speak from surprise.
"I cannot tell you Nora—I have only

to ask you to submit blindly to my direc-tions in this matter—I have only to say that I think it well for you to go."

"Ah! I understand," she said quietly; "poor Rick"—and then she stopped and corrected herself—"my father is there ill;

he has acquainted you of it, but he would not let me know, lest it should induce me

to make some sacrifice, and he has written to you not to tell me; but you think it is my duty to know and to go to him. Is

"No, Nora; that is not it; but this

journey, if you will undertake it, may go lar to right a wrong of the past, and to restore a reputation which has been foully

"Carroll," she said-"it will take me

"Can you be ready this evening?"

She gave a brief assent,
They turned away to join Clare, and at
that instant the knocker on Mrs. Murphy's hall door sounded. It was Dennier, with the announcement that he was
called to Dublin by a most importunate

letter from Lord Heathcote, and that he would be obliged to start for the capital

"Miss McCarthy and I are also going," said Father O'Connor; "with your kind permission, we would prefer to travel in

It was the first announcement of Nora's intended journey, and C are became fright-ened. "Going to Dublin!" she repeated

in a dazed way! "going to leave Carroll and to leave me—what does it mean?"

Father O'Connor took her aside, in his

own quiet, gentle way soothing her and explaining—without, however revealing

aught that he was teld to conceal—why it was not practicable to grant her request to accompany Nora. She seemed satisfied, determining to reture at once to Dhrom-macohol, and there remain until Nora

came back; and when the two gentlemen,

each actuated by the thought of how to

provide an escort for her in the short time that remained before the beginning of their own journey, looked blankly at each

their arrival at the place where Clare and Tighe and Shaun were to take the mail-

car for Dhrommacohol. There the spy, a dark browed, heavy-looking man, wait-

words by a hearty slap on Jack's stalwart shoulder - "and we'll have a pint of

"So things are progressing, Thade," said he who had been addressed as Jack, "be-

TO BE CONTINUED.

FRANCHI'S RECANTATION.

Last Pentecost the infidels of Italy

inaugurated within sight of the Vatical

a monument erected to Giordano Bruno who, in the sixteenth century, forsook

his monk's gown to become a preacher of infidelity. Giordano Bruno found

forty years ago an imitator in the person

of Francesco Bonavino, a Genoese priest who, in 1849, declared that he would be

a priest no longer, and in abjuring the Catholic taith also changed his name

assuming thenceforth the name Ausonia

himself known as a brilliant critic, writing in a style imbued with that singular

charm which the French call la beaute de

diable, or the devil's beauty. He published a number of books, one entitled

Philosophical and religious studies o

Catholic professors took him in hand,

their protection and in his own conceit."

For a time nothing had been heard of

Ausonio Franchi, and his English admirers,

expecting some great literary effort, would

say of him, "The child is not dead, but sleepeth." So he did sleep; but now he has woke up to a better life in this world,

and it is to be hoped, in the next as well in God's good time His latest work has

just made its appearance. It is entitled. L'ultima critica, and dedicated to his old instructor, Mgr. Magnasco, Archbishop of

Genoa, a men now in his eighty fourht year. Ausonio Franchi has recented, and

returned to the flock which he abandone

forty years ago. His admirers used to call him "the first logician in the world;" we

are waiting to hear what they call him

Bruno are not likely to erect one to Au.

The Far Reaching

Perfume of a good name heralds the

claim that Putnam's Paintess Corn Extrac-tor is a sure, certain, and paintess remedy for corns. Fifty imitations prove it to be the best. Take no acid substitutes at

cently set up a monument to Giordan

sonio Franchi -London Universe.

and for a long time he flourished under

another 'The People's Ration.

"and a periodical called La Ragione eason." French and German anti

"The neophyte of infidelity soon made

tween yoursel, and Carter ?"

wooden chairs.

Franchi

r "Reason."

not that It ?"

defamed.

from him.

## Sweet

My love lies lightly on her couch, so fair, so pure! The stience that keeps Is death, they tell me, as I crouch Beside her; but I know she only sleeps,

I gaze upon her calm, still face.
And cannot find there aught to make m weep;
The subtle smile, the tender grace
Of waking hours still haunt her place
sleep.

Within her closed eyes I know
The love light ill gers yet, this restful day;
And I can aimost catch the slow,
Sweet, solemn word her fragrant lips
would say.

The slender hand that wove a chain
Of loving deeds sround her winsome wa
Would answer still the cry of pain
As sunlight answers to the call of day.

The gentle heart, I know, still glows-A faultiess or stal chalice, pure an white—
And holds a sacred sorrow for our woss,
As develops hold the tender lears

Whate'er her strange sweet silence be. It is not Death. For though her lips ar dumb.

Her soul still surely speaks to me:

And blessed answers to my question

And thus I learn a secret sweet; She whispers low: "We have not loved i

vain;
For though no more on earth we meet.
Beyond the veil our hearts are one sgain "For love is measured not by time, Nor place, nor state, nor any known de

gree.
But lofty, infinite, sublime,
Includes all space and all eternity!"

And thus I know tis but to wait
With perfect patience some few yearning
Years
Till I may pass the ivory gate
My love has passed, unstained by idle
tears.

And so a sacred, caim delight
Within my hopeful hear, its music makes;
And so I bid my love "good nigot,"
And wait to have her claim me when she
wakes.

—Harper's Weekly. -Harper's Weekly.

## CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHAPTER LI .- CONTINUED.

"His unrequited love for Marie had transferred itself with as wild an ardor to transferred fixelf with as wild an ardor to Marie's daughter. Is the youthful linea-masses of the child was a growing repro-duction of her mother's face, and each time that Carter saw her, which he fretime that Carter saw her, which he frequently did, through opportunities of this own making, he yearned to hasten the time in which, with Marie of marriageable age, he intended, by fair means or foul, to make her his wife. He was not well believed that Salitvan had surrendered possession of her, but, with his usual confidence in his own ability, he doubted that the theory which may be head to the garrison, where he met, to his own not, at the arrival of the time, to be able to devise a scheme which should place her within his power.
"One day he was afforded an opportun

ity of saving the life of the youthful heir of the O'Donoghues—Carroll, a baby, who, springing from his nurse's arms, had faller into the stream, on the bank of which little Marle, now known as Noral McCarthy, and Carter's little charge had been playing. Carter, who was present and witnessed the accident, saved the child. The boy's perents sought every means of testifying their gratitule; Curter and his charge became constant visitors, and the former, in his business conference with Cairn O'Donoghue, evinced so much financial ability, as well as shrewd judgment is other matters, that the intimacy culminated in Carter an-king his abode with the family, and his youthful charge receiving the same

Daring this time the unhappy, wanderlog Sullivan—wanderirg always with the hope of somewhere meeting with his little one, and of whom he never could conceive that she was other than the infant who had been snatched from him-frequently sought Carter by stealth to beg the whereabouts of his child; but the answer was always the same: the child was well, and well done for, but the time had not some to give her to her father; and then the wonted threats were repeated, and the liquor used, and 'R ck of the Hills' sunk sgain into his miserable cowardly state.

brother and slater, and the adopted girl and boy, were as fond and united as though really bound by the tles of kindred. When the boys became old enough they were sent to college; it was the first separation among the young people, and it was sorely felt. But a greater trouble was to visit them; before the education of either was completed they were recalled to the death bed of him who had been so true a father to them all. Cairn O'Doncgbue died, appointing Mortimer Carter the legal guardian of his children. The boys returned to college, the girls lived daily lives of edification and blessing, while Carter apparently was so exemplary in his conduct that he had

the entire trust and affection of his wards.

ate course, and when he came home in the fall vigor of buoyant manhood, Oarter perceived what he had feared would happen—an affection springing up between Carroll and Nora; but he would do nothing just then to prevent it; he preferred to wait, feeling that before the affair would reach its climax, a scheme daughter of Rick of the Hills. But Sulliwhich he had already devised would prove which he had already devised would prove an effectual bar. Accident favored him. The Fentan rising was in agitation, and Carroli, of the very temperament to be allured into the movement, participated with heart and soul in all its measures. Then was Carter's time. He was the idol of the impulsive young fellow—to him Carroll confided arrays thing, and to Marrian and her hold devotion to the ieving that the latter was as devoted an adherent of the cause as he was himself, of the organization. It was easy then for Carter to connive at Carroll's arrest and conviction, and the young man was trans-Australia, and the sucient beautiful lands, encumbered by debt, owing to the expense of Carroll's trial, ther causes, passed from possession of its heirs, and was put into the market

"Carter exulted that so much was accomplished; then, providing a moderately comfortable, but humble, home for the Nora McCarthy; that was the first revel-ation which his word had of his true char- 'elightly bent forward, the flush on his

acter; he was scorned, and the favor with which he had been regarded was charged to indignation and contempt. "Then his passion for revenge became active He threatened them with eviction active He threatened them with eviction from the very shelter which, with pretended kindness, he had provided, unless Miss McCarthy consented: he was sgain spurned, and the two unprotected girls took refuge in the home of their life long friend, the pastor of the village. All of Carter's transactions, feigning to be one in heart with the Fenians, and cloaking the free access which he was permitted to Tralee garrison under the pretense of securing information for the adherents of the Irlsh cause, were fully underested by poor Rick of the Hills; his wandering life enabled him to learn various items of news, and he was shrewd enough to fathom more of Carter's secrets than the latter desired him to do. Carter's sincerity was beginning to be doubted by others also; various reports were circulated about him, but, with all that, he had sufficient powers of artifice to maintale, not alone his reputable standing, but the unreserved confidence of those partisans of the Irish cause who were most influential in his neighborhood. He had turned secret informer for the sake of the reward.

"Carroll O'Donoghue escaped from Australia and returned safely to Ireland.

He was in secret quarters waiting an op-portunity to pay a stealthy visit to his sister and his rill meed. Rick knew of his arrival, though Carter did not, and Rick had learned, through unguarded bints dropped by Carter, that information had been supplied to the authorities which would bring a military force to the very spot where Carroll was secreted in the bosom of a devoted band. Rick the bosom of a devoted band. Rick warned the unsuspecting fellows, without disclosing his own suspicion that it was Carter who had supplied the information —not that he did it to save the traitor, but lest the latter, discovering at any time that Rick had been in any instance untrue to him, might take the revenge he never ceased to threaten. The military force, with Captain Dennier at its head, marched to the spot to which they were ordered, only to find all flown whom they had expected to capture. On their return they lost themselves in the wild way by which they had to journey. Rick of the Hills saw them, and concessed himself, till, divining from their manner that they to appear smong them as a wild fellow who had little or no sense. He did so, and acted as guide for the party back to the garrison, where he met, to his own surprise, and to Carter's discomfiture, Mortimer Carter, and the latter learned from Rick of Carroll's presence in Ireland. His scheming now became more vigorous and deadly. He set every faculty to work to gain information which should work to gain information which should insure young O'Donoghue's recapture; and he succeeded so far as even to make the miserable Rick become at last the betrayer of Carroli—the latter was arrested just without the house which had been the shelter of his sister and his affianced. But the law was too slow for the traitor Carter—he would have O'Donoghue out of the way quickle; and he oghue out of the way quickly; and he planned in escape for the prisoner, then planned in escape for the prisoner, then gave information to the authorities which should cost Carroll his life, either by a shot from one of the armed guards, or a speedier conviction when this attempt to escape should be brought forward on the trial as

Nora McCartby in a way which he fancied must compel her to accept him. He took Rick more into his confidence, and reyealed to him for the first time all his mad passion for the beautiful girl graded as poor Sullivan was, he had yet sufficient manhood to express to Carter's face his indignation at the thought of such an alliance : but what was his horror and dismay when he found it proposed to him that he should claim this girl as his daughter! sufficient was known to Father Mea-gher to prove his claim, and then, to Rick's greater horror, he stated how that "Mrs. O'Donoghue, as beloved as her husband, died in giving birth to a girl two years the junior of the heir of the house, and the little 'emily, now comprise the moment that he had learned of Rick's greater norror, ne sated now busy to twas in view of this very project he, fausband, died in giving birth to a girl twas in view of this very project he, fausband, and the little 'emily, now comprise the moment that he had learned of Rick's greater norror, ne sated now busy to the fausband of the work of the sated now busy to the fausband of the little 'emily, now comprise the moment that he had learned of Rick's greater norror, ne sated now busy to the fausband of the little 'emily, now comprise the moment that he had learned of Rick's greater norror, ne sated now busy to the fausband of the little 'emily, now comprise the moment that he had learned of Rick's greater norror, ne sated now busy to the fausband, died in giving birth to a girl twas in view of this very project he, fausband, died in giving birth to a girl twas in view of this very project he, fausband, died in giving birth to a girl twas in view of this very project he, fausband, died in giving birth to a girl twas in view of this very project he, fausband, died in giving birth to a girl twas in view of this very project he, fausband, died in giving birth to a girl twas in view of this very project he, fausband, died in giving birth to a girl twas in view of the project he, fausband, died in giving birth to a girl twas in view of this very project he, fausband, died in girl twas in view of the project he, fausband, died in girl twas in view of the project he, fausband, died in girl twas in view of the project he, fausband, died in girl twas in view of the project he, fausband, died in girl twas in view of the project he, fausband, died in girl twas in view of the project he, fausband, died in girl twas in view of the project he, fausband, died in view of the project he, fausband, died in view of the project he, fausband, died in view of the project he, surrender of little Marie to the O'D noghues, and knew what advantages would be hers, he thought how, should she, when of mariageable age, refuse his hand, he could humble her by producing Rick as her father—hat was the plan by which he had intended to frustrate her marriage with Carroll O'Donoghue; and should it be insufficient to prevent it, at least it would cover her with shame. For the purpose of carrying out his cruel scheme van from her father ; so doing gave him

evidence against the prisoner. Carter was

a power which always kept Rick his unresisting tool. And Rick was forced to consent. But Carter did not bargain for the issue. He had not cor rectly estimated Nora McCarthy's noble character. He had supposed that she would shrink from the horror and the shame of being this vagabond beggar's daughter, and he bad told Rick to place before her two alternatives—either to become Carter's wife, with the world remainvan, dumbfounded at the noble manner in which she received his revelation, could sflianced-snd her noble devotion to the unhappy wretch, her efforts to reclaim him, her pure, angelic character, touched and won his heart; he could no longer repeated all that he knew of the secrets | endure her sacrifics, and he came to me and told this story. Previously accident had given me information of a young woman, named Cathleen, whom Carter had brought when a baby to a widow living in the north of Ireland, and to whom he paid regular sums for the child's care. He claimed to be the little one's uncle, and he made occasional visits to see her. I had no hesitation in pronounce ing her to be Sullivan's abducted child. and I saw the poor, unhappy father de-part for the place of her abode. "I have finished, my lord, and I awalt

cheeks deepened to a vivid glow. Lord Heathcote at last removed his hand, and rated his head; was that the stern, cold face which had dropped to its hidden position at the beginning of the tale—that mo cause for alarm; but perhaps you THE GROTTO AT LOURDES.

THE GROTTO AT LOURDES.

THE GROTTO AT LOURDES. white, aged-looking countenance? every line had been brought forth with startling distinctness, every feature betrayed an agony upon which it was painful to look. He rose from his chair, and tottered to the

priest, saying, in so cracked a voice that it might have belonged to eighty, rather than the fifty years be was:

"This cruelly injured husband of Marie—this Walter Berkeley—did he who unfolded to you this tale tell you who he was?"

The priest bowed low, and responded "He did, my lord. Carter had unguardedly on one occasion imparted to him that knowledge. You,my lord, are the Walter Burkeley of my tale."

"Oh, God!"

Toe nobleman flung his band wildly to

his forehead, then, as if seized by some sudden convulsion, he clutched frantically at the air for a moment, and Father O'Connor, alarmed, hastened to suppor

him.
"Thank you; I am better," he said,
when he had rallied; and he strove to
assume the wonted coldness of his voice, as he released himself from the gentle hold. "But this is an idle tale," he conthrued, quickly; "what proofs have you to sustain Marie Dougherty's innocence of all that has been imputed to herwhat proofs to show that Sullivan's story

is not a concection to shield himself?"
"None, my lord, bayond what I have told you—she who could prove its truth Heaven.

Do you believe it-did this mysterious tale carry convictions to your heart?" and the nobleman seemed to await the answer

the nobleman seemed to aware
the nobleman seemed to aware
in trembling expectation.
"It did, my lord; full and entire!"
Lord Heathcote tottered to his chair,
and sunk into it. The perspiration
stood in beads upon his face, and his breath
was labored. "You tell me," he said
with difficulty, "that the
heath grew was labored. "You tell me," he said speaking with difficulty, "that the daughter of this Marie Dougherty grew to be the image of her mother—is she aught like this?"

He pulsed from his bosom a golden case set round with peerls; touching the spring, it opened and revealed the counterpart of Nora McCarthy. The likeness was so exact and so vivid that the priest started, and his manner, more even than his words, expressed the recemblance which the picture bore to its living copy. He closed the case and returned it to his breast, then, leaning forward until his labored breath eemed to fan his listener's face, he said:
"The twin son of this Marie Dougherty whom Carter abducted-where is he

other, she herself proposed that Tighe should accompany her. Dennier gladly assented, willingly submitting to the in-convenience of providing another servant during his stay in Dublin. Hasty preparawhat is he doing ?" "Living obscurely smong the poor of reland, with no desire save to do what tions for the journeys began, and then all scompanied Clare to see her first upon her way. The little party were too absorbed in themselves to note how their steps were dogged from the moment of their departure from Mrs. Murphy's until ittle good he cap, and remain unknown world."

"Is he known to you?" The question was put in a painfully eager way.

Lord Heathcote leaned back and closed his eyes; but the working of his mouth betrayed how little diminished was his nward agitation. After a few minutes he looked up, and said with the first natural one of voice he bal used since the con-

a dark browed, heavy-looking man, waiting only to see the little party standing together as if all were about to journey the same way, turned about, and hurrying into a side street, entered a place which seemed to comprise all the characteristics of a shebeen. There, lounging against the counter, was a man as viliamous looking. "Good day to you, Jack," said the new-comer; "faith you're in luck's way, for I have Carther's money to trate you wid; come, old fellow"—accompanying his lass words by a hearty elsp on Jack's stalwart clusion of the startling tale:
"You have admitted that you know this son of Made Dougherty whom Carter is said to have abdutted—do you also know his twin brother, whom Berkeley was reported to have carried to England? did van—did he never gain from Carter any information which might lead him to sur-

mise the identity of this son ?" "Never, my lord, to my knowledge—I do not know the young man."
"But this daughter—this counterpart of mulled porter together."

With every evidence of delight, he to whom the invitation was given accepted it, and the two repaired to an inner room, which was filled up with round tables and

her injured mother—you know her?"
"I do, my lord, well."
"And did you not, when this strange and did you not, when this strange strong was told you, immediately unfold it to this slater and brother, or did you not hint at portions of it which might work upon their minds?"

"No, my lord; my first and only impulse was to come to you. All that I have told you is buried in my own breast."

A look of satisfaction crossed Lord Heathcote's features, and he said in a still more natural tone: "Will you bind yourself to follow some instructions I desire to give you?"

desire to give you?"

"I shall be happy to do so, my lord, is they conflict with no duty."

"They will not. I would have you maintain profound secrecy about all that you have told me, and I would have you have told me, this cash, this set, and it was the state of the second secretary." bring to me, here in this castle, this girl, Nora McCarthy—I would see her without having anything of this interview disclosed to her. Can you do this?"

A shade passed over the priest's face.
"I do not know, my lord; but I can try, and should I fail, I shall acquaint your lordship."
Lord Heathcote bowed his assent, then

touched the hand ball at his side, and waving an adleu to Father O'Connor as the attendant entered the room, leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

## CHAPTER LII

THE WORK OF A SPY. Father O'Connor, the prey of emotions as wild and varied as much of the scenery through which he passed on his return journey, hastened back to Tralee. he found, to his relief, Nora once more in he found, to his reflet, Nora once more in the bosom of her friends—Clare and she both inmates of genial Mrs. Murphy's home, Father Mosgher coming up from Dhrommacohol as often as the duties of his pastoral charge would permit, and Dennier, in his courteous, kindly way dropping in as frequently as the laws of attouctic allowed but far too selden to etiquette allowed, but far too seldom to satisfy the desire of his own impetuous once more installed as Dennier's valet : but he found all too ead at the thought of Carroll's approaching doom to wear even the semblance of a smile, and his own emotions, roused into wildest being by the scene through which he had so lately passed, were also subdued and saddened by the near approach of that dreadful end. He had little time, however, to give to deliberations other than those required for the delicate mission intrusted to him by Lord Heathcote, and he seized the first opportunity of requesting from Nora a private interview.

She had become anxious about Rick,

and having received no word from him, her first thought was that Father O'Con-

gence to communicate

"No," the priest said in answer to her
fears when they were alone, "you have
no cause for alarm; but perhaps you
will wonder when I ask you to come immediately with me to Dublin."

"To Dublit.—why?" she could hardly
areak from surviville.

VIRGIN.

TEN THOUSAND FRENCH PILGRIMS PRESEN AT THE MIRACULOUS SHRINE-VIVI DESCRIPTIONS OF AN IMPOSING SCEN

CURES PERFORMED THIS YEAR

Rev. Barnard O'Reilly, D. D, writes from St Garmain En-Laye to the New York Sun as follows: Waile I am writing to you the village of Lourdes, away down in the southern extremity of France, is in the southern extremity of France, is once more the theatre of such scenes as I described to you some twelve months ago; with this difference, however, that the multitude of pilgrims, the splendor of the religious celebrations, the enthusiastic niets of each excess. iastic piety of each successive concourse of worshippers, and the number of persons daily cured, far surpass anything bitherto seen. What is thus taking place at Lourdes, in the open day, in this centenary year of the French revolution, and beneath the gaze of multitudes counting tens of thousands, is a pheno-menon which should challenge the attenfrom him."

'Oaly for a few days, and as they tell me all of you have been refused access to him for the present, your absence can hardly make much difference."

"I shall go," she sa'd quietly. "How soon shall we start?" tion not only of all men who believe in Christ, but of all whose faith in the miracles recorded in the O.d Testament writings, and in those described in the Gaspels and the Acts of the Apostles, has been shaken by the too self-confident assertions and cheep sneers of our unbelievers. But 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 recognized by the calendar of the Church of Eng-land), and which falls on the 15th of by the calendar of the Church of England), and which falls 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 ceremony of consecration was uncommonly imposing and impressive, some twelve archbishops and bishops assisting the cardinal delegate in the splendid function, and amid such a concourse as Lourdes had never beheld till then. Taus, on the mountain slope where the Virgin Mother of God first appeared to the two shepherd children, beside the grand Caurch of the Immaculate Conception, with its wide sweeps of terraces and steps, there now towers the Basilica of the Resary, more megnificent still, and connected with the sister church and the miraculous grotto, with its spring and piscina, by broad and immense ter raced 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 procession. The ceremony of dedication took place a week before the As sumption. Fourteen special trains on August 7th brought to Lourdes 10,000

> point of France. From the Orlean railway station an immense train, speci ally reserved to the pilgrims, started early in the morning. It was a moving early in the morning. It was a moving sight. The sick were under the care of nuns and committees familiar with the ong road, and accustomed to make it as pleasant as possible to the poor sufferers pleasant as possible to the poor subserers.
> All classes of French society were
> mixed up altogether on the platforms, in the waiting rooms and
> in the railway carriages. No one who
> bas not seen one of these national pilgrimages can have any conception of the power of religion to level all the barriers of rank, to blot out all professional dis-tinction, and to make of the highest nobles and the most famous military and gaval officers the brethren and the ser the crowds of believers travelling to the same distant shrine. There is no dis-order, no confusion, no noise, no bustle among these thousands, who are ani mated by the same faith and urged toward the same goal by a ascended from the hillside. common sentiment of deep religious love, reverence and hope in God's merciful lower Once the train started all will power. Once the train started all will be prayer, or the singing of sweet hymns in the vernacular, while the principal intermediate cities, sodalities and com-mittees are in waiting to secure refresh ments or lodgings for the night, all the ments or longings for the night, all the comforts necessary, to the sick in parti-cular, and every facility for assisting at divine service of the morrow, Sunday, It is a national pilgrimage, and the Catholic heart of France, so generous in its charity, so ingenious and delicate in ministering it, will leave nothing undone that can be done to make the wayfarers happy and to speed them, refreshed, on their journey. Thus, those who cannot themselves visit Lourdes ask of the grate ful pilgrims to remember them and theirs. But here we are at theirs. But here we are at their itself. Let authorized eye witnesses itself. Let authorized eye witnesses

now describe what they see and what they hear. We Catholics believe, as firmly as we do in our own existence, that the Virgin Mary is Mother of the Divine Word Incarnate; that she, as Mother in heaven with her Son, has power with Him, and that His principal nterest, the salvation of souls, is ber special care; that she is parent over His great family, and has a mother's tendernees for the lowly, the suffering—the lepers of the flock. Moreover, Catholics believe that Mary's Blessed Son, the Redeemer of the world, the Em-manuel, is really present in the holy Eucharist. For this presence, this pledge of the everlasting union of the life to come, the Catholic Church has Eucharist. reared, during eighteen centuries, cathedrals, churches, chapels, from the oratory in the catacombs of St Callistus to the sublime temple of the Vatican. We believe in our Emmanuel, the God of our altars and our hearts, "our God with us." This twofold belief will explain to non Catholics as well as Catholics what laily taking place on that mountair-side at Lourdes in these processions which wind up and down amid incense and hymns and the heart-cries of the sur-

rounding thousands.
"Lourdes, August 21, 11:20 a m.— Just

the Eucharist. On the passage of the lessed Sacrament while the thousands were crying out, 'Hosanna to the Son of David,' several sick persons arose from the beds on which they were lying, and

ESCORT TO 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 Paris without any favorable result. The torchlight procession yesterday was as interminable and fairy like a scene as that of Aug. 7th. Thousands of pilgrims passed he night in adoration in the Church of the Rosary. One enjoys a spectacle of incomparable piety in the pilgrims, of devotedness in the hospitalers, both

men and women, and of resignation in the sick. SEMPE."
This Rev. Father Sempe is one of the correspondents of the Universe at Lourdes. From another of them, M. Louis Colin, I select some passages of letter bearing the same date: "Th national pilgrimage," he says, "arrived with its full complement yesterday at Lourdes. There were twenty one trains Lourdes. There were twenty one trains from all parts of France. The pilgrims 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 current of fervor. People sing, pray, beseech, and the sink cause not to be carried. and the sick cease not to be carried through and fro by the Brancardiers ('strechers bearers,' a picus sodality). There are about one thousand sick, unit-ing in one indescribable picture every form of human infirmity. The Eucharis-tic solemnities began at 4 p.m. More than two bundred priests in full sacerdotal vestments walked immediately before the golden osteosory. They are all members of societies purposing to repair the outrages done to the Divine Majesty. The procession, made up of an immense multitude, extended from the basilies to the grotto. It was a trumpbant army adoring with loud acclaim the Son of the Virgin Immaculate. As the Blessed Sacrament was borne nearer the grotto the supplications of the multitude re-doubled 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 made its way through the dense surrounding throng, for, although 6 000 pilgrims walked after the Blessed Sacrament, there was still a great multi-tude around the grotto. As the Blessed Sacrament was borne through the kneel-ing mass, cries and shouts arose from every side, cries of supplication, trium phant shouts, uttered apparently by one and all, imploring Jesus to bless the sick, to bless France also, whose resurrection they asked for with arms uplified towards heaven. No pen could describe a scene so unique. Everybody wept. When the Bless French pilgrims, the pilgrims belonging to other nationalities being also in great ed Sacrament reached the grotto iteelf, a full quarter of an hour was spent in adoring and beseeching. . . . Then a great silence fell on the multitude—a silence full of solemn and auxious expectancy. The miracle-working power had manifested itself, and then burst forth the tones of the Magnificat, and such a Magnificat as I had never heard at Lourdes. Four persons had just been cured. I am only waiting ed Sacrament reached the grotto itself. numbers ("innumerable," the telegraphic dispatch of that date says). On Satur-day, the 17th of August, the yearly NATIONAL PILGRIMAGE, so carefully organized in each city and province, started for London from every had just been cured. I am only waiting for the official report of the examining physician to give you details about these cures. Others were reported this morning." As I wrote last year

reported is investigated by a commisreported is investigated by a commission of the most eminent scientific men in France; so that only when every cure has been thoroughly sifted is it made known to the public. Now let us hear what happened on the following day, Aug. 22: 'Listinght a midulght Mass was sung the Position of the Position. It was apply in the Basilica of the Rosary. It was sung with incomparable solemnity and fervor. Afterward the pilgrim who were present joined those in the Basilica of the Immaculate Conception or around the grotto, and nocturnal singing marked every intervening hour till dawn. The sun rose in an unclouded sky, and the voice of the bells joined the voices o'clock, the new miraculous cure—a blind woman from Poitiers had recovered her eyesight. But it was at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament that these miracles occurred on every side. Waen the Sacred Heart arrived at the grotto among the crowd of sick, at the grotto among the hour one at the grotto among the crowd of sick, during an entire half hour one only heard the leud chorus of supplication 'O Lord, heal the sick! 'Lord, if thou wilt, Thou canst make me whoie, 'etc. All of a sudden, just in front of me, a few feet only from our Eucharistic Emmanuel, stood up, as if moved by a spring, a young woman as pale as death, who held up above our heads her white hands all shaking and her transfigured countenance. You might have thought her to be suspended in the air like Lazarus just rid of his burial shroud! The surrounding crowd at this sight broke into sobs; other sick persons beaind her, on each side of her, rise tremblingly and lift up their arms. A Mrs. Schmidt from Paris, by my side, says to me: 'Help me! I want to to me: 'Help me! I want to rise' Aud scarcely had I touched ther hand when she was on her feet.
Who can describe all these scenes?
... Here it is a poor paralytic, there

a consumptive, and there a poor sight-less creature, elsewhere elck persons of every kind who cling to and help each other and increase in number, and press forward toward the Sacred Host. Mean while the toward the Sacred Host. Meanwhile the Megalficat again bursts forth, taken up by 20,000 voices floating among the echoes of mountain and vale, every face among that multitude transfigured by supernatural emotion, and every cheek wet with tears of divinest joy. In the morning I sought in the hospitals for the twenty sick persons cured yesterday, but they had gone to the grotto. But there were the empty beds, sick chairs, crutches, elo-quent witnesses of what had taken place. They name among the cured four pilgrims from Chalons, two from Rheims, five from Paris, two from Montpellier, and two more from Pottlers. A Father from Assumption is also among the favored ones. As I write this, the pligrims from Alsace Lorraine have arrived—1600 of them." When the last and full accounts "Lourdes, August 21, 11:20 a m.— Just arrive I shall inform you of the result. ss it happened last year it has pleased Will you not say that here is a revolution Mary Immaculate to glorify her Son in of a more stupendous kind than that of

lift souls up to God who made the world, and still governs it by His Providence, and binds them by faith and love to His Son, the Saviour of us all?

HE VOTED "NO!"

1789, all the forces of which only tend to

THE MAN WHO HAD REDUCED CHARITY TO A SJIENCE. Boston Pilot.

New Haven, Conn , Aug. 26. Perhaps it was the manner in which the old man told his story rather than the story itself that moved his hearers so story itself that moved his hearers so deeply. The meeting had been opened with prayer, followed by the reading sloud of an admirable selection upon the virtue of humility. The several visiting committees had reported the condition and needs of the sick and helpless persons to whom the society had given aid, and the society was about to vote the allow. the society was about to vote the allow ance necessary for the coming week, whe of the members rose to of ject. He had been connected with the society sinc its formation ; and he was regarded as one of the ablest and most charitable among those present. He objected because he feared that the society was doing more harm than good. Some of these people had been receiving aid regularly for over a year. It was evident that they made no effort to belp themselves. Because surely, they could have found an opening some how or somewhere during that lor g period And he feared that while the society con-tinued to help them they would make no effort to help themselves. He believed it were wise to refuse them ald, throw them upon their own resources, and perhaps they would be stimulated into action, and become self-supporting. The other members agreed with the

The other members agreed with the speaker, and the motion to cut off supplies for the present prevailed. There was one dissenting voice, a deep-toned, firm "No," from the rear of the hall. And as all eyes turned in that direction, the owner of the voice struggled slowly to his feet. His hair and beard were white, his feet. His hair and beard were white, and his form was bent almost double. His face was but a few inches above his hands, which were crossed, palms down wards, on the head of his staff. He spoke slowly but earnestly. His voice grew husky, and at times trembled during the recital. He said: "Gentlemen: I cught to have spoken before the motion passed; to have spoken before the motion passed; but I am old and slow. With your per-mission, I will speak now. Several years ago I was an arcent reformer. I was rich, and having no employment I undertook to destroy what I considered a most pernicious system. I had made almsgiving a special study. I had reduced the practice of almegiving to a science. I was confident that I knew more about the helpless poor than any other living man. And I was convinced that the common methods by which alms were distributed did more to undermine the industrious habits of the people, did more to destroy their self-reliance and to breed poverty and helplessness than all other cans

"To enable me to demonstrate this. I induced the local society to turn over to my charge a half-dozen of its worst cases One of these was a widow with one child. Her husband died a year before, and left her penniless. She worked and partially supported herself and child. Her rent, which was eight dollars a month, had been paid regularly by the society since her husband's death. By a careful mathe-matical calculation I satisfied myself that by living closely and working a little harder this woman could pay the rent herself-could become wholly self supporting She was young, and appeared as strong and able to work as many shop girls whom I met daily. She regarded me as an agent of the society which had helped her; and, for reasons of my own, I did not undeceive her. Immediately after my third visit I sent her a letter informing her that she would not receive any more aid, adding that persons able to support themselves ought not to expect to live on the charity of others. I expected that this letter would give her pain, but I knew that she would yet thank me for having taught her self reliance. Having mede certain that she would not get aid from

successful in her case.
"I heard nothing from her for three months; when one afternoon, a few days before Christmas, an agent of the Humans Society appeared in the Police Court with a child between five and six years old. He asked the court to award him the custody of the child. I instantly recognized the little fellow. He was the son of the woman to whom I had taught self-reli-

other quarters, I discontinued my visits, confident that my experiment would be

"The sgen: said that his attention had been called to the case by a gentleman who been called to the case of a gentleman who had been assaulted while riding in the eastern section of the city. While in pursuit of the victous boys who had snow-balled his party, the gentleman had dis-covered this child seemingly alone, and

in great distress.
"The agent visited the premises soon after. The lower part of the two story house was unoccupied. On the upper floor, he found the little boy, who had evidently forgotten the cause of his recendistress, capeting about the kitchen astride of a broom. The room itself had the appearance of having recently been the scene of a drunken spree. When questioned, the child pointed to the bed room, and said his mother was as leep.

"Through the open door, the agent saw a woman lying on the bed. She was fully drassed, even to her bonnet and shoes He called to her, but received no response She was apparently in the deep eleep of intoxication—dead drunk. He had resroundings, and he asked the court to make him its guardian. I knew there must be some mistake; I knew the widow was not a drinking woman; and I hurried off to

investigate.
"I found the door to her apartments open, as the agent had left it. The kitchen certainly looked as if it had been the scene of a drupken carousal. There were some dishes on the table, left there, prob-ably, since the last meal. The tablecloth had been dragged to one side, one or two
of the dishes had fallen, and the broken pleces lay scattered about the floor. The contents of the woodbox and some small pieces of furniture were strewn about the pleces of furniture were strewn acout the stove, and resembled the ruins of a child's playhouse, which the little boy had doubtless built, and then pranced over, using the broom for a horse. The lids