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## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

CISCAN MISSIONARIES.

A Sermou in Rhyme.

If you have a friend worth loving, Love him. Yes, and let him know That you love him ere life's evening Tinge his brow with sunset glow; Why should good words ne'er be said Of a friend-till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you, Sung by any child of song, Praise it. Do not let the singer Wat descryed praises long; Why should one that thrills your heart Lack that joy it may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you By its humble, pleading tone, Join in. Do not let the speaker Bow before his God alone; Why should not your brother share The strength of "two or three" in pra-

If you see the hot tears failing From a loving brother's eyes, Share them, and by sharing; Own your kinship with the skies; Why should any one be glad, When his brother's heart is sad?

If a sliver laugh goes ripping Through the sunshine on his face, Share it. 'T is the wise man's saying, For both grief and joy a place; There's health and goodness in the mirth In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy By a friendly, helping hand, Say so. Speak out brave and truly, Ere the darkness veil the land. Should a brother workman des r Faiter for a word of cheer ?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness, enriching as you go-them, trust the Harvest-Giver: Leave them, trust the Harvest-Giy He will make each seed to grow. So, until its hap; y end, You. life shall never lack a friend.

TALBOT. THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

CHAP. XVII [Continued ]

We will leave the cottage and accompany Maurice in his search for Richard. The reader well knows already that it was in vain the lad sought for Richard near Clonmel. The woods of Coolnamuck are at least ten good Irish miles from the old town, called so sweetly in the Celtic tongue: The Vale of Honey." Towards evening, after a fruitless search,

Maurice O'Connell, weary, lonely and sad of heart, sat on the left bank of the Suir, near Two-Mile-Bridge. Many a gloomy thought crossed his young, bright mind for the first time. Ho had built up grand hopes for Ireland; he had often pictured to himself his brother Richard leading an army of green coated Celts against England's proudest hosts and throwing con-fusion and destruction amongst them; he had seen, in his golden day dreams, Ireland with a crown of glory and power, full of life and beauty, standing foremost among the nations of earth. All is changed, Ireland is trodden in the dust, and Richard is an outlaw, forced to hide in some obscure hole in the earth, like a wild beast.

God is wonderful in all his works, but he is in a special manner wonderful in his dealings with chosen souls. How deep, how mysterious are the ways of Divine Providence when it treats with those who are called to leave father and mother, and house and home to follow in the footsteps of the Crucified One. At this mo ment of darkness and depression the voice of the Holy Spirit spoke within young O'Connell's soul. It whispered words of wisdom and consolation; it thrilled him with a holy joy, and burned him with the fire of pure zeal. The light of inspiration illumined his intellect and showed him the emptiness and vanity of earthly things. The finger of God pointed out to him the rugged though glorious path of a high and

"From this day forward," thus flowed the current of his thoughts, "I will give myself entirely to the service of God. I will serve my country by endeavoring to make her children better Christians. Day and night I will raise my hands to heaven. asking blessings for my suffering country.

And who can deny that his resolution was a wise and noble one? Ab! if all the children of Erin would endeavor to be better Obvistians and would pray for the land they love, then justly great hopes for

The two men stepped in and shoved off from the shore. As the night grew brighter Maurice could plainly see both of his passengers. One was an old, and rather evil looking, man. Instead of a coat he wore a white flannel vest. This garment was tightened around his body by a belt, in which a brace of pistols with brass-covered stocks were fastened. The other was a younger man, though bronzed by the weather, and careworn. "Do you know me?" the latter said, addressing himself to Maurice, as they began to sail along the river. those transports that he had often before felt in happier hours as he watched "the parting king of day" descend to his golden tomb. As his boat glided along the water he sang a little song which Richard had composed while still a small boy. We shall here give it. Perhaps it will give pleasure to some of our readers who have passed their early days on the banks of the truly beautiful Suir : A SONG FOR THE SUIP A SONG FOR THE SUIR

Can poets dream of fairer sights Than those which line the Suir? Can fairy isles, 'neath fairy lights, Look half so fair and pure? began to sail along the river. "Yes," answered Maurice, in a confident Oh, Nature framed her rarest views Along the Vale of Gold; Here she has spread her brightest hues To paint each hill and wold. "Who am I ?"

IIJ. How fair the words of Coolna nuc's, So soothing to the mind; The valley deep, the sparkling brook. The hills that rise behind.

IV.

Maurice had not sailed more than two

swim for life." The bats flapped their wings in his ears;

the wild duck made a bustling noise along the shore, and the owls hooted in the woods. Death seemed to stare him in the

"You are Captain Slasher." "Where did you see me?" "You are Captain Shaher." "Where did you see me?" "At a meeting in the Coolnamuck ods." "I see you know me," said Slasher, for e it was. "Did you ever see me, boy ?" asked the d man. "At a meeting in the Coolnamuck woods." "I see you know me," said Slasher, for

he it wa old man. How grand the towers from Templemore To where the sea winds blow; Like sentinels they gward the shore, And watch the waters flow.

"Did yon ever see me, boy ?' asked the old man. "Never to my knowledge," sai! Mau irce, frankly. "How could he know you?" asked Slasher, who felt a scoret jy at being known even by the little boys of the town. They sailed on in silence for some time. The pale moonlight fell like wavy strings of gold upon the curling waves, and left a glowing mark wherever the banks. "Who are you?" asked Slasher, in a gentle tone. "What or Connell," said the boy, with a little feeling of pride. "What O'Connell?" said the Captsin, "a cousin of Richard, perhaps?" "I am only his brother," said Maurice, "What?" said Slasher, jumping ap and taking him by the hand and folding him to his breast, "are you the generous, noble, heroic little Maurice?" "My name is Maurice?" and left a suble of the captsin, "a cousin of Richard, perhaps?" "I am only his brother," said Maurice, "What?" said Slasher, jumping ap and taking him by the hand and folding him to his breast, "are you the generous, noble, heroic little Maurice?" "My name is Maurice?" and left a suble for the capter of the father consented, and car-taking him by the hand and folding him to his breast?" are you the generous, noble, heroic little Maurice?" "My name is wharie?" said the youth

Maurice had not sailed more than two miles down the river before one could notice a great change in the heavens. The black banner of night began to wave above river, plain and hill. Cloud upon cloud rolled along the sky. No star appeared. All was soon pitchy dark. Maurice was all alone upon the river, some eight miles from home. His was certainly an unpleas-ant lot. However, he kept up his cour-age and paddled away, firmly determined not "to give up the ship" too easily or too readily. For some time he succeeded in floating along without much danger. But the moment he came to the "Point" his cot was snatched up by the angry, rushing

to his breast, "are you the generous, noble, heroic little Maurice O'Connell? Is your name Maurice?" "My name is Maurice?" said the youth, who was much puzzled by the conduct of his passenger. "Poor child, how wet you are. Here, take this big overcoat and wrap it around you. Try and warm yourself, my breast take this big overcoat and wrap it around the big overcoat and wrap it around the big overcoat and wrap it around to big overcoat and wrap it around the big overcoat around wrap it around wrap it around the big overcoat around wrap it ar

the moment he came to the "Point" his cot was snatched up by the angry, rushing waters, and borne off with great velocity. It rose and sank and rose, and was tossed too and fro like a feather in a noisy gust. He could no longer manage it; partly be-cause the current was too swift, and partly because he could not see his way. On, and on, skimmed the cot; cool and calm sat Maurice in the stern, with his paddle raised out of the water, resolved to meet boldly the worst fate prepared for

who was much puzzled by the conduct of his passenger. "Poor child, how wet you are. Here, take this big overcoat and wrap it around you. Try and warm yourself, my brave boy." He then took the paddle from Maurice and made him sit in the middle of the cot. He binned f art in the stran. The little he had he shared with the few Indians who still lingered there. Benevolent persons had offered him an asylum, but he refused, saying that he would die at his post. At the San Antonio Mission, De Mofras found another meet boldly the worst fate prepared for him. He well understood his danger. "I shall," thought he, "strike against a rock -the cot will be shivered, and in the midst of this thick darkness I must try and

He himself sat in the stern, and used the aged friar, Father Guiterrez, living in paddle as a rudder. "Look out for the rocks!" cried Maurgreat misery. The administrator of this mission was a man who had been formerly

"Look out for the rocks!" cried Maur-ice after a little time, as they sailed in among a bed of rocks. "Do not fear," said Slasher, like another Cæsar, "I am with you. The paddle is in my hand. I've waded every spot in this river; I could tell you the number of rocks between Carrick and Clonmel." Slasher lookod upon the since mith a menial servant in the establishment : h had refused to provide Father Gutierrez with the commonest necessaries, and had put him on an allowance of food barely afficient to keep him alive. "At Soledad was still a more pitiful

Acce. He seemed as if he had already left the earth and was sailing swiftly into some horrible region beyond the tomb. Yet not a shadow of fear fell upon that noble soul. He then felt the worth of being prepared Slasher looked upon the river with omething of that love which Byron had o die, of having settled his accounts with

God and man. The boat began to move less fleetly ; it for the set. Like Byron, too, he often said, "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods." In fact, the more pathless the woods were the better they suited his became evident to the youth that he was nearing the pond-or sheet of flat water. His hopes were just beginning to brighten when all at once he came to so sudden a

standstill that he was almost thrown from is seat. For a moment he knew not his

position. He wondered why he felt no water around him. But he knew too much about boating to be long in ignor-

ance of his position. "I'm stranded!" he exclaimed. The fact was that he had run right in

pon a sand-bank in the middle of the river. "This is not at all pleasant," he mut-tered to himself as he felt the depth of the water all around his cot. When he found that he could wade there he jumped right into the water. In a few minutes he set his bark once more afloat, but un-fortunately for him he had not sailed more than five or six yards before he was again compelled to jump into the water. Sev-eral times he got his brave little bark afloat, but just as often he was stranded. Poor Maurice, wet and weary, at length sat in

woods." In fact, the more pathless the woods were the better they suited his taste and ways of living. "That Daune is a mean man," said the his every morsel of food with them, and

"That Dunne is a meau man," said the old chap, as they passed a farmer's house on the Tipperary side of the river. "How is that?" asked young O'Connell, with a tone of surprise; "I always thought that he was a good, generous man." "Not he," said the old fellow, in a tone of disgust. "What do you think he did ?" "What did he do?"

had owned thirty-six thousand cattle, seventy thousand sheep, three hundred yoke of working oxen, more horses than any other mission and had an acqueduct fifteen miles long, supplying water enough to irrigate twenty thousand acres "What did he do? I'll soon tell you. "What did he do? I'll soon tell you. One fine night myself and a few of our boys went to his garden to dig some pota-toes, because we had none of our own. Now, because we did not beg them from him, nor ask his permission to fill our bags, he treated us as meanly as man can treat his fellow-man. Just as we were about to enter his field he set a mob of policemen upon us. Was not that pice of land.

the charge of Franciscans, the only one remaining in their possession. It is now called a college for apostolic missionary about to enter his field he set a mob of policemen upon us. Was not that nice treatment in a civilized country, and in the light of the Nineteenth Century? Did he not know that all things in common belonged to man?. Did her throw that

ever."-Ave Maria.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

TOUCHING ANECDOTES OF FRAN-

ing with intelligence; add to this a har-monious, sonorous voice and a wide knowl-edge of languages, which he speaks with the correctness of a professor. As Archbishop of Perugia he was greatly loved by laity and clergy; and that he loved Perugia is attested by the number of attendants he brought with him to perpendent of the spectrum of the spec eight he breaklasts upon a cup of choco-late, and meanwhile reads dispatches. At nine he receives the Secretary of State, Cardinal Jacobini, and then such ceclesi-astical prefects and secretaries of religious bodies as are in waiting. At twelve come princes and ambassadors, and at one o'clock follow prayer and a most frugal dinner (big. able expanses are calculated

"At Soledad was still a more pitifal case. Father Sarria, who had labored there for thirty years, refused to leave the spot, even after the mission was so ruined that it was not worth an adminis-trator's while to keep it. He and the handful of Indians who remained loyal to their faith and tobin lived on these are he receives such casual visitors as are admitted, discoursing to them often of his shrubs and flowers as a refuge from more important and difficult subjects. It was in this garden that I, together with twenty-five other persons, recently awaited him.

awaited him. Preceded by three of the Guardia Nobile, chosen among the noble families of Rome, His Holiness came, his *cameriere* segreto, Monsignor Macchi by his side, a large bordered red hat upon his head, and an ample red mantle covering snow-white othes. One by one way were presented he "The Santa Barbara Mission is still in robes. One by one we were presented, he giving to each of us ample time to look at giving to each of us ample time to look at him and feel the welcome. It is well said that it is only those overwhelmed by work who are ever at leisure. "You are Irish," compelled to jump into the water. Sev-eral timeshe goth is brave little bark aftaat, but just as often he was stranded. Poor Maurice, wet and weary, at length sat in the stern and began to consider what he should do. "I am," reasoned he, "some miles from e. It is impossible to pass them safely in the dark. If I remain here some yawl in the cottake, and three dangerous weirs before me. It is impossible to pass them safely in the adde out man! why if I did not run for my iffe down the meadows, and through this safe until morning." He was just about to put this last wise praying and chanting psalms; and when a terrible epidemic of small pox broke out some years ago, he labored day and night nursing the worst victims of it, shriving them, and burying them with his own hands. He is past eighty, and has not got much longer to stay. He has outlived many things besides his own prime: the day of the sort of fatth and work to which that, in spite of political disturban Irish churches are filled with worshippers, especially during Holy Week. God be especially during Holy week. God be praised. May prayer bring peace to a troubled people." It was on my lips to say, "But Holy Father, what time have you to read newspapers?" but I did not. The time of our audience was ended. his spirit is attuned has passed by for-Those who were with me rose from their knees. Before I went he blessed me, and English statesmen and editors try to make it appear that they cannot under-stand the real cause of destitution in Ire-land. The ignorance of the English on the Irish question is only equaled by that of an old quack doctor who had been treating a child for some time, and finally discovered it to be in a dving condition never was greater grandeur united to more simplicity. To continue the routine of the day. At four o'clock again commence the offi-cial audiences. Of course, these arrange-ments vary with the seasons, I am speaktreating a child for some time, and mainy discovered it to be in a dying condition. "I never thought the poor child would die of croup," said the distressed mother. "Humph!" exclaimed the quack. "Why didn't you tell me the child had croup. ing of the autumn and early spring, and it is quite seven o'clock before his Holiness has any repose of body or of mind. Then comes the office of evening prayer. Then a supper, as frugal as the dinner. Yet, in spite of these well filled hours, the illustrious Pontiff steals time from the That's the first I heard of it." The English have been dosing Ireland for seven centuries, and it is time they found out what was the matter. Our own night to study culte books and to min-utely examine all the new works on the-ology sent to him by the different Nuncios: and this life he has led for five years with-out intermention opinion is that Ireland has been bled to uch, and has not had quite enough to out interruption.

SEPT. 14, 1883.

THE POPE. "An Occasional Correspondent," in London It is still necessary to remember that two monarchs reign in Rome, the Pope though unseen, still reigns over subjects more numerous than those of Cœsar were. His is still the old Rome with its hore at more of antiquity, its tortuous This is still the old Rome with its hoary at mosphere of antiquity, its tortuous streets, frowning walls, and dim grandeurs. As to the new Rome, with miles of square blocks of box-like houses, broad windy streets, and rare unfinished spaces, no one could associate these with Papal memor-ies; and it is of this Sovereign I would speak, not of the King. The Pope is 74, a tall, thin, ivory-com-plexioned man, with a benignant expres-ice and emiling line hearing the stamot from of the Guardia Nobile, and kneels at the sacred table with two or three of at the sacred table with two or three of his friends in the Pontifical Court. His mother and his sisters are behind. The ladies are the first to receive the conse-crated wafer, the function lasting for more than half an hour, during which the Holy Father repeats 250 times the words, "Cor-pus Domini Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam æternam." His hand

associate these with Tapin Hemold
bis sovereign I would
speak, not of the King.
The Pope is 74, a tail, thin, ivory-complexioned man, with a benignant expression and smiling lips, bearing the stamp of
indelible firmness—the expression of a man to bend, but never to break. Some one has said that he has the mask of
Voltaire, but this is nonsense. There is none of the saturnine caducity, the depressed mouth and prominent chin, or spectral smile. Leo XIII. is tall; he wears his years well; walks upright, and thus makes the most of his inches. His hair is snow-white, and naturally forms into a crown about his finely developed brow; his long face is serene, his small eyes dancing with intelligence; add to this a harmonious, sonorous voice and a wide knowl.

One of the most interesting books of the season is the life of the late Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, by the Abbe Lagrange, his Vicar. Two volumes have already appeared, and the first conloved Perugia is attested by the number of attendants he brought with him to Rome. There is no (fort about him; no straining for effect. His are the arms of diplomacy, the old Papal weapons which he wields like a veteran, while he pa-tiently and surely awaits their action. Political and pious, cautious and firm, the Papacy under him again becomes one of the great political institutions of the world. It is impossible to forget that the temporal Government of Pope Pius was disastrous, and that mounting the Papal throne in possession of all its plentitude he at his death had lost every vestige of power. [No 1] On the other hand, never was spiritual authority carried to such a pitch, and never did Catholics so obedi-ently gather round their high priest, as now. An early riser, the Pope's first hours are spent in private prayer. At eight he breakfasts upon a cup of choco-late, and meanwhile reads dispatches. At nine he receives the Secretary of State-Cardinal Jacobini, and then such ccclesi-astical prefects and secretaries of religious bodize ace in witting. At terchen events with the have taken." Shortly after the royal visit the Abbe Dupanloup then a poung priest. The he ne had taken the oath of allegiance to this same Louis Philippe, is regarded to have said: "Thank God, this is the thireenth I have taken." Shortly after The he receives the Secretary of State, Cardinal Jacobini, and then such cclesi astical prefects and secretaries of religious bodies as are in waiting. At twelve come princes and ambassadors, and at one o'clock follow prayer and a most frugal dinner, (his table expenses are calculated at two francs and a half a day). After dinner a little exercise is procured by a visit to the chapels within the Vatican, and thence to the garden, to which he is carried through the long halls of immortal sculpture in a most daintily constructed sedan chair lined with white satin. As the Pope is fond of gardening, it is here he receives such casual yisitors as are dained to the see words was extreme; he raised himself up a little, and in a very emotion at these words was extreme; he raised himself up a little, and in a very distinct voice, said: "Tell him that he has a better use for it." "Prince," continued the Abbe, "you have given this morning a great consolation to the Church (by the retractations); now I come in the name of the Church to offer you the last consola tions of the faith, the last succor of relig-ion. You have reconciled yourself with the Catholic Church you have offended; the moment has come to reconcile your-self with God by a new confession and by a sincere repentance for all the sins of

by a sincere rependance for all the sins of your life. "Then," says Mgr. Dupanloup, who has left the account of this touching scene in writing, "he made a movement towards me; I approached him, and immediately his two hands seized mine and pressing his two hands seized mine and pressing

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"Hallo, Jack," said Maurice, as an old fisherman named Carey approached him, "will you lend me your cot to go to Car-rick 1 I'll take good care of it and I'll send it up to morrow with the yawls that are to be hauled up to Clonmel." A cot is a little fishing boat used on the

Suir. "What ! is this you, Master Maurice" Why didn't you come in and see us and have something to eat? Come now and have something," said the old man, taking have something," said the old man, taking O'Connell by the hand and trying to drag

"No, thank you, Jack," said Maurice "No, thank you, Jack," said Maurice yorv politely, "I am much obliged to you, vory politely, "I am much obliged to you but I really do not need anything at pres ent. Will you let me have the cot?"

ent. Will you let me have the cot " "I fear you cannot manage it well enough, Master Maurice. Besides, sure no man ever went from Two-Mile-Bridge to Carrick in a bit of a cot.'

"Let me be the first," exclaimed Mau

rice. "Well, we'll see," said the old man, taking a key from his pocket and unlock-ing the cot. "There's a paddle," he con-tinued, "and let me see, out on that sheet of water, what you can do."

"All right, Jack." In a moment Maurice was in the cot paddling around with a skill that was hly pleasing to the fisherman. That boy is a jewel," he muttered to highly pl

himself.

"Do you trust me, Jack ?' cried the youth, with an air of triumph. "I do, I do," said the old fisherman with much feeling. "God bless and pro-tect you, noble boy. Good-bye, Master Maurice."

Maurice waved the old man adieu.

It was a calm bright evening. Not a black cloud stained the entire expanse of visible sky. The west was dyed in purple and gold. As the American woods in autumn display new and greater beauties in their different stages of decay, so the heavens above Clonmel and Slievenamon did as day drew nearer to a close. Mau-rice was not altogether dead to the beau-ties of nature that surrounded him; still it must be confessed that he felt none of

cares not, he salutes it.

ng tone.

on the bank.

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Pnrgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

resolution into execution when two fear-ful big aogs, judging from their deep, full tones, began to howl upon the shore. nation at the thought of Dunne's mean-ness. It must be confessed that Maurice could not entirely enter into this feeling of indignation. He thought it a very That was enough for Maurice. He sud-denly changed his mind. He now resolved of indignation. He thought it a very natural thing for a man to have his pro-perty guarded from thieves by those who were paid for that purpose. Of course, Maurice and the old man had imbibed different principles of ethics. The best and soundest philosophers must disagree if they differ in first principles. "How did you manage to get so far up to remain in his present unenviable position until morning. The heavy drops of water fell with a dead sound from his clothes upon the bottom of the cot; the pine trees along

the edge of the adjacent wood sighed like "How did you manage to get so far un

the edge of the adjacent wood sighed like spirits on the night wind; the river sang in tones of strange, sad, melody. Now the hill side seemed to echo back the brazen notes of the "wild hunter's" horn; the river ?" asked Slasher, who now be o ponder on O'Connell's strange situa

"I did not come from Carrick, I have now was heard the iron heel of his white harger; again the air trembled with the sailed down with the current from Two-Mile-Bridge." "What, all the way in this miserable

charger; again the air trembled with the crack of his whip, or the sound of his voice as he cried out: "Piper," "Fiddler," "Ho ho," The mysterious bells of the church-yard rang in his ears. All the fabulous stories he had ever heard of ghosts and fairies now came back to his excited im-culture of the source of the backtone the "What, all the way in this instance little cockle-shell i you are a strange boy, I wish I could have the training of such a boy. What brought you to Two-Mile-Bridge ?" "I went to look for Richard, who had to

agination. The very air he breathed seemed laden with "good people." He could almost understand the lashing of the water against the ide of his set

"I went to look for Richard, who had to go on his keeping." "Did the peelers pay you a visit to-day?" asked the old fellow. "Oh, yes," answered Maurice, "they searched the whole house, from top to bottom. Some good angel had already warned Richard to fly, so he was nowhere to be found." could almost understand the lashing of the waters against the side of his cot. His heart began to fail him when he reasoned thus: "Nobody can touch a hair of my head unless God wills it. I am sure it must be for my good." This gave him new courage and strength. After he had remained about one hour upon the sand heak he thought he saw by the kind to be found."

"I was that good angel," said Slasher

sand bank he thought he saw, by the kind aid of a few rays of moonlight that burst through a broken cloud, some white figure moving along the bank. His heart beat fast, is this a ghost, a man, or a cow? He with a deep laugh. "You know where he is, then ? I have a Changing the simile-the condition of Ireland reminds us of a poor dray horse that, has yielded to bad treatment and letter for him, I wish you would bring it to him. I started with the intention of starvation to him. I started with the intention of seeing him, but I am sure my poor par-ents and sister would be heart-broken if I did not return to-night. Give him all our love; tell him that we will pray night and day until he is safe." "Good night !" he cried, with a trembl-

"Good-night !" answered a deep voice "Is that Jack Carey ?" asked another

original health and vigor. Another as-serts that a liberal application of his lash will cause the famished steed to renew his and day until he is safe." Tears nearly blinded Maurice as he spoke. His heart was pierced with sorrow as the remembrance of home and of Rich-ard rushed upon him. During the excite-ment of the few preceding hours he had still deep voice. "No"! answered back Maurice. "Do youth like an eagle. After everybody has his say, a quiet old farmer takes a good look at the emaciated framework of what you go to Carrick ?" he continued, in a mer tone. "Yes !" "yes !" cried both voices."

nce was a horse, and then asks the ex-Functional derangement of the female asperated owner, who is loudly asserting that the brute never did seem to thrive, no system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." "Will you come in the cot ?" again asked Maurice. "Ycs, paddle in," was the response. In a few minutes Maurice landed his cot. Strength. By all druggists. matter what was done him : It removes pain and restores health and

"Did you ever try corn and kind treat-ment ?"-Texas Siftings.

At Easter, and on occasions of great festivals, Leo XIII. enters the altar of the Sistine chapel by a side door, preceded by seven of the Guardia Nobile, in their resplendent armor. Four place them-selves on one side of the altar, three on the other. Then come three priests,

the other. Then come three priests, habited in plain surplices, all prelates, and two Archbishops who are here to serve the altar. He recites the prayers in a low voice, but firm and clear. Before him, in the chapel painted by Michael Angelo, kneel the princes and patricians of Rome who have remained faithful, and a crowd of illustrious women heavily rolled. Be

who have remained faithful, and a crowd of illustrious women heavily veiled. Be-hind them are the Swiss Guard in parti-colored uniform, like court cards in action, the attendants of the Vatican in purple, the domestic servants in a gorgeous livery of red damask, and, last of all, artificers of illustrious women heavily veiled. Be-hind them are the Swiss Guard in parti-colored uniform, like court cards in action, the attendants of the Vatican in purple, the domestic servate in action of the domestic servate in action.

tions! You send them to purify us even as the heaven is pure." I see him still as he stood—the blue sky for his background, the palms and the magnolias around him. Then headded, "I have read in the papers, that, in spite of political disturbances the that of the Monsignor, to testify to him that he joined with him in seeing the approach of the supreme hour, Monsignor Dupanloup commence hour, his prayers. Towards three o'clock, seeing the approach of the supreme hour, Monsignor Dupanloup commenced the prayers for the dying, those prayers so beautiful and so touching: "Go forth, O Christian soul, in the name of the Father who created thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, who has redeemed thee in the name of the Hale Christ, Son of the Living God, who has redeemed thee, in the name of the Holy Ghost who has sanctified thee." The sick man united so visibly to these prays, that one who was present remarked: "Worsions I! Abbe see how he prays." that one who was present remarked: "Monsieur l'Abbe, see how he prays;" he died on the 18th of May, 1838, at thirty-five minutes past three in the afternoon. He was born on the 2d of February, 1754, and at his death was, consequently, eighty-four years, three months and fifteen days. ....

Mothers Don't Know .- How many children are punished for being uncouth, wilfull, and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health ! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks, the children would be all à parent could desire."

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