THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Dance of the Daisies. Eo, my preity flower folk, you Are in a mighty flutter; All your nurse, the wind, can do, Is to scold and mutter.

2

"We intend to have a ball (That's why we are freiting), And our neighbor flowers have all Fallen to regretting.

"Many a butterfly we send Farlacross the clover. (There'll be wings enough to mend When the trouble's over).

"Many a butterfly comes home Torn with thorns and blighted. Just to say they cannot come— They whom we've invited.

"Yes, the roses and the rest Of the high-born beauties Are engaged, of course, and pressed with their stately duties.

"They're at garden parties seen; They're at court presented: They look pretifier than the Queen! (strange that's not resented).

"'Peasant flowers' they call us-we Whose high llneage you know-We, the ox eyed children (see !) Of Olympia Juno."

(Here the daistes all made eyes. And they looked most spiendi As they thought about the skies, Whence they were descended).

"In our saintly island (hush!) Never crawls a viper. Ho, there, Brown coal! that's the thrush, its will be the piper.

"In the Iris island, oh, We will stand together. Let the loyal roses go— We don't care a feather.

"Strike up, thrush, and play as though All the stars were dancing. So they are i And-here we go-Isn't this entrancing?"

Bwaying, m'st-white, to and fro, Airliy they challer, For the daisy dance, you know, For the datsy dance, your Is a pleasant matter. -Sarah M. B. Piatt, in St. Nicholas

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XLIX.

PEACE TO A STORM TOSSED SOUL. Father O'Connor, after his hurried visit Father O'coshior, and it is intribution to Trales, arrived at home, much to the satisfaction of his old housekeeper, and to the extravegant delight of stuttering Jarry. There was also another in the little house-hold to welcome him—a beautiful boy of noid to welcome him—a beautiful boy of some twelve summers; but his beauty byre the traces of recent illness, and his dark eyes had the brilliarcy which gives evidence of early decay. He had been effing on the lowest step of the little porch, so that he might be ready to spring forward at the first ellupse of the ritery forward at the first glimpse of the return ing clergyman, and with many an anxious to both the old housekeeper and question to both the old housekeeper and Jerry he had long maintaized his watch. He had been rewarded at last; the tall, He had been rewarded at had, the still clarical form appeared, turning into the boren, and the aaxious boy, forgeting that his limbs were still enfeeled by recent filmes, bounded forwarded, his obseks flushed, his eyes starking, and every feature of his exquisitely beautiful face expressing gratitude and affection.

"Barliey, my boy, how are you?" asked the priest, grasping with the ten-derness of a fatter the lad's outstretched "So much better, your reverence, that I

think I'll be strong enough for my jourmey to morrow." Father O'Connor shook his head. "No

"But Cathleen knows why you remain from her," answered the priest ; "have I not twice written to her about you-how you were hurt in Tralee by the overturning of a vehicle, how strargers kindly cared for you, and how you persevered in journeying to me only to become ill as n as you found me ? She knows these particulars, and she knows, also, that I will end you back to her as soon as you have

"You do not speak, father," gasped the penitent, when the last of that thrilling cufession was told—"is there no pardon for me?

For the first time in twenty seven years, Rick kneit that night before he went to sleep, and the next morning, for the first time in twenty-seven, years, he attended the holy sacrifice of the Miss. Three hours after, having been provided with a bountiful breakfast, and comfort-ably equipped by the thoughtful kind-ness of Father O C mnor, he, accompanied by the delighted Bartley, began his jour-ney to Cathleen. The priest turned to him, his breath scarcely more regular than the quick and fovered breathings of the wretched man bedde him: "Are you willing to make all the atonement that is in your power-will you reveal those secrets to the world, so that justice may be done?" "I will, father: I will make a public confession of all; Lask for no eartily mercy for myself-I seek nothing but the pardon of my offended God." His cobs burst forth. The priest turned to him, his breath ney to Cathleen.

CHAPTER L

A HAPPY MEETING.

Unhappy Nora! it required all her peroism to endure without repining the

"Then make your act of contrition ; speak the words from your heart, and God, whom you have so outreged, will Himself give the absolution my unworthy lips shall

forth

heroism to enduce whole transferred. Never to see Carroll again—to have him die without hearing from him one last word, without catching one farewell look! her heart swelled, and its icy He raised his hand and pronounced the words by which the fetters of that miser-able soul were unloosed, and Rick rose up a freer and happier man than he had been weight grew heavier. She sought to busy herself with her own light labor, in the hope of winning at least temporary forgetfulness of her sorrows; but the needle fell unheeded from her hand, and a freer and heppic man that it and peace had descended into his soul, and he tot-tered to the altar, there to make, by his happy teass and broken contrite prayers, such a thanksgiving as would have made she dropped unconsciously into the most melancholy reveries. Sympathetic Mrs. Murphy endeavored in her kindly Nors, could she have witnessed it, feel Nors, could she have witnessed it, feel amply paid for all her self-immolation. The priest also left the confessional. His face was deathly pale, and his in ward agit thon was somewhat visible in the un steadhess of his step. He too sought the altar, first pausing to whisper to Rick : "Come into the house when you have finished—I have something to eavy to you." The kneeding man needed ar assert way to cheer the unbappy young creature, whose mysterious grief-for she knew nothing of Nora's antecedents -won her deepest pity; but she soon learned to feel that the greatest kind. ness she could show the young lady would be to leave her to her own reflec-tions. So Nora divided the day between visits to a neighboring chapel, fruitless attempts to work, and in the evenings, The kneeling man noded an assent, and the clergyman passed on to the sanc-tuary. He heard Rick leave the chapel, choosing that time because she thought she would be less remarked, a stealthy walk to the jail. One one of these occa tury, He heard Rick leave the chapter, and then he prostrated himself before the elter. "My God! my God!" he mur mured, "why hast Thou reserved this revelation until now? but Thy will be sions she was seen by Tighe a Vohr, who had spared neither time nor labor in the search he had been requested to make thus far he had been unsuccessful, owing to his efforts having been made in place

revelation until now? but Thy will be done, and pardon those who have been the cause of much suffering." Long he knelt there, praying, and strug-gling with the horde of unhappy feelings called up by that mysterious confession. But at length he regained his wonted calm, and with a steadier gait than that with which he had walked to the altar, he left the charact to return to the house. not so respectable as Mrs. Murphy's abode. His first impulse, when he was sure of the identity of the veiled gir', left the chapel to return to the house. Rick was waiting in the little parlor ; if he had feared to meet the priest because of his recent wretched tale, the first glance of the clergyman's soft, bit ing eyes, the first touch of the friendly hand so cordially extended to him, at once restored his con-

to the "Blennerhasset Arms" to report "Father," he said, looking steadily into to Captain Dennier, between whom and the face of the priest, though his voice tremblad, "will you take the responsibility of the matter which I have confided to himself a series of communications existed regarding the efforts which both existed regarding the energy which both had been quietly making for the dis-covery of the missing girl. Nors, unsuspecting, and absorbed in her unhappy thoughts, little dreamed of ou ? will you let me tell you everything

fully, here, and will you give it forth to the world i it will come with better favor from you than from me." Father O'Connor did not reply for a the surprise which was on the next day to great her. She had just returned from her stealtby walk to the jail, and was valely endeavoing to busy herself with merch then the hereafter efficient moment ; his eyes sought the floor, and housent; his eyes sought the Hor, and his lips moved as if in prayer; at last he locked up. "Yes, Rick, since you desire; and now tell the story as clearly sa you can."

He tighly closed the little parlor door took from the pocket of his soutane a small tablet and poncil, and as Rick pro-ceeded with his tale, marked down sofiel ent to enable him to repeat the account. On its conclusion Rick sat with flashed

On the contract arms. The priest arcse: "Rick," he said, and his voice had a startling clearness, "thank God from your heart for this night's work! He has already pardoned you, and He would even now give you an earthiy reward for your act of justice, late though you have performed that act. Oathleen—your Cathleen—is within your

reach !" "Great God! what do you mean ?" again ! The poor startled creature was up from his seat, his wild eyes turned appealingly on the clergyman's face, and he was gasp-

ing for breach. The priest said softly: "You shall know in a moment;" and then he left send you back to her as soon as you have know in a moment;" and then he left colliciently recovered—are you tired of me, Bartley, that you want to leave me so soon?" "Tred of you, your reverence !" the wondering lad, "all that you know

er puts it, in "his powerful sermon on I think you and Bartley can begin the journey." For the first time in twenty seven years, Rick kneit that night before he Romanism and our threatoned danger." After stating that no Church gives more incere honor to Christ, the Head of the sincere honor to Ohrist, the field of the Ohurch, in the very next sentence he con-tradicts himself by stating that "she ascribes to the Pope the power of Christ," and that "she has a goddess in heaven, the immaculate Virgin," and to impress his audience still more profoundly of the emulty he nurtured towards the Catholic Oburch he said. "Sa well incorporate for a time even the words that Father Meagher would speak; but at last the in-terchargs of finsh thoughts and sentiments began, and Carroll, anticipating the clergy-man, himself reverted to the traitor, Morty Oarter

"I attempted to tell you of his perfidy,' "I attempted to fell you of his perhéy," said the priest, "that you might be on your guard; but you would not listen !" "I remember," said Carroll, putting his hand wildly to his forehead; "I remem-ber," he repeated, his voice showing how much that painfal memory cost him, "and ob I understand it all !!"

on, I understand it all !" "Tell me, my boy,"—the priest stood up, putting his hand affectionately on Carroll's shoulder,—"what are your feel-ings for this poor wretch—can you forgive him ?" oh. I understand it all !' going quotations are not the doctrines of the Catholic Church at all, consequently

him ?" The prisoner's hand sought the crucifix within his bosom. "With this, father, bafore my eyes"—holding up the image which he drew forth—"and remembering that a greater than I was betrayed before me, I have learned to forgive him." "Thank God!" the kind old elergyman's area were molet with the account of the second

eyes were moist with the earnestness of his thanksgiving, and Nora too looked up

with humid, grateful glance. The time allotted for the visit was short, and hardly had the full tide of loving confidence begun when the turnkey was at the door signaling for the visitors to come forth. They tore themselves from the prisoner, turning sgata and again from the threshold to look fond, mournful adiens; but the door of the cell at last but the mont of the year antity was Bible. Perhaps he is, in the light of the old farmer, who supposed he was s pro-found mathematician, having read four books of Euclid one morning before shut them out, and the poor captive we lift to resume that intercourse with breakfast. Heaven which alone made him resigned to bis fate, and strong to suffer. TO BE CONTINUED.

THEY WILL MISRRPRESENT-

THAT'S THE WAY THEY'RE BUILT.

was to rush to her and give vent to his delight by an extravagant greeting; but To the Editor of the Belleville Intelligencer : DEAR SIR-The future student of Canadian history will point with surprise something prompted him to restrain himself, and he caught Shaun, lest the dog, having no reason for restraint in to the year 1889 as productive of one of the most incase anti Catbolic crussdes his case, might be less discreet. At a recorded in the history of this young and safe distance, and with a command which prosperous country-a cruzade baving its paternity in the self glorifying city of kept Snaun quietly by his side, he followed Nora; he noted the house which she entered, and then he hastened Toronto, begotten of the genteel rescal and the political hypocrite under the thin

press of Ontario thundered away at the Central Government on the Jesuit Estates question. That was a good subject to vary the monotony and the drowances of the average pulpit orator, as it smacked so favorably of the no Popery cry. The bellowing was taken up by the Evan-gelical Alliance, the Ministerial Association, and that other funny named Associa-tion, as Hon. Mr. Flint puts it, until it to Mrs. Murphy's hall door loudly sounded. It put the good lady herself in somewhat of a flatter, but it did not Hon, as Host, hr, Fint pite y order of the became a standing text by order of the Methodist Conference held istely in this city, that at least one ser mon should be preached on it dur-ing the year from overy Metho-disc pulpit, forgetting that the Cath-olics were that friends in their early affect Nora-she was so sure that it bore no reference to her. There was the no reference to her. There was the bustle of more than one person entering, the sound of more than one pair of fest upon the stair, and before ahe could even rise from her seat, Clare O'Donoghue, conducted by delighted Mrs. Murphy, who recognized her visitors as those who had twice before called to learn of Nors's hereabout hed under deuts the room olics were their friends in their early struggles for the freedom of their religion in this country ; but as the old saying has it, "eaten bread is soon forgotten," and the persecuted of those days become the persecutors of these days. It was next whereabouts, had rushed across the room, and was wildly embracing her. "Nora, darling, at last ! how could you be so cruel ? but we have found you now,

beaung of a syncg can vanishing in thin air, its groans will soon be heard no more, the Governor-General having just given the decayed carcase the last kick. During all this time the reader will obmore; and even Father Mesgher, who had followed Clare, and was now standing with outstretched hends waiting his turn to welcome and be welcomed, showed traces of emotion. Mrs. Murphy serve that the most untruthful and abusive turn to welcome and be welcomed, showed traces of emotion. Mrs. Murphy was weeping copious tears of sympathy. For Nora, her tired, sick heart could no longer resist an affection which was to all its refreshing tenderness, and she to all its refreshing tenderness, and she sobbed in Clare's arms. aid in seif defence unit Mutual explanations at lergth fol-owed, and while the visitors discovered on the other. It so, you never were more be a virtue. The staid qualities of Belleville threw a mistaken in your life, to explain mistaken in your life, to explain which would require more press matter halo of protection around it, until in-vaded by the demon of discord, imported the depth of that sacrifice which would have completed itself at the risk of an utterly broken heart, Nora had to learn valued by the demote of threads, imported by a few genteel looking men attired in sheeps clothing, well fitted for incoulating their unsurpecting victims with the virus of hatred against their field w-citizens, who besides the present generation has enough on hand without resurrecting the that her discovery was due to the faith-ful Tighe a Vchr, and not, as she had supposed to Father O'Connor. She do not agree with them upon the best and aurest road to heaven, and amongst many other questions—whether it is acceptable to God to ark the prayers of the saints had also to learn of Captain Dennier's noble kindness, and more than all, to hear that she was to accompany the party that evening to see Carroll. That inforand angels in heaven as we do the prayer of mortal man now in his corrupt nature mation was sufficient to send the blood in a mad glow to her face, and to cause her here on earth. This brings me to another to tremble so that Clare, beside whom she sat, felt the tremor; she threw her arms more warmly about Nors, and whispered : consideration. The Jesuit Order has no fear from the acts of honest and truthful men, neither has the Church, unless from the tongues "You are Carroll's sfianced, remember nothing can undo that boud-nothing ! of slander and inisrepresentation. Neither The words with which Nora would have repeated her resolution not to disturb time nor space would permit a recapitulation of the many foolish things said dur Carroll's last days died upon her lips ; she ing the present persecution, out of which I may be pardoned if I select a few uttered had not the strength to complete her celf-imposed socrifice now, and she silently yielded. But it was in vain that they by some of the most prominent a it stors. In the Toronto Globe of June 13, 1889, attempted to control her resolution of re-maining with Mrs. Murphy to await Rick's Rev. Dr. Hunter is reported to have said : Hey, Dr. Hinter's reprise to have said 'Just think of it! Jesuitism the foe of liberty. That was what they had voted to support in the recent debate. I had rather see the Province of Quebc set return-in vain they used every entresty to persuade her to return to Dhrom-macohol at least for the time of his that, as in the animal kingdom, the dam should have the whole responsibility of looking after the young. This works very well among snimals, but not among men. The human child is such a delicate, rather see the Province of Quebec set apart four hundred thousand dollars for the propagation of smallpox." Are these the words of a true disciple of the Saviour? We pause for a reply. Rev. Dr. Wild is credited with making some very wild statements, one of which is that: "If you shoot a Jesuit British law will not must he rou." When they here absence : her determination was firm with regard to the place of her present abode ; regard to the place of the place about , and then Clare, with equal firmuces, declared her intention of remaining with Nors, appealing to Mrs. Murphy for accommodation; and the latter lady gave delighted assurance of her willingness and such a complex, such a wonderful thing, that it can not be suckled like a mere animal, occasionally licked-in ability to grant the request. Mr. Deunier's influence, vigorously ex will not punish you." What think the hoodlums, who abound in the slums of senses,-and left to grow up almost of iterted as it was, was powerless to win all he craved for his friends. The governor of the prison was under too strict a charge It takes two to cultivate a child propforopto, had a Jesuit existed in the city ? erly. It takes-although many people seem to doubt this—as much care to make a child heaithy, physically and spiritually, Another rev. gentleman is reported to have said, "I would drive all the traitors to be able to throw open Carroll's cell a (meaning Papists) out of Ontarto. If they do not leave this country, so help me often as the young ex officer hoped-and this visit, and perhaps one more before the as to keep a field of potatoes in good con-dition. The farmers' journals tell us that the field and the orchard must be watched heaven, we'll make them go." Etho answers, he is undertaking a heavy con-tract. In the Globe of July 13, 1889, Rev. final parting, was all that could be antici-pated. Thus it was with the saddest emoday by day. Beetles and bugs attack every green plant; the apple fails because tions that the little party of three left Mrs. Wm. Galbraith is reported to have said : "The infallibility of the Pope was dictated, Murphy's for the jail. It needed no words from the unhappy a worm gnaws its stem, and it is only fit for the hogs; the rose itself, born so pure and sweet, has its insidious enemies, and to the Church by the Jesuits. The Jesuits prisoner to convince Nora of the unchange-ableness of his affection; the fond, de-voted, yet agonizing look that he turned had contended for the worship of the had contended for the worship of the and sweet, has its insidious enemies, and Virgin and had gaued another victory." In eeds constant care. Can children need less? When a father dies, it is not only the reported in the Globe of February is the widow and children uncur. In fact, a worm medicine; the name is Mother 1889, to cap the climax in Queen Street Methodist Church, Toronto, as the meportvoted, yet agon Ang look that he turned upon her, the thilling tought of his wasted hand, spoke more eloquently than a thou-sand utterances, and she nested by his side, happy and rested for the moment in being so uear him, and yet broken hearted at the thought of that fate which was so

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But who can supply for the bereaved children the tender and true, the peculiarly manly direction which children can get only from their father? A mother may only from their father? A mother may do her best-and she can do a great deal -for the education of her children, but her power is limited unless the father co-operates with her.

It is often remarked, as one of the anomalies of life, that the children-more particularly the boys-of good fathers and mothers sometimes "go to the bad." And this reflection often induces a gloomy view Church, he said : "As well incorporate dynamiters as incorporate this order" (Jesuit). Of course it never occurred to of life, and a tendency to let things go as they will. "What is the use of doing one's best for one's children ?" asks the gloomy (Jesuit). Of course it never occurred to that unfartunate congregation that the Rev. Doctor was barking up the wrong baerver ; "they'll be failurer, suyhow, Now the doctrines set forth in the fore-Look at the So and So's, -every thing that wealth could buy, father and mother ex. cellent, but such boys !"

the Caiholle Church at all, consequently those rev. gentlemen are unpurdonably fguorant, or cool and deliberate faisifiers— which is it? Not the former surely, as their facilities for knowing better are casy of access. Then it must be the lutter, and if so, and remains unrepented, those gen-tlemen must have a confidence in the mercy of a just God unknown in the Cath olle Church. But riches cannot buy education, though they may buy instruction. One cau pay a great astronomer to teach a child all about the great crack in that dead world, the moon; and yet no money can buy the training which will make a boy frank, ffectionate, respectful from the heart to affectionate, respectful from the neart to his parents, scruppiously honorable, and ready to escriftee this life rather than to offend God mortally. Schools may be almost perfect—and, thank God! Cathomercy of s just God unknown in the Call ollo Church. All that I have above stated applies with equal force to that old pen-and ink veterap, Hon. Billa Filat, on whose sc count, and for whose sepecial benefit I pen this lotter. From the flippant and jauntly manner in which he handles the scriptures, one would be led to believe that he was a perfect master of the whole Bible. Parhans he is, in the light of the ics have some that are thoroughly admirable-but they can not give an almost perfect education unless the parent-both parents-lay the foundation, and really build the structure by precept and ex-

ample. The neglect of children by parents is an evil pregnant with woe for religion and society. Riches are piled up by fathers who have no time except for the further The doctrine of the Catholic Church, piling up of riches. Bys are sent off to school to be out of the way, and to be made, if possible, pilers up of more riches. made, if possible, pilers up of more riches. Girla, subject to fewer dargers, and more espable of cultivation at the hands of mothers, are instructed too, but not educated—as girls should be. For is a father to be nothing in a daughter's life but the bestower of an occasional kies or bonbonniere, the signer of cheques, the giver of luxuries; or the man who says a kind word to her when he hes time, pays her expenses until she is able to pay her own; but whose work by day and whose own ; but whose work by day and newspaper by night seem more real to him than her existence ?

The Catechism of the Council of Trent What is more sweet, more consoling, than the love of father and daughter? says: "God and the saints are not to b Bat it wil not have sil its swoetness and consolation for both, if it be not cultivated. Why did Margeret Roper love the Blessed prayed to in the same manrer, for we pray to God that He Himself would give us good Thomas More so well? Not simply be-cause she was his daughter, but because he pleasing to God, that they would be our cause she was his daughter, but because he advocates and obtain from God what we are had cultivated her natural love for him, and trained her every day of his life as we train clematis or boneysuckle,

Yon and I may be good. We may work hard, that our children may go to good schools and wear clothes as fine as redeemes, that prays to them as such, or that gives God's honor to them or to any creature whatsoever. Amen ! Cursed is us, we may talk to them of our own goodevery godiess worshipper that believes the Blessed Virgin Mary to be any more than a creature, that worships her or puts his trust in her more than in God, that believes her equal to or above ness when the newspapers are duli and time is heavy on our hands ; you may even leave them much money when you die-more than they know what to do with -and, according to our American ethics, a father can not do more than this for his her Son, or that sho can in any way com-mand Him." The Cath He Caurch bas decided that the saints are to be honored and respected, that it is good and profit able to ask their prayers, but there it ends. What thinks the reader now of Rev. children ; and, baving had all these things done for them, they may be so ungrateful as to be unworthy members of society. And then our friends will talk of their parents' "goodness," Hugh Johnston's Ostholic goddess in hea-ven, or Rev. Galbraith's virgin worship 7 Gentlemen, when next you attack the

God never intended parents to be good In that way. He intended that the chief duty of fathers and mothers should be, not the providing of comforts or luxuries, but the careful tending of the precious souls sent to their guardianship. - Ave Muia. her. Her administration may not always be perfect, but that is no excuse for the

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The Blessed Virgin is the Queen of Saints and Angels, and, as the Mother of God, is exalted above every other creature, and is only below the Ineffable Trinity. Whom, then, should God more delight to honor, or more delight to have honored by us? She is the Spouze of the Holy Ghost-She is His Mother; and nothing seems more in accordance with His love and goodness, and the very de sign, the very idea, if we may use the term, of His mediatorial kingdom, as revealed in the Gospel, than that He should do her the honor of making her His chief egent in His work of love and toan Mr. Editor would care to admit ; mercy-the medium through which He dispenses His favors to mortals. evil deeds of past generations, of which we should only speak with regret, and There is joy in heaven among the not to gratity the morbid desires of evil augels of Gid, we are told, over one sinner that repenteth. The saints aud minded men. My advice to you is to read less of such works as "Fox's Book angels, filled with the spirit of God, and of Mariyrs," or as Wm. Cobbett, an English Protestant historian, puts it, Fox's lying Book of Martyrs," and read a in perfect concord with the divine pur-pose in creation, and with the Word in becoming incarnate, are full of love to all the creatures of God; and join with few good Catholic authors and Church bistory, a sore remedy for chronic anti-Him into whose glory they have entered, Pspist complaints, such as you appear to be troubled with. JAMES MEAGHER, Belleville, Aug. 22, 1889. in seeking the blessedness of those He had redeemed by His own Precious Bicod. They take an interest in the salvation of souls and the repentance of A WORD TO FATHERS. sinners, and the growth and perfection of sinners, and the growth and pericetion of the regenerated; and consequently love their mission, and perform their task with their own good will, and with joy and alactity. This love, this interest, this good will, must be greater in their

SEPTEMBER 14, 1889.

Written for CATHOLIC RECORD CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND. ALEXANDER CAMERON, ALEXANDER PAT-

ERSON, ÆNEAS CHISHOLM AND THEIR TIME. BY THE REV. ANEAS M'DONELL DAWSON

LLD, F. R S.

An execution was about to take place Mr. Scott attended the condemned man and prepared him to meet his fate. When the day of execution was near at hand it occurred to a Presbyterian minister and to the magistrates that it would be contrary to use and wont, as well as to propriety, if a Catholic priest were seen publicly on the scaffold. The priest was nowise disposed to leave the soul of his parishioner to "heretical care" in his last moments, and objected to the services of the minister on the occasion, firmly declar. ing that "he would never consent to any such iniquity." A megietrate was then, after serious consultation, deputed to after serious consultation, deputed to remonstrate with the refractory priest. The Ballie's (alderman's) odd reasoning was in the following terms : "Mr. Scott," he said, "I have never in all my life, known of a Catholic priset being on the scaffold at an execution." "For this reason," replied the undaunted Mr. Scott, "ther you never hed a Catholic to have "that you never had a Catholic to hang yet." "But, if you persist in this deter mination, it will cause much talk, give ye great offence, and not one shilling more will be subcribed by any Protestant to your new chapel." "Nae mater; I canna help that, nor the like of that; I maun dae duty ; and you'll alloo me to tell ye my duty; and you'll alloo me to tell ye that I sall dae it tac na, na, nae threats 'll frichten me, Bailie." The good priest kept his word; and it may be stated, as showing what narrowness still prevailed at Glasgow, no Protestant ever after con-

tributed a sixpence. tributed a dispence. In familiar lectures to his congregation, Mr. Scott exposed the calumnies which Protestants usually indulge in. In con nection with this practice, the following ancelote is related : A man named G lits, the electrone of St. Mary's rained church et Rotheau, was wont to play on the at Rothesay, was wont to play on the credulity of tourists. In pointing out the holy water stoup this man informed in quiring travellers that the Papist Bishop of Glesnow some over the rest and water of Glasgow came, every year, and washed his face in it. One day that Dr. Scott wa at Rothesay he accompanied some friend to see the interesting ruins. As the ciccrone talked, he listened patiently, and ctorone talked, no heterid patiently, at a giving a bint to his friends, he said to Gillis: "Aye, and dae ye ken the Papis Bishop O'Glesgas?"-Hoot aye, fine that when he comes, he winns lat me see wha he is gaun to dae, but tells me to stan oo by there till he's dune." "Aweel man, ough the bishop. "eer thisday in a uno? "Aweel man, by there till he's dune." "A weet man, quoth the bishop, "yer this day in a (nor for I'm the Faplet Eishop you've sage after seen come to wash his face, an tauld th folk aboot; here's a sixpence for ye

It happened that some members of th congregation had their shops open or di some work about them on a "accraments Saturday." On this account they wen Saturday." On this account they were summoned to the police clice. Mr. Soo undertook their defence, and disposed of the cases in a manner that was at one summary and satisfactory. When it appeared at the bar of the police court is reminded the magistrate that the "saco mantal fast" was formed by nothin mental fast" was imposed by nothin more than ecclesistical law, and that an violations of it could be punched only b Ecclesiastical pains and penalties. H therefore, called on him to it flict on such punishment. To this kind of i fliction Catholics could have no objectio

No notice of the Rev. Andrew Sco would be complete without the followin story. It is found in all the memoirs of the illustrious prelate and related on h own anthesite. the interprotes prefate and related on f own authority: A man named Wit erington, a native of the north Ireland and an Orange Protestar having lost what property he own at home, come over to Scotland, as by ill luck fell into the company thieves and depraved persons, some whom were nominal Catholics. As for hi self, he had never once been in a Catho that was chased by devils along the salt mark of Glasgow, and ran for shelter into house where on entering he found a m who he afterwards understood was priest, engaged in saying Mass. Heari the noise of Witherington's sudden ent ing the priest turned round and be him be comforted, for as soon as he h finished he would accompany him hor This he did, both of them walking toget along certain streets of Glasgow towa Witherington's lodgings. He awa Witherington's lodgings. He aw, before reaching them. He thought li of the dream at the time, but, never less, related it to his companions. So less, related it to his companions. So time after he was persuaded by two three of them to accompany them to Catholic chapel in Glasgow, which was only one at that day, and served by 1 Scott, the only priest. Witherington a his companions seated themselves aw ing the animence of the misst and ing the entrance of the pricet and beginning of the service. When sacisty door opened and Mr. Scott c out, Wilherington started, uttered an clamation, and whispered to his comp ions that he saw the man in the stra dress whom he had seen in his dream. Histened attentively to all that was and recited his own prayers with s devotion. He was so far impressed a take a resolution to amend. In a w take a resolution to amend. or two, however, his good, purpose forgotten and he returned to his urses. Some time later, he was arre betweed Ayr and Kilmarnock, and conveyed to Edinburgh to be tried. was convicted, and, according to custom of the time, condemned death. It was determined that should remain in the jail of Elinb till the day before the execution, when was to be taken back to Gla and thence, on the fatal morning, to epot where the robbery had been of mitted. His route through Glasgor the jull was the same as he had t when flying from the devils in his dr His way from the jail was the same as His way from the juil was the same at by which the priest had conducted towards his lodgings. Withering accomplice in the robbery, also u sentence, was a Catholic. The Rev. . Badenoch, one of the priests of Edinb attended him. Witherington begg

things, and deliver us from evil things ; but we beg of the saints because they are disguise of elevating the standard of polit. ical morality. For several months past, a section of the in need of.' In the writings of that eminent Catho. lie divine, Gather, the following formula is to be found : "Cursed is he who be lieves the saints in Heaven to be his with her work, when the knocker affixed

persecutors of these days. It was next taken up by the "devil's dczen" and carried to the platform, as Str John very justly puts it, where they are still pound-ing away at the vile thing, and, like the bleating of a dying calf vanishing in thin and we shall never, never let you go Her happy tears would let her say no

ties attached to those crimes, then an unnecessary appendige to the works of creation. Now a few words in private with the

Catholic Church, let it be on her doctringe,

sin of slander, and if there are no penal-

as announced by herself, not by her ene

and to please Mr. Fint we will add the word Roman, have been explained times without number, by the most eminent writers within her fold, b , like the dog returning to his vomit, it does not save her from further attacks equally as base and foundationless In my last letter I explained the doc-trine of salvation of Protestants as taught by the Oatholic Church, and I fistter my-self that it has done the hon. gentleman, and perhaps others, some good. In this I shall bliefly show what the Church teaches on the veneration of saints and

"Arrea of joint of priority is hand, and his ate pressure upon the priority is hand, and his even met those of the clergyman with an eloquent expression of gratitude, while he continued: "I place you in my heart he continued: "I place you in my heart

however, was his discipline of himself that, though tortured by distressing thoughts of the doomed Carroll and the unhappy Nors and Clare, each the fond playmate of his youth, no trace of his inward sgitation was suffered to appear-his exterior had all that calmness which is ever the sign of

a traly mortified will. The next day was the vigil of the Assumption d in the afterboon many waited in the little chapel to be a limited to shrift. Hour after hour the poor, patient priest sat, hearing the doleful story of sin and voluntary imperfection, and reproving, admonishing, exhorting, and counsel ing. He never seemed to weary ; even when the tale was but the outpouring of a mor-bid self-love, craving for the sympathy which should minister to its vanity.

The last penitent had disappeared within the confessional, and the whispered sound of volces from the curtained recess could be heard throughout the little chapel, when an ill dressed man with shamb ling gait entered, and knelt for an in-stant near the door. Then rising, he locked about him with a wild stare. There you's no one within which a which state. There was no one within sight, and, guided by that sound of whispering volces, he walked alowly to the confessional. Kneeling almost in front of the sacred tribural, he bowed his head and beat his breast, while barning tears gushed from his eyes. The penitent came forth, and Father O'Connor, observing the kneeling form, waited. It rose, walked a few steps forward, then, as if deterred by some sudden foar, paused, and knelt sgain to bow its head and beat s breast. Still the priest waited. At length, with a motion so sudden and its breast.

hurried that he seemed to be impelled by an unseen power, Rick of the Hills arose and darted within the penitent's side of the confeesional.

What was there in the tale he so gaspingly told to make the priest start and tremble-to make him lift the curtain which screened him from view, and lean forward as if he was stifting for air ?

thinks he too knows her, and he would

with Cathleen." No more was sa'd, and the boy walked confidingly by the side of his benefactor to the little dwelling, where the self sacri-sing priest found that, comparatively short as had been his absence, there had been numerous calls for him. So perfect, so which was told with a candor and earnestness which must have carried conviction to the which must have carried conviction to the most unbelleving mind. Rick could not restrain his emotion; he held his clasped hands before his face, but the tears hands before his

hands before his face, but the tests trickled through his fingers. "Perhaps, after all," he said brokenly, "It is not she -- not my Cathleen." "It is, Rick,"-- the priest's hand was upon Rick's shoulder---"I have other rea-cons than Bartley's story for knowing able one with him, I thick perhaps he will be strong enough to make the jour-

"I will, father; indeed I will !" said

the boy joyfully. "But even though I should recognize her," resumed Rick, mourafully, "she will not know me, and she may refuse to acknowledge me." "I think not," answered the priest;

Providence, who has dealt so mercifully with you, will not now imbitter your cup of happiness just as it is at your lips. Beeldes, you will carry to her a letter from me, and you can get the record of her bap ism."

Wild hope once more flooded the heart of the excited man; in his joy he dropped on his knees at the feet of Father O'Confor an instant the pricet's eyes were turned upward; then they fell with their wonted kindly look on the kneeling sup-pliant, as he answered: "When God for-gives, of what have I, the creature, to complain ?"

Rick bent over the hand he grasped and bedewed it with his tears. "Nors,' he said, when his emotion calmed suffi ciently to let him speak, "how shall I quiet her anxiety ?"

"I shall attend to that," answered Father O'Connor; "give yourself no con-cern, R'ck, save to thank God for His woude: fal goodnezs to you. To morrow

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN. There exists a wretched and utterly vile

tradition-more common, perhaps, amang people of Irish birth and descent than Queen, the ever Blessed Virgin. As she is exalted above every other creature, long others-that children should be brought up principally by their mothers; that, as in the animal kingdom, the dam only God Himself can surpass her for His creatures. We understand, then, why Mary holds

so distinguished a place in Caristian wor-ship and performs to important a mission in furtherance of the mediatorial work of her Divine Son. Her love is greaterfor she is full of grace-than that of any creature. She is more intimately con-nected with the Most Holy Trinity, and holds a relation to God which is held and can be held by no other creature. In some sense, as the Mother of the Incarnate Word, she is the medium through which is effected the deification of manthe end of the supernatural order. She cannot be separated from that end. We cannot be separated from that end. We can easily anderstand, then, why God should assign her a part assigned to no other creature. Her love is only less than His, and her heart is always in perfect valson with the Sacred Heart of her Son, and Mother and Son are strictly