Now. BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"Now is the acceptable time; now is the day of salvation."

Oh! why should we search thro' the palace For the chamber where horrors have bee Why pour out the wine from the challee, To get at the dregs all unseen? And why, thro' the tear-laden shadows.

In the griefs that may never be tasted We sink the sure joys that are ours; And the strength of our being is wasted in tracking the asp thro' the flowers. The Past hath forever escaped us, The Present's a sceptreless king,— While the Future in mourning hath drap

For afflictions it never may bring

Our mission is Here; 'tis the Present;
To-day puts it into our hands:
It may not be gracious or pleasant,
But here, at the threshold, it stands;
Looking back—looking forward—we miss
Once slighted, it cometh no more;
We may yet yearn to clasp it and kiss it,
But it never returns to our door!

Ah! written for all who may read it, Is a truth that is simple, sublime:
Oh! hear it, beloved! and heed it,—
We can live but one day at a time!
Live it well—that one day—live it purely
Live it solely for heaven,—and then,
The Past and the Future will surely
Be blessed of God and of men.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XIX. THE LULL AFTER THE STORM.

It was near the end of the month of February, and the winter began to show breaking up its encampment in The Canadian world bore the Canada. The Canadian world bore the event with composure. They were skilled with the peculiarities of their blustering friend, and knew that he would not, like the Arabs, fold his tents in the night and silently steal away. He gave long, comfortable warnings. If a sleighing-party were projected in early March it might be proceeded with as leisurely as in the depths of the season. There was no need of making all arrangements and no need of making all arrangements and completing them within two days. If the snow was scarce in the city the country could still afford enough for a cutter, and not infrequently, after a seemingly pro-nounced departure, the frosty old joker returned suddenly for a positive last appearance, and played the mischief with Canadian tempers and Canadian spring costumes. The whirl and rush of pleasure still went on. The snow lay thick and the days were clear and sunshiny; parties and balls were as numerous as in the early season, and were quite as vigorously attended; the theatres were in full blast the Saturday promenades distinguished by the usual number of well-dressed people, male and female simpletons being plenti-fully sprinkled about: and altogether the sea of fashionable society was tossing and raging with old-time audacity, bearing on its bosom the gayest of travellers, whose voices could be heard from ten o'clock of this morning until three o'clock of the next, and sometimes longer, if the cham-pagne chanced to be plentiful. The noise only of the tumult, the last

ridge of the breakers, reached the highland of desolation and portentous quiet where the houses of the Fullertons and the Mcstood. Sorrow and crime had drawn a cordon around those fated dwellings, beyond which the votaries of pleaings, beyond which the votaries of pieasure were not to go. Deeply they regretted it, so far as McDonell House was concerned; but the little dwelling which had been Olivia's pride was passed by with a superstitious stare or never approached at all. The transcendentalists were down in the mouth again. Destiny was at work for that winter, and, having a high respect for the modern Fate, they bore the privation without a murmur. Nano was not at home for days after her father's departure for the asylum. How she spent the hours in the loneliness of the great house, unvisited even by Killany, God only knows. What sorrowful images must have surrounded her bedside in the night of darkness! What gloomy seen that the discovered it before now and have used it to advantage? I offered her all 1 had—myself—and would you credit the result, Miss McDonell?" "That she refused?—no." "Ch! she did not refuse. I would have tres and harsh meditations must thrust themselves upon her by day! What bitter, hopeless regret for the past must have been hers; what hopelessness for the future, with the recollection of what she was, with the memory of what she had done, weighing upon her The disgust which the sensitive soul suffers after a humiliating fall her soul enjoyed to its full measure, and the mournful consciousness that her crime could never be undone was the spectre which pointed and sneered at her from every side. Like Lady Macbeth, she washed her hands with dreadful persistency, rubbing, and moaning as she rubbed, dreading and knowing that they never would be clean; and, like the same strong-minded lady, she had unsexed herself and been filled from crown to

toe with direst cruelty.

The last picture of an old man kneeling with streaming eyes, agonized face, out-stretched hands, and pleading voice would stretched nands, and pleading voice would never be effaced from her brain. She saw it everywhere. In her sleep the sad cry, "Have mercy, my child, have mercy!" rang in her ears, and woke her to shiver and tremble and cower for the rest of the and tremble and cower for the rest of the night. So the days passed by, full of untold misery and self-abasement.

When nature was exhausted with its own battlings she got relief. A dull in the control of the control

indifference or stupor wrapped up thought and sensibility. Her frightful dreams departed: she began her old trick of sleeping like a child through the whole night: her appetite improved, and as a consequence her color came back and the old sweet gravity of her manner, which had been driven off for a time by the feverish gayety of despair. She put away her skeleton. It was obstructive yet, but was growing stale from custom. A crime cannot haunt the criminal always. Physical weakness or repetition may bring it to the doors again; but bury the chances of illhealth and relapse into sin, and the blun-ted nature, like any deformed thing, will soon find relief. Perpetual dread, or fear, or sorrow, is as impossible to man's animal nature as continual joy. Nano had found the relief of pure exhaustion, which would in time become perhaps more natural, and mistaking it for the real article, congratulated he denly overcoming conscience, and began her preparations for enjoying to the ut-most that wealth which she had so deeply sinned to save to herself. Her thoughts naturally turned to Olivia at the outset—
her ideal of the beautiful and true in

woman, and now become almost divine to her humiliated mind. Her friend had not called since—well, she could not remem-ber the exact date, but it did not matter. Not matter? Stop! Was not Olivia in the hall that day when she came rushing

like a madwoman from her father's presence? And Olivia, she recollected, had held out her arms, her pretty face all cast down with a friend's sorrow, and she had paid no attention to the offered sympathy. Was there any connection between that scene and Olivia's prolonged absence? Was there any connection between that scene and Olivia's prolonged absence? Could she have any suspicion as to the true state of affairs with regard to McDonell? Her heart stood still. The only creature in the world that loved her to know of her guiltiness! Oh! it could not be; and her breath came in gasps, and she found herself suddenly brought back again to a consciousness of crime and of life in its present altered circumstances. "If she knows," was her murmured

"If she knows," was her murmured comment on this painful suspicion, "that all is over between us. I can lay that dream of love, and friendship, and sister-

dream of love, and friendship, and sister-hood aside for ever."

Then she tried to persuade herself that, with her wealth and power and personal qualities, she did not stand in need of the friendship of the Fullertons, that she was not dependent on any human creature for comfort or happiness; and she despised herself for the pangs which troubled her at the mere thought of losing Olivia. Pride was the lady's stumbling block to faith and salvation. She felt out would not know the emptiness of her own utterances, and spoke them aloud, and tried to feel as if the great master of trans-cendentalism had himself spoken them.

That day, the sixth day from her father's departure, Sir Stanley Dashington sent up his card. "Urgent" was marked on it, and she went down to the drawing-room at once to meet him, arrayed in a half mourning costume, her lips and cheeks faintly touched with lips and cheeks faintly touched with rouge to hide the evidences of long suffer-

ing.
"I am delighted to see you, Sir Stanley," said she, with an assumed lightness of tone and manner "Do you know, you are the first of my friends to call on me

since my late misfortune."
"I am glad to have the honor," replied the baronet, "and I assure you I was sorry to hear of that calamity to which It is a pleasure to see that you bear it with proper resignation. Will you pardon me if I say that I have another burden to lay upon your shoulders, and if I ask you to use your womanly instinct and influence in a case interesting to your-

self and to me doubly interesting?"
"Olivia?" said the lady, with quick comprehension and a change of color as rapid and marked as rouge would per-

mit.
"Olivia," the baronet answered "whose mysterious behavior during the past week has thrown her brother and me into con-sternation. What do you think of a natursternation. What do you think of a naturally lively young lady, given to pleasure, to visiting, shopping, gossiping, who retires suddenly from the world, receives no visits and makes none, remains obstinately condead within for much. enclosed within four walls, loses her appe tite and probably her sleep, grows in con-sequence pale, nervous, and hysterical, yet pretends all the time there is nothing wrong, and won't submit to cross-examination from her brother or friend?"

The symptoms were so much her own that, struck with the similarity, Nano remained silent long enough to collect her wits together and make a suitable re-

ply. "We must get the causes, of course," we must get the causes, of course," she said at last. "There must be reasons for so startling a change in the young lady. Perhaps, Sir Stanley, a good part of the remedy lies in your hands."

The baronet shook his head mourn-

fully. "Do you think, if it were, I would not

land. Nor did she consent. There were conditions, she said, and I must wait until circumstances in a certain case had decided one way or another. According to their going, so was mine to be. And the worst of it is, if I knew the circumstances I might give the favorable turn; but I

Again Nano was silent and disturbed. Could Olivia's distress be in any way connected with late events in her own house-hold? It was difficult to see where any connection would exist, yet her mind awakened to suspicion, was running after phantoms and hindered in its action by raws. She had forgotten the incident of

"I can suggest nothing, except that I go to her myself, and try to draw her from her seclusion and get her to confess the ason of this masquerading. In her case can call it by no other name."
"Your plan is excellent, and the very

one we wish to propose," said Sir Stanley. "In the doing of it I beg of you not to forget me."
"You have deserved too well of me to

be forgotten. be forgotten."

"Accept my thanks; and when may we look for you? We are anxious that an end be put to this matter speedily."

"Ah! do not look npon my success as certain. I may fail more ignominiously."

than you. I shall go within two days."
"How can we ever thank you enough! Let me beg pardon for intruding upon you at such a time."

You have done me a favor rather. I shall expect to see you soon again. Good

morning."
They parted with very different sentiments regarding the gentle girl whose conduct occasioned them so much alarm. From the night of the carnival Olivia had ot ventured to walk abroad. The doctor' oison had already worked through the poison had already worked through the circles of the city, and as a consequence callers dropped off one by one, invitations dwindled down to nothing, and bows were so cool and cuts direct so numerous that she gave up her walks altogether in fear meeting any of her acquaintances. Her brother was so wrapped up in his pro fession as rarely to enter society, and she thanked Heaven for that, he was so quick to discover any change in the countenance of Dame Society. It was natural that the strain on her feelings should in a short

scolded. When he saw her appetite failing, and discovered that she walked of nights or sat up in her rooms till the morning hours, he was positively furious; but neither affection nor authority could move this obstinate maid, and she continued her downward and dissipating ued her downward and dissipating courses. He tried strategy, and failed

He suggested removal to a fairer clime and she refused to budge. In his despair, after consulting with the distracted Sir Stanley, he left the matter in the hands of Nano McDonell.
Olivia suffered still more under this

well-meant persecution. Her object was to discover of herself, as Mrs. Strachan to discover of herself, as Mrs. Strachan had directed, what papers or proofs her brother had of their legitimacy. If they were satisfactory the affair might be put in Harry's hands to be managed as he pleased, or Killany might be forced, through fear of an exposure, to retract his infamous slanders. If they were not, and none better could be obtained, Mrs. Strachan had no further advice to give. Her reticence was more suggestive than Her reticence was more suggestive than words. It meant social oblivion and disgrace for the Fullertons. The intentional slight which had been put upon Harry the night of the carnival, and which he, poor fellow! then misunderstood and after-wards forgot, delayed for a time her investigations. She was fearful of arousing vestigations. She was fearful of arousing his suspicions. He had suffered so much in his life that now, when Fortune seemed to smile on him, she dreaded any-thing occurring which might bring the care-worn lines into his handsome face

again.

If it were possible she was determined to right the affair herself; but until matters had assumed a more tranquil appearance she did not venture to approach him on so delicate a subject. Continual anxiety, in the meantime, had brought about the change in her appearance. The doubt, and dread, and suspense of her position were harder to bear than actual disgrace, and she could not control her feelings or conceal them so thoroughly as Nano Mc-Donell. And this elegant lady was another source of sorrow and anxiety for her tried heart. She did not exactly know what she feared. She was not sure of any thing, and she hardly dared whisper therself the awful suspicion which Nano wild words and actions on a certain sad day had raised in her mind. sion, of which her brother had been a member, had declared the merchant insane. She had not spoken to Harry about it. He seemed to take the affair as an

ordinarily sorrowful event, and neve the strange words of Mr. McDonell on that morning when in her presence he accused his daughter of being his enemy; the authoritative airs of Killany, and Nano's remark that the man was distaste-ful but useful; and lastly, Nano's demeanor and mysterious agony and self-accusation on the day of her father's departure for the asylum, were links in a chain of premises whose conclusion forced itself upon her irresistibly, horror-stricken as she was at the thought of such unfaith. fulness to her friend. That Nano, proud beautiful Nano, could be guilty of so heinous a crime was almost impossible! And yet—and yet! The racking doubts never left her day or night, and an overpowering disgust for the friend who had loved and cherished her for many years began to steal into her heart. The dream of a union between her and Harry, for-merly so pleasant and frequently indulged in, inspired her with the same feeling of revulsion. She wept over her unreason-ing haste in thus condemning her friend unheard.

The opportunity of speaking to Harry on the all-important topic came at last on the evening of that day on which Sir Stanley had called upon Nano. Harry and she were sitting in the drawing room, the doctor reading in high good-humor some magazine sketches, and she engaged with her sewing. Her thoughts were not on the reading, however, but on the conesult, Miss McDonell?"

"That she refused?—no."

"Oh! she did not refuse. I would have doctor had finished his article, and wa commenting on it, she said in her quietest and most ordinary tone of voice :

> "You never told me about that commis sion, Harry, of which you were a member, a week ago, in the case of Mr. McDonell,"
> "What was there to tell?" said
> Harry in a bantering mood. You know the result. He went off to the asylum a few days later, and it was the safest place for him, I should judge.

"I know. But you never told me of your interview with him, and how he acted, and all those little particulars. "You are after the gossip, I see. Well, I was greeted by the gentleman precisely

as you would like to greet Killany. He never looked at me. When I began to speak a change came over his face. speak a change came over his face. He seemed like one struck with mortal fear, accused me of haunting him at night and of being in league with his daughter, and cried, 'Go, go'!' until I was forced to leave from a fear that he would injure himself by his excitement. Nothing was plainer than his madness, although he went off to prison with much dignity. His attacks may be only periodic. There

hope for him in that cas "Poor Nano!" sighed Olivia, much relieved, yet with doubt still tugging at her heart-strings. "To be so utterly slowe!"

"I know others that were left most utterly alone," said the doctor, with a shadow on his face, "and there wasn't so much as a drop of sympathy even given them. You never knew father, or mother,

or fortune, child. "Ah! but that fact makes my sorrow more easily borne," said this sweet diplomat, as if falling into a reverie. "How much I would give, though, to have a miniature of them, or a bit of writing, or ome other memento !"

"Our good, mysterious guardian," answered the doctor savagely, "took care to remove all evidences of who and what we were, and several other things of equal value, if my child's memory serves me

"Do you remember them, Harry, and indifference.

"Pretty well," he said musingly. "And you resemble our father mostly, for our mother was a dark-haired, sweet-eyed woman, very gentle, and loving, and commanding. She died very soon after strain on her feelings should in a short time have an effect on her outward appearance. When she grew pale and heavy-eyed her brother wondered, commanded, lived on, and of one shady spot in partic-lived and if ever a man was thunderstruck and

ular where I took you every day and cried quietly over my dead mother and dying father. It amused you a two year-old, so much that you forgot your own sorrow and vigorous yellings, and put up your pretty baby-hands to catch the tears and smooth and pet my wrinkled countenance. Boy-like I laughed a minute later. Then a friend or relative came along, whom my father was very glad to see. He arranged matters, took all the papers and valuables, placed us a few hundred miles apart, and made himself invisible and unapproachable till this day. I ible and unapproachable till this day. I

would like to meet him."

"Do you think he got anything of

"Do you think he got anything of value, Harry? Do you think there was anything of value to take?"
"If feel quite certain of it, and our quardian's manner since is conclusive. Why was he afraid to come forward as an honest man and claim his friend's chil-dren, whom he had voluntarily taken it upon himself to support and educate? He has hidden like a thief. He gave us a good education out of funds that were not his own, I'll be bound, since it is unfair to suspect him of so much generosity. Then he sent us adrift. He concealed his name and residence, and was careful to keep all avenues to discovery closed. We are not of noble birth, nor the victims of a roman tic episode, nor likely to trouble him for what was not owing to us from justice. Why, then, did he remain unknown, except through fear that we might make it hot for him hereafter? He took away all hopes of proving our own position to the world as the children of a Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton, who came from a southern country where they had been married, and died in New York. Olivia, we are not

even sure of our names."

The color was not deep in her cheeks at any time during these past few days, but it fled altogether at this crushing an-nouncement. In vain she bent lower over her work to conceal the tell-tale en pression of utter despair, and the pain that looked from her eyes. The doctor saw it, and though excited in his grave way, mistook the cause of her emotion.

"There, I have frightened you," he said, with a sigh of relief, thank of well the said.

with a sigh of relief, "and worked myself up to enthusiasm. But the consequences of our guardian's doings are not serious, and never will be. We shall get along quite as well, perhaps, as if burdened by exhaustive particulars with regard to our family. Perhaps our name was Sykes, or Wiggins, or Trigginbotham, or some other hideous combination of Anglo-Saxon roots, and our relatives might have been the veriest rascals that ever trod the earth. There is consolation to be derived from so frightful a negation as having no family.

She could not laugh at his absurd remarks. They had too much sorrowful meaning for her, lightly as they were uttered; but having recovered somewhat of her color and confidence, she asked:
"But if our good name were ever called

in question, Harry ? Suppose an instance which they would be required to prove our legitimacy, and our relationship to those we call father and mother? If we were unable to do so would not the con-sequence then be frightful?"

"That is a different matter, and 1 have ccasionally thought of it as a possibility. have thought, too, of searching up the ecords, but want of time and want of money are great obstacles. And the search might prove fruitless. There was a neighbor in New York who attended on our father and mother in their last mo-ments, and she might know many useful things. But is she alive or dead? Proving our right to the name we carry would be a difficult but not impossible matter. I even doubt if we could do it at all, un-

ess under very favorable circumstances. This was the judge's sentence. She said nothing, and an icy feeling seemed crowding around her heart as if to shut off from it all warmth and joy for ever. There was, then, no answer for Killany's slanders, and before long Harry would learn the full force of the calumny that had befallen them. The love which she had cherished in her bosom for the bright, bold Irish baronet had become a thorn rankle there; and as for her brother, he need never turn his thoughts again to the woman who had won his heart. The doctor silence or expression. Her pallor leepening with every moment. Only the glow of the firelight and the shadow in which she partly sat availed to hide he

mortal agony from his eyes.
"Ah! these troubles," he said at last, "are only visionary. They are nothing compared to those which have passed or to those which are, and we can lay them until they present themselves Olivia, I want your advice. My greatest trouble at present is that I am nopelessly in love."

"Have I not known that since the night on which I discovered the photograph you carried next your heart? If she

knew that!"
"If she did," sighed he, "and appreciated it rightly, what a happy man this city would hold! I have hope."
"Of course. What lover has not, even where the differences are more telling? Income of the lover, two thousand; income of the lady thirty thousand a year.

come of the lady thirty thousand a year According to reason, what are

"Two out of thirty," he answered, "and that is very good." "I have not compared your qualities with hers yet. Put them side by side and

what are your chances then?
"Zero," he said humbly. "How you do pour on the cold water, Olivia!" "It is best for you to know the worst before you feel it. I would not discour-age you in your efforts, but do not be

hasty. And now, if you will excuse, I will retire to bed. The clock is striking ten.' She had risen with averted face, put away her work, and tottered as far as door, in hopes to escape without being observed.

"What a hurry you are in, when I wish to talk of the lady of my heart! Are you afraid that I shall make odious comparisons! What are you more than I that a baronet should stoop to honor you with a title and a rent-roll? Why could

"The comparison does not exist." said she, opening the door. "I shall never marry Sir Stanley Dashington."

completely overwhelmed it was Doctor Henry Fallerton.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MARQUIS OF BUTE ON ST. MUNGO.

The Marquis of Bute delivered a most interesting lecture recently in Glasgow, under the auspices of the Caledonian Catholic Association, on St. Kentigern (Mungo). The Archbishop presided, and on the platform were Principal Caird, Professors Sir Wm. Thomson, James Thomson, Wm. Jack, R. Grant, Mr. Smith Sligo, of Ingigue, Mr. Brand, and alacon Sligo, of Inzievar, Mr. Brand, and number of the Catholic clergy of the city

and neighborhood.

The Marquis of Bute was received with loud applause. He began his lecture by stating that the principal authority upon the life of St. Kentigern was Joseelin, Abbot of Furness, in Lancashire. His work was composed nearly six hundred years after the death of the saint, but was years after the death of the saint, but was founded, the noble lord showed, on much more ancient materials. The beginning of the life of Kentigern was surrounded with a mass of historical difficulties, but it might be taken that he was born about the year 506. Christianity which had been previously introduced into Britain, had by that time fallen into a state of great corruption and decay. Though the son of Thanew, daughter of Liew, Prince of Lothian Kentigern entered the world in circumstances of the utmost wretchedness. The place of his birth was Dysart, on the south coast of Fifeshire. He was brought up by a holy man named Servanus, who taught him along with other boys destined for the service of the Church. He came to Glasgow while very young, and after residing there for some time was chosen Bishop. Kentigern was time was chosen Bishop. Kentigern was the name by which he was always known in the works of serious writers and in the service books of the Church, but the lecturer expressed a doubt whether it was his baptismal name—St. Mungo was con-fessedly a nickname, the derivation of which was greatly disputed among Celtic

the following curious description was quoted: "Holy Kentigern in bodily shape s said to have been of middle height, but rather tall than short. It is said also that he was very strong, and as if no labor either of body or mind could wear him out. He was comely and beautifully made. His look was full of graciousness and inspiring reverence, and a certain winning expression in the eyes and face drew to him a feeling of affection from all that looked upon him. His countenance also bore outward witness to sweetness which he enjoyed and reflected upon them that saw him the spiritual joy and gladness wherein the Lord made him nich. He wore very rough haireroun nex-his body, and over that a garment made of goats' skins, then a tight cowl like a fisherman's. Over all he was clad in an alb and always wore a stole around his neck. His pastoral staff was not curled round, gilded and be jeweled, as we see them now-a-days, but of plain wood and merely carried in his hand a manual, ever ready to exercise his ministry when need or reason demanded." The com-munity in which he lived was also described and some reference was made to the habit of life of the saint, to his daily ablu-

Of the personal appearance of the saint

some said were made by way of penance.

The principal episode in the life of Kentigern—his exile from Glasglow to Wales-was next noticed. He was followed from the north by a body of disciples, and founded for them a monastery at the confluence of the Elwy, called Lian-elwy, or the sanctuary upon Elwy. The foundation of this monastery might be regarded as that of the see of St. Asaph, so called from one of the disciples whom Kentigern trained in it. In this connection Lord Bute called attention to the difference communistic system, was found very little trace of territorial jurisdiction, and conse cration among them seemed in its social aspect to have been more analogous to what the taking of a degree of D would be among us. Among the British, on the contrary, saturated with the precise division of Roman territory, the Bishop rics seemed to have been from the earlies strictly territorial. remarkable instance of the ineradicable race of instinct that when towards the of the last century, in the great French Revolution, the popular or Celtic masses upset the dominant monkish or Teutonic race and institutions, they did exactly the same thing. The sojourn of Kentigern in Wales lasted some thirty years, and in the meantime the people of is former charge had fallen into and letters were sent to him by a Christian prince named Rhydderich, entreating him to return. The saint was now approaching old age, and it cost him a struggle to lng old age, and it cost him a struggle to
leave Lianclwy, where he had hoped to
pass his last days and die in peace.

The lecturer then quoted from Joseelin
the passage describing how, while
Kentigern "was instant in prayer and

consulting the Lord upon this thing," the angel of the Lord stood by him and said, "Go back unto Glasgow unto thine own Church, and there thou shalt be for a great nation, and the Lord will make thee to increase among this people. Thou shalt gain unto the Lord an holy nation, and a possession of the people that cannot be numbered, and from Him thou shalt receive an everlasting crown." Kentigern accordingly proceeded northwards with a large body of followers, and was met by the king, Rhydderich Hael, in the southern part of his dominions. He arrived with words of healing and blessing, and established for a while his dwelling at Hoddam some sixteen miles from Dumfries. He recommenced the old work, the purification of the corrupt Christianity and the combating with the idolatry, which is now expressly stated to have included the worhip of Odin derived by the Britons from the English. But the sphere of his love was not confined to the Britons. He strove also to renew the work of Ninian not Miss McDonell stoop to the poor among the picts of Galloway and to physician as well?" of Alban. It was about this time that there came

to him Constantine, once a chief in Cornwall, and the object of a terrible denunciation by Gildas, but whose turning to the Lord is noted by the Irish annals in

Minerva. Under Kentigern's directions he settled at Govan, where he became head of a monastery, and ultimately died a martyr in Cantire. From Hoddam Kentigern returned to Glasgow and there re-established his See. The king is said to have invested him with a certain amount of secular jurisdiction throughout his dominions, and it is to this ircumhis dominions, and it is to this ircumstance that Jocelin attributes the name or title Kentigern—i. e., Clanntighearn, Head Lord, represented in Welsh by Cathares or Cyndeyrn Gurthys, Head Lord of Glasgow. At sometime, probably be-fore 593 when Columba perceived the approach of death, then four years distant, be came to Glasgow to see Kentigern. approach of death, then four years distant, he came to Glasgow to see Kentigern. Kentigern and Columba exchanged staves "for a pledge and token of their mutal love in Christ," and it was mentioned that that which Columba gave to Kentigern was long kept at Ripon. The end of Kentigern's dying life was now at hand. He had completed a work during its long nad completed a work during its long course which was only less remarkable than the extraordinary exaltation of his personal character which had enabled him to perform it, but which perform it, but which would have remained the same even if circumstances, including probably his royal blood, had not set his light upon a candlestick. He was the restorer, albeit if not the first apostle, of Christianity through a region which stretched from Clwyd to Clyde, from Mid Wales to Dumbarstonshire, the founder of the Sees of St. Asaph and of Glasgow. the Sees of St. Asaph and of Glasgow. And of Glasgow he may more than any other man be regarded as the founder of the city which bears for her arms his image and the memorials of his half volume, half legendary history, and for the notto the echo of what would have been his prayer—that her flourishing may be with the preaching of the Word of God. His age at death was probably about ninety-five. He was buried in his Pontifical vestments (his ordinary clothes being kept as relies) on the right side of being kept as relics) on the right side of the altar, and as far as Lord Bute had heard, his body had never been disturbed

though the spot had been made the centre of the crypt of the cathedral. On the motion of the Archbishop, a ordial vote of thanks was passed to the Marquis of Bute for his lecture; and a similar compliment to the Archbishop for presiding brought the proceedings to a

A WHITENED SEPULCHRE.

A Yankee Ex-Priest's Whisky Guzzling, Love-Making and Blasphemy.

Meaford Mirror

More than one good Protestant stood ghast on catching sight of the placard an-ouncing "Father O'Connor's" lecture in Meaford on Monday night. It reeked of blasphemy, and many Protestants deprecated the coarseness which assailed the tenets deemed sacred by our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. Fortunately true religion cannot be hurt by the advocacy of such characters; it may further it by showing the strong contrast to the more excellent way. We do not wish to linger on the subject, which, to us, is an unsavory one, but we simply give the fellow-ing from the Tara Leader, believing it to be our duty to assist in ridding the country of such nuisances by exposure through the press. The Tara Leader says:

Father O'Connor, ex-Catholic priest, of Elpaso, Illinois, delivered what he was pleased to term a lecture in McCloskie's hall, on Tuesday evening, on "Why I be came a priest and why I ceased to be one." The price of admission was placed at ten cents, and at the hour mentioned for the lecture to commence, a large crowd as-sembled in the hall, including about two ozen ladies. The priestly lecturer arrived in the village the evening previous, and during Tuesday forenoon he managed to get pretty badiy "paralyzed" with good whiskey; and notwithstanding frequent doses of salt and water, when the hour in the position of the Episcopate among the British, as opposed to the Gaelic Celts.

Among the latter, with their tribal or He made a brave start, however, but in a very short time he forgot himself, and commenced to use language totally unfit for the public platform, and many of both sexes left the hall, feeling pretty badly sold—in fact the whole business from beginning to end was a sell of the worst kind, and dipping the orator in the river would have afforded pleasure to many of our villagers. The ex-priest's operations did not end here, though. On the stage frem Owen Sound to this village, he made the acquaintance of a Miss., of Mea-ford, and a strong attachment seems to have sprung up between them at once. He proposed marriage and was accepted. On Tuesday afternoon O'Connor applied to Mr. Robertson for a marriage license, which that gentleman refused to grant, as the lady's friends in the village were strongly opposed to the union of the pair. They were determined to accomplish their purpose at any cost, and on Wednesday morning they proceeded together to Invermay, where we believe they procured a license, Mr. Neeland being ignorant of the circumstances of the case. They next appealed to Rev. Mr. Cooper, but that gentleman firmly refused to perform the marriage ceremony, and succeeded in con-vincing the lady of the folly of her conduct. At the earnest solicitations of the pastor, she finally consented to postpone the marriage for one week, and thus the mat-

ter rests.
[Since the above was in type, we have eceived private advice to the the issuer of marriage licenses has cancelled the license issued, as it was got from him through misrepresentation.—Ed. Note.

Never be Haughty.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendshp. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me and called me a drolling dolt." "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now" said the other: "but when beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: Never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors.'

Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed breaks up colds and fevers, cures neuralgia and rheumatism, and is the best liniment for sprains and bruises. 50 cents. By druggists.