THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Anticipating Future Sadness.

2

The day will dawn when one of us shall earken ain to hear a voice that has grown umb; dumb; nd morns will fade, noons pale, and sha-dows darken, While sad eves watch for feet that never

One of us two must some time face exisne with memories that but sharpen pain, And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance. Like dreams of summer dawns in nights of

One of us two, with tortured heart half Shail read long-treasured letters thro' salt tears; Shall kiss with anguished lips each cher. ished token That speaks of these love-crowned, delici-ous years.

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty, All joy on earth a tale forever done; Shall know henceforth that life means only duty. duty-O God! O God! have pity on that one! ELLA WHEELES WILCOX.

JIM DALY'S REPENTANCE.

When the story was told to me, I thought it extremely sad and pathetic. I wish I could tell it as I heard it, but I wish I could tell it as I heard it, but having scant skill as a narrator, I fear I cannot. I can only set down the facts as they happened, and in my halting words they will read, I fear, badly and barely; and if in the reading will be found no trace of the tears which dropped from my eye while listening to this human tragedy, I am more sorry than I can say for my want of skill. Indeed, I would need to write of it with a pen steeped in tears. It is the story of a hard and fuile repentance—futile, in that amends could never be made to those who had been sinned against, but surely not futile, inasmuch as no hour of those who had been sinned against, our surely not futile, inasmuch as no hour of human pain is ever wasted that is laid before our Lord, rather is gathered by Him in His pitiful hands, to be given back one day as a harvest of joy.

CHAPTER I.

"Whisht, achora ! whisht ! Sure I know you user meant to hurt me or the child!' The woman, childishly young and slight, who thus spoke, was half sitting, half lying in a low rush-bottomed chair, in the poor kitchen of a small Irish farm in the poor kitchen of a small Irish farm-house. Her delicate, pretty face was marked with premature lines of pain and care, and now it was paler than usual; for across eyebrow and cheek ex-tended a livid, dark bruise, as if from the blow of a heavy fist; and over the pathe-tic, drooping mouth there was a cruel, jagged cut, evidently caused by a fall against something with a sharp project-ing point.

against states in a wattled cradle, lay a By her side, in a wattled cradle, lay a bout a year old, with its By her side, in a wattled cradie, lay a puny bady, about a year old, with its small ingers, claw-like in their leanness, clutched closely, and with such a gray shade over its pinched features that one might have thought it dying. The young husband and father was cast down at the wife's theses in an attitude beenching wife's knees, in an attitude bespeaking utter abasement, and his face was hidden in her lap; but over the nut brown hair her thin hands wently softly, with caress-ing, tender strokings; and as the great, art breaking sobs burst from him, the tears rolled one after another down her tears rolled one after another down her face, while ber low, soft voice went on tenderly: "Whisht, alanna machree! whisht! Sure it's breakin' my heart ye are! How can I bear to listen to ye sob bin' like that !"

All the weary months of unkindness and neglect were forgotten, and she only remembered that her Jim was in sore

Jim Daly that courted her, her hus-band, and her baby's father; not Jim Daly the good fellow at the public-house, always ready to take a treat or stand one,

dressing Winnie's wan face said that the blow on the torehead, by just missing the temple, had escaped being a death blow, the old woman's horror and indignation against her son knew no bounds. But the doctor had gone now, with a kindly word of cheer to the poor sinner at part-ing, and an expressed hope of pulling the baby through by careful attention and nursing. Those it was sure to have, because Jim Daly's mother was the best nurse in all fair Tipperary, and, de-spite the rough side of her tongue on occasions, the gentlest and most kind-hearted of women. Hunband and wife were alone now, and the room was quite silent, except

Husband and wife were alone now, and the room was quite silent, except for the man's occasional sobs, and the low, comforting voice of Winnie. Presently the door opened softly and a priest entered—a hale, ruddy face man of fity or so, spurred and gaitered as if for riding—who, approaching the couple, with a keen look of concern and pain in his eyes, laid one hand on Jim's bent head, while the other was extended to take Winnie's cold fingers. "My poor,poor children" he said; and under that true, loving pity, Winnie's tears began to flow afresh. The priest was sorely troubled at the scene; he had baptized those two, had admitted them to the Sacrament, had joined their hands in marriage, and he had tried vainly to arrest this poor boy's downward course; and now it had ended so. Concealing his emotion, he went on:

went on: went on: "Look up, Jim, my child; you needn't tell me anything I know it all. Look up and let me hear you say that you are going to lead a new life. Come with me now to the Altar of God, to ask His for-given as, and to promise thim that you

now to the Altar of God, to ask His for-giveness, and to promise Him that you will never again touch the poison that has so nearly made you the murderer of your wife and child. Cheer up now; and, with God's help from this day it will be a new life, will it not, my poor boy?" And Jim lifted his head, and said in a faltering voice: "God bless you, Father, for the kindly word. Yes, I'm coming back to my duty, with His Blep; and I thank Him this day, and His Blessed Mother, and blessed St. Patrick that they held my hand. Oh, sure, Father, to think of my layin'a hand on my purty colleen, that I love better than my life; and the dear love better than my life; and the dear little child, that laughed up in my face little child, that laughed up in my face with his two blue eyes, and crowed for for me to lift him out of his cradle ! But, with the help of God, I'm goin' to make up to them for it wan day. But, Father, I won't stay here, where my family was always respectable, and held up their heads. I couldn't have it thrown in my face every day that I had murdered my wife and child. Give me your blessing Father; for Winnie and I have settled it. I am goin' to Australia to begin a new life. My mother is snug, and will keep Winnie and the child till I send for them or earn enough money to come after or earn enough money to come after

The priest looked at him gravely, and reflected a moment before making a re-

'Well, I don't know but you are right. God enlighten you to do what is the best ! It will be a complete breaking of the old evil ties and fascinations, at all events; and, as you say your mother will be glad to have Winnie and her

grandson.' A week later, wife and child being much improved, Jim Daly sailed for Australia

CHAPTER II.

had no idea how things had changed. For a time after he sailed everything had It was February, and outside the little golden thatched farm house the birds were calling to one another, wildy, clearly, making believe-because spring was riotous in their blood-that each was gone fairly ; Winnie had grown strong again, and even when his silence grew alarming, no shadow of doubt crossed her mind, she was sure he loved her, and baly the good fellow at the public-house, always ready to take a treat or stand one, always first in every scheme of convivial-ity, drowning heart and mind and con-science in whiskey; while at home, on the little hill-side farm, crops were rot-ting, poverty and hunger threatened the she knew he would come back some day. The first cloud on the sky came when the baby developed some disease of the hip—the result of the fall—which re-fused to yield to medical treatment; d and green, and that so they must indeed it became worse with time: and as years slipped by the ailing babe grew into a delicate, gentle child, fair and wise and grave, but crippled hopelessly. The fourth year after Jim went, there perforce signal to each other their where It is so warm that the window of a room in one of the most squalid tene-ment houses of Dublin, is a little open, came a bad season; crops failed, and the cow died; and then, fast on those troubles, the kind old landlord died, and the wind steals in softly and sways to and fro the clean white curtains; for this room, though poor, is neat and in perfect order. The two small beds are and the agency of the estates was placed in the hands of a J. P. and D. L. tales of whose evictions on the estates already covered with dainty white quilts, and the wooden dresser behind the door is under their charge had made those simple peasants shiver by their firesides spotless, with its few household utensil shining in the leaping firelight. Oppo in the winter evenings. Then, like a thunderclap, came raisings of rents, folsite the window is a small altar, taste-fully arranged, whereon are two pretty statues of the Sacred Heart and Our lowed soon by writs, and then the sheriff and the evicting parties. One of the first to be deprived of her home was old Blessed Lady; and at the foot of these no gaudy artificial flowers, but a snow Mrs. Daly; and when she saw the little hirs. Daily and when she saw the little brown house whereto her husband, dead those twenty years, had brought her as a bride, where her children were born, and from whose door, one after the other, the little westward here the other, drop or two and a yellow crocus, placed a wine glass of water. But, despite its neatness and order, it is a sad room now; for a little child is dying there, in the arms of its sillicted and girl-was too gentle in her clinging love to stay him. So things had been going from bad to worse, and soon not only the night but much of the day as well was spent in the gin-shop. Finally, the time came when people began to shake their heads over bonny Jim Daly as a confirmed drunkard, and the handsome, boyish face was get-ting a sodden lock, and the once bright eye refused to rest on one either frankly or clearly, but lowered under a friend's gave uneasily and painfully. Last night the little creatures, dead at birth, had been carried, till at last her strong, hearty Jim came—when she saw the golden thatch of her cot given to the flumes, the honest, proud old heart broke, and from the house of a kindly width the strength of the str neighbor she also went out, a few days later, to join husband and babes in the churchyard, whence none should seek to evict them. And the troubles thickened. and famine and fever and death came and famine and fever and death came; and the good priest died too—of a broken heart they said. And so the last friend was gone; for the people with pain and death shadowing every hearthstone, were overwhelmed with their own troubles; and poor Winnie with her little crippled son drifted away to the city. mother, her face almost as deathly in its palor as his own, is kneeling by the ted, her flaxen hair wandering over the pillow, her head bent low beside his, and her eyes noting wistfully every change that passes over the small face, where the grey shadows are growing deeper. son drifted away to the city. And at the time all these things were deeper. They have lain quietly for a long time, happening, Jim Daly used to stand at the door of his tent in the evening, with no movement disturbing the solemn gazing gravely westward, the eye of his soul fixed on a fairer vision than the silence, except once, when the mother's hand goes out tenderly to gather into it camp, or the gorgeous sunset panorama that passed unheeded before the eyes of his body. He saw long green grasses in the pastures at home in Inniskeen ; and he are Winnis the design with the cold hand of her dying child. But she is not alone in her distress; two Sis-ters of Mercy, in their black serge robes, the pastures at home in Inniskeen ; and he saw Winnie, his darling colleen, com are kneeling at either side of the bed olic Churches and their sad eyes are tender and watching from the little house door, with her wooden pail under her arm for the milking; and she was laughing and singful. They will be ready with help the moment it is needed; but now the large beads of the brown rosary suspended milking; and she was laughing and sing-ing, and her step was light; and by her side the little son, with his cheeks like apples in August, and his violet eyes dancing with pleasure; and the tiny feet trotting, hurrying, stumbling, and the baby-hand clutching at the mother's apron, till with a sudden, tender laugh she swung him in her strong young arms to a throne on her shoulder, wherefrom COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES, from their girdle are slipping noiselessly through the white fingers, and their lips and been sent for to her farm, two illes away spared not to give him what she called the rough side of her tongue; and when the doctor came from his hook across the blue mountains, and shook his head doubtfully over the baby, and,

and happiness flowers always were to the crippled child—for Jim Daly's little lad was always crippled from that fall in his babyhood. He lies contentedly a moment, and then says in a broken 'Mammy, will there-be green fields

in heaven—an' primroses—an' will I be able—to run ? I wouldn't go to Crum-lin last summer—with the boys—'cause I was lame—but they got primroses—an' gev me some.' And it is the nun who answers, for the

And it is the nun who answers, for the mother is unable to speak. "Yes, Jimmy, darling child, there will be green fields in heaven, and primroses; and you will run and sing; and our dear Lord will be there, and His Blessed Mother, and He will smile to see you playing about His feet." Then she lifts the crucifix of her ros-ern and lays it for a moment exist. Then she lifts the crucifix of her ros-ary, and lays it for a moment against the wan baby's lips, that smile gently at her; and the white eyelids fall over the panse yees, and gradually the soft sleep passes imperceptibly and painlessly into death. And one nun takes him out of his mother's arms, and lays him down

his mother's arms, and lays him down softly on the pillows, and smooths the little limbs, and passes a loving hand over the transparent cyclids; and the other nun gathers poor Winnie into her arms, with sweet, comforting words, that will surely help her by and by, but which now are unheeded, because God has mercifully given her a short insensi-bility. bility.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III. A fortnight later a bronzed and bearded man landed on the quay of Dab-lin. It was Jim Daly—a new, grave Jim Daly—coming home, now comparatively a wealthy man, with the money earned by hard industry in the gold fields. There he had worked steadily for three more mith alreane the comparison to it. years, with always the one object in view: of atoning for the past, and mak-ing fair the future to wife and child and mother ; and the object had been strong

enough to keep him apart from the sin and riotousness and drunkenness of the camp. He had never written home in all thos

years, though the thought of his loved ones was always with him—at getting up and lying down, in his dreams, and during the hours of the working day. At first, times were hard with him; for three years it was a dreary struggle for existence; and he could not bear to write while every day his feet were slipping backward. Then came the rush to the gold fields, and coming on to a lucky yein, he found himself steadily making a pile and so datermined that mhone 'a pile,' and so determined that when certain sum was amassed he would turn his steps homeward; and because postal his steps nomeward; and because postal arrangements in those days were so pre-carious, and the time occupied by the transit of a letter so long, he had given up the thought of writing at and watch-

up the thought of writing at and watch-ing eagerly the days drifting by that were bringing him near home. In his wandering life no letters had ever reached Jim Daly; but he doubted that his dear ones were all right. In his peaceful native village life always passed innocently and safely, the people were poor, but the landlord was lenient, and they managed to pay the rent he asked, without exposing themselves to the star-vation and misery that existed on other estates. And, apart from the destitution and sins of the towns, the country seemed also to be exempt from their

seemed also to be exempt from their diseases, and the little graveyard was long in filling up. This had all been in his day, and he

GRATTAN AND THE UNION. Heroic Struggle Against a Fatal Bond. GRATTAN'S WORDS OF FIRE. (From George John MacCarthy's "Henry

The 15th day of January, 1800, was

THE MOMENTOUS DAY. After a day of feverish anxiety, as the

spproaching despoilers of her milk. Oh, how sad that dream seems to me, knowing the bitter reality! I will tell you how Jim Daly found his wife. It was evening when he landed at the North Wall, where he was obliged to wait till morning for a train to take him home. Impatient to meet his loved ones, the pain and suspense occasioned by this delay were intolerable, and he looked around for something to occupy his mind-and dissipate his gloomy thoughts. Fin-ally, he remembered that a young friend who parted with him in London had given him a wreath to lay on a certain grave in Glasnevin; and with a sense of relief, he picked up the wreath, and set out for the picked up the wreath, and set out for the cemetery It was about dusk when he reached his

The 15th day of January, 1800, was one of the most anxious days Dublin ever saw. It was the day of the opening of the last session of the Irish Parliament, and of the commencement of the great debate on the union. In the preceding session, the Government bill for the union had been defeated, and Dublin, Cork, and most Irish cities had been illuminated. The popular mejority, how-ever, was only five. Meantime the Government made immense exertions. Cornwallis promised at all sides; Castle-reagh cflered gold, pensions, and peersges with both hands. A pistolling club was formed in Castlereah's house to shoot down those who could not be bribed. Astonishing changes of opinion, wonderful achievements of corruption, were rumored. It was about dusk when he reached his destination. Having deposited the wreath on the grave indicated, he was making his way to the gate again, when, suddenly his attention was caught by a sound of violent coughing. Turning in the direction from whence it proceeded, he saw a woman kneeling by a small grave. He could hardly see her face, as it was partly turned away from him; but wonderful achievements of corruption, were rumored. Nevertheless the popular leaders held high heads, and had high hopes. The bonesty, sense, spirit, wit, worth, educa-tion, disciplined intellect and genius of the country, were with them; so was the popular feeling everywhere. Though the Government spent immense sums on getting up petitions in favor of the union, and took the very prisoners out of gaols to sign them, they could get only 7,000 such signatures. More than 700,000 citizens voluntarily petitioned against it. THE MOMENTOUS DAY. it was partly turned away from him; but he noticed that her hands were pressed tightly on her breast, as if striving to re-press the frightful paroxysms which were shaking her from head to foot.

shaking her from head to foot. Jim was always tender and pitiful to women, and now, with a thought of Win-nie_for the form was slight and girlish-looking—he went over and laid his hand gently on the woman's shoulder, saying —"Come, poor soul! God help ye; ye must come now, for it's nigh on closing time and sure kneeling on the wat earth

chill wintry clouds closed in, and the members were assembling, College Green became covered with a sea of time and sure, kneelin' on the wet earth this raw, foggy evenin', is no place for

Green became covered with a sea of upturned faces, lit by the flickering of a thousand torches—by the fluching of a thousand emotions. Many were the comments, grave and gay, of praise and scorn:—"Come Mr. M.—, you were paid this morning; give us a tenpenny bit to drink your health." "Success to the sea of t The coughing had ceased, and as he spoke she looked up at him with a wild stare in her eyes. Then she gave a great cry, that went straight to the man's heart; she sprang up it the straight to the man's heart; she sprang up, and throwing her arms around his neck, crisd out: "Jim, my own Jim, come back to me again. Oh, thank God, thank God. Don't you know you, my Lord —. It was you who made the good bargain, and it's a credit hade the good bargain, and it's a credit to us all : you did not sell your country too cheap." "Three cheers for Sir Wil-liam, boys; he bargained to be a lord when there's to be no lords at all." thank God, thank God. Don't you know your Winnie ?--for he was standing stu-pefied by the suddenness of it all. Then he gathered the frail body into the happy harbourage of his arms, and for a mo-ment, in the joy of the re-union, he did not even think of the strangeness of the place in which they met; and, fortun-ately, during those first moments the du-k hid from him how deathly pale was the face his kieses were failing upon. Then "Here's Harry D ____G ____, boys. How much did they mark on your brief, Harry ?' Castlereagh was almost shielded from popular scorn by superb beauty of his wife; but when Lord Clare appeared manys fat was clanched and appeared, many a fist was clenched, and groans reverberated like muffled thunhid from him how deathly pale was the face his kisses were falling upon. Then sud lenly he remembered where they were standing, and I think, even before he asked the question, his heart told him who slept in the grave at his feet. I cannot tell you how she broke it to him, or in my feeble words describe the man's dreadful anguisb; only I know that, with the white mise anfolding them in a groans reverberated like muffled thun-der. The groans were changed to cheers, wild, loud, and high, as Plunket reared his noble front, and glorious little Cur-ran flashed his dark eyes, and Kendal Bushe, and Saurin, and Gould, brought the greatest names at the bar of Ireland, But there were sad gaps in the popular ranks. Lucas had long since passed away. Flood's tall form was mouldering in the grave. Charlemont's princely presence would never again meet mortal eye. And the greatest of them all—first in genius, first in services, first in the

man's dreadful anguish; only 1 know that, with the white mists enfolding them, in a soft and broken voice, she told him all. 'An' darlin' I'm goin' too,' she said ; 'an' even for the sake of remainin' with you I can't stay. I'm so tired, an' you'll say 'God's will be done,' won't you achora? And when the hawthorn's out in May, bring some of it have can' lim darlin. I'll in genius, first in services, first in the heart of Ireland—Henry Grattan, was not even entitled to enter the House of bring some of it here; an' Jim darlin, I'll be lying' here so happy, an' bis little curly head on my breast, an' his little

not even entitled to enter the House of which he was the pride. He was be-lieved to be lying on his death bed in Wicklow. Some wild rumors had, in deed, run, that he had been on that very day returned member for Wicklow, and that, before the debate was over, he would appear to save, if man could save the liberties of his country. But this rumor was deem too wild to be seriously believed. Inside the House all was tenfold ex-citement. The students of Trinity Colcurly head on my breast, an' his little arms claspin' my neck.' He said 'God's will be done!' mecani-cally, but I think his heart was broken; no other words came from his lip, except over and over again : 'Wife and child ! wife and child ! My little crippled son ! my poor, little crippled son !' —KATHABINE TYNAN in Ave Maria

THE NEGRO PRIEST.

A Quincy correspondent of the Catholic Columbian under date of August 9.h, writes that paper as follows in regard to the work of the Negro priest, at Quincy, Ill.: Your frequent communications con-taining welcome news from Columbus have been a source of great pleasure to the source of

en a source of great pleasure to me, and while preparing to retrace my steps thither, I feel that I must not leave the Gem City before redeeming my word SEPT. 4, 1886.

range of the mental phenomena, of mind asserting its supremacy over matter, of the power of enthusiasm, and the power of genius nerving a feeble and emacia-ted frame. As the fire of oratory kindled, as the angel of enthusiasm touched those palid lips with the living coal, as the old scenes crowded on the speaker's mind, and the old plaudits broke on his ear, it seemed as though the force of disease was neutralized, and the buoyancy of youth restored. His voice gained a deeper

neutralized, and the buoyancy of youth restored. His voice gained a deeper power, his action a more commanding energy, his eloquence an ever increasing brilliancy. For more than two hours he poured forth a stream of engram, of argument, and of appeal. He traversed almost the whole of that complex ques-tion; he grappled with the various argu-ments of expediency the Ministers had urged; but he placed the issue on the highest grounds; 'the thing (he said) the Ministry proposes to buy is what can-not be sold—'Liberty.' When he at last concluded, it must have been felt that, if the Irish Parliament could have been if the Irish Parliament could have been saved by eloquence, it would have been saved by Henry Grattan." But it could not be so saved, and the vote was

How HE "INCITED REBELLION" How HE "INCITED REBELLION" The debate was adjourned, and con-tinued at intervals during several weeks, the popular party hoping against hope, and contending against desperate odds. Grattan made a series of his most bril-liant efforts. The whole nature of the man was aroused. He shook off his illness. He seemed to have grown young. ness. He seemed to have grown young. He put forth all his resources. As usual, the reports of these addresses are obvi-ously imperfect; but despite all imper-fections, their surpassing force and beauty appear. What can be finer in its way than this apparently improvised answer to the Chancellor of the Ex-chequer, Mr. Corry, who had accused him of inciting to rebellion ? "Has the gentleman done i Has h

him of inciting to rebellion ? "Has the gentleman done? Has h completely done? He was unparlia-mentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House; but I did not call him to order—why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe with-out being upparlimentary. But before t impossible for them to be severe whit-out being upparliamentary. But before I sit down I will show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. On any other occasion I should think myself justifiable in treating with think mysel justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything that might fall from that honorable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accussion. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters a comparative view of our characters, a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made here the meters

I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made by an honest man. "The right honorable gentleman says I fled from the country after exciting rebellion, and that I have returned to raise another. No such thing. The charge is false. The civil war had not commenced when I left the kingdom; and I could not have returned without taking a part. On the one side there was the camp of the rebel; on the other the camp of the Minister, a greater traitor than that rebel. The stronghold of the Constitution was nowhere to be found. I agree that the rebel who rises against the Government should have suffered; but I missed on the scaffold the right honorable gentleman. Two the right honorable gentleman. Two desperate parties were in arms against the Constitution. The right honorable gentleman belonged to one of those parties, and deserved death. I could not join the rebel—I could not join the Gov-ernment—I could not join torture—I

SEPT. 4, 1886.

profound policy; but connection with-out an Irish Parliament is connection without its own principle, without ana-logy of condition, without the pride of bonor that should attend it; is innova-tion, is parl, is subjugation-not con-

honor that should attend it; is innova-tion, is peril, is subjugation—not con-mection. "The cry of disaffection will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty.

the end, avail against the principles of liberty. "Identification is a solid and imperial maxim, necessary for that of empire; but without union of hearts—with a sep-arate government, and without a separate Parliament—identification is extinction, is dishonor, is conquest—not identifica

tion. "Yet I do not give up the country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies, helpless and motionless, there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty— Thou art not conquered ; beauty's ensign of human

yet Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, And death's paie flag is not advanced there.' Catholio And death's pale flag is not advanced there.' While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith with every new heath of stick I will fainthe certain would stumble crying o breath of wind; I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful And the into the of desp to her fall.'

LFO XIII. AND MODERN THOUGHT. uncerta

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only to clash c Catholic Review. Catholic Review. "It is reported from Paris that the Pope is dangerously ill and that his life is despaired of. Leo XIII. has occupied the Papal chair a little more than eight years, having been elected to is at the ripe age of sixty-eight, after the death of Pius IX. The latter reached the age of eighty-six, and had been at the head of the Roman Catholic Church thirty-tree years, the longest pontificate in the mo led to s "There Believ Toth side th ble con of mod followe two years, the longest pontificate in history. Leo was scarcely less conserva. ing wh history. Leo was scarcely less conserva-tive and hostile to progress than his pre-decessor, and his first encyclical was a As in world on in dismal jeremiad about the degeneracy of society the times and the hostility of modern thought and action to the spirit of the accept Holy Church. If a new Pope is soon to be chosen it is probable that the College of Cardinals will go as far back into the natura Middle Ages for a candidate as possi-ble, but it seems to be about time that induce the Catholic Church began to recognize in an official way that the progress of human thought cannot be stopped and which creatio ism. a human thought cannot be supped and that it might be well to become adjusted to some of its irreversible conclusions." Thus spoke the New York Times on the report cabled at the opening of the week of the Holy Father's serious sickatheis substa that week of the Holy Father's serious sick-ness, The report in fact was intended to lead people to believe that the Pope Was in imminent danger of death. The was in imminent danger of death. The Italian Government was on the alert to Italian Government was on the alert to make all due preparations for the new Conclave to select a successor to the Pope, and so forth. So the *Times* in its enterprise and omniscience hastened in train of jerem enterprise and omniscience hastened in advance to sum up the character and the course of the pontificate of Leo XIII. guida in a paragraph! The paragraph, as will be seen, was worthy of the Times in its palmiest days, when that journal was re-garded as the distinct anti-Catholic organ of the daily press in New York. We had fondly hoped that the days of the Eugene Lawrence sort of journalism, which for a long time Harper's Weekly so greatly favored, had departed. And so to all intents and purposes they have, at least for the time being. But Catholics

least for the time being. But Catholics must never forget that the Protestant Fathe all th Catholic leaven, which though quescent for a long period, must at times break out, if for no other purpose than to ingly

they did not mistrust us and feel inclined to stand aloof from us. What we have noticed, however, with great satisfaction Inf and have frequently called attention to of late years, is a broadening of spirit among Protestants towards the Catho-lic Church. We do not believe that they, as a body, any longer regard us as a secret corporation of Guy Fawkeses, who have placed our barrels of Papist powder under the Protestant social, moral and politcal edifice, and stand, torch in hand, eager for the first court of the stand to the stand to the stand to the stand that the stand to the d have frequently called attention to tisi opportunity to blow the whole thing up and into pieces. And in bringing about this better, more open and kindlier spirit between the Protestant and the Catholic world, we believe that no two vails again individuals so largely contributed as Pius IX, and Leo XIII. effer Possibly in the coming conclave, when Possibly in the coming conclave, when it does come, the writer in the *Times* may be invited to take a seat. He is evidently fully prepared and deems himself quite competent to, in what would probably be his own phrase, put the College of Cardinals "up to a wrinkle or two" as to the kind of man they should elect to govern the Universal Church and be the Vicar of Christ on earth. "It seems to be about time," says the *Times* oracularly and authoritadece earth. "It seems to be about time," says the *Times* oracularly and authorita-tively, "that the Catholic Church began to recognize in an official way that the progress of human thought cannot be stopped and that it might be well to become abjusted to some of its (curver become abjusted to some of its (query-whose or what's?) irreversible conclu-Leaving the Times's English to explain itself, we will guess at its meaning, the spirit of which is unmistakable. We are not aware that the Catholic Church are not aware that the Catholic Church or its head, whether officially or unoffici-ally, ever thought or dreamed of stop-ping "the progress of human thought." In the first place the Catholic Church never attempts the impossible or the absurd. Human thought is human thought, and no bull can touch it. What the Church can do and does is to lead and direct human thought away from the false and into true and worthy channels. In this, with the experience of the ages and the wisdom given it from on High, it simply fulfils its mission of universal teacher to the universal pupil, man. Instead of stopping the progress of human thought, it is forever man. Instead of stopping the progress of human thought, it is forever leading and encouraging human thought onwards and upwards, into and through the mysteries of all science, natural and supernatural, seeing and showing God, the Creator and Author of nature, work-ing in and through all. The Times's human thought is evidently the thought

out, if for no other purpose than to re-veal and justify its existence. That we can understand and be prepared for. Protestants would not be Protestants if

ting, poverty and hunger threatened the little household, and day after day the meek, uncomplaining wife was growing thiner and paler, and the lines deepened in her face, where no lines should be.

Three years had gone by since the wedding day, that seemed but the gate of a happy future for those two young creatures, who loved each other truly and almost since that day Jim Daly ha been going steadily downhill. Not that he was at all vicious, he was only young and gay and good natured, which made him a great favorite ; and he had a fine baritone voice, that could roll out "Colteen dhas cruitheen na me" with rare power and tenderness. And when the reckless spirit who held their merry makings, in theWidow Doolan's public house nightly, would come to draw him thither with many flattering words, he was not strong enough to resist the temptation ; and the joung wife-they were the merest boy and girl-was too gentle in her clinging

or clearly, but lowered under a friend's gave uneasily and painfully. Last night however, the climax had come, when, reeling home after michight, the young wife, with her baby in her arms had opened the door for him, and stood in the passage with some word of pain on her lips; and he, feeling his entrance barred, but unconscience of what stood there, struck out his fist, and levelled wife and child to the ground. Winnie's mouth had come with great force against mouth had come with great force against a projecting come with great force against a projecting comer of the dresser, and his hand had cruelly marked her soft face, and she and her little son were both bruised and injured by the fall.

We have seen how bitter poor Jim's representance was when he came to his representance was when he came to his senses; and in presence of it his wife, woman like, forgot everything, save that he needed her utmost care and tender-ness. But if she was forbearing to him out of her great love, his mother, who had been sent for to her farm, two miles

to give you an account of my meeting, with our colored brother in the priest-hood; and of his triumphant entry into Q uinzy, his Jerusalem ant city. The boys and I paid bin a visit shortly after our arrival, and soon found ourselves in the arrival, and soon found ourselves in the presence of his reverence, his countenance all aglow with a genial smile bespeaking a cordial welcome to visitors from any part of the globe. Rev. Augustus Tolon is a gentleman and a priest, well deserv-ing of his success; for he achieved it, according to his own statement, only after ment to support the independence of a series of hardships that deterred many a one of his race before him from carrying out a resolve truly heroic. No wonder that on his way through the larger citie he was tendered pressing invitations to remain and take charge of colored congregations there existing, and that finally Quincy ran wild over her colored apostle. He first celebrated mass amid a concourse of people such as had never before congregated within the time honored walls of St. Boniface Church; and thereupon was installed in his own Church, St. Joseph's, which is exclusively for the colored popu-lation of Quincy. His congregation is to lation of Quincy. His congregation is to a great extent his own work in former years, and although still small, it is a promising one. Already now a number promising one. Already now a number are being prepared for reception into the Church. Do not be surprised at the fes-tivity occurring at St. Boniface's Church. This congregation was deserving of the distinction; for it is the oldest congrega-tion not only in Quincy but on the entire Mississippi river. The first mass of the first resident priot. Father Bickwedge first resident priest, Father Brickweder, was celebrated on the 15th of August, 1837, so that next year St. Boniface's congregation will celebrate the golden jubiles of its establishment. The Franciscan Fathers are just completing their hand-some new Church. Besides those men-tioned Quincy possesses three more Cath-

Scott's Emulsion of Pure

which shone the stars of the peerages of both islands. The members thronged the House below in the splendid full dress of the time.

citement. The students of Trinity Col

lege held their accustomed places, serried

AN APPARATION. At first, the Ministry did not show their hands. The viceregal speech from the throne made no mention of the one subject which was on all lips; the mover and seconder of the address were equally reticent. But Sir Laurence Parsons forced the Ministerial hand. In a stirring speech he moved an amendment declaratory of the resolution of Parlia-

the nation. Then came the debate, "Every man," says Barrington," seemed "I have returned, not as the right honon that night inspired by his subject." Gentle George Pensonby astounded friends and foes by display of intense power and passion. Even Castlereagh power and passion. Even Castlereagh was eloquent. Bushe and Plunket made was eloquent. Bushe and Flukket made speeches which have become historical. The gray morning began dawn, and the debate to languisn, when a great sound of popular tumult was heard from out-side; the debate stopped; cheer rung above cheer, until all Dublin seemed to be cheering. George Ponsonby and Ar-thur Moore (afterwards Judge) glided out. They soon reappeared, supporting man in the uniform of the Volunteers tings man in the uniform of the Volunteers, but wasted by illness, pale with suffer-ing, white as a ghost. It was Henry Grat-tan. It was indeed he, Government had kept back the writ for Wicklow until the very day on which Parliament had met. But that very day it had been speed by willing hands to Wicklow; the voters were ready. the return man the voters were ready; the return was made atter midnight: Grattan sprung from his bed; his wife parted him believing they would never meet again; fleet horses bore his carriage fast; and he was there; there to fight his last battle for the land he loved. As he entered, the whole House rose and uncovered. As he tottered to the table and took the oaths, Lord Castlereagh and all the Ministers

bowed low and remained standing. For a while no sound broke the silence except the sounds of convulsive sobs from the galleries. But as the grand old tribune rose to address the House, there burst forth a long wild cheer that an-swered well the cheer without, and was

swered well the cheer without, and was well re-answered back again. Scarcely, however, had he risen when he fell back tgain into his seat exhausted. Then he zsked leave to address the House without rising. "And then," says Mr. Lecky, "was witnessed that specta-ole, among the grandest in the whole

could not join half hanging -I could not join free quarter-I could take part with neither. I was therefore absent from a scene where I could not be active with-out self reproach, nor indifferent with safety.

"NO QUARTER."

"Many honorable gentlemen thought differently from me; I respect their opinions, but I keep my own; and I think now, as I thought then, that the treason of the Minister against the liberties of the people was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the Minister.

orable member has said, to raise another storm-I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution, of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assessmation of such men as from the assassination of such men as the honorable gentleman and his worthy associates. Tuey are corrupt—they are seditious—and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a Report of the Committee of the Lords, Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial; I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentle-man; I defy the Government; I defy their whole phalanx; let them come forth. I tell the Ministers I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House in defence of the liberties of my country." However, the end came at last, and with it these last words of Grattan on the Irish Parliament:

"The Constitution may be for a time so lost; the character of the country cannot be lost. The Ministers of the Crown will find that it is not so easy to put down forever an ancient and respectable nation, by abilities, however great, and by nowar and he countries respectable nation; by abilities, however great, and by power and by corruption, however irresistible. Liberty may repair her golden beams, and with redoubled heat animate the country. The cry of loyalty will not long continue against the principles of liberty. Loyalty is a noble, a judicious, and a capacious principle; but in these countries loyalty, distinct from liberty, is corruption, not loyalty. "The cry of the connection will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty. Connection is a wise and a