SOME OF THE PRIESTS

INTERESTING BISTORY OF H

GRESS FROM MICHIGAN-

LAND — FATHER MATH PISE — FATHER STONEST

CLAY AND JEFFERSON D

N. T. T, the Washingt dent of the Baltimore Cathe

the following interesting last issue of that journal

CATHOLIC CHAP

Far Away.

I'm thinking of that country where all must We call it up beyond the stars it seems so

far away
The journey, so unlike the lest, ends like a
flash of light,
We know not why it seems so far, or where
its place may be,
But somewhere, be it far or near, it means

but the stars exceed the earth by many times in size? times in size?

Has not the moon sufficient space to take away surprise?

Is not the plan of his revealed, made clear

Is not the plan of life revealed, made clear
enough to Show
That He who rais the worlds on high is He
who raise below?
Is not the opening of the grain, the yearly
opening leaf,
A mystery as great, as plain, one that proves
belief: Are not the seasons kept in place and held

Are not the reasons kept in place and held to us observe.
To give us some rewards on trust and keep our faith more pure?
Who would be told the parting hour, or made swarero pain?
They come and burt, and wound in turn, and

Who can from actual knowledge tell, or even that he beaseen the whole of earth, the near and far away?

So, looking on beyond the veil to span the Thanking the control of eave us well agair. There's something yet to make us hope although beyond our sight.

KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LVII .- CONTINUED

And the news has somehow reached And the news has somehow reached Maurice Kearney's meadow on the side of the hill; for the sweep of the crythes has suddenly ceased, and the row of mowers, with Mat Donovan at their head, have turned quickly round, like so many tallplemen at drill, and looked down towards the beech tree. And three girls who were turning the hay threw down their forks, and rea beadlong to the double ditch, and reached the control of the double ditch. and ran headlong to the doubte ditch, and standing on the top of it, waved their straw bonnets in the air. Then there was a shrill shout of laughter from the girls, a shrill shout of laughter from the girls, and a deep roar from the mowers. For Barney Brodherick was plain to be seen, on his way from Kilthubber, standing with a foot on each shaft of his blue cart, Barney Brodherick was plain to be seen, on his way from Kilthubber, standing with a foot on each shaft of his blue cart, and keeping Bobby at full gallop—there being no occasion whatever for hurry today. And on coming to the beech tree, Barney uttered that sound with his lips, which, when addressed to a donkey, signifies "stand," so loudly and so suddenly, that Bobby stopped up as if he had come in intact with a stone wall; and Barney executed an involuntary somersault out over Bobby's ears.

"Thanum own dloul. Norah!" ex-smile lighted up that "strong" face of

Barney scratched his head, quite puz zled to think what he could present her with, or do for her, as a proof of his regard. "Begob," he exclaimed at last, "if Tommy was at home I'd show him a thrish's nest an five young ones in id."
"Ab, poor Tom," said Norah—and her

"An, poor Yom," said Noran—and ner eyes gistened as she looked up at the beech tree—"I wonder where is he now, or what is he doing."

Her mother, who had just come out, with

the book Norah had been reading, glanced up through the branches, too, and then, sitting down on the bench at the foot of the tree, buried her face in her apron, and burst into tears. "Ocn! where is he now," she cried,

"an' what is he doin'? Where is his rosy cheeks, an' his curly head, an' his laughin' blue eyes? I'm afeard I used to scowld But what's breakin' my heart is the way I used to shut my fist an' hit him on the bare skull, when I'd be rightly vexed. I month he couldn't get Tommy down, from bare skull, when I'd be rightly vexed. I don't mind the wollopin's at all, Norsh; 'tis the knuckles rappin' on his curly head On, if I had him now, that's killin' me. On, if I had him now, 'tis I'd be glad to see a piece of his breeeches flyin' on the top uv every three in the parish; an' 'tis I that wouldn't scowld him, or wollup him, or put dead bells in his ears wud a clout, as I know I of en done. As', above all, Norab, I'd never knock cracks out uv his curly head wud my knuckles; for nothin' ever med him roar but that. An' where is he now? An' what is he doin'? Oh, Norah, avoor-neen, what ever made me lay a hand on him? For 'twas he was the good warrant to have an eye to the shop, or run uv a message, an' to mind his book an' his catechism. An' 'twould do any wan's heart good to hear him whistlin'. Billy Heffer an never played a tune that he couldn't whistle after him. An' I see him wad my own eyes bringin' the birds down

This recital of Tommy's accomplish ments made Norah smile through her tears, and she said cheerfully :

"Well, mother, sure we ought to be glad that he is landed safe, and that uncle Larry is so good to him."

That's thrue, alanna," returned Honor, rising from her seat, and drying her eyes with her check apron. "Tis thankful we ought to be to have such fine prospects before him. Is that the right book I'm afther bringin' you! Or maybe 'tis the wan wud the goold letters on the cover No, mother, this is the right one."

"Begob, I must hurry, an' tell M'ss Mary you're out, Norah," exclaimed Barney. "An' 'tis she'll be ready to lep

"Thank you Barney," said Norah.
"And tell her I won't be sure I'm out at all, or that the sun is shining on me, till I see her.
"Come, Bobby," shouted Barney, "don't for you."

let the grass grow ondher your feet;" and he ran on by the donkey's side, blowing an imaginary horn, and in as great a state of excitement as if he had descried a balad singer or a Punch and-Judy in the

Fut surely Billy Heffernan must have

taken leave of his senses! At least his mule must think so. For while she was jogging on quietly, with a great pile of bog-atumps heaped upon her car, her master rushed at her, and jerked the rein,

and told her to "come on out of that," just as if she had been setting back into Fisnagen's Hole, instead of jogging on at Fianagen's Hole, instead of jogging on at a steady pace by the beech tree opposite Phil Lashy's door. And Billy kept hold of the winkers and pulled Kit on till he came to his own door, never giving a second look toward the beech tree, and making believe that he had not looked towards it at all. Then taking the key from the hole under the thatch, he let himself in, and sitting on the antediluvian block by the fireless hearth, burled his face in his hands.

"Glory be to God!" he exclaimed,

antediturian block by the fireless hearth, buried his face in his hands.

"Glory be to God!" he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "I thought I'd never see her there again. My heart leaped up into my mouth when I see her sittin' in the ould place, an' her hair hangin' down over the book she was readin.' I don' know how I can make up my mind to talk to her at all. But I'll purtind to nothin', just as if I thought she was out every day. But who are those comin' down the road?" he continued, on reaching the door. "Begor, ay; 'tis Miss Mary, an' Miss Anne, an' Miss Ellie, an' Misther Hugh. Ay, faith, an' that's Father Carroll an' Misther Edmund Ktely wu'd 'em. I have no business down now, as they'll be sure to stop and talk to her. Not only were they sure to stop and

Not only were they sure to stop and talk to her, but they had come out for no other purpose. For when Barney announced that Norah was sliting under the beech-tree, and that she couldn't be sure the sun was shiring on her till Miss Mary saw her, Mary started up quite in a flurry, and would hardly wait for Anne and Ellie, who were tring on their honests as fast as who were tyling on their bonnets as fast as ever they could. They met Hugh and Edmund and Father Carroll coming from the meadow—where Edmund had jumped over a pitchfork laid on the shoulders of Tom Maher and Jim Dunn—and, as they all felt an interest in Norsh Lahy, they turned back with Mary when she told

he had come in intact with a stone wall; and Barney executed an involuntary somersault out over Bobby's ears.

"Thanum own dioul, Norah!" exclaimed Barney gathering himself up, as if his ordinary and usual mode of alighting was upon the crown of his head, "is id there you are?"

"Yes Person" she realist with a stone wall; at the title-page; and then Mary handed and looked at Norah Lahy's book, while a smile lighted up that "strong" face of his, and the soft light came into his dark eyes. Norah's name was written in the book, and under it—"From her friend, Grace Kiely."

with a while, 'tis so fine."

"Begob, I thought I'd never see you there agin, Norah," returned Barney.

"When May day, an' all the fine weather passed over, an' I never see you cut, I gev you up. Would you like pig-nuts, Norah?"

"I don't think I could eat them passed. and turned round to jump down from the chair upon which she was standing, when she saw Honor Laby's face all a glow with pleasure and affection-notwithstanding the tears in her eyer-looking up at her And before Ellie could jump down she was caught round the waist and folded in

Was caught round the wast and round in Honor Lahy's arms.

"My own darlin' child," exclaimed Honor, "that poor Tommy would lay down his life for. For 'twas of'en he said there wasn't wan uv 'em like Miss Eille."

"The poor fellow!" returned Eille when she was set free, "he was so generous and good."

ous and good. "His uncle," returned Honor, "sent

him to a great school, and he says if he has sinse he has fine prospects before

bim."
"He will have sense," rejoined Eille seriously; "for I don't think he ever did anything wrong, except pulling the tails out of the robins."

pancake on this flag I'm sittin' on. In the General Catechism, though 'the Then he tackled at him wad the 'Christian Doctrine' but 'Christian Doct 'who made the world?' to tian Doctrine, but Tommy was able for him at that too. An' thin Father M'Mahon said he was the best boy in his parish. That was the day they wor gettin' their tickets for Confirmation; an' what do you think but I went into the chapel afeard uv my life that Tommy might be cast. An' more fool I was, for he was the best though he gov a wrong answer. 'What is Matrimony?' says Father M'Mahon. Au' as bould as you plase, Jacky makes an-wer, 'A place or state of punishment where some sowls suffer for a time before can go to heaven.' Faith I thought 'twas the right answer, he spoke up so inde-pendent, till I see the schoolmaster thryin' to keep from laughin'. 'What is Matri

mony?' says Father M'Mahon agin, very slow an' soleme. 'A place or state of pun-Ishment where some sowls suffer for a time before they can go to heaven, asys Jacky agin. 'Give Jacky Ryan his ticket,' says Father Hannigan, An' whin Father M Mahon held up his hand to stop the schoolmaster that was writin' the tickets Father Hannigan said the boy was right, that he see no difference between Matrimony and Purgatory, and 'tis many a sin-sible man would agree wud him. So Jacky Ryan got his ticket. I'm afeard," added Honor with a sigh, "the same Jacky will come to no good. He put a red poker on Kit Cummins's cat's nose for comin' about his maggidy. An' whin Frisky jumped over the half door wud an ould gailon tied to his tail t'other evenin,

I said it was Jacky Ryau's work—though, indeed, I can't say I'm sure uv id."

Mrs. Laby was interrupted by Mary, who came in in search of Ellie. "My goodness, Ellie," she said, "I thought you were lost. They are all half-

Father Carroll was alone when she cams up with him, Hugh having gone to the forge to see about the pointing of some pitchforks for the haymaking, and Edmund and Anne being wholly occupied with what Mat Donovan called "going on." Father Carroll was alone when she cams

"This is a letter I got this morning from Arthur O'Connor," said Father Car-roll. "I had some conversation with his mother about him; but she is very un-

reasonable."
"Why does he not come home?" Mary asked. "Why shou'd he?" returned Father

Cerroll, looking at her in surprise.
"Is it not for this diocese he is or-"Ordzined ? He's not ordained at all,

"One of her schoolfellows saw him in

Paris. "Oh, 'tis a mistake," Father Carroll replied.

Mary called to her sister and asked her for an explanation. But Annie could only repeat what her friend had said to

"The students weer vestments and "The students were vestments and assist at some ceremonies before they are ordained," said Father Carroll, "That's how the mistake arose. His health has broken down, and though he says now he has his mind made up to be a priest, it is still doubtful, I think, whether he ever "Ill be one." will be one."

"Oh, I am so sorry," Mary exclaimed with something like a wall of pain. "But hadn't he his mind always made up to be

"Well, no," he rep!led. "He always "Well, no," he replied. "He always had doubts and scruples about his vocation. His ideas of the mission of a priest are very high, and he feared his motives were not the true one. But why do you appear so distressed? He is not the first ecclesiastical student who has changed his mind; and surely you don't think there would he appeting wound in it?"

would be anything wrong in it?"
"Ob, but don't you know what they said?" And she put her arm in his as

if asking for support.
"Yes—that it was your doing," he replied with a smile. "Well, you may set your mind at rest on that point, for he often discussed the subject with me before he ever saw you. And 'tis only since he went to Paris that he even thought it at all likely that he could ever be a priest. He says now his scruples are nearly all removed. But I fear his health must have

It was a relief to her to think that she was not, even innocently, the cause of turning anyone from what she deemed so high and holy a mission. But then came the thought that Arthur O'Connor was the thought that Arthur O'Connor was not a priest, and never might be a priest at all; and Father Carroil felt her arm trembling within his. And as he glauced at her face, which was deatbly pale, and saw the quick heaving of her bosom, he was convinced that the happiness of Mary Kearney's life—perhaps her very life—depended upon either of two contingencies—that Arthur O'Connor should become a priest, or her husband. And as her arm pressed more and more heavily upon his. pressed more and more heavily upon his, Father Carroll resolved that he would be

her friend, though he did not betray, even by a look, that he noticed her agitation. "Anne is a great flirt," said he, nodding towards that lively young lady, who was keeping up the "going on" at a tremendous rate

"Oh, she's awful," returned Mary.

"You are not bad yourself, either."
"I was obliged to try. People were setting me down as stupid. And you know 'tle as good to be out of the world as out of the fashion." She spoke quite cheerfully; but immediately fell into a reverie

again.
"But has your heart never been really touched?"

She bent her head, and a carnation She bent her head, and a carnation flush suffused her pale cheek. "Well, I think not," she answered hesitatingly. "Though Grace," she added more cheerfully, "was always insisting that I was in a sad way about the gentlemen we had here at Christmas."

"I'd rather expect it was Edward chemical chemica

"I'd rather expect it was Elmund she

would be throwing at you; and you had him at the same time, I believe."

"Ob, no; Mr. Lowe was gone before Edmund came. And, strange to say, Grace scarcely ever talked about Edmund in the contract of the co was; for, the Lord betwee us an' all harm,
'its of'en an' of'en I thought i'd find him

'its of'en an' of'en I thought i'd find him

'its of'en an' of'en I thought i'd find him

'its of'en an' of'en I thought i'd find him

'its of'en an' of'en I thought i'd find him

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'its of'en an' of'en I thought i'd find him

'its of'en an' of'en I thought i'd find him

'its of'en an' of'en I thought i'd find him was thinking of somebody

"Well, I know when I asked him to come here with me he jumped eagerly at the offer. So take care that you do not get inside Miss Delany."

"Is there anything serious in that?"
"Well, she is a great prize in every way. but I doubt whether Edmund is very anxious to win her."

'I saw her once or twice, and thought

her quite fascinating; though I ought to be very prejudiced against her."
"Why so?"
"Well," replied Mary, laughing, "she

described me as a plain country girl, very shabbly dressed." "Ob, she was only jealous. thought you had designs on Edmund."

"That's the gentleman," said Mary, after returning Mr. Bob Lloyd's salute, as he rode past them, "who proposed for Eva. Everyone was astonished when she refused such a grand offer; and no one so much as his own family. They insisted at first that all sorts of traps were set for him by us; but, strange to say, they wer quite indignant when he was rejected It was a real case of love at first sight, for he only saw her the evening she and doctor came for Grace. Grace likes him. she added, "and says that a young poet has turned Eva's head. But I am almost sure Eva will be a nun. She is too good and gentle for the rough world."

"I saw Grace last week," said Father Carroll, "and was surprised to see her so changed. She was a little woman when I saw her before; but now she is quite girlish. She blushed and seemed quite timid and confused when I reminded her of some of her savings.

"So Hugh told me," said Mary. saw her when he went with Ellie to the convent. But he says she is not so pretty convent. But he says she is not so pretty as she was. Ah, Grace is very good," Mary saded with a sigh. "She kept us all allve; and she did not forget to send the book to poor Norah Lahy, though at first she could scarcely bear to think of her. Grace is very sensitive. She feels either joy or grief intensely; but she can conquer her feelings from a sense of duty," "She will never be happy unless she has a mission." said Anne, who had watted has a mission," said Anne, who had waited

for them at the gate.

"Everyone can have that," returned
Mary. "But who is that talking to my

"It is that old Mr. Pender, the agent,"

her sister answered.

Mary looked grave. She feared that cld Isaac's visits, which were unusually frequent now, boded no good. She had questioned Hugh about them, but he evided the subject. It was plain to her, however, that some heavy trouble was weighing upon Hugh's mind; and at times she evon feared his health was giving way, he looked so weary and worn. In one sense these apprehensions did her good, for they kept her from dwelling upon her own unhappiness. But when ahe felt her heart sinking at the thought that a great calsmity was hanging over them she would remember Norah Laby, and be strong. and be strong.

CHAPTER LVIII.

FATHER CARROLL'S HOARDINGS.

"You look dreadfully cut up," said Father Carroll, as he looked into Arthur O'Connor's pallid face. "Have you reed too hard? Or is there anything on your mind?"
"Dr. Kiely asked me the same ques-

tions," Arthur replied.
"And what does he say about your health ?"

"Well, he says 'tis not gone too far but that I must take care of myself."

His face, always pale, was now fearfully emaclated, and of a wax like whiteness that contrasted painfully with his long black hair and dark grey eyes. But the fretted look—the "oldness" which Grace had remarked — was gone; and a bright happy look had taken its place. The mental struggle that had so long racked him was at an end. He was resolved to become a priest; but the doctors had instated upon his suspending his studies, and returning for some time to his native air. His mother was filled with remores when she saw him so changed, and now ran into the other extreme, and declared that he should never return to college again. But Arthur smiled—a sweeter smile, she throught, than she had seen upon his ipps for years—and said he would be all right in a few weeks. He had brought a letter from the president of the college to an eminent ecclesiastic in Dublin, by whose counsel he was to be guided. He delivered the letter, and, after a long conversation that the conversation of the conversatio tion, this eminent divine said his case Wa a peculiar one, and that he would give him his opinion by letter in a few days. The letter had not yet come, and Father Carroll awaited its arrival more im-

patiently than the student himself. "Let us have a stroll to the Priest's Walk," said Arthur, "I feel quite strong this evening."

"Are you not afraid of the opers-glass and the ladies?" Father Carroll asked.

"Ob, I don't mind it," replied Arthur miling. "I can stand any amount of smiling. "I can stand any amount or the light that lies in woman's eyes' with-

out wincing now."

They passed over the welr, through which the clear water leaped, with almost the swiftness of light; having suddenly changed its gently gliding motion into a bound, as if it feared the slanting walls of moss covered stones would close together like a gate, and har its way to the ocean. They passed through the meadow by the river-side and into the Priest's Walk. The rooks were cawing in the tall trees over their heads, and a rabbit popped now and then from their path into the cover at either side. It was a lonely, dresmy sort of place, calculated to fill the mind with romantic or rel'glous musings. And the robust, sun-ruddled priest, and the pale, s'ckly student paced up and down for moss covered stones would close together sickly student preed up and down for fully a quarter of an hour without ex-

changing a word.

"A cell," said Father Carroll. "Here is Tom Doherty."
But, to his great relief, Tom Doherty only handed a letter to Arthur, and walked

back to the welr, without speaking.
"No bad news, I hope?" said the priest,
on remarking the troubled look—the old

"It is from Dr. ____," he raplied, banding him the letter.

escape. If, at any time in your life, you felt a real desire to be a priest, independently of circumstences, it would be different. But you never did. So, in God's name, give it up, and think of something

"But what can I think of now?" "Well, the medical profession is the best for you. It is a noble profession, and will, at worst, secure you an humble com. petence. But I warn you," he added, laughing, "you will have to work hard for your bread. And, perhaps, so much the

"Indolence and pride were always my besetting sins," the student replied. "I never could work without an immediate motive."

" And surely the motive is not wanting now?

"That's true," he answered, with a weary sigh. "I owe it to my mother and Father Carroll thought of Mary Kear-

ney's pale face and trembling hand, and was on the point of asking whether it ever occurred to him that there might be even a stronger motive for exertion than that he had just mentioned; but any reference to the subject yet awhile might, he thought, be premature, and he was silent.
They continued to walk up and down

in silence, while the rooks crowded thicker and thicker in the trees, and the white tails of the rabbits twinkled more frequently among the withered grass, as the sun shothis last red rays through the wood.

There was such a rush and scamper among the rabbits a little in front of them that both looked up in surprise. Two beautiful girls wearing broad straw hats turned into the walk from a footpath turned into the walk from a notipatu through the wood, and as they bowed to Father Carroll, and then glanced at his companion, the laughing light in their "eyes of most unholy blue," changed suddenly to an expression of mingled surprise and sorrow. They had often inquired of Father Carroll for the student—when they called St. Kaylin ha took as whom they called St. Kevin, he took so much pains to avoid them in his walks wood for the sole purpose of seeing him; years after. Neither shall we, but the alteration in him filled them with

Father Carroll observed when they had nassed. "It is their pictures Sir Garrett Butler painted when they were children, as Mrs. Hayes told you.

"I remember," returned Athur, coldly.
"But I thought they might be the steward's or gamekeeper's daughters."

"Do you still hold to your old prejudice against farmer's daughters?" Father Carroll saked, laughting.

"Well, not exactly," Arthur answered.
"At least I believe there are some exceptions to the rule." A slight flush suffused his pale face as he spoke, and his friend

tions to the rule." A slight flush suffused his pale face as he spoke, and his friend was about rallying him upon it, but again checked himself.

As they repassed the weir, the trout were leaping at the files, and they loitered for a few minutes to watch them.

"What an evening this would be for Eimund Kiely," Arthur observed. "He is a genuine disciple of Isasc Walton."

"Or Hugh Kearney," returned Father Carroll. "I have been trying to induce him to spend some days with me, but it is impossible to pull him away from home. He is like his elster Mary in that respect."

"Does not she go much from home?" "Scarcely ever. I sometimes wish I had a big parish and a big hovse, and I'd insist upon her spending some time with me occasionally."

"The women that can be happy in her own home is the best woman," said

"That is quite true. But it might be Arthur. "That is quite true. But it might be carried too far. I'm inclined to think a discontented spirit may keep young people too much at home, as well as drive them too much from it. But I'm far from suspecting that to be the case with Mary Kearney. She so loves everyone and everything about her, I am sure she is really happy at home. But don't you wonder that so remarkably beautiful and appeared as a second of the carried of the control of the carried of t superior a girl is not enatched at as a prize? She would adorn any station." "How do you account for it?" Arthur

asked. "Well, men generally require some en couragement before they will run the risk of being refused; and Mary does not give the oncouragement. And she really has declined two very good offers. I think

she is likely to become a nun."
"I'm told her sister intends going into "Yes; she always intended it; though

she seems fitter for the world than Mary.
Do you think is Edmund Kiely engaged in any way? It has even occurred to me that he is actually married, but wants to

keep it private."
"No, he is not," Arthur replied. "But he has some remantic business on hands that I can't make out."

"Come—the grass is quite wet, and it

would not do for you to remain out under During the evening they discussed Arthur's pleas for the future; and before retiring to his room, he all but had his mind made up to take his friend's advice, and commence the study of medicine at

"But there is another difficulty in the way." he said. " which it is upplearant to

reflect upon."
"What is that?" Father Carroll asked. "Money," returned Arthur. "After the eacrifices my mother has made on my account, I don't know how I can encroach farther upon her narrow means; particu-larly as I have disappointed her hopes. And you know what importance she at-

taches to keeping up appearances."
"Well, I have not overlooked that," rejoined Father Carroll. "But I think we can manage." He stood up, and opening the mahogany deak with the brass handles, took a small drawer from the in side, and emptied its contents upon the table. There were a few sovereigns and balf-sovereigns, and several rolls of bank nail-sovereigns, and several rolls of bank notes, some worn and faded, and some white and crisp, appearing at first eight to represent quite a formidable sum, but being all one pound and thirty shilling notes, Father Carroll found to his disap-

table. "It is only ninety-three pounds," said he; "but it will do for a while. And before that is spent Fortune may prove more liberal of her favours."

Arthur O'Connor stored in amazement at his friend. He knew Father Carroll was a good fellow, in the best sense of the word. But so great a sacrifice as he knew this must be he was unprepared for. Arthur O'Connor was particularly sensi tive on the score of pecuniary obligations, and his whole nature revolted against the acceptance of the money. He never could bear to be in debt. Even in his boybood he could not take money the kind old priest with whom he used to spend a few weeks of his vacation in that old cottage. He was deeply moved by his friend's generosity. But he glared at the

friend's generosity. But he glared at the bundle of notes upon the table before him, almost with a feeling of loathing.

Father Carroll, guessing his thoughts—which it was easy enough to do—said, "It is your duty to take it."

"But I may never be able to repay you," returned Arthur, elmost angrily.

"You will. And your desire to get out of debt will be an additional incentive to exertion. Don't think so much about xertion. Don't think so much about tt. You must sometimes do violence by yourself if you mean to get on. I believe over sensitiveness of that sort has prevented much good from being done in world—has been the one fatal obstacle to many a useful and brilliant career."

There was a silence of some minutes; and the student, resting his elbows upon the table, clasped his slender hands over his pale forehead. his pale forehead.
"Don't think I am merely acting upon impulse," said Father Carroll; "on the contrary, if I did not do what I have

done, I might regret it all the days of my He took one of the candles and went to bed. The second was burning low in the socket when the student raised his head. He took the bundle of notes and put them nains to avoid them in his walks.
setble they had come through the

pity and sympathy.
"Those are Major French's daughters," Minard's Liniwest cures Distemper.

THE RISING OF '98.

THE LONDON DAILY NEWS SAYS IT WAS PEACEFUL AND CONSTITU-

TIONAL. Referring to the forthcoming volumes Referring to the forthcoming volumes of Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," the London Daily News in an editorial article has the following notable remarks on the United Irishmen and the insurrection of '98: The recall of Lord Fizzwilliam is the turning point in modern Irish history. Was the rebeilion of 1798 a long and deliberately-planned scheme to throw off at any risk the rule of England and the imperial Parliament? Or was it the last and the despairing effort of men who had tried their very best to succeed in a scheme of constitutional succeed in a scheme of constitutional agitation for a laudable and patriotic purpose, and who suddenly found all their efforts frustrated by the obstinacy of George III, and the servility of his or deorge 111, and the serviny of his ministers? It was at its beginning, and for a long time after, an association to obtain, by peaceful and constitutional means, the political emancipation of the Irish Catholics and the reform of the Irish Parliament. It was got up, officered and worked chiefly by Irish Protestants. It endeavored to assist Grattan and Sir John Parnell—the ancestor of the present Irish leader—in their patriotic purpose to emancipate their Catholic fellow subjects. The Insh National Parliament, "Grattan's Par-liament," as it is called, was a Parlia-ment in which no Catholic could sit, and

NO CATHOLIC COULD VOTE. Grattan and these who worked with him succeeded after a severe struggle against bigotry and corruption in obtaining a reform which allowed Irish Catholics to vote for the election of members of the Irish House of Commons. Grattan and his friends were determined to go still further. They sought to carry a measure which would admit Catholics to seats in the Irish Parliament. Lord Fitzwilliam had been sent over to Ireland as viceroy. Every one in Ireland believed that he came with a message of peace. Lord Fitzwilliam himself was entirely of that opinion. He was in full sympathy with Grattan's views and purposes. He gave himself out as one who the full emancipation of the Irish Cath-olics. He had gone too far to please the King whose obstituacy had driven the American colonists into successful rebel-lior. The same Lord Cornwalis who onists at Yorktown was soon to be the man sent to Ireland to deal with an Irish outbreak. To return, however, to Lord Fitzwilliam, it is enough to say that when the King came to know of the viceroy's favorable attitude towards Grattan and Grattan's objects, then Lord Fitzwilliam was justantly recalled. This act on the part of the sovereign and his English ministers produced utter con-sternation in Ireland. The younger and more ardent of the Irisu leaders lost all hope of any good to come of peaceful agitation under such a sovereign. The United Irishmen became a rebellious organization. The Irish rebellion broke out and was extinguished, and in the national prostration that followed the act of union was passed,

THE CONFESSIONAL.

The following words are taken from a discourse by the late Cardinal Newman: How many are the souls in distress, anxiety or loneliness where the one near to find a being to whom they can pour out their feelings unbeard by the world?

They cannot they must. They cannot they have see out their feelings unheard by the world?
Tell them out they must. They cannot tell them out to those whom they see every hour; they want to tell them and not to tell them. And they want to tell out, yet be as if they were not told; they wish to tell them to one who can at once advise and sympathize with them; they wish the statements. "It is from Dr. —," he replied, banding him the letter.

"I agree with him," said Father Carroll, after residing it.

"But I told him my scruples were all gone," said Arthur.

"No matter; as he says, you were driven by the force of circumstances to it. You were always hoping for some means of a visit to Rome. Rolling all the notes are always hoping for some means of a visit to Rome. Rolling all the notes are always depicted in the pointment that his hoardings scarcely amounted to one hundred pounds. He had not given himself a holiday since his short visit to Tramore with Arthur and Edmund Ktely and had taken to hoarding the pointment that his hoardings scarcely assives of a load in order to gain a solace; to receive the assurance that there is one who thinks of them, and one to whom in thought they can recur; to whom in thought they can recur; to whom in thought they can betaken themselves, if necessary, from time to time, while they are in the world. How many a Protestant heart would leap at the news of such a benefit, putting aside all ideas of sacrabenefit, putting aside all ideas of sacra-mental ordinance or of a grace! If there is a heavenly idea in the Catholic Church looking at it simply as an idea—surely, next after the Blessed Sacrament, confesssion is such. And such is it ever found, in fact; the very act of kneeling, the low and contrite voice, the tign of the cross hanging, so to say over the head bowed low—and the words of peace and blessing. Ob, what a soothing charm is there which the world can neither give nor take away! Oh, what a piercing, heart-subduing tranquility, provoking tears of joy, is poured almost substantially and physically apon the soul-the oil of gladness, as the apon the sou:—the off or gradness, as the Scripture calls it—when the penitent at length rises, his God reconciled to him, his sins rolled away forever. This is confession as it is in fact, as those who

bear witness to it know by experience, It is a pleasure to note that many of It is a pleasure to note that many of the traditions and customs that earned for France the distinction of being the most Catholic country of Europe are still carefully preserved. Thus the procession of the vow of Louis XIII., which com-memorates the consecration of France to the Blessed Virgin, is held every year on the Feast of the Assumption. On that day the fortists, who windows are day the forists' shop windows are pro-fusely sdorned with rare white flowers, which are purchased for distribution among those who bear the sweet name of Mary. This practice recalls another not less beautiful—that of showering white bloscoms from the dome of St. Mary Major, Rome, on the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow.

Equal Rights.

All have equal rights in life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but many are handrapped in the race by dyspepsia, biliousness lack of energy, nervous debuity, weakness, constipation, etc., by completely removing these complaints Burdock Blood Bitters conters untold benefits on all antiferess.

Timely Wisdom.

Great and tanely wisdom.

Great and tanely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. F-wher's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera norbus, diarrhosa, dysentery, colic, cramps, and ah summer complaints or looseness of the bowds.

to time the question has "Has there ever been a C lain elected by either H gress?" and as many err ments have found their w the writer has taken pain the records of Congress wi in view of ascertaining the the case. In pursuing the much was found that is of est to Catholics, many recorded which go to show t earlier history of Congress clergy took a more active tive proceedings than most posed. It may be a surpri posed. It may be a surprise know that a Catholic priselected to Congress, and se trinction through one seaso proceeding to speak of the brief sketch of this remark not be out of place. Not priest bear the distinction Congress, but the only men the strange fortune of co from a prison cell to the H sentatives; not, however, powers of a representative egate from a then far wes Rev. Gabriel Richard was Congress from the territor in 1823. Lanman's Dire Uni ed States Congress "He was a Roman Catholi man of learning. Born France, Oct. 15, 1764, Angiers and received order lic seminary at Paris in 1 America in 1798 and w professor of mathematics College, Maryland. He missionary in Illinois and

Mich., in 1799. DURING HIS PAST of St Ann's Church in De his duty, according to the I religion, to excommunicate parishioners who had been his wife. For this he was defamation of character, in a verdict being given \$1000. This money the pay, and as his parishio French settlers they could him, and he was throw While confined in the cou little hope of ever being l elected a delegate to Con from his prison cell in the gan to his sest on the floor The career in Congress o was a remarkable one. several speeches on matte his territory, which may able speaker. He was not French and English schola

versant with the Spanis Italian languages, and h Indian language of the tri In 1809 he took the first the West, and became the publisher in the North, publishing the Essay du Mithat gave mortal offence colony at Detroit. The ities at last laid hands or dragged him into After the surrender of (1812, he was released, and published the laws of the French. At this time suffering among the sett having been taken by Father Richard purchased It to the destitute people. A Catholic gentleman, r ington a few years ago, g of Father Richard as seeing him nearly fifty sketch appearing in a vol blography published by in 1869. He said : " ing my way to the Capit Washington, and when c with a friend, I was attrac A SINGULARLY ODD LOOP He was of middle size, w

and wiry frame. H the crown of his head, a goggles sat enthroned on pansive, bulging foreher nicely fitting, highly po-siver buckles, but wore was tapping a fine gold appeared to be offering a whom he had just met. my companion, I was inf Very Rev. Gabriel Rich Very Rev. Gabriel Ruct General of Detroit. The pression I had of this re-Catholic priest and an mere stripling then, but all that belonged to mereader may well iman when my companion so to this wonderful man The acquaintance ne. The acquaintance into friendship, and mu good man's conversatio my life that I served trick's. On Christm Matthew bestowed on honor of dining with Gabriel Richard, M. C.

plicity!" In 1821 Father Ric grimage to the grave quette, the great mi the North-West, and over it, on which he cu "Father Marquette 1675." If the writer State of Michigan he large monument to m place of Father Marq Historical Society li rich in manuscript le quette and later by F

of real Catholic fervor

Returning to the sional chaplains, then constantine Pise, Dinstance of Henry elected chaplain to