THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Old Man Dreams

2

Oh, for one bour of youthful joy ! Give back my twentietn spring ! I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy Than reign a gray-haired king !

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age! Away with learning's crown! Tear out iffe's wisdom-written page, And dash its trophles down! n page,

One moment let my life blood stream

From boyhood's fonut of flame Give me one giddy, reeling arean Of life, all love and fame.

My listening angel beard the prayer, And, calmiy smiling, said, "If I but touen thy silvered hair. Tay nasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track To bid thee fondly stay, While the swift seasons hurry back To find the wished-for day?"

Ah : truest soul of womankind ! Without thee what were life ? One bliss I cannot leave bebind : I'll take-my-precious-wife !

"The angel took a sapphire pen And wrote in rainbow dew, "The man would be a boy again And be a husband, too !

"And is there nothing yet unsaid

Beiore the change appears? Remember, all their gifts have fied With these dissolving years!"

"Why yes; for memory would recall My fond paternai juys; I could not bear to leave them all; I'il take-my-girls- and boys!"

The smiling accel dropped his pen-. Why, this will never do; The man would be a boy again, And be a father, too !"

And so I laughed-my laughter woke The housenold with the noise-And wrote my dream when morning brok To picase the gray haired boys. -OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER LIV. THE SUMMONS TO DUBLIN.

Dennier had not long to wait for his interview with Lord Heathcote-almost immediately that his name was dispatched immediately that his name was dispatched the summons came for him to repair to his lordship. He was not prepared for the altered appearance of the nobleman— the hair, which he had left but sparsely the shows of eighty winters had frosted it; the strong, stern face, bearing little mark to indicate that it had more than mark to indicate that it had more than passed a manly prime, bore painful evi-dence of premature age; sud the form, so erect, so firm, so full of the vigor of its best days, was now bowed and tottering Contrary to his usual custom, he was standing when Dennier entered, and as the latter marked with painful surprise the evidence of the mysterious decay, three came into his heart, with the strange feeling which the sight of Lord Heathcote feeling which the signt of Lord nearbody always caused, a pity akin to filfal tender-ness for the nobleman. Bayond the respectful greeting of the visitor, to which his lordship responded

by a slight bow, there was not a word spoken for some seconds, and the young man was beginning to feel a painful embarrasment. But Lord Heathcote spoke at last :

spoke at last : "I have seet for you, Dennier, to give you a final chance. Youth is ever impet uous, and perhaps even now you regret the hasty action of your resignation; a position, wealth and in the future per-chance, a title await you; there is but one endition regard upon cour next, the condition required upon your part : the sevening at once of every attachment you have formed in this country.

"I cannot, my lord, --not if a kingdom y at my feet !" The voice was low, lay at my feet!" The voice was low, but unmistekably firm. "Who is the object of this loyal attach-ment of yours?" Lord Heathcote asked

"Tae only sister of the prisoner who is

to be executed in Tralee two weeks from to morrow," was the unhesitating

awer. "And there is an engagement between

you ?' "On the contrary, my lord, no hint which might be construed into affection upon either side has ever been droppedthe esteem, the love which from the first I have borne this estimable girl, I was compelled to keep within my own breast

He wore her picture-she had given it to him in the days of their betrothal, and, oh, bitter confession ! he loved her still. oh, bitter confession ! he loved her still, "The son grew up to win honor and distinction by the rectitude of his con-duct, and the father was secretly proud of bim, for secretly he well loved him; but that son now refuses to comfort a heart so lovg in sorrow !" Dannier could no longer control him sel!—the face, the voics, the manuer of the nobleman thrilled him too earnestly, and too strangely. for him to doubt longer

the nobleman thrilled him too carnesily, and too strangely, for him to doubt longer the suspicion which had entered his mind coon after the nobleman had begun his last remarks. He bunded forward : "This story is your own, Lord Heath-cote-you are my father!" The nobleman's arms opened, and Denvier was clasped within them—heart to heart, face against face.

CHAPTER LV.

CARTER'S HIGH HOPES. The fatigue of the journey, the pain of the suppense to which she had been sub-jected, the renewal of her grief in the fatlure of her ples to Lord Heathcote, told somewhat alarmingly on Nora, when the

somewhat airmining on Note, when the next morning she struggled from her room to meet Father O'Connor. The latter was wondering a little at the ab-sence of Dennier—he had not returned to the hotel since his departure for the

to the note into his depicture for the castle the evening before. "And I hesitate to leave you here alone," said the priest to Nors, "while I call upon Lord Heathcote."

"Oh, no !" she thawered, smiling faintly; "On to ?" and e in wored, smith g tentity, "I can rest in my room until your return. Perhaps then you will be able to tell me the object of this journey." "Perhaps ac," he replied ; "but I assure you, Nora, it was not to subject you to the pain which our visit yesterday gave you."

you "Certainly not; I understand that !"

With some misgiving as to whether the solitude and retirement of her own room were best for her in her present spparently weak state, he left her, trusting, however, that the period of his absence would be very brief. In answer to the message which he sent

to Lord Heathcote, he was told that his lordship was too ill for an interview, but lordship was too ill for an interview, but he was requested to call on the morrow. Disappoloted, and more anxious than ever, he hastened back to Nora. "To stay here another day !" she ex claimed in sad dismay; but that was her only murmur; she saw that Father O'Connor deemed it better to wait, and she tried to appear resigned. Later in the day when they were both growing for me!

the day, when they were both growing alarmed at Dennier's continued absence, a servant bearing a note arrived from the castle-it was from Dennier, addressed to

the clergyman, and ran : "Forgive my apparent desertion-I am engaged with something that may benefit our dear Carroll. Do not on any account return to Tralee until you have seea me, and tell Miss Sullivan not to be anxious because of the delay. Yours, WALTER,"

Nora was instantly aglow. What is it, Charlie? Is he, this dear Captain Den-nier, using hist fluence with Lord Heath--will it be a commutation of the cote-will it be a commutation of the sentence?" She seemed to have recovered in a second all her strength. "I do not know—I fear to allow my-self to surmise," answered the priest; "but

pray, Nora." * *

Carter's spy, Thade, had found quarters Carter's epy, Thade, had lound quarters far too comfortable in Dhrommacohol to care to report truthfully to his employer. With money to treat old and long absent cronies, with nothing to do but plan for his comfort and enjoyment the whole day long, and with a quiet, refreshing country life about him, he compromised with hi

iffe about him, he compromised with his conscience by saying that, of course, as he did not see Nora, she must be leading a very pesseful, domestic life within doors. Did he report the contrary, did he con-scientiously say that he saw nothing of her, neither in the chapel on Sunday marritors, where she would be certain to her, neither in the chapt on Sunday mornings, where she would be certain to be, nor anywhere in the district of Dhrom macchol, he well knew that he would be instantly recalled, and perhaps the means of earning his comfortable stipends taken

Dennier's hand, begging Father Meagher and C are to come on immediately and join Father O Connor at d Nora; it also requested that the clergyman should tele-graph the time of their start. There was nothing more—it did not even hint, as Dannier's note to Father O'Connor hed done, of (florts being made in Carroll's

And Care, wild with wonder and auxi-ety, appealed to the old clergyman for an explanation; but he was as powerless as her elf to give one. 'You will go?'' she said ; 'you will start immediately? perhaps, on, perhaps it has some reference to Curoll !' "Yes," was the reply; "I can send Moira down to esk Father MoShate to take my place here, and we can start in the morn-"Clare's face slightly fell-to wait till

morning was so long, though she knew that even did they leave Dhrommscohol immediately they would reach Traise too late to take the train for Dublin. Moirs, with an isjonation to be quick,

was dispatched on her errand to Father Tighe a Vohr, since the time that he had accompanied Miss O'Donoghue from Tra-lee, now little more than a week, had twice performed the journey to Trales. He could not keep himself entirely from He could not keep himself entirely from his master's prison, though the grim ex terior was all that he was allowed to see; and he was equally anxious to be near Clare, that he might learn the first news of

the two who had made such a mysterious journey to Dublin; he had his own wild journey to Dublin; he had his own wild nopes regarding that journey, and many were the iervent petitions the faithful fel-low put up to Heaven that his hopes might be realized. Now, when Moira con filed to him the story of the intended journey of Father Meagher and Clare, he jumped into the sir, and gave one of his nearling whistles.

peculiar whistles : "Faith, Moira, but that's rale news-to Dablin, ch, the pair o' them is goin' i now, mark me words, Moirs, but there's some thin' big afoot; an' I suppose they'll go widout as much as axin' me nor Shaun to go wid thim ! well, that's not to me notion o' how things should be done at all, an' mesel' an' Shaun'il jiet folly thim, an'

they won't know a word about it till they see us both in Dublin along wid thimsel's." "Yes, and leave me," pouted Moira; "you are always going away somewhere just as soon as you get here-I don't believe in the effection you say you have

"Now, Moira Moynahan, was there iver "Now, Moira Moynana, was there iver a man as thried as I an batune me anxiety for the masher, an' the sthrivin' that I have to kape me mother in timper, an' the way that I'm humorin' Corny O'Toole just to save him from despair, an' the manner that I'm takin' to show Father Margher how mabhe it's a saint in task. Mergher how mebbe it's a saint in sack-cloth an' ashes I'd be some day, to have you at me now ; faith, it's enough to crass

angel! don't I wear the sign o' me burnin' shame, I say, to have me head disgraced be the lolke o' that ? an' ft's all owin' to you, Moira Moynshan ; you won't give me another kapesake that'd enable me to dispinse wid this!" and be angrily

me to displace wid this!" and he angrily c'apped the dilapidated head-gear again on his brown curls. "Well, I can't help it," pouted Moira; "uncle won't let me receive you as a suitor, and not even for you, Tim Oar-mody, shall I dischey my dear cld uncle !" She drew herself up, her air of wilful firmness making her look prettier than ever to the enamored eyes of her lover. "Nor would I ar you co, Moira darlin'; but God is good, an' mebbe He'd put pity for us both in yer uncle's heart, an' whin he sees how sober an' shteady I am, mebbe it's not slways he'd be houldin' back his

it's not slways he'd be houldin' back his consint.'

"I don't know about that," said Moirs, shaking her pretty head and directing one of her arch glances at Tighe. "Na bockalish," said Tighe ; "anyway,

Father Meagher and Clare were early

journey'll bring good to the young mas-ther, an' I kem on to know the good news as soon as the rist o' you would." "Well, as to that my good follow," said Father Meegher, when he had recovered from his surprise, "we are as much in the dark about the object of our journey as new are Dational for a point of the

dark about the object of our journey as you are. But jump in"-pointing to the cab-"we'll find a place for you." "But Shaun ?" said Tighe, ruefully. "Give him the order to jump in too," said the priest, laughing. The dog re-quired no second bidding; he was soon ensconced in a corner of the cushion, opposite Cisre, and all having entered, they were rapidly driven to the hotel. Father O'Connor and Nora could hardly believe it possible when they were summoned to meet the new comere, but summoned to meet the new comers, but the greetings on toth sides were none the

the greetings on toth sides were none the less eager and warm. "What does it mean ?" said Nors and Clare in a breath, when Father Meagher had told all about his mysterious sum-mone, and Father O'Connor had narrated simply what he had said to Nora, adding, however, an account of their income. simply what he had said to Nora, adding, however, an account of their interview with Lord Heathcote, and dwelling on Dennier's absence. The latter had not yet returned, and beyond that one singu-lar note, he had sent them no word. "It is, it must be," said both girls, "some-thing about Carroll; he will be saved !" And hone once worse asserted its away.

And hope once more asserted its sway, and under its influence their countenances and their manner resumed almost all their

olden brightness. Father Meagher was not so hopeful

though, loth to repress the buoyancy of the two eager girls, he pretended to share their sanguine expectations. Father O'Connor was so unusually agitated that the older priest could not but express his suspicion that the young clergyman was in possession of more knowledge than he had impacted had imparted.

"I am, father," he answered; "but l cannot tell you yet." A few hours later, and there promised be at last an end to all their suspens

-a measage came destring them all, pro-viding Father Meagher and Clare had arrived, to repair to the Castle that evening. TO BE CONTINUED.

OLD SCRUFF.

A TALE OF THE GREAT STRIKE OF THE DOCK-LABORERS.

1. At the time my tale begins Frank At the time my tale begins Frank Collins was a smart, active clerk in the great firm of Dross and Co. How his "governors," as he called them, made their money few people knew, bat one thing was certain, that "they were rolling in riches." Everybody said so, and, of course, what everybody said so and, of course, what everybody said must be true. If you went to their offices in Minetng-lane, you would see little signs of busi-ness, and none whatever of wealth. One an angell don't 1 wear the sign o' me pledge to vou, ivery day in the year i'' He took off his wretched looking hat, and pointed to the dirty, tattered mess of ribbon at fis side. "Ian't it a burnin" shame for me, a dacent b'y as I am, wid a characther for sarvin' gintlemin that can't be bate in the whole o' Ireland—isn't it a burnin" shame I are to how me how me the worth apparently \$25 the lot. ness, and none whatever of wealth. Such was the business place of the great Dross and Co. The "firm" might be seen generally

lounging about Mincing-lane or the sale rooms, or doing nothing apparently at various wharves, but they did it so successfully that they had the reputation of being "worth a mint of money."

Colline, as I have said, was one of their clerks; they only had two; the partner of his office was an old fossil of a fellow who never spoke a word more than he could possibly help, never spent a penny unnecessarily, never said a kind thing of anyone, never was known to smile, was supposed to know all the firm's secrets, was as close as the proverbial wax, lived no one knew where, and was generally detested by everybody who had to do any business with him. Such was gruff Old Scruff, the senior clerk of Dress and Co. Frank had been two or three years with the firm when he took it into his foolish head to fail in love. He was only twenty-

we'll not moind blddin' the divil good two years of age, and being of a sanguine morrow till we mate him-so keps up temperament had easily absorbed that

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that would have cost him 1: 6d. to 3:, and if he spent that upon himself what would his little four year old Mary and her brothers have had to eat, to say noth-ing of poor Maggie, his wife. So the latter used to make him up a neat little packet of sandwiches every morning, and latter used to make him up a neat little that he could not much lorger stand packet of sandwiches every morning, and idly by and see those so dear to him this with a glass of ale would last Frank starve before his face. Home he would starve before his face. frome ne would come every night and sometimes his sobs of despair would be all the sound he could utter. Some relief they had from the Strike Committee but it was so this with a gives of hie would last FRAR until he returned in the evening, when Maggie would have something hot for "her poor boy's" tes supper. Oh! how Maggie wracked her anxious mind to squeezs as much savoriness as could little, just sufficient to keep their starv. ng bodies and weary souls together.

equeezs as much savorinees as could possibly be got out of sixpence. Poor Frank! poor Maggie! Well, they were not doleful, or given to groaning, although they did get thinner and thinner, and shabbier and shabbier every year. They kept out of dolt, for they were honest folks, and, as I have said, their little ones were chubby and bealthy ; that Once, iddeed, he came home with a glimmer of hope, "the Oardinal," he said, "has been to see the Directors to day; he loves the poor, and has such influence that the committee will listen to him." Alas! the Directors were deaf to His Alas! the Directors were deat to His Eminence's entreaties, the spirit of Shy-lock had possessed them, the poor starv-ing wretches must give way, they thought, "we will grant their other demands, but nothing more than fivepence per hour will we give." From to descention by the was their great happiness and consola-tion.

II. One melancholy morning Frank was will we give." Frank, driven to desperation by the hunger of his starving family, felt that unless God helped him he must commit some crime to obtain them food. He prayed hard, however, to be delivered here the the start of the family

actonished on arriving at the office to find it in charge of the police. "What's up?" he asked of Scruff, who

"What's up ?" he asked of Scruff, who looked like a weiz ned old owl as he glared angelly at the officers. "Governors bolted with £30 000 Trust thares. Dross and Co. sre 'wanted." You and I, Collins, are under surveilance, and that's all about it." It turned out that the "great firm" had here screenleting furbough on 20 heres. from temptation, and gathered his family around him every night in estrest sup-plication for assistance. Oh! how fervently he begged of St. Joseph to inter-cede for them. Oh ! how pathetically he reminded that beloved saint of God

been speculating furiously on 'Change, had lost all their own money, and many of his anxiety for the sustenance of Jesus and Mary. Thus things went on until Frank felt thousands of other people's.

Very downcast was Frank as he went home to his family, but Maggie, like a good little wife, soon cheered him up "Never mind, Frank dear," she said

"you are so clever that you will get an other berth in no time." Ab, me ! Weeks passed by, but nothing

Thus things went on until Frank felt deep despair coming upon him almost against his will, when one day a curious thing happened. A letter arrived with a passage ticket for the entire family to go to Australia. A £10 note was also enclosed. A few words were written in an unknown hand, "I have only just dis-covered your address. May God bless you, and prosper you and yours always." The £10 note was soon changed, and Frank gave £2 of it towards the "dock. Frank gave £2 of it towards the rs' " strike When last I heard of the Collins' family

other berth in no time." Ab, me ! Weeks passed by, but nothing could poor Frank get to do. He spent some of his few remaining shillings in ad-vertising. He applied to every firm he know, ail to no purpose. "Where were you last employed ?" "At Dross & Co's." That was quite sufficient, no one would engage the clerk of that swindling firm. Poverty and misery now overtook the unfortunate family. One by one the little "household gods," of which they were so proud, disappeared to their grasp ing relative of the three brass balls, other-wise known in vulgar circles as "my they were on their way to Sydney, full of hope and happiness. They pray every night for the happiness of their unknown friend, but they have not found out who he is. vise koown in vulgar circles as "my The day the Collinses set sail from England a dingy, dried up old man might have been seen kneeling at the altar of Saint Labre at Melior street, Bermonduncle's" but whose proper cognomen to correct minded people is "the pawn proker's

Their house is now given up, then the two rooms they had taken are charged for one, and there poor Frank and Maggie found themselves one night with their three little ones with nothing left worth and his family may prosper in their new

"Maggie, der," seid frank, after a long sillence. "I cannot bear to think of you and the yourg 'uns with nothing to est. You must ask the lean of a losf to-marand and yourg 'uns with nothing to est. ing angels at once to Heaven, and the blissful peace that fell upon the old man's soul told him his prayer had been morrow and I'll go down to the dock sold try to get a job. Parhaps the fore-man at Wapping will take me on, for the sake of old times, if I can catch his eye; like to that that illuminated Tasbor shone upon his face. Do you want to know his name? Well, people called he is not a bad sort."

"Don't you trouble about us, Frank, I'll get a morsel for the children some

where, go in God's name, dear." Frank was up betimes; there was not a scrap in the house to eat, so as he knew WILL MAINTAIN THEIR RIGHTS Those Orange fanatics over in Canada, he could not do a day's work with liter-ally nothing inside him, he took the only remaining jug left out of the mysterious who, because they failed to persuade Viceroy Stanley into disallowing the Jecuit award, propose to wage war on the Catholics of Manitoba, probably underhamper of bygone times, with the inten-tion of getting some friendly coffee house keeper to give him a breakfast in exstand by this time that the people whom they purpose treating unjustly have a change for the piece of crockery. He succeeded in this and after a sumptuous very lively conception of their rights and a full determination to defend them, The warfare which these Canadian succeeded in this and atter a sumptions meal of a pint of dark fluid called by the magnificent name of coffse, and two thick elless of bread and—ne, not butter, but some billious composition bearing that much mailgned name—behold him Orangemen propose waging on the Mani-toban Catholics is one that aims at break ing down and destroying the separate school system that has so long existed in eagerly walting at the dock gates, amidst a crowd of hungry, miserable the northwestern province, and of which locking men, the very outcasts of starv-ing society, in the hope of getting teken on! He was lucky enough to catch the foreman's eye, was "put on," a numbered ticket given to him, a hand truck appor-Mr. J. B. Somerset, the superintendent of Protestant schools in Manitoba, has said : "It was first placed upon the statute book in 1871, and was founded on the principle of the establishment of the Protestant and Catholic schools, each soverned and managed separately. This tioned to him, and he was soon busy trundling bales of wool from an Australian governed and managed separately. ship alongside the quay to one of the warehouses. After two hours of this work, fundamental principle being embodied Foundations.

I made me a beautiful castle In a strange and wondrous land, And the glitter of gold and sliver Were about it on every hand; I built it of bars of iron, Bat I built it upon the sand.

in pi

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I made me a little cottage, With never a bar or lock, For J opened it up to the samshine, As d the mother bird and her dock. I built it with trust and longing, For I built it upon a rock.

And the gold and silver and jewels, With the costle that towered above, They fell with a creash together, And great was the fall thereof. But the cottage stood forever, For the bame of the rock was Love, -Boston Transcript

MIRACLES AT LOURDES.

LETTER FROM MGR. O'REILLY The following highly interesting letter from Mgr. O'Relliy, written from St. Germain-en-Laye, on 24th August, 1889, appears in the New York Sun :

"Let me state as briefly as I can what is happening at Lourdes. As a preparation for the great festival

of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary (a feast, by the way, always recog-nized by the calendar of the Church of Englard), which fails on the 15th of August, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris was deputed by Leo XIII, to consecrate, in his stead, the magnificent new Basilica of the Rosary, just erected at Lourdes by national subscriptions. The solemn cere mony of consecration was uncommonly imposing and impressive, some twelve Archbishops and Bishops assisted the Car-dinal delegate in the splendid function, and amid such a concourse as Lourdes has

never beheld till then. Thus, on the mountain slope where the ting of the inclusion of God first appeared to the two shepherd children beside the grand Church of the Immaculate Concep tion, with its wide sweeps of terraces an steps, there now towers the Basilica of the Rosary, more magnificent still, and cor-nected with the sister church and the miraculous Grotto, with its spring and pledne, by broad and immense terraced avenues. Along these, from one church to the other and then back to the vast

circular space around the piscina, the clergy and worshippers move in proces

The ceremony of dedication took place a week before the Assumption. Fourteen special trains on August 7th brought to Lourdes ten thousand French pilgr ma the pligrims belorging to other national-itles being also in great numbers ("In-numerable," the telegraphic de-patch of that date says).

that date says). Here we are at Lourdes itself. Let authorized eye-witnesses now describe what they see and what they hear. We Catholics believe, as fin my as we do in our own existence, that the Virgin Mary is mother of the Divite Word in correct, that she as mother is Hearten.

with her Son, has power with Him, and that His principal interest, the salvation of souls, is her special care; that she is parent over His great family, and has a mother's tenderness for the lowly, the suffering-the lepers of the flack.

Moreover, Catholics believe that Mary' Bieseed Son, the Redeemer of the World, the Emmanuel, is really present in the Holy Euctarist. For this promise, this pledge of the everlasting union of the life to come, the Catholic Church has reared, during eighteen conturies, cathedrais, churches, chapels, from the oratory in the catacombs of St. Callistus to the sublime temple of the Vatican. We believe in our Emmasuel, the God of our altars and our our hearts, "our G d with us." This twofold belief will explain to non-Catholics as well as Catholics what is daily

taking place on that mountainside at Lourdes in these processions which wind

up and down amid incepse and hymns

thousands.

the beart cries of the surrounding

"Lourdes, Aug 21, 11:29 a. m. -Just

s it happened last year it has pleased

e Eucharist. "On the passage of the Blessed Sacra-

Mary Immaculate to glorify her Son in

because I was the hound upon her brother's path, becoming finally his cap tor; she was noble enough to resent the friendly feeling I fain would have expressed, pointing I fail would have ex-pressed, pointing out its inconsistency with my profession. Since, however, it is no longer my duty to be her enemy, my heart rots itself in the satisfaction of being near her, to render what little service may be in my power when the blow given by her brother's execution shall have lost some of its palo, and when I shall have asserted my manhood by devoting myrelf to some hamble toil; then, should she refuse to reciprocite my regard, I shall still remain near her to give her such protection as may be in my

Lord Heathcots did not answer for a moment; then he spoke hurricdly, and with painful agitation: "Denuier, you are the son of one near and dear to but his heart was broken by the perfidy of an Irish wife-she abandoned her husband for an earlier love; and the deceived man, from that moment in which he was so ruthlessly dishonored, in which all his wild affection for his young wife was so cruelly betrayed, shut himself within the recesses of his own wretched art-his pride would suffer him to inflict no punishment on the guilty ones; it would not permit him to bisson to the name. well kept secret from his English friends -he would throw the veil of secrecy more

profoundly about it. "He took back to England with him the child which the guilty mother had left in the home she had deserted, and he put it away from his household, and give to it another name ; and though he ided for it, and took extraordinary interest in its career, people never dreamed of the secret motive of all that singular concern.

"Honors and a title came to the un "Honors and a thie came to the th happy father; peers sought him for an alliance with their daughters, the favor of the very court became his, and unsought, and unwished, wealth and influence and unwished, wealth and influence showered about him—but his heart remained the cold, proud, aching thing it had become on the wreck of his early happiness. He could not mary—with all the guilt of her who had so miterably fallen, he could rot shut her entirely from bis heart.

entirely from him. So he wrote that Nora was quietly living in the little pastoral residence, and Carter, not doubt ing the report, was satisfied, and with his birgan confidence, constantly assuring himself that he was asfe, he waited for the execution of Carroll O'Donoghue. A week sizer Thade's departure, Carter was somewhat startled one morn-ing to receive a letter with an official seal, and marked with Lord Heathbe hurried on. But Tighe would be true to his detercote's coat of arms; it was from his lord ship, speaking in terms which though ambiguous, still might be construed by a conceited mind into a gratifying signifi-

cance, and such an interpretation Carter put upon them ; his round red face glowed with delight, and it increased when he found on further pernsal that his imme-diate presence was requested at Dublin Castle

Magner saw it from the window of his study, where he had been anxiously walt-ing the return of his nlece. "Do not attempt to excuse yourself, Moira," he said sternly; "I saw enough to "Ah," he said, rubbing his hands to gether when he had read the letter a third give me all the facts." "Well, but uncle, I wouldn't even let him come with me; he followed me himive me all the facts. quarter-if transfer to a first fordenip the nints I dropped regarding his birth, evi-denily it has not angered Lord leathcote, and should he tax me with betraying any-thing of his secret, I can explain the matelf, and Shaun followed bim." "And a pretty preclous pair you are, both you and Tighe ! Go to your work, ter by saying that I was provoked to it by Dennier's insolence, but that I was carefu miss¹⁹ Moira obeyed, muttering when she had reached her own domsin : "It's a dreadful hard to be treated this way; but Tighe loves me, and I don't think he'd ever not permit him to bisson to the the defamation of his honorable His Irish marriage had been a opt secret from his English friends ould throw the veil of secrecy more old throw the veil of secrecy more addy about it. marry any one else, even if uncle never gave his consent." the sum which will enable me to purchas

the O'Donoghue estate—his lordship hints at my reward for such faithful services astir next morning, and after some direc-tions to young Father McShane, whose delicate health exempted him from regular having been too long delayed—egad ! but luck is turning in my favor at last; Carduty, and some parting orders to Moira roll O'Donohue hung, his estate mine, and with money to box I think then the means will not be wanting to make dainty Nora mine, too?" He put down the letter and gave himself up to thought for a moment. Then, rousing suddenly, he said, as he began to bustle about the apart-with Moira privately langhel, knowing more about Tighe's intentions than did the worthy priest, the two departed. means will not be wanting to make dainty Nora mine, too." He put down the letter and gave himself up to thought for a

moment. Then, rousing suddenly, he said, as he began to bustle about the apart. "Well, things will keep here until ment: I return-I'll be off to night."

yer heart, Moira, an' perhaps it'll all come roight yet!" Moira with some affight remembered her errand. "And uncle told me to be so quick !" she said. "Well, run on now," said Tighe; "an' I'll ran alongside o' you, an' we'll be there in no toime " "No, Tighe; I'll not let you take a foot with me—I'll go the quicker without you !" and without waiting for his answer she hurried on. "Bo different source on the source of th yer heart, Moira, an' perhaps it'll ail most silly idea, which so often prevails come roight yet !"

So the two foolish young people, with little to start life together but unbounded

mination of accompanying her, and he affection, were married. followed, never suffering himself quite to Oid Scruff, on Frank Old Scruff, on Frank's announcing to him what he had done, glared at him over construct, here suitable limits in the sharn, seeming equally impressed with the matter. The procession was the same on the return, and to Molra's dismay, Father his old tortoleo-shell spectroles and mut-tered the cheerful remark, "better have drowned yourself." That was all, but a few days afterwards an enormous hampe Meagher saw it from the window of his of crockery and tinware arrived at Collin' house. No one knew who sent it, it could not have come from Scruff, for he never

gave anybody anything but growls. It could not have been from the "governors," for they knew nothing at all about the marriage. Frank was well aware that most firms do not approve of their scantily-paid clerks marrying, so he had said nothirg to them about it. However, the present was very useful, though it caused

the young couple immense fun and wonderment as to who would have sent such an old fashioned marriage gift.

Time passed on and with it brought some funny little specimens of the Collins tribe. In six years there were three mites of mortality added to the small establishment, and Frank and Maggie had

hard work to accomplish that most diffi-cult feat known as 'making both ends mest." The \$10 per week had been in creased to \$15 by this time, but "what was that amongst so many ?'

Very careworn poor Frank looked now. and the formerly bonny bright face of Maggie was pale and thin. Still they managed to "rub on somehow," and by dint of stinting ihemselves managed to arrived in Dublin, and Father Messaer keep their three little ones fairly plump was about to engage a cab to take, them and decently cled. to Father O'Connor and Nora, Tighe a When I say "stinting themselves,"

an order came down that for some legal reason all work on this particular vesse reason all work on this particular vessel was to cease, so poor Frank and the rest of the gany employed upon it were ordered to be "psid cff," that is, they had to go in one close dreary file to some window, and upon giving up their tickets were each paid the munificent sum of tempence, that is at the rate of five pence per hour. Be-fore quitting the dock gates, Frank and the rest of the men had to submit to be

the rest of the men had to submit to be searched, that is, that the efficials as the laborers, or "dockers," as they are called, pass by them felt them roughly down to es if they had any stolen property in

their possession. Tenpence! Well, it was not much, but with care it was sufficient to buy two neals for his family, and poor Frank was satisfied. So things went on and he be came a regular "docker" or dock labore ometimes he only had two hours' work sometimes four hours', and at rare inter vals a whole day's work. When this hap pened it was rare times for the Collins family; luxuries, such as pigs' feet at two a penny, were to be seen at supper time, and festivity reigned suprema.

III.

Time went on, and presently an omin-ous sound arcse about Tower-hill—the "dockers" had struck, fivepence per hour was too little, and two hours, eagagement only, was tyranny to the poor Sixpence an hour must be paid, and noth-ing less than four hours' engagement or pay must be entertained.

The movement spread like wildfire, because it was founded upon justice. All London seemed involved. Ships could not be unloaded, cargoes were rotting, goods could not be delivered, and all trades were at a standstill. The Dock Company would not give way, nor would the men. Others strikes took place, an

epidemic of "more money and less work" seemed to have seized upon the multi-tude. Immense crowds of strikers of all kinds paraded the streets, and things looked most ominous. Would there be a general strike? Would the starving men be able to restrain their fierce hun ger ? Would they be able to bear much longer the pitiable cries of their children for food ?

Our story is not, however, a history of

the organization of the province, the question as to its correctness is outside he scope of its practical discussion ; but in connection with its workings during the last seventeen years it may be the last seventeen years it may be pointed out that the schools of the province have been managed without a par-ticle of that denominational friction that has caused disturbances and bitterness in other provinces of the Dominion." None other than an Orange faction,

sey. He way praying fervently, and this was one of his prayers : "Oh, my father,

blessed Benedict ! grant me this one fsvor-obtain for me that Frank Collins

career." A simple prayer but said so earnestly that it was carried by the will.

He was anything but a handsome

being, but as he left the church a glory

nswered,

him Old Scruff.

always active when mischievous work is to be done, would attempt the overthrow of a system whose operations even Protestant observers have been forced to admit have been eminently satisfac tory and conducive to the cause of edu-cation, as well as to the harmonious relations that exist between the different elements of Manitoba's population. It is well, in one sense, for the Catholics of the northwest Canadian province that their rights to separate schools are guaranteed them by the act of union, otherwise they might have difficulty in secur ing fair treatment on the educational question from Winnipeg to.day. In fact, the Northwest Roview declares that, were things otherwise than they are, the Manitola Catholics might despair of ob-taining such treatment. "We are quite well aware," it says, "that if we had not acquired our right to the separate schools at the time we did, and that were we to ask the Legislature of Mani-

tobe for these schools to day, we should undoubtedly ask in vain; and our clear perception of this renders us all the more anxious and determined to retain what we have already got."

From the foregoing it is evident that the O ange fanatics have very little chance of succeeding in their bigoted efforts to rob the Manitoba Catholics of their educational ghts.-Boston Republic.

FACES AS YELLOW as that of the "Heathen FACES AS YELLOW as that of the "Heathen Chinee," in consequence of bile in the blood, grow fair and wholesome looking again when Northrop and Lyman's Vege-table Discovery and great blood purifier is used to relax constipated bowels and expel the bilious posion from the circulation. Ruumatic and blocd impurifies are also driven on the vit dicestion restored and driven out by it. digestion restored, and the system benefited in every way by its

ment, while the thousands of beholders were crying out, 'Hosanna to the Son of David,' several sick persons arose from the beds on which they were lying, and joined in the escort of the King of Kings "Among a certain number of cures thus obtained, the most extraordinary appears to be that of a man forty five years of age suffering from an incurable disease, and who had passed through nearly all the hospitals of Parls without any successful

result. "The torchlight procession yesterday was as interminable and fairy like a scene as that of August 7. Thousands of pilgrims passed the night in adoration in the Church of the Rosary. One erjys a spectacle of incomparable piety in the pil grims, of devotedness in the hospitalers th men and women, and of resignation in the sick. SEMPE" This Rev. Father Sempe is one of the

correspondents of the Univers at Lourdes From another of them, M. Louis Collin, select some passages of a letter bearing

the same date : "The national pilgrimsge," he says, "arrived with its full complement at Lourdes. There were twenty one traine from all parts of France. The pligrims are lodged wherever they can find a roof to shelter them. The Church of the Rosary is a refuge for many.

"Joy shines forth on every countenance and all are carried away by the same cur rent of fervor. People sing, pray, be seech, and the sick cease not to be carried through and fro by the Brancardier ('stretcher bearere,' a plous sodality.) There are about one thousand sick, unit. ing in one indescribable picture every form of human infirmity. "The Eucharistic solemnities began at

4 p. m. More than two hundred] in init sacerdotal vestments, wsiked im-mediately before the golden Ostensory. They are all members of societies purpos ing to repair the outrages done to the Divine Majesty. The procession, made up of an immense multitude, extended from the Basilics to the Grotto. It was a triumphant army adoring with loud ac claim the Son of the Virgin Immaculate. "As the Blessed Sacrament was borne nearer and nearer to the Grotto supplications of the multitude redoubled in intensity. The moment came at length when we saw renewed the sublime spectacle of last year. Just like a stream pouring itself into the sea, the procession