The moon in heaven is shining
With soft and misty light,
While sleeps the earth reclining
Upon the breast of Night;
In golden splendors glissen
Valley and stream and hill,
As lone I sit and listen
To the song of the whippoor-will,"
O'er slumbering hill and plain:
"Whip poor-will, whip-poor-will,"
Resounds the sad refrain.

Deep shadows veil the thicket;
The cedars, tail and still,
Like sentries grimly picket
The sks, line o'er the hill;
The fire flies flash o'er the meadow,
Where spectres of white mist float;
From out the pines' dark shadow
Futters the plantive note:
"Whip poor-will, whip poor-will,"
Like the cry of a soul in pain;
"Whip poor-will, whip poor-will"
Echoes the sad refrain.

The moon sinks low in heaven,
The song new meaning takes;
To errors unforgiven,
Life's failures and mistakes,
Youth's high resolves forsakes,
Proud hopes, forgotten long,
Stern conscience doth awaken,
And makes her own the song:
"Walp-poor will, whip-poor-will,
For all that life gave to thee;
Whip-poor will, whip-poor will,
What hast thou brought to me?"

—Eugene Barry in Catholic World -Eugene Barry in Catholic World.

KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM. CHAPTER L'X.

ANOTHER EVENTFUL DAY. —4 MAGNIFICENT TIPPERARY."

Another eventful day for Knocknogow. But there are no smiling faces, and no clapping of hands—except in grisf—this time. The sheriff is out. Darby Ruadh is at the head of the balliffs, crying down tears as he hands out articles of furniture to his assistants talling them to "take 'em to his assistants, telling them to "take 'em 'asy" and not break them; and actually obliged to turn away his head and have recourse to a dirty cotton pocket hand-kerchief, which he carries in his hat, when to a cradle with an infant in it. he comes to a cradle with an infant in it, or a sick woman too weak to rise from her bed. Honest Darby's grief is only second to that of his master, who declares over and over that it is "a very painful duty. A very painful duty. But what can I do? What, what can I do?" old Isaac asks. Ard many of the poor withing heliase. Ard many of the poor victims believe him. Mat Donoven was almost the only person who uttered an angry word. Mat person who uttered an angry word. Mat Donovan's grandfather, as we have seen, pitched his tent on a heap of stones and pool of water cut off by the road from two adjoining estates belonging to different landlords. And here now is Mat Donovan's house, and the little garden with its clipped hedge, a warning to Irish landlords to look sharp to heaps of stones and pools of water, lest by any chance Irish peasants should convert them into houses and gardens and then have the hardlhood to call them their own.

But Mat Donovan's little field which

ardihood to call them their own.
But Mat Donovan's little field, which But Mat Donovan's little field, which supplied him with potatoes and oats, and for which he paid a high rent, was not a "freehold," and the sheriff has just handed Mr. Isaac Pender a twig from the fence and a hit of stubble from the ground; and old Isaac declares how sorry he is to be obliged to deprive Mat Donovant (1) the state of the stat ground; and old issue decisive now sorry he is to be obliged to deprive Max Dono-van of his "little garden." At which Max loces all patience, and denounces the agent as a robber and a hypocrite, and gives it as his opinion that 'twas all old Isaac's own doing, and not the landlord's. An unlucky speech for Mat Donovan, as

And now they come to Tom Hogan's.

And now they come to Tom Hogan's.

A large force of poller range themselves in front of the house. The door is open, and Darby Ruadh enters, looking flurried and excited, as if he expected to be knocked down a any moment. He has never for gotten the lesson he received from Beesy Morris's father, and has ever since been very gentle in his way of doing business, very gentle in his way of doing business, particularly where women and children are concerned. Nancy Hogan is looking very pale, but so beautiful that for a moment Datby forgets everything else in his admiration of her. Her mother is sitting upon a steel, quite calm. The house having spent the whole night sitting in the second concerner, on the heavel, where ting upon a stool, quite calm. The house is soon cleared, and mother and daughter walk out quietly. Darby is obliged to he used to sit and play "Auld Lang Sync

The sheriff and sub inspector exchange looks and shake their heads. Poor Tom Hogan has that imbedile smile upon his face which is sometimes seen on the face of a helpless drunkard.

"Good luck to you, Darby," he says, "an' let me in; I must finish that job today, as I'll begin the ploughin' to mor-row. There's nothin' like early plough-in'."

Some of those around looked surprised; but Darby Ruadh and Wat Corcoran understood the state of the case very well.
They have had repeated negociations with
Tom Hogan to induce him to give up possession, but he laughed at them as if it
were a joke, and never lost an hour in the were a jore, and never loss an nour in the improvement of that little farm in which his "heart was stuck."

"Never lose a day, Darby, whatever work you have on hand. That's what

work you have on hand. That's what stood to me always."

Poor Nancy could hold out no longer.

She flung her arms round his neck, and kissed his worn, hollow cheeks over and

Over. "Oh father! dear father!" she cried,

"Oh father! dear father!" she cried, "have courage."
"Coursgs!" he repeated, staring vacantly around him, "who could ever say that I hidn't coursge? Hadn't I courage to build them houses? Fath, Nancy, I always had the courage at any rate."
"O father!" she exclaimed, "don't you see what's after happening? Let us go say Mass the day of the funeral. And

"What's afther happenin'?" he asked, with another vacant stare on the crowd around him. "Where's Jemmy? he exclaimed suddenly, as his eyes caught sight of the fixed bayonets and red uniforms behind him. "Where is Jemmy? Jemmy is the boy that wouldn't let any wan lay a hand on me."

And where is Jemmy?

He clutches his musket at the command

And where is Jemmy?

He clutches his musket at the command to "charge!" and his shout—clear and thrilling as when the ball was struck to the goal and Kuocknagow had won—mingles with the wild hurrah that rises even above the cannon's roar. The general, surrounded by his staff, watches anxiously for what is to follow. The result of the battle hangs upon that charge. For a moment the bayonets fisch in the hot sun, as they rush through the storm of iron hall that rush through the storm of iron hall that tears through their ranks; and then friend and foe are lost in a thick, white cloud, and the thunder is husbed. And, as the white cloud rolls away, the general's eyes flash fire, as, raising himself in bis stirrups, and flinging his arm wildly above his head, he should be supported from the stirrups.

and flinging his arm wildly above his head, he shouts—"Magnificent Tipperary!"

The day is won! England is victorious!
There is hot Tipperary blood gushing out upon the thirsty plain; and where the fight was deadliest Jemmy Hogan lies mangled and bleeding. But there is one company of his regiment which has not shared in the glories of that famous victory. It is drawn up with fixed bayonets before his father's door at old Knocknagow; while the house in which Jemmy Hegan was born is being levelled with the ground!

Magnificent Tipperary!

ground!

Magnificent Tipperary!

Tom Hogan looks wildly around him now. He is startled by a loud crashing sound that seemed to come from the yard. It was the first crush of the crow-bar through the wall of the dear old home. And it went right through Tom Hogan's heart, and broke it!

Tom Care, the carpenter caught the

Tom Cary, the carpenter, caught the poor old man in his arms as he fell sense-less to the ground.

"Let us brirg him up to my house, Tom," said Mat Donovan, "till he comes to himse'f."

"Wouldn't it be betther," returned Tom Cary, "to bring him down, as they're all goin' to stop wud me for a start, an' have him settled in the bed beore he sees any more uv what's goin'

on?"
"You're right, Tom," said Mat; "that's
the best way."
They lifted poor Tom Hogan upon

They lifted poor Tom Hogan upon their shoulders, and bore him away, followed by his wife and daughter weeping bitterly, but silently.

Half of Knocknagow is swept from the face of the earth. There is one more house, a little higher up the hill to be pulled down, and then the day's work will be completed. "Tis easily done. The walls are of clay, and the roof of sedge from the bog; and nothing to be thrown out but an old wooden bedstead with a slanting roof like a house, a table and out but an old wooden bedstead with a slanting roof like a house, a table and block of bogwood, a pot and an old gallon, two white plates and a yellow jug. The mule's crib and the antediluvian eik's horns are fixtures, and he must seek for them among the ruins to-morrow if he wants them.

wants them.

But he does not want them. He is not thinking of them, or of anything else be-louging to him; or of himself. He is out in the bog "cutting a sod." He has found a smooth, soft patch of green among the heath, and carefully marking out what he required—having measured the length and breadth with his feet—he the length and breadth with his feet—he commences cutting it with his spade; rolling it up like a thick carpet as he goes on. Heeling his car close to it, he gets in the roll of greensward with some difficulty, using his spade as a lever. And then, after looking at the brown, spongy turf, which he has stripped of its emerald covering, he lies down at full length upon it, with his face upon his arms, and wishes with all his heart that a sod might grow over him. For the long-dreaded calamity

walk out quietly. Darby is coniged to have recourse to the cotten pocket hand-kerchief, he is so much affected. He thought he would have been obliged to use violence, and is quite moved to find Nelly Douovan kneels behind her, thought he would have been obliged to use violence, and is quite moved to find Mrs. Hogan so reasonable and considerate. And now Tom Hogan himself walks into the yard, and won't see the police drawn up along the barn—that barn that is as good as Attorney's Hanly's and better than Maurice Kearney's—nor the party of soldlers on the road. Nancy covers her golden hair with her cloak and shades her face from their gizs.

"God save you, Darby," Tom Hogan says quietly, as he walks towards the door.

Darby places his hand against Tom Hogan's breast, and keeps him back.

"I was fencin' that gap Attorney Hanly's cows broke through," Tom Hogan observes, "an' I'm goin' to my dluner."

Darby Ruadh pushes him out upon the road. The sheriff and sub-inspector ex-

candle;" and as she has left the door open
Phil Lahy is seen kneeling outside. His
wife beckons to him—poor Norah's ilps
have again moved—and he stands up and
timidly approaches the bed, as if he feared to be reproached for all the sorrow he had caused her. But he is welcomed with a fond, fond look. And dropping upon his knees, Phil Laby forms the resolution to make a promise that shall never be broken or evaded; a promise that she never asked him to make, because (he used to say) she knew his constitution required "a little nourishment;" but he knows now that I

was because she feared he would not have the strength to keep it.

Mary places the lighted candle in the dying girl's hand, keeping the wasted fingers closed upon it.

"I b'lieve she is gone," said Honor, in a low tone, and with a look of the most intense anguish. "O Norah, Norah, are you gone from me at last?" But the eyellds quivered, and again the lips trembled for a moment and them said. yelids quivered, and again the lips trembled for a moment, and then settled into a smile of heavenly sweetness. The smile brightened over the whole face, as if a sunbeam had fallen face, as if a sunbeam had fallen upon it. At the moment the old linnet

Then the people knelt down, and offered

up the customary short prayer; and the churchyard was deserted except by four

churchyard was deserted except by four mourners.

"Billy," said Phil Laby, "she got you to take the pledge?"

"She did," he replied; "God knows what might become uv me on'y for her."

"Well, she never axed me to do that; because she couldn't find id in her heart to be hard on me, Billy. But I'll promise her now." He kuelt down at the foot of the grave and took cff his hat. His wife thought to interrupt him, but he

But, perhaps, nothing spoken of her was most truly pathetic, or showed more clearly how much they all missed her, than a remark of Barney Brodherick's, as he sat by the turf fire that roared up the

"Ah! poor Norah!" exclaimed Barney, "An ! poor Norah!" exclaimed Barney, raising his head from his knees, upon which it had been resting for a full hour before. "Ah! poor Norah—she'll never sit in a chair again."

sit in a chair sgain."

"Now, Anne," said Hugh Kearney, encireling his sister's waist with his arm, and bending over her, half playfully, and half seriously—"is not this rather a sudden resolution you have taken, to go to the convent at once? You really ought to reflect for a long time before you take so serious a step."
"It is not a sudden notion," she replied.

"I am a long time thinking of it." "But is there any particular reason that makes you wish to go just now?"
"Nothing, I trust and believe, but a sense of duty and the love of God," she answered calmly and firmly.

"Oh, I'll say no more," he replied, feeling somewhat a westruck.

were bursting. There was a knock at the door, and he was called out.

'I came in by the stile," said Mat, " as I'd rather not meet the boys an' girls. But I couldn't bring myse'f to go wudout seein' Billy Heffernan. Nothin' d plase him but to put up some soart of a shed on his own turbary an' sleep in the bog, where, he says, he can feel himse'f independent. I'm runnin' over the short cut to him , an' will you tell Barney to have the ass an' car ready about eleven o'clock, an' we can slip away

an' we can slip away."
"Very well, Mat, I'll see that Barney is ready. I need not tell you that I am

ready. I need not tell you that I am sorry to part with you."
"Say no more, sir," returned Mat, grasping at her hand. "An' if my mother or Nelly is in want of a friend, I know you'll be a friend to 'em."

Before Hugh could reply, he crossed the little garden and disappeared behind the laurels. The emigrant girl's words, when she van in to take her leave of them. when she ran in to take her leave of them that stormy winter night—"God be wud you, Mat, 'tis many's the time we danced together at the Bush "—occurred to him; and, looking carefully around to see that he was not observed, he pressed his lips to the trunk of the old hawthorn tree. "Ah!" said he, "the graes is growin all around id already; an', I'm afeared, 'tis long till 'twill feel a light foot again. God be wud ould times; 'tis terrible to

think uv the charge.

The night was not very dark, and, as he crossed the road near where the hook-nosed steed came to grief, be encountered Mr. Beresford Pender and Darby Ruadh. "Is that Donovan? I'd like to know

"Is that Donovan? I'd like to know what brings you here at this hour of the night?" exclaimed Bereaford in his big voice; but he seized Darby Ruadh by the arm, and got behind him.

"I don't see what id is to you," returned Mat; "but, if you want to know, I'm goin' down to look for Billy Heffernan at his turbary. I b'lieve you know he hasn't a house now."

Billy Heffernan was not at the place.

Billy Heffernan was not at the place; and, after waiting for some time, leaning against the bank where poor Mick Brien had his dream, that never to-be-forgot-ten night, when Bessy Morris sat for an nour in the little old chair, and he accom-panied her home as far as the little stream where Billy Heffernan's mule always say Mass the day of the funeral. And stopped to drink, Mat retraced his steps

to be talkin' of her as he was! I never thought Bessy had the two ways in her before."

Peg Brady wished that Mat would give up thinking of Beesy Morris. She didn't like to see him "making a fool of him-self." But in the matter of the letter she to take the pledge?"

"She did," he replied; "God knows what might become uv me on'y for her."

"Well, she never axed me to do that; because she couldn't find id in her heart to be hard on me, Billy. But I'll promise her now." He knelt down at the foot of the grave and took cff his hat. His wife thought to interrupt him, but he motloned her back. "Norah, I promise you," said he; and then got up from his knees.

Billy Heffernan lingered at the stile, and looked back.

"Come, Billy," said Nelly Donovan, "you may as well come ——" She was going to say "home," but checked herself. Billy Heffernan had not home.

"Nelly," returned Billy Heffernan," I was dead fond uv her."

"Every wan was fond uv her," said Nelly Donovan, putting her arm in his and drawing him away.

There was not a roof for miles around under which her name was not mentioned, tenderly and sorrowfully. And the tesersprang into the eyes of many a poor exile far away, on coming to the words, "Norah Lahy is dead," in the letter from home. But, perhaps, nothing spoken of her was most truly pathetic. or showed more in his and drew himself up to his full height, and stepped out, as if his heart were as most truly pathetic. or showed more in his and drew himself up to his full height, and stepped out, as if his heart were as most truly pathetic. or showed more in the self." But in the matter of the letter sho feared she had gone too fax. And, in act, if it were not for hat letter Mat Donovan would in all probability never have been able to make up his mind to go to America. It was a short note to the dragoon, telling him she would meet him at the hour and place appointed, and couched in rather friendly terms. But the dragoon, telling him she would meet him at the hour and place appointed, and couched in rather friendly terms. But the dragoon, telling him she would meet him at the hour and place appointed, and couched in rather friendly terms. But the dragoon, telling him she would meet him at the hour and place appointed, and couched in rather friendly terms

and drew himself up to his full height, and stepped out, as if his heart were as ight as a feather.

CHAPTER LX.

BURGLARY AND ROBBERY. - MAT DONOVAN A PRISONER —BARNEY DISAPPEARS — MR. SOMERFIELD AND ATTORNEY HANLY APPLY FOR LEASES, AND OLD ISAAC DREADS THE CONSEQUENCES.

Mr. Sam Somerfield, J. P., with two policemen on his car, drove furiously up to Wellington Lodge. Other magistrates arrived soon after, and in the course of an arrived soon after, and in the course of an hour or so quite a little army of police were on the spot. Mr. Beresford Pender described, in a tremendous voice, the particulars of a most daring outrage which had occurred the night before. Welling ton Lodge had been entered by a band of armed men. Two of them tied Mr. Isaac Pender with ropes, and carried away all the money he had in the house. The robbers were so disguised, the old gentle man could not recognize them, but he had his suspicions, particularly of the tail man, who held a pistol to his head while another was breaking open the desk in which he kept his money. And most unfortunately he had a considerable sum "Oh, I'll say no more," he replied, which he kept his money. And most undon't know how much we all shall miss you, and particularly Mary."

Jacob I were well, Hugh," she other tenants of Sir Garrett Butler. The exclaimed, the tears streaming down her cheeks; and, as she flung her arms round his neck, he felt her heart swell as if it cover of a letter directed to Mr. Pender was found on the brink of a deep, square Mat Donovan was standing at the little | immediately that he had met Mat Dono van near that place at an unseasonable hour the night before. The bog-hole was drained, and the box in which the money was kept was found at the bottom, empt and with the lock broken. The man wh handed up the box, feeling something hard under his feet, thrust his hand down into the soft mould, and held up a long gun, to the great astonishment of Mr. Beresford Pender and Darby Ruadh. It was at once recognized as Maurice Kearney's, for whom a policeman was immediately dispatched. Mr. Kearney scratched his head, and in reply to quesscratched his head, and in reply to ques-tions put to him by the magistrates, said the gun usually hung in the kitchen, and was seldom taken down except to shoot crows; that his son the doctor broke the stock during the hard frost at Christmas, and that he gave the gun to Wattletoes to bring to Mat Donovan to be repaired, as he, Mat Donovan, could do it as well as a gunsmith. That's the last he saw of the

gun.
"Where is Mat Donovan?" Mr. Somerfield asked. To the surprise of all present Hugh Kearney said he believed Mat Donovan was gone to America. He had been seen late the night before in the bog. The whole affair looked very suspicious, the magistrates said. Then it was asked where was the person called Wattletoes? He had gone with Mat Donovan as far as Waterford. The magistrates exchanged looks, and retired to consult as to what should be done. The country was in a

should be done.

Very bad state.

On the evening of the following day a policemen led Bobby and his blue cart up to Maurice Kearney's hall-door. The to Maurice Kearney's hall-door. The whole family ran out greatly surprised, and under the impression that poor Barney was a prisoner and in jail. But the policeman informed them that the ass was found tied to a post on the quay of Waterford, and that Barney could not be found, or any intelligence of him learned. This was still more astonishing, and Hugh began to feel really uneasy. But his began to feel really uneasy. But his began to reel really unously. Due line mother consoled herself with the reflection that in probability Barney was in hot pur-suit of a Punch and Judy while the police

were searching for him.
"What do you think, Hugh?" Mary asked auxiously.
"I really believe there is a plot of some

"turned Billy; "so she's there yet. I'll tell her. Yo-up! Kit." And he walked on as if he wished to get rid of the exdragoon. He pulled up the collar of his ratteen riding coat to shelter himself from the rain, which a keen wind was driving straight in his face. "Begob," muttered Billy Heffernan, as he breathed upon the tips of his numbed fingers—the weather being unusually cold for the season of the year.—"begob, when they wor makin' the winther, they forgo: to put these days in id."

"God save you, Billy." He started, and opened his eyes in mute

amazement.
It was Mat Donovan, handcuffed be tween half-a dozen policemen, who as well as their prisoner were dripping wet and covered with mud after a long march. Billy left his mule to shift for himself, and ran back after them.
"Let me spake to him," said he to the

"Let me spake to him," said he to the constable, imploringly.

"What do you want to say to him?"

"Well," he replied, holding his head close to the constable's ear, as he walked by his side, "just to say a word about a girl he's fond uy."

"Halt," cried the constable, who happened to be fond of a girl himself. "Let us stand in the shelter for a miunit to draw our breath. Come now, say what who have to say at once."

But poor Billy Heffernan was so overcome when his eyes rested on the fron

come when his eyes rested on the iron handcuffs around his friend's wrists, he bandeuffs around his friend's wrists, he could say nothing at all.

"They tell me, Billy," said Mat, in a mild, sad tone, "that I'm charged wud robbery. I was taken in Liverpool."

"So we heard last night," returned

Billy.
"But, Billy, do any uv the neighbours suspect me?"
"The divil a wan," Billy answered with

animation. "I was in at ould Phil's yis therday, an' if you hear the way Bessy spoke uv you. She said she'd depind her life on you, and that you wor the sowl honour.
"Did she, Billy?" rejoined Mat Dono

Mat Donovan to himself as he lay down upon his bed in Clonmel jall. And he was certainly a happier man that night than he would have been had he not met Billy Heffernan and his mule on the road.

When brought before a magistrate, Mat Donovan was startled by the weight of circumstantial evidence against him. He declared that Barney had never brought travelled together to Waterford the night of the robbery. Hugh Kearney told how Mat had called on him about 9 o'clock that night had said he was going to the bog to see Billy Heffernan. And Nelly Donovan swore that her brother intended leaving for America the Sunday before the sheriff came out, but that he remained o attend Norah Lahy's funeral. These circumstances were in his favour, but the mysterious disappearance of Barney Brodherick, the megistrate said, was most suspicious circumstance, and he must send the case for trial at the next assizes. So poor Mat Donovan was marched back to his cold cell, the magistrate, at the suggestion of the crown prosecutor, refusing to admit him to beil. He could not conceal from himself that he stood in great danger of being transported as a robber and a housebreaker unless Barney Brodherick could be found. He knew, however, that he had a good friend in Hugh Kearney, who would leave nothing undone to get him out of the meshes of the law. And Bessy Morris had written him such a kind letter, he was almost thankful that he had come back to Ireland even as a prisoner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

When you need a good safe laxative, ask your druggist for a box of Ayer's Pills, and you will find that they give perfect eatisfaction. For indigestion, torpid liver, and sick headache there is nothing superior. Leading physicians recommend them.

recommend them.

H. A. McLaughlin, Norland, writes:
"I am sold out of Northrop & Lyman's,
''I am sold out of Northrop & Lyman's,
Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure,
It sells well, and I find in every instance
it has proven satisfactory. I have reason
to believe it the best preparation of the
kind in the market." It cures Dyspepsia,
Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver,
Constipation, and all diseases arising from
Impure Blood, Female Complaints, etc.,

Equal Rights.

Equal Rights. All have equal rights in life and liberty and the pureuit of happiness, but many are handicapped in the race by dyspepsia, biliousness, lack of energy, nervous debility, weakness, constipation, etc., by completely removing these complaints Burdock Blood Bitters confers untold benefits on all

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

how his heart was torn to see the ruined homes of Tipperay, on every side, as he dismounted from his horse under the beech-tree. And when the wall of the outcast was heard and the reash of falling of the outcast was heard and the reash of falling was gone before that sorrowful and heart of the content was heard and the reash of falling was gone before that sorrowful and provided him to drive on the beech tree. But in the day is the door; and sheep placed his hand and desired all their trouble they attended her wake; and many stood round her grave who had to lie by the cold disch-ide that right, or, with burning hearts, beand the their steps to the hated poor house.

The grave was filled up, and the clay heard over the desired that the door of the desired him the door had been to desired the state of the desired him the was delined, and the cover it but hade of the spade through the filling hearts, beand of the spade through the filling heart, beand the spade through the filling hearts, beand of the spade handle, they carry the sod, and lay it gond to see that the hadle of his spade through the filling hearts, beand of the spade handle, they carry the sod, and lay it gond to see the spade handle, they carry the sod, and lay it gond to see the spade handle, they carry the sod, and lay it gond to see the spade handle, they carry the sod, and lay it gond to see the spade handle, they carry the sod, and lay it gond to see the spade through the foll of green ward from the bog; and Billy, taking hold of the spade through the follow of the spade through the spade through the follow of the spade through the follow of the spade through the spade t

Of course, our friends, the bigots, will Of course, our friends, the bigots, will try to make out that there is an important distinction between their jurisdiction and that of the Pope, and they will attempt to divert the argument to some other point—some side issue, and will endeavor to show that the cases are not parallel. We acknowledge they are not parallel in every particular, but we beg our friends not to overlook the fact that the point which they make, and on which they ring the changes as something extremely obnoxious and dangerous, is that the control exercised by the Pope is a foreign courtol. It cised by the Pope is a foreign control. It is the fact that the Pope of Rome stretches his arm across the sea to exercise discipline his arm across the sea to exercise discipline over men in a foreign country simply because they have chosen to think and act for themselves. But did not the Protectant Episcopal bishops stretch their arms into the foreign country of Mexico, to exercise jurisdiction over Bishop Riley simply because in some things he chose to act upon his own private judgment? And does not the A. B. C. F. M. stretch its arm across the sea to China, to Japan, to India, in the exercise of necessary dis-cipline over both native preachers and native laymen? So too of the Baptists, the Methodists, and all other missionary organizations.

But there is one consideration that our friends are apt to overlook in discussing this subject which shows conclusively that this subject which shows conclusively that Catholics have much more reason for the exercise of the foreign jurisdiction of the Pope than Protestants have for the exercise of the foreign jurisdiction of their missionary board. The jurisdiction of the Pope is rendered necessary by the very organization of the Catholic Church. "Did she, Billy?" rejoined Mat Donovan—and his eyes glistened. "Remember me to all the neighbours; an' tell my mother an' Nelly not to fret. There's some mistake that I can't make out. It must be because I happened to have a few hot words wud ould Pender that they pitch on me."

"But, Mat, where did Barney go?"

"Didn't he go home?" Mat acked in surprise. "I parted wud him on the quay uv Waterford just as the steamer was startin', an' I tould him to make no delay."

"There's no account uv him, high or low." returned Billy.

"Pope is rendered necessary by the very organization of the Catholic Church. Protestant Churches are separate and distinct bodies, voluntary societies—streum-scribed by local and national boundaries. The Catholic Church is a divinely organizates, the whole world, with its central government in Rome. The Pope of Rome is the successor of St. Peter, to whom our Lord gave the power of the Keys by pre-eminence. He is the Head and Centre of Unity. He is the Supreme executive—the President of the whole Church. National churches have each their own separate organizations, but are "There's no account uv him, high or low," returned Billy.

"Begor, that's quare!" Mat exclaimed.

"I hope no harm is afther happenin' to poor Barney."

"She'd depend her life on me," said certain special prerogatives granted to him by the great Founder of the Church, but even in the exercise of the prerogative of infallibly deciding questions of faith and morals he does not act alone. He does not presume to give merely his own private opinion, but he speaks as the mouth-piece of the Church. He has his court of learned spiritual judges whom he important questions he consults the hier-archy of the Church either in General Council, or dispersed throughout the world by correspondence, and the ques-tions are decided in accordance with the analogy of faith and the great principles of law and justice. The Catholic Church is pre eminently a Church of law and it is perfectly absurd and ridiculous for intelligent men to talk of the spiritual tyranny gent men to task of the spiritual tyranny of the Pope who, to the great consternation of ignorant enthusiasts and weak-minded bigots, in the language of the Churchman, "reaches out his arm across the sea and brings down to temporal ruin and discrease a man who lives under the and disgrace a man who lives under the laws of the United States." The Pope is not going to interfere with any man un-less he renders himself amenable by the violation of the laws of the Church.

He is not going to conflict with the aws of the United States unless those laws conflict with the rights of conscience. In that case the Catholic Church will do precisely what Protestants will do under precisely what Protestants will do under similar circumstances, they will protest and refuse to obey, appealing to the "higher law" of conscience, that law so constantly and persistently insisted upon by the New England Puritans, and if asked for their authority they will do as the Puritans do, cite the case of the Apostles who, when brought before temporal rulers and commanded to do what they conscientionally could not do do what they conscientiously could not do, boldly declared that they ought to obey God rather than man. That is good Scriptural doctrine and we clain that it is as good for Catholics as it is for Protest-

The People's Mistake.

People make a sad mistake often with serious results when they neglect a con-stipated condition of the bowels. Knowing that Burdock Blood Bitters is an effectual cure at any stage of constipation, does not warrant us in neglecting to use it at the right time. Use it now.

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A MODERN EVANGELINE. HOW MARY ANNE TRAMPED IN

sider

her .

OCTOBER 11, 1890.

SEARCH OF HER LOVER. She was only an awkward, homely Irish girl, nt called her Evangeline, for in the hear't throbbing under the coarse checked kerchief there lived the same fidelity and devotion we find so touching in the beautiful Acaden maid. But in the story of my Evangeline there is little of the poetical or picture sque, only stern and bitter reality. For, to begin with, her name was Mary Anne Kelley, and she was plain, almost pathetically so, with a thin, colorless face, but out of this looked a pair of honest gray eyes, which appealed to you to be gentle with her, because of the very patience and meckness with which she was prepared to receive harshness and hardship. It was the same look you often see in the eyes of a homeless dog, to whose share have fallen only life's blows and its barest bones. She was lame, too, this poor She was only an awkward, homely Irish barest bones. She was lame, too, this poor heroine of mine, and altogether a very forlorn and pitiful looking object as she came limping slowly and painfully up my garden walk one hot August afternoon and tapped on the swinging door of the kitchen where I fretted and fumed over current jelly that would not jell.
"If ye place, mum," said a voice

timidly.
I looked around impatiently, but the intruder was too humble and forlorn for | eral me to frown at her long, so I tried to ask such pleasantly: "What do you want?" to fi "If ye plase, mum, might ye have need the

of a gyuri?"

I had desperate need of one, but the one before me was so unpromising, viewed in indet the light of a prospective servant, that I assu heeitated. However, as I have said that my need was desperate, so with a heartfelt sigh over my lost Norsh, whom the milk man had lured from my kitchen to instal her mistress over bis own the week before, I turned to Mary Anne and told her she I turned to Mary Anne and told her she might come for a day or two at least, when, if I found she sulted me and she liked the place, we would make new arrangements. She was so grateful for my grudging consent that I really felt ashamed of my ungraciousness, and only two for a remote grantlence with a congression. for a remote experience with a young woman I had taken on trust and who in return had taken my new winter wrap, I would have left the question of reference unbroached, but when I asked her for

them the girl said:
"If ut's a characther, mum, that ye
manes, I haven't wan; but if ye wull She was so wistful that I could not turn

her away; so, visibly weakening, I in-How long have you been in this coun-

try?"
"A year, mum, last All Saints' Day."
"Nearly two, then. What have you been doing all this time? Have you never been out to service before?"

"Oh, yis, mum; but niver fer long at a toime." Then, posters a toime." Then, noting, I suppose, that her statement had made a bad impression, she added, with a flush staining her thin cheek for a brief moment, "I've been a thramping of ut most of the toime. I've been a lukin' for some un', mum."

I would like to have asked her who this

some one was, but I had more urgent work than the gratifying of my idle curiosity just then for her to do, so it was not until some days later that I heard the story of of Mary Appe Kelley's "thramp." While of Mary Anne Kelley's "thramp." of Mary Anne Kelley's "taramp." While ignorant of many of the simplest household duties, she had proven herself so ready to learn, so docile and anxious to please, that after her days of trials were over I had been glad to keep her, and we were deep in a basket of peas, shelling them while we talked, when Mary Anne opened her heart to me. It was a homely opened her heart to me. It was a homely and a commonplace story enough, but the girl told it with so much unconscious pathos in her voice and face that I felt my eyes grow misty at times, and a resi re spect sprung up in my heart for the simple, trusting creature, with her earnest face bent over her work and her roughened fingers busy with the shiny pea pods.
Mary Anne Kelley and Patrick Donahue had been raised within a stone's throw of seach other in "ould Oireland," and sure he was just the handsomest, bravest lad in the whole county, and Mary Ann had given her heart to him while yet they played together about their cabine; but the girls had run after Patrick so that he

was fairly bewildered with it, and he had was fairly bewildered with it, and he had been too busy with others to discover the faithful heart beating so near him. But one day it happened that in crossing the river, swollen by the winter's rains, with the 'equire's cart, Patrick had been swept away by the raying water, and, becoming the 'squire's cart, Patrick had been swept away by the raging water, and, becoming entangled in the reins, would have drowned had not Mary Anne, who saw it from the bank, thrown him the end of her long peasant's cloak and drawn him in. In order to reach him, though, she had been obliged to wade out into the stream some distance, and the horse attenualized to we distance, and the horse, struggling to regain his focting, had broken her ankle by a kick of his leg.

After that Patrick had come daily to ask

After that l'atrick nad come daily to sak of her how was her health, and to say over and over again his thanks to her till he grow to love her back again, and Mary Anne had welcomed the lameness which had won her the man she loved. Then had come a few days of paradise till her lover, listening to the stories of an American, who, sight seeing in the country, had can, who, sight seeing in the country, had engaged Patrick as guide, had grown discontented with his lot in life, and was keen to be off to America, where a for tune was to be had for the asking. And at last he had bidded adieu to his native land and left poor Mary with a kies and a promise to send for her when he should have asked for his fortune and gotten it.

She had heard from him but once since

She had heard from him but once tince the morning he had left her standing at the stile, which had been their trysting place, straining her eyes after him, and in that letter he had told her that the for tune had seemed as far off in America as in Ireland, but, that he was on his way West, where he had been promised work west, where he had been promised work and good pay, and that as soon as he was settled he would send her money to pay her passage over. She showed me this letter, written on coarse blue paper and worn with constant unfolding and refolding, but put it back in the little pouch of many leather she were about her pack wash leather she wore about her neck without offering to let me read it. It was too sec:ed for a stranger's eyes to pursue.

too secred for a stranger a eyes to pursues.

She had waited patiently, she said continuing her story, for Patrick's promised passage money, when at last she had a stroke of luck from an unexpected quar-