. Ross and His Position-Taillon and Flynn - How the Latter Behaved.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

QUEDEC, Dec. 21 .- At last the Legislature has been called for the despatch of business. It is to meet on the 27th of January, and then the question of who is who will be zettled. I cannot say whether we are indebted to Dr. Ross or Lieut. Governor Masson for this move. Some people say that the Lieutenant-Governor insisted on something being done it once, and others, equally emphatic, say that Dr. Ross determined to pursus the constitutional course and meet the House and his opponents face to face in a hecoming way. One thing is certain and that is, that if Dr. Ross connect dommand a majority in the new house ho one else can. Personally no cae has anything to say against him. He is honest, fearless, and able. He has com-manded the respect of the people on most questions, and ne is a victim to circumstance more than to personal maladministration. I do not, of course, say that his personnel was dollars for expenses attending the delivery by faultless. That would be saying too much; her of and an alimentary allowance for a male but I think that, take him all in all, he which the allowance for a male was a far better promier than any of his prodecessors since the days of Joly. His greatest failing was a want of manly independence and the willingness with which he allowed himself to be made the instrument of duplicity by those in power at the capital of the Dominion. He is a more popular man than Angers or Mathieu, and if he strain the piciotiff to prove her false and falls, which is now certain, then there is no Conservative in the province who could successfully bre at that the Il initial did not adduce the slightest the storm. There could be neither sense ner reason in asking Dr. Rose to surren ler the premierahip to snother. And although he will probably be descated, yet he will entry with him into retirement the respect of his opponents and the as usance that where he failed no Canarvative in the province, action on the same lines, hel the ghost of a chance of succeeding

## TAILLON AND FLYNN.

As for the Hon. Mr. Taillon, his attempt to "reconstruct" the Government has been a total failure. He made a desperate effort, bat he did not succeed, We know here that he was anxious to throw Rose, Flynn, Blanchet and Lyuch everboard, and offer seats in his hoped for Cabinet to men who are on the other side of the fence. He was willing to try and hold en to office by the virtue of "purchase," and it was at this point that either the Lieutenant Governor or Dr. Ross interfered and said, Either the Lieutenant-Governor retured to be a party to the scandal or Ross refused to be sacrificed. let me tell you that when the whole particulars of to-day's proceedings are known I venture to say that e Hon. Mr. Flynn took a pronounced view in favor of following the constitutional practice. From all I can learn, I believe that he resolutely uphold the Premier, when he refused to get out. As I hear the story, it is said that Flynn said, "We are beaten or we are not beaten, and the only honorable course for us to pursue is either to resign or meet the House, as we are, with the same premier and the same members of the cabin st." I cannot of course vouch for the accuracy of this quotation, but | the said receipt, is a forged signature; that believe that that is the spirit in which his words were couched. But is is pretty well that she never did receive from the said known that he refused to do as Taillon wanted him. On that point all are agreed.

WHY HE CHANGED.

A correspondent of yours, whose letter you published lately, wants to know how it is that Major Kirwan, who wrote so strongly in favor of the Conservatives In 1883, is now writing so strongly in favor of the Liberals in the present case. The complainant prowriting so strongly in favor of the Liberals in the present case. The complainant produces one witness to corroborate her statement. I caused her to reappear before me donald promised great thirgs to the Irish. He and had her sworn to asserts from her if would give them two prominent countrymen any witness could be found to support her to the liberals in the present case. The complainant produces one witness to corroborate her statement. Seldiers to take possession of their exacted home, to riot in their considerations of the liberals in the present case. The complainant produces one witness to corroborate her statement with gold.

Behind this grating the sisters assembled in the good of their sacred home, to riot in their considerations of their sacred home, to riot in their considerations of the statement. She declared she could not a statement. She declared she could not a statement of the convergence of the good care that they had representation in As I might have reason to suspect that they had representation in As I might have reason to suspect that the Commons, and that such of them as wanted to enter the public service would be shown fair play in the distribution of positions of emolument and trust. He had already given the Hon. John Costigan a portfolio and the other was to go to the Hon. John O'Donohoe, as was proved by Sir John's famous letter to the Irish Catholic bishops of Ontario. This was certainly doing better for our procepte than the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie did, and as Major Kirwan had always been in favor of the National Policy, I suppose he naturally allied himself with those whom he regarded as the best friend of his own people. But remember, all this was before the Government hanged madmen for a political office; it was before the gallant stand the Liberals unanimously took on the Orange Incorporation Bill, and, above all, it was before the defeat of Blake's Resolution in favor of Home Kule for Ireland. That broke the camel's back. You must remember, Sir, that Major Kirwan is a Home Ruler before he is either a Liberal or a Conservative. He would pitch either physic to the dogs for the Home Rule cause. Make no mistake on that point. In Blake he found a man after his own heart so far as a native born Canadian could be expected to go, and Blake he followed, and will tollow, because, as an Irishman, there is no standing room on the platform of the "No Popery, anti-Home Rule, Orange gang." I hope your correspondent will be satisfied. MOUTGOMERY.

HOLDINGS REOCCUPIED. DUBLIN, Dec. 23 .- Four tenants recently evicted in Tinhalia, near Carrick-on-Suir, county Tipperary, have reoccupied their holding upon an agreement of fitteen years' purchase. The event has caused great reoicing.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills .- Those who have given these remedies a fair trial freely admit that they inherently possess every property suitable for healing and removing eruptions, ulcerations, piles, abscesses, sores, had legs, gathered breasts, and all disorders of the glandular system. When carefully rubbed in the Ointment relaxes the swollen muscles, diminishes inflammation, assuages pain, and even alleviates dangerous maladies which may have lasted for months, or even years. Holloway's excellent preparations are effective singly, resistless in combination, and have been recommended by grateful patients to be resorted to as alteratives when all other means of regaining health have failed. Their action is temperate,

not violent or reducing. "Raw Recruit (on guard): "Who goes here?" Old Veteran: "Friend." Raw Reoruit: "Advance, friend, with the countersign." Old Veteran: "Aughrim." Raw Recruit: "Thanks, old man, I'd forgotten it

perfect nervine, are found in Carter's Iron Pills, which strengthen the nerves and improve the blood and complexion.

A PRIEST EXONERATED

ON TWO DIFFERENT CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST HIM. The following are the texts of two judg-

ments delivered in the cases of Zélie Mercier and Rev. Michael Lynch, the one delivered in the Police Court and the other in the Superior :--

Translasion.

PROVINCE OF QUEDEC, \ In the Superior District of Montreal. / Court. ON THE 20TH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1886.

resent: Honorable Mr. Justice Pari-

Dame Zelie Mercier, of the Parish of St. Jeanne of Isle Pout, wife of John Colson, sereto are of the same place, and non absent from this Province, duly author ized to bring the presentation, Plaintiff, vs. the Reverend Michael Lynch, Priest, of Cornwall, in the Province of Ontario, Defendant.

The Court, after having heard the parties through their attorneys on the merits of this cause, and examined the proceedings and documents of record and deliberated thereon, considering that the plaintiff sues the defendant, claiming from him a sum of fifty child, which she alleges was born on the eighth day of April, 1886, the result of the acts of the defendant whilst she demurrer to said action, but preferred to waive the decision on the demurrer to concaluminions accus thique, and specially denied every allegation of picintiff; considering evidence of her accusations and allegations, and that her action appears to have been brought for the sole purpose of exterting money, dismisses the action of the plaintiff with costs, distracted distrais, in tavor of Mesers. Laflamine, Laflamine, Madore & Cross, attorn ys for plaintiff.

(Signed),

(True copy.) GEO. H. KERNICK Deputy P.S.C. (Translation.)

Province of Quebre, ) Police Court. District or Montreal, )

Present: Hon. Mr. Justice Deanoyers.

In a case pending in the Superior Court at the suit of Zelie Mercier against the Rev. Michael Lynch in recognition of paternity, (en diclaration de paternité), the named Peter Lynch was called as a witness and produced at Enquete, the 22nd November last, 1886, a receipt dated 4th May, 1886. This receipt is signed "Dame John Colson Zelle Mercier," and is for a sum of \$125 in favor of l'eter Lynch. This receipt purports to be a settlement to date of all claims and demand which might be due her, the said Zelie Mercier, by the said Peter Lynch, by reason of the fact that he, the said Peter Lynch, is the father of the child to which the complainent gave birth. As soon as this receipt was fyled in the Superior Court, Zelie Mercier came before the Pelice Magistrate and proforred her complaint against the said Peter Lynch, accusing him of having forged her signature on said receipt.

In support of her complaint the said com-rlainant made her deposition, in which she utlirms that the signature Z lie Mercier, on she never did sign the same, and, moreover, Peter Lynch the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars mentioned on said receipt. According to law, to establish a case of forgery the accusation must be supported and corroborated by another witness than the complainant, when the complainant is interested in maintaining the accusation, that is statement- She declared she could not. a sottlement could be made of the case, would turn and gaze at the closed in gallery, which is one of felony and which and wonder from which of the still veiled I cannot and would not in any case allow, I called, myself, other witnesses to secure if possible the corroboration of the complaint. I have examined the witness Poirier, a relative of the complainant, and this witness, instead of corroborating the complaint, positively contradicts it, declaring that he knows well the signature of the complainant and believes the signature in question to be perfectly genuine. I also examined one Gravel, another relative of the complainant, to whom she declared in June last, notwithstanding her formal denial of the fact that she had received one hundred and twenty hve dollars from the accused Peter Lynch. I further called two bank employés skilled in the examination of signatures, and both testified after examination with the naked eye, a striking resemblance with certain letters of the signature impugaed compared with those affixed to certain letters known to the complainant, and neither of them could state that the signature in question was forged. I then took upon myself to summen Dr. Baker Edwards, an official analyst of the Government, who, after a careful microscopical analysis, after comparing said signature on said receipt with live other signatures of the complainant, he arrived at the conclusion, as he states under oath, that the signature on this receipt is genuine, and is that of Zelie Mercier, from which I con-clude that I have but one duty to perform that is, to declare that the complaint is not

Lynch discharged. (Signed), M. C. DESNOYERS, J.S.P.

supported and must be dismissed and Peter

THE LUCK OF A PORTUGUESE FROM

FAYAL.

NEW BRDFORD, Nov. 15.—(Special).—A

Portuguese from Fayal bought a ticket of The Louisiana State Lottery, and after carrying it in his pocket for fourteen months, gave it to a fellow countryman who has been in America only a few weeks. The latter investigated, and found that the ticket had drawn \$15,000. The money arrived in this city today, and the Portuguese will sail in a few days for Fayal,—New York Tribune's Special,

"Cantain," said a cheeky youth, "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely? And the stern mariner, loving his little joke, promptly responded: "No, sir; brass has no effect on them.

Nov. 16th.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN INDIGESTION, AND AS A NERVE FOOD.

Dr. H. O. HITCHCOOK, Kalamazoo, Mich., says : " I have used it in many cases of indigestion depending upon nervous exhaus-tion, with marked benefit. It appears to be a good nerve food,"

A lady entered a drug store and asked for

HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT.

It seems like a hundred years ago,
That we travelled once through the drifted snow
To meet round the Christmas tree.
You were a child, with a fair, round face,
And you hung on the tree, with a shy, sweet grace,
Your Christmas present for me.

Twas a scarlet, beaded pincushion heart, Brilliant and shiney—a triumph of art— With a bead bird on it—a dove. Twas bought of a "squaw" [who spoke with a brogue].

And you said in your note-dear little rogue-That you gave it me with your love.

Well, that little red heart has been with me Through distant countries for over the sea, Crossed river, mountain and lake; Though nover a pin have its touch sides known, For the heart was as hard as Pharoh's own But Hoved it for your sake.

We're very much older and wiscensw, We meet with a formal word and bow, We meet with a formal word and bow, And many more things we know; We don't hang our hearts on trees, I believe, Nor wear them either upon our sleeve; Is it better, I wonder, so?

The tree is laden with gifts to night, And the colored tapers are gleaning bright, And the Christ-Child floats above; But my hoped-for gift isn't on the tree, I want a heart,—will you give it me. As you did before, "with your love "? -Bessie Chandler, in Brooklyn Magazine

## ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY LABY M. MAJENDIE.

The little village of Sin Martino lay far tered for a time at San Martino, rom any large town, out of the way of rail. The superior bowed gravely to the officer from any large town, out of the way of rail-roads, unvisited by strangers, and in its simple poverty untroubled generally by the barning political questions which have dur-

Now and then there was a grievous tribulation, when the young men were drawn by the conscription and carried off for many years, or perhaps for ever, but the unknown woll, that try beyond the chestnut elid hills of Sen Martino; now and then one of them would come back for awhile, having altered so much that his very purents looked . "Quite inevitable," said the Prefect, going on him with a noiseune of a initiation and dismay, and should red and crossed themselves when he spoke of a state of things, which Colonel Montanelli, has to return to Florence secured to them evil and blasphemous beyond to morrow to make arrangements for the measure, in the great world. The pouple kept their quiet helits and their old took tions, and they went on feeding their children on the chestnut bread, though they knew well the consequence-that out of every baby family, at least half were sent to join the lit tie band of the holy ion cents in heaven. It is the will of heaven, they said, and sought

no remedy. The crowning giory of San Martino was the convent. It stood half-way up the hill, with the chestnut trees all round it, a large gray building with its church adjoining, and a christer which was exquisitely lovely enough to have attracted eight-scera from for and wide, had its existence been butter known. In old days the Convent of the Santis-ima Annunziata had been founded and held by a very rich community, and the buildings were very large, and the revenues were great; and the convent charel nossessed a rich treasure of golden and eilver reliquaries, epleudid venture, to rel altar vessels, adorned with precious and and rare enumels. The village here a to the convent, and the mother superior morself issued orders to all her contading, who cultivated the lind in the valleya

round. But of late the riches of the convent had vanished—only about twenty sisters lived there, and the mother superior had not even appointed a chaplain, but had accepted the services of the village priore; the consequence being that the little village church was temporarily closed, and the large convent chapel was thrown open to the village public, and the nuns occupied the gallery at the west end, seated behind an ancient grating of old ested in maintaining the accusation, that is wrought iron, the delicate leafage and scrotl. The mother Superior withdrew, and not to have the document fyled declared null, as work of which were touched here and there till she was safe once more within the convent

and wonder from which of the still, veiled figures, all apparently exactly alike, came the glorious molody. Had they seen within. they might have wondered still more. Sister Assunta could sing—she had the face and voice of a St. Cecilia: but she could do nothing else. She was not wise, she was not clever-for years they had tried to teach her slow fingers to play the organ, she could not learn; delicate embroidery in her hands was hopelessly tangled and spoiled; she could not even teach the little orphans in the sisters' school to do anything. her eyes were always

far away and dreamy. The mother superior used to tell how she the book into Assunta's hand and looked at had been brought to the convent years ago her; her face was the same as usual, the story when a child of ten years old, and that then she seemed so dazed and bewildered that they said it would be omel to arouse her alumbering mind; the shadew of some terrible horror, something that she had heard or seen, had fullen on the brightness of her intellect and quenched its light. But she could tellect and quenched its light. But she could and his young licutenant, conspicuous by sing; it was long before she could learn the their uniforms and glancing epaulettes. The glorious old Latin hymns that sounded so service began, presently the hymn began from nobly from her lips; but when she had once the gallery behind. The three strangers mastered the words she never forgot them, started. It was the "Pange lingua, gloriosi" but would sit with her hands in her lap, her face raised, and her eyes gazing outwards softly rolled on in a glorious volume of unsecingly, and the sound of her voice grandly ringing through the building or thrilling through the building through through the building through through the building through through the building through the building through the building through through the building through the buildi higher and higher, ending with a sound so full and sweet and heavenly that long after it had ceased the air seemed to vibrate with its music. And for that wonderful gift of song all the sisters loved Assunts, and treated her with a peculiar, gentle tenderness almost

reverence. The mother said to the priors one day, "It seems to us indeed sometimes that when the spirit of the real, lonely, miserable child was quenched, that St. Cecilia took her under her own special protection and gave her that look in her eyes and that tone in her voice."

But as the years passed by, and the tide of the ninetcenth century washed over Italy, the waters of the new era rushed even into the far-distant sleeping valleys, and one day a terrible thunderbolt fell on the Santissima Annunziata.

The mother superior was summoned to anpear before the Prefect of the district, and found him in presence of the mayor, of a strange officer whom she had never seen before, and of the priore himself. The mother superior was a woman of keen sense and shrewd eleverness; by intuition she knew more of the ways of the world than would really seem possible. She had long expected the crisis that came on her that day, but the blow was none the less terrible when it

fell. The Prefect announced to her that by order of the government the convent would be closed within one week; that by order of the government the sisters were to disband, were to resume a secular dress, and to disperse to their homes; and he further began to declare them freed from their vows, absolved from all obligations to continue in their order,

which he had been reading.
"Mademe doubtless fully understands jects thus thrown homeless upon the world. undertakes to give a pension of one franc her natural life, and until she marries,

"Hold!" said the mother. "You have said quite enough-one france day; and our revenues—the revenues of the convent that we have held for past generations as God's stewards for His poor?"

"They become the affair of the govern-

ment," said the Prefect with a bow.

The mother superior stood still for one moment; no one dared to interrupt her. She stood before the three men, her hands meekly hidden in the broad sleeves of her white habit: her face full of a concentrated nower and dignity which awed them involuntarily. The old priore could not face the blow she had received as she did herself; his hands trembied and the tears rolled down his cheeks

When she spoke again it was with infinite quietness. "How long do these gentlemen

say that the government give us? "One week before the place is completely given up; but, madame, 'said the Prefect, clearing his throat, "much as I regret it, I must make one request. My friend here is a colonel of the regiment that is to be quar-

thus introduced to her notice.

The Prefect again coughed—it was difficult to heap blow after blow upon this help ing the long national struggle convulsed poor less, disnified woman. "The convent, Italy. enough or suitable for a barracks, and con-

The Mother-Superior gave one little gasn. She stretched out her hand and caught hold of the table.

"I suppose this desecration is inevitable?

she said. on hestily. "And so also is the request I am obliged to make to you. This gentleman, transfer of his troops to San Martino by the end of the week, consequently he requests permission to see the whole convent now, this evening, with a view to ascertaining what the a reommodation is."

Mentanelli, a staid, soldierly looking man, with an immense moustrehe, unfolled his official orders, and laid them before her. vent by walking over my dead body. I

would resist to the last." "You are wise to make no opposition, madame," said the Prefect shorily, and the Priors made a deprecatory movement of his

"I have one request to make, 'said the Saperior. They all bowed.

"This evening will you attend our Bene diction service, and when it is over, I will myself conduct this gentleman all over the convent, provided that my sisters remain in their places in the gallery until once more their privacy is insured?"

The Prefect and Montanelli spoke apart for a moment with the Mayor; they were all anxious to cause as little scandal as possible the villagers adored the Sisters. Colonel Montenelli came forward.

"Everything shall be done exactly as it suits you best, madaine," he said. "I and my lieutenant will be present at the Benediction, and when it is over we will place our-

selves at your disposal," The mother Superior withdrew, and not looked round her with a kind of passion through the church-and the worshippers of mingled fear and despair. It required great courage to break the nows to the sisterhood, and to bear their terror and despair. What was to become of them? Where should they go? some of them have homes; some are old and knew not where to turn ; each individual case would have to be

With a trembling hand the Mother Superior chose the hymns for the Benediction: a vague idea was in her mind that she would like the hearts of the soldiers touched, as they must be if they were human. She told the sisters so, and with a kind of absolute trust in her, they determined to sing their very best. The Mother-Superior gave had conveyed no idea to her mind whatever

she did not understand it.
The hour came. The little church was crowded, as it always was for Benediction, and in the foremost places of honor, beside the Prefect and the Mayor, sat Colonel Montanelli that Assunta sang, and her voice beginning knalt; then the same voice began to sing again-a very St. Cecilia-and this time she began the evening hymn very softly, "Te lucis ante terminum." And hardly had she finished than all together they sung the "Nunc Dimittis." Every one rose from their knees thinking that all was over, when suddenly once more Assunta's voice burst upon them; she sang powerfully, the grand notes

ringing on the ear : " Gioria Patei, gloria Filio, gloria Spiritui Sanoto, Sicut ecat in Trincipio et nune et semper."

Her voice gathered strength, and her last words rolled on a tide of sound none there had ever heard equalled. The whole congregation with a strange excitement and strong emotion joined in the last Amen.

The Mother Superior rose from her knees, wiped away the hot tears that had rushed into her eyes, and went down from the gallery into the convent, shutting the door of the private staircase into the hall as she did She found the officers waiting for her, in an enthusiasm of admiration for what they had heard.

stage in Europe!"
"She would not interest you," said the Mother, alarmed at the notice her poor innocent child had excited. She led the way resolutely, but her heart ached and bled-she could hardly bear to take these men into their little cells, and to think of what was coming. But they were very quiet, very respectful to her, and when they had seen all, they thankand——
But the mother stopped him with a gesture so dignified that he felt as if to proceed would be to offer an insult to a dethroned queen.

But was sudden resolution came into the head the most of these leisure hours which he

He bowed and folded up the paper from of the Mother Superior. She begged them to wait and went up with quick but dignified step, and summoned the sisterhood to come without my forcing on her the pain of being more explicit," he said. 'The government, in consideration of the helplessness of its subway. As they passed, the Mother touched Montauelli's arm. "Behold our songstress," she said, and with a little movement of her daily to each nun for the rest of the term of head she indicated Sister Caterina-a very stout and homely woman who had been long

afilicted with the goat. "Per Bacco!" ejaculated the two officers, and they took their leave with many bows and thanks.

The Mother Superior sighed and shook her head, " For this little lie heaven will forgive me, 's she said.

(Continued on eighth page.)

"IS IT LOST FOREVER,

the youthful bloom, the freshness of health, the buoyancy of spirits, and all that goes to give pleasure and contentment to a heart made happy by health? No; not lost for-ever. There is hope for all. For those whose lives have been a burden, and for those who are now grovelling in the very sloughs of despondency. Dr. Pierce's "Favorita Pre-scription" will cure all chronic discuses peculiar to females. It will build up the system, and restore health, strength, and beauty. Try it and be convinced. cents in ctamps for large illustrated Treatise on Diseases Peculiar to Women. Address, Buffalo, N.Y.

## IRISH HAGIOLOGY.

IN RIV. WILLIAM P. TRUACY.

"Through storm, and fire, and gloom, I see it stand, blrm, browt and tall, "The Cell of 1000 that marks our Fatherland." "The chief glory of Iroland is Christian." Mays Father Victor Do Buck, the am-

tingaished Balgion writer. No higher encomium than this can be given to any land. The glery of ancient Greece grose chiefly from her perfection in litera-ture, in sculpture, and in architecture : the pride of old it me by in her cede of laws, in the might of her armies, the majesty of her conperers, and the will ness of her dominion : but Irshand's glory springs from a purer, laftier, diviner source her Christianity. Irohand's glory lies in the holiness of her sens and the chartity of her daughters. It lies in her likeness to the Divine Medal; in the firmness of her hope; in the warmth of her sharity; in the brightness of her Faith. It was; "but I must obey. Listen," fidelity to the ir Clod. The glory of Ireland to the said suddenly. "If I had not heard talls upon her hent and reverent head from others of the utter fullity of opposition, you should only downward. the white tapers burning on her alters. It shines above and around her convents and monasteries, her chapels and her cells, her crailes and her tombs. Oh, Ircland-

Thou art the chosen isle of God, The home of buly Faithent love, With sainted dust in every sod, And saids in every tim above.

It was the full consistion that Ireland's gierg sgrang from it r Chiatranity that in bured the hage tagions of the period times... Ward, Fleming, Colorn, O'Clery, Walding and White-treaten in ferrion Ulawricand rained monasteries for the records of her saints. It was this conviction that encouraged them to travel along the Rhine, the search of the footprints of Irish apostles, It was this conviction that made them ex mine crumbling walls and fallen pillars, mouldering chapels and oratorics, and broken tomb-stones, for the names of Irish Bishops, priests and virgins. They beheld Ireland's Switzerland, and St. Brendan shone upon the banner lying in the dust, her harp strings Fortunate Isles, is covered with mists and mute, and the sceptio and crown of her ancient kings in the hands of strangers, and they resolved—oh, glorious resolve!—to resone for her the glory of her saints and murtyre, the glory of her Christianity. England having robbed her of her power and rights as a nation, Scotland tried to deprive her of the fame and honor of her holiest and most glorious tons and daughters, those fuithful servants of the Lord who are venerated on the alters of the Church. This fired the energy of Ireland s student sons, and made them hasten from library to library in scarch of documents to refute and destroy Scotland's claims. They had learned in childhood that Ireland was the "Island of Saints;" they had been inspired by the thought to lead pure and holy lives; they had gloried in the knowledge that their native land was the mother of saintly men and women, and now they were cruelly undoceived! Was Ireland's claim to Rumold, and Dympana, and Fridolin based on no solid foundation?

Was it a mere dream of their fathers ?

Dusty volumes and obscure manuscripts were

heaped up at St. Anthony's Convent of Louvain, and Hugh Ward, a Franciscan priest, the son of the Lord of Letter and Bally-Ward undertook to publish the "Acts of the Saints of Ireland," in which he conclusively proved that Ireland, and not Scotland, was anciently known as Scotia, and consequently, that those called in old books Scots, were Irishmen and not Scotchmen. Michael O'Clery made reverential pilgrimages to all the old ruins in Ireland; he visited the deserted monasteries of Ireland's monks; he lingered around silent churches and holy wells ; he dug into the dark mines of Gaelic lore; he gathered old sougs and old traditions that still flourished among the people, and after having sent much of the fruit of his excursions and labors to his brethren in Lonvain. he, together with Ferfessius O'Conry, Pelerin O'Clery and Pelerin O'Dubgenman, composed the "Annals of Donegal." Patrick Fleming, a soion of the noble family of Slane, visited France, Italy and Germany, and rifled their libraries of all the knowledge relating to Ireland. His zeal was unflagging. Now we find him in the cell in which St. Malachy died at Clairvaux; now we find him in the monastery of Ratisbonne; and again, we find him at Larfleur, or at St. Peter's Convent at Regensburg. Resides the valuable information, backs and manuscripts which he sent to Father Ward, he wrote the lives, from original sources, of several Irish lives, from original sources, of several Irish saints. From his fertile pen we have the "Life of St. Comgall, founder of the great monastery of Bangor; the "Life of St. Columbanus;" the "Life of St. Molna," patron of Killaloe, and founder of Clonfort-Mulloe, in the Queen's County. "The Works of St. Columban," by Fleming, had the honor to be reprinted in the "Ribblothers maxima Patrum" and in "What is she like madame, this sister with the wonderful voice?" asked Montanelli. the "Batrologie de Migne." His "Life of "I never heard its like, not on the finest stage in Europe!"

by Flemmig, that the houte to the finest the "Bibliotheca maxima Patrum," and in the "Fatrologie de Migne." His "Life of St. Mochvenog" was inserted in the great work of the Bolandists. The indefatigable John Colgan arose with the might of a giant to defend Ireland's claim to her sainta his care in transcribing from original docu-ments, and his zeal in visiting libraries, several distinguished Jesuit professors of Louvain bear honorable testimony. In his time Belgium was rich in grand libraries. At Tournay and Brussels were found

could spare from his professional chair of St. Anthony's Convent. To him we are indebted for the lives of St. l'atrick, St. Columba and St. Brigid.

All the Irish talent on the Continent was engaged in building up and glorifying the lives of the ancient monks of Erin. Some of the most distinguished scholars in Europe spent their leisure hours, or spare moments, in casting new light upon the Christian beroes of Irish history, in snatching from oblivion the fading records of the sainted children of the Apostle Patrick. Father Stephen White wrote of Iroland's saints in glowing lan-guage on the backs of the Moselle. Thomas Messingham put forth in Paris his "Garland of Irieh Saints." Henry Fitz-simmone, with a power and clearness which were all his own, vindicated Ircland's right to the apostles of marly every country in Europe. David Roth, Bishop of Kilkenny, in the shadow of the church of St. Canice, collected the proud details of many a holy life which were fast sinking into oblivion. The memory of Ireland a saints aroused all the enthusiasm, awoke and stimulated all the talent and energy of every Celtic scholar in the balls of Europe and in the glens of Erie.

Oh, beautiful and hely, as fair as the dawn, was the Iroland of the Celtic hagiologist: of the seventeenth century. Their studies led them into the cells, and caves, and woods, in which the mortified and zealous lrish monks spent their peaceful and World's Dispensary Medical Association, sublime liver. They brought before them the virgin daughters of Erin writt in divine contemplation, or singing sweet canticles of love and praise before the chaste eltar of the lumaculate Lamb.

Our not lo hagiologiste wetched with stream ing eyes the hely missionaries marching out from Ireland in glerious succession to bring light, and peace, and joy, and life to the peoples who sat in the darkness of error and in the shadow of death. They saw St. Arder preaching to the Northundmans in Eagl wit; they row St. Colman among tie Northern Saxons; they beind i St. Arbagart rested and raling in the Episcopal Chair of Strasbang, Sts Mathiulping, Cath bort, Killian, Virgilium, Finder and Columba rose up before their currenced vision, and they blessed and glerifel the limit that here such flowers. They deeply felt the truth of the words of St. Abelia- to Ebride, "the tricland is no tesa stered with bearned men than are the however with glittering stars. With Egiwood, they egreed that Ireland, though truitful in hell, is much more celebrated for saint . With Henry of Huntingdon they knew "that the Ahaighty enriched Ireland with several blessings. "This is very sudden, gentlemen," said lies in the innocence of her people; in their enviseed retains a multitude of raints the Superior, with an effort to conceal what lave of prayer and mortification, and in their and appointed a multitude of raints the Superior, with an effort to conceal what lave of prayer and mortification, and in their and appointed a multitude of raints.

They delighted in old, holy Ireland. Treland of the Coll, and the Convent, and the Well, and the Celtie Cross, claimed the deep devotion of their hearts. No wonder that the names of our highergirts are leved and cherished by tvery tre child of helmd. Would that we could in. heritsone of their love for our foreisthers in the Paich! I can think of few blood-ings preder than the grace of devotion to the dear pervents of God. To love the writte who proyed, and watched, and finded, and blid, and died to transmit the Paith pure and bright to us ought to be our great aim. Sons of ireland, do you always remem her that the chief and lasting glay of your country is Christian? Do you always r., member that the brightest halos that white upon your country are those that auround the heads of your saints? Aiss! I fear saints. It was this conviction that encouraged them to travel along the Rhine, the lambs beauty during the days when St. Tagus, the Dyle, the Rhene, and the Tiber in Columb presched in Scotiand; when Columb presched in Scotiand; han taught in France; when St. Clement speke in Germany; when St. Buan tore the light into leeland; when St. Killian prayed in Franconia, and St. Suiwan in the Oreades : when St. Gallus stood amid the snows of

> clouds. -N. Y. Freeman's Journal. Peter Kieffer, Buffalo, save: "I was badle bitten by a horse a few days ago, and was induced by a friend who witnessed the occurrence to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It relieved the pain almost immediately, and in four days the wound was completely healed. Nothing can be better for fresh wounds."

> Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more dolightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

> "You sit on your horse like a butcher," said a pert young officer, who happened to be of royal blood, to a veteran General who was somewhat bent from age. " It is highly probable," responded the old warrior, with a grim smile. It is because all my life I have been leading calves to the slaughter.

> There are many cough modicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to hay; but if we had a cough, a cold or any alliction of the threat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, Those who have used it say it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrap.

Dumb people are fond of each other, though they may not be on speaking terms,

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening ; 1 ister, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters.

Jacob Lockman, Buffalo, N. Y., says he has been using Dr. Thomas' Edectric Oil for rheumatism; he had such a lame back he could not do anything, but one bottle has, to use his own expression, "cured him up." He thinks it is the best thing in the market.

Proud parent: "How's that for a baby?" Old bachelor (who is a great dog fancier): "Well, my experience with habies is limited, but I think this one might possibly be worth bringing up." Then, struck suddenly with an idea, he put the question: "Why not try 💯

Much distress un't sickness in child on is caused by worms. Mother Greves' V. in Exterminator gives relief by many cause. Give it a trial and be convi-

FURRED TORQUE AND IMPURE BREVER AND two concomitants of bilioneness tennere by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Decembery and Dyspeptic Cure. Heartium, was t harasses the dyspeptic after mode, and all the perplexing and changeful symptoms of established indigestion, are dispersed by this salutary corrective tonic and celebrated cloud purifier.

The King of the Sandwich Islands still wants to borrow a trille of 2,000,000 dole. The collateral is said to consist of two or three sugar plantations, a collection of extinct volcanoes and a leprosy hospital, and the brokers "like not the security."

Mr. R. A. Harrison, Chemist and Druggist, Dunnville, Ont., writes : "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure for Dyspepsia, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Bliousness and Constipation—such cases having come under my personal observation."