

The Dream.
 In the dream I dreamt to-night
 Love came, armed with magic might;
 Fret and fever, doubt and fear,
 Foes that haunt, and pain and care,
 Misconception, vain regretting,
 Boresome longing, cold forgetting,
 The dark shades of change and death,
 Ever hovering on his path;
 Vanished form, or sound of night,
 In the dream I dreamt to-night.

Time's strong hand fell helpless down;
 Fate's steed dazed without her frown;
 Sly suspicion, cold surprise,
 Faded health, the happy eyes,
 And the voice I loved speaking,
 And the smile I love making
 Sunshine in the golden weather,
 When we two stood close together;
 For you dreamt in royal right,
 In the dream I dreamt to-night.

And I woke, and woke to see
 A cold world, bare and cheerless here,
 A world whose stars and moon scarce hid
 Their light from me.

Told me that, as fruit forbidden,
 Love and trust must ever pine
 In so sad a state,
 All too faint and fragile grow;
 For gifts that youth holds all its own;
 Ah, best to wake, forgetting quite,
 The sweet dream I dreamt to-night.

ARCHBISHOP STRAIN.

London Weekly Register, July 7.
 We deeply regret to record the death of the Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, which took place, quite suddenly, on Monday, at Archbishop's House, Broughton street, Edinburgh. It will be remembered that His Grace was seized with paralysis during the recent visit to Rome, but, in spite of the serious character of the attack, rallied sufficiently to return to his post few weeks ago. On Sunday week, he attended the Children's Mass at the Pro-Cathedral, and imparted to his youthful congregation, as representing the children of the Archdiocese, the Papal Blessing which he had been charged by the Holy Father to convey to them. During last week he was able to take occasional drives into the country, and also to pay visits to the two convents, but it was understood that care must be taken to avoid all unnecessary excitement, in order to guard against a relapse. The celebration of His Grace's golden jubilee as a priest had been postponed from June the 6th owing to his visit to Rome, and had been fixed for Tuesday last. Great preparations had been made for the event at the Pro-Cathedral, and representatives from all the dioceses of Scotland had arrived in Edinburgh to take part in the celebration. Owing to the Archbishop's illness, the public demonstration which had been thought of was abandoned, but it had been determined to present him privately with his portrait painted by Mr. Irvine, and hung in the hands of the Scotch Royal Academy, as well as a purse of £1,000, contributed by Catholics in all parts of Scotland. On Monday, however, the Archbishop, when about to take his customary drive, was suddenly seized with paralysis, and after a few hours' end came. He was conscious almost to the moment of his death, and received the last Sacraments at the hands of the Very Rev. Monsignor Smith, V. G., who with the Rev. J. Donlevy, was at once in attendance.

John Strain was born at Edinburgh on the 8th of December, 1810. He was educated at the High School, and afterwards at the Catholic College of Aquinobert, Aberdeenshire, completing his studies by seven years' residence at the Scots College at Rome, where he was a fellow student of the present Holy Father. He was ordained subdeacon and deacon at St. John Lateran on the ninth of June, 1833, and on the same day received priest's orders in the chapel of the Propaganda, though only twenty-two years of age. Later in the year he returned to Scotland and in December was appointed curate to the Rev. W. Reid, in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Reid, who was removed to the sole charge of the mission of Dalbeattie, which included the greater part of the Stewartry of Kirkcubrightshire, having congregations at Kirkcubright and Gatehouse, as well as at Dalbeattie, and smaller stations in other parts of the country. In 1857 he received the charge of the mission at Dumfries, and in 1859 was appointed President of St. Mary's College, Blair, near Aberdeen. On the death of Bishop Gillis, in 1864, he was nominated Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District of Scotland, and consecrated to the titular See of Abila by his Holiness Pope Pius IX., on September 25th. In 1867 he was among the Bishops who attended the celebration of the centenary of St. Peter at Rome. He was named Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, June 17, 1869. The question of the restoration of the Hierarchy in Scotland had been for many years under consideration at Rome, but it was not until 1877 that the difficulties attending that important step was finally overcome. On May the 12th of that year Pope Pius IX. gave audience to a deputation from Scotland, headed by Bishop Strain, when a formal petition was presented for the restoration of the Hierarchy, and the necessary steps were taken without delay, but it was reserved for Leo XIII. to gratify the wishes of the Scotch Catholics by actually conferring the long wished-for honor. The Apostolic Letters, by which the Hierarchy was restored, were issued on March the 4th, 1878, and Bishop Strain was translated to the Archbishopric of St. Andrews and Edinburgh.

Archbishop Strain was remarkable for the quiet and unobtrusive way in which the duties attaching to his high office were discharged. A priest of pure and simple purpose and life, he brought to the performance of his duties from the earliest years of his ministerial life a zeal, earnestness, and an activity which won for him the respect and affection of those with whom he had to do, whether as a priest on the mission, as Rector of Blair College, or as a Bishop. His elevation to the Metropolitan See of Edinburgh in 1878 was a source of much satisfaction to his flock, who celebrated his return home by presenting him with a beautiful set of vestments and a pastoral staff and cross, as well as a purse of sovereigns. For appearing in public, except in the discharge of actual episcopal functions, the Archbishop had little taste, but he made one exception, and the Edinburgh United Industrial School never failed to receive his support on the platform when its cause was pressed on the notice of the charitable world from year to year. His best memorial will be found in the district with which he was connected as a priest and Bishop. The administration of his great parish, and afterwards of the Eastern Vicariate, was laborious; he wants to be supplied being

great, and the means of supplying them far from sufficient. These difficulties were, however, overcome by Bishop Strain, and he had the happiness of witnessing the opening of many new stations and of several Religious Houses, as well as the establishment of schools where most needed. What won for the Archbishop the respect and esteem not alone of his own people, but that also of those who differed from him most widely on theological questions, was the fact that his zeal for the spread of religion, his energy in the discharge of every duty, his increasing activity, his self-denial and work were combined with a buoyant and genial temperament, and rare moderation and humility of character. Had Archbishop Strain been a man of a different character, observes a Scotch contemporary, "there would have been no Catholic Hierarchy in Scotland to-day, and he would not have been Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh."
 May he rest in peace.

From the American Catholic Quarterly Review for July.

"CONVERTS."

"Their Influence and Work in This Country."
 Dr. John Gilmary Shea.
 Grace triumphs strangely. A young Congregationalist minister of Boston makes a tour of Europe. He is in Rome when a man, little better than a beggar in human eyes, dies there in one of his pilgrimages. The city rings with accounts of the miracles wrought at the humble bier where Labre's lifeless body lies; in a house frequented by English and a few Americans, the laughter and jest went round at what to most seemed the very zenith of folly. One quiet gentleman dared any one of the company to go, examine some of the cases where cures were said to have been effected, and then come back and, in his honor as an honest man, state what his judgment was as to the fact. An awkward silence succeeded the jest; the matter-of-fact proposition staggered the would-be writer of the American after a pause bravely declared that he would go and investigate. He took up some of the reported cures, he saw the persons, their physicians, neighbors, public officials, men who were no devotees; the more he examined, the deeper became his conviction that there was no fraud, no trickery, that the Catholic priests had restrained rather than encouraged the people, that in fact the cures were supernatural. He made his report like a man. To the rest, it was a mere matter of the moment; they may have sneered less, or spoken more guardedly; but to Thayer it was the moment of grace. The conviction that miracles were wrought in this day in the Catholic Church made it imperative in his eyes to know what that church taught, and whether it could command his obedience. A sign had been given; was it a confirmation of the teaching authority of the Church? He conferred with the most learned priests he could find; he embraced the faith, entered the seminary of St. Salpêtré at Paris, and returned to America a priest to offer his service to Bishop Carroll. The Rev. John Thayer was the first of the long line of converts whose names are found in the list of American clergy. His account of the motives which led to his embracing the Catholic faith was repeatedly printed here and abroad, and translated into French and Spanish. Its influence was great, and undoubtedly to many Americans the first glimpse into truth.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

The world-famous grotto of Lourdes has this year been the centre of numerous pilgrimages. From Canada, England and other points large parties have departed for the miraculous grotto. The wonderful apparitions began on the 11th of February, 1858. The highly-bonored person to whom our Blessed Lady appeared was a simple peasant girl of fourteen years of age, named Bernadette Soubirous, who was a child of rather delicate health and totally uneducated, never having been to school, or had any religious instruction; and all the prayers she knew consisted of the Holy Rosary, which she frequently recited. She was obedient and affectionate and had a horror of all sin. On the day above mentioned, Bernadette, with her sister and a companion, had gone to the grotto of Massabielle to gather firewood. Her two companions had just waded across a small river to get some sticks. He labored in New England and Kentucky, and finally went to Ireland, where his ministry proved most successful. His own land was not forgotten. He collected means to establish a convent and induced ladies connected with the Ursuline order to cross the ocean and found one. Its fate shows how people cling to bigotry and fanaticism and close their eyes to the dearest light of gospel truth. A remarkable conversion of the latter part of the last century was that of Adam Livingston, a Lutheran living in Pennsylvania, whose house was so molested by supernatural and destructive visitations that he removed to Smithfield, Virginia. His change of abode did not deliver him, and he applied in vain to several Protestant clergymen, whose prayers proved unavailing. At the instance of a Catholic peddler to whom he extended hospitality, he finally called upon the Rev. Denis Cahill, one of the few Catholic clergymen in that part of the country. The exorcisms and prayers of the Church alated the destructive character of the visitations for a time, which the celebration of Mass in the house completely terminated. For many years, however, supernatural lights and voices continued. Mr. Livingston was so thoroughly convinced, that he, with many of his family, was received into the Church; he subsequently returned to Pennsylvania and lived in the parish of the Rev. Prince Dimitri Galitzin, who examined carefully the whole evidence, and records his belief in it. Other persons of intelligence made similar investigations, and the main facts are so well established that the place in Virginia where Livingston resided is known to this day by the name of Wizard Cliff.

Among other prominent converts of the last century may be mentioned the Hon. Thomas Sim Lee, a patriot of the Revolution, who presided over Maryland from 1779 to 1783, was subsequently a member of the Continental Congress, and of the Constitutional Convention which framed the plan of government under which we live. Amid his engrossing public cares he studied deeply the claims of the Church, and was received into her bosom. It is most creditable that the step excited no odium or bigotry in his native State, which once more made him governor in 1794. The Episcopal Church, however, by its claim to apostolic succession, and continuous existence from the earliest days, soon showed that many of its members were ill at ease, unable to recognize the Catholic claims which Anglicanism couples with Protestant practices. Episcopalianism had arisen spontaneously in Connecticut, where men went back to the Church of England in order to escape the tyranny of the Congregationalist domination, or "Standing Order," as it was termed. It was a providential moment for Connecticut. The Congregationalists, brought face to face with the Episcopalians, were saved from lapsing into Unitarianism, as they

did in Massachusetts; they had to retain and uphold what Christianity they still had; and, on the other hand, the Episcopalians, to meet the arguments of the Congregationalists, were compelled to take stronger and stronger Catholic ground. They soon formed a school with decided leanings towards the true Church, and in gave us in time many converts. And in the Congregational body, many forced to examine, either become Catholics directly, or yielding to Episcopalianism, found ultimately that Rome alone could claim their allegiance.

But the earliest Episcopalian, who in life by her example, and since by her great work, has been most influential, was not directly influenced by this movement. Eliza Bayley, daughter of an eminent New York physician, became the wife of William Seton, one of the most prosperous merchants of the time. God tried her in the crucible of affliction. Commercial disasters swept away her husband's wealth, his health failed, and a voyage to Italy was counselled as the only hope. She attended him, surrounded his sick couch with all the care affection could prompt, till she at last closed his eyes in that distant land. Poverty, bereavement, exile were not her only trials; her mind was filled with doubts as to her spiritual condition. The faith in which she had been reared satisfied neither her mind nor her heart. She returned to America with some faint idea that the Catholic Church might give her rest, but still buoyed up with the hope of finding her own system sufficient. Bishop Hobart and some of his clergy, however, failed to meet her doubts; her prayers for light showed her the true path more and more clearly; correspondence with Catholic clergymen gave her the doctrines of the Church as really taught, and she was received into the bosom of the spouse of Christ on the 14th of March, 1858. Her desire to devote herself to Christian education and works of mercy was soon realized, and she founded at Emmittsburg the first American community of Sisters of Charity. The establishments that have grown from her foundation—academies, schools, asylums for every form of human need, hospitals—are counted by the hundred, her spiritual daughters by thousands; and very list of her Sisters of Charity who have laid down their lives while attending the sick during the great epidemics that from time to time have visited our land, were the Sisters not too humble to present such a list, would shame into silence those who sometimes absurdly boast of a purer faith, but never venture to boast of holier deeds.

THE LEGEND OF THE SEVEN SISTERS.

The locality which was the scene of the tragedy is the little village of Ballylunan, situated within a few miles of Kerry Head. The scenery around is of the wildest and most striking description. Frowning, rugged cliffs, rising abruptly out of the water to the height of one hundred feet, and perforated with numerous caves, into which the ocean rushes with fearful fury in winter—for it is a stormy coast, and rarely does a month pass without holding some dead putrid body washed ashore; while inland, a barren, uninvited plain, consisting merely of bog, stretches away to nearly the foot of the Reeks which, looming in the distance, seemed to rear their giant masses even to the sky, and form, as it were, an impenetrable barrier between the coast and the interior. On the brink of one of those precipices we have mentioned, there stand the ruins of a castle, seemingly of great antiquity. Nothing now remains but the basement story, and that seems as if it would be able to withstand the war of winds and waves for hundreds of years longer. According to the legend, this castle was inhabited by a gallant chieftain at the period of the incursions of the Danes, and who was the father of seven blooming daughters. He was himself a brave warrior, animated with the greatest hatred against the Danes, who, at that period, were laying every part of Erin waste. His sword never rested in his sheath; and day and night his light gallies cruised about the coast on the watch for any piratical marauder who might turn his prow thither. One day a sail was observed on the horizon; it came nearer and nearer, and the pirate standard was distinguished waving from its mast-head. Immediately surrounded by the Irish ships, it was captured after a desperate resistance. Those that remained of the crew were slaughtered and thrown into the sea, with the exception of the captain and his six brothers, who were reserved for a more painful death. Conveyed to the fortress, their wounds were dressed, and they were allowed the free range of the castle.

Here gradually, a love sprung up between them and the seven Irish maidens, who yielded to their ardent protestations, and agreed to fly with them to Denmark. Everything was arranged for the voyage, and one fearfully stormy night in winter, was chosen for the attempt. Not a single star shone in the sky, the air was still sweeping from the ocean, the rain fell in torrents, and the water roared and raged with terrific violence amid the rocky caverns. Escaping down from the battlement by a rope ladder, they discovered to their horror, that on reaching the ground they were surrounded by armed men. Not a word was uttered; but they well knew into whose hands they had fallen. Conducted again within the fortress, they found themselves face to face with their injured father. One deadly glance of hatred he cast on the prisoners, and, muttering some few words to one of his attendants, he pointed towards his daughters. The man, on receiving the command, recoiled a few paces, transfixed with horror; and then he advanced nearer, and seemed as if contemplating with him. But the parent's face assumed an absolute demonic expression; and more peremptorily repeating his order, he stalked out of the room. And now commenced a fearful scene. The lovers were torn from each other's arms and the women were brought forth again. The storm had grown more violent, and the spray was dashing far over the cliff, while the vivid flames of lightning afforded a horrible illumination to the dreary scene. Proceeding alone the brink of the precipice, they at length came to a chasm which resembled somewhat the crater of a volcano, as it was completely closed, with the exception of the opening at the top, and one small aperture below, through which the sea rushed with fearful violence. The rolling of the waters, and the fearful noise of their ears about the rocks, and now at length the sisters divined their fate. One by one they were hurried into the boiling flood; one wild shriek—the billows closed again—and all was over. What the fate of their lovers was, the legend says not. The old castle has crumbled into ruins—the chief tower sleeps in an unknown grave—his very name forgotten; but still the sad ending of the maiden is remembered, and even unto this day the cavern is designated the "Cave of the Seven Sisters."—Cork Examiner.

THE CASE OF M. LASSERRE.

In connection with the pilgrimages this year to Lourdes a very remarkable story has been told. M. Lasserre, a French journalist, states that he had nearly lost the use of his eyes. After vainly trying the remedies proposed by his medical advisers, he was, almost against his own convictions, prevailed upon by a friend to go to Lourdes. This friend was M. de Freycinet, a Protestant. M. Lasserre went to Lourdes, and at last fully believing that a miracle would be accomplished in his behalf, applied a towel dipped in the waters to his eyes and forehead. He says that he was "almost terrified by the result." Two minutes after the water had been applied, he found himself cured, and since then he has had no return of the painful affection of which he had been the victim. This story has gone the round of most Protestant papers. They, of course, do not understand it. They cannot fathom it, and, Protestant-like, when they cannot see and readily comprehend, they will not believe. Faith and credulity are to them synonymous terms. Pity end said, that it should be so.—London Universe, July 7.

begone!" Her mother at last consented to the visit, so, armed with a half-pint bottle of holy water, they started.
 On arriving at the grotto they all knelt down and began to say the Rosary, each by herself, when on a sudden the face of Bernadette appeared quite transfixed, and it was evident that she saw the lady. Remembering her promise, she sprinkled the water as high as she could towards the lady, saying: "If you are from God, come forward!" but she was afraid to say the rest in the presence of a being so beautiful, so glorious, and so full of celestial sweetness. The lady bent forward, and almost to the edge of the rock. She remained until Bernadette had finished her beads, then she disappeared.
 When this second apparition was related to Bernadette's parents they considered it as an illusion, knowing that the child would not tell an untruth. Her mother was afraid that her extraordinary behavior would bring the police upon them. Many people questioned the child severely, but she was always exact and consistent in her replies. There was great discussion as to who this wonderful apparition really was, and the next time Bernadette went to the grotto, which was early in the morning of the 15th of February, two ladies of Lent, and des accompanied her. The same transfiguration of her countenance took place, and the two ladies desired the child to go up to the lady and ask her to write what she wanted, they having brought paper and ink for the purpose. The little girl then spoke to the apparition, and asked her to write down who she was, and what she wished. The lady smiled at the innocent request, and replied, "What I have to say to you I need not write down. Only do me the favor to come here for the next fifteen days." Bernadette said that she would do so. The lady then made a solemn promise to the child in these words, "And I promise to make you happy, not in this world, but in the next." She further said that she would be with her for the next fifteen days, as she wished to see many come. Every morning when, in pursuance of her promise, Bernadette visited the grotto, a constantly increasing crowd of people was waiting to see the wonderful ecstasy into which the child was thrown by the apparition.

A few days afterwards, the little girl was arrested and taken before the police magistrate, who subjected her to a very severe cross-examination concerning what she had seen at the grotto, but without being able to shake her testimony in any way, as her answers were always straightforward and consistent. However, he threatened her that if she went to the grotto again he would imprison her; and he only gave her up to the father on the latter promising to forbid the child to go to the grotto any more, which he did, and the next morning at daybreak sent her off to school. When she was going home to dinner, she felt an irresistible power dragging her towards the grotto; but the lady did not appear that day. In the evening her father withdrew his prohibition as to her going to see the apparition. The next day the lady appeared, and told the girl a secret for herself, which she was not to reveal to any one in this world, and also commanded her to go and tell the priests that she desired a chapel to be built in her honor on the spot where she appeared. The parish priest, who looked upon Bernadette as an impostor, told her that she should require a proof from her that the apparition was really from a heavenly being, and that she was to ask the lady to give her one; that as it was the month of February, if she would cause the wild rose bush at the entrance of the grotto to blossom, he would believe in the reality of the apparition.

The child, the next time she saw the lady, told her what the priest had said; but the lady smiled and said nothing. The priest, therefore, resolved to wait and see the course of events. The lady on this occasion told her another secret, which she was not to reveal to any one in this world, and also commanded her to go and tell the priests that she desired a chapel to be built in her honor on the spot where she appeared. The parish priest, who looked upon Bernadette as an impostor, told her that she should require a proof from her that the apparition was really from a heavenly being, and that she was to ask the lady to give her one; that as it was the month of February, if she would cause the wild rose bush at the entrance of the grotto to blossom, he would believe in the reality of the apparition.

The next day the lady told Bernadette a last secret for herself, and then said, "And now, go and drink and wash at the fountain, and the child looked about for a fountain, but there was none, and never had been in the place, but with a simple faith she stooped down, and scraping the ground with her hands, began to scoop a hole in the ground. "All at once there appeared a little moisture in the hole which she had scooped out, and the water began to come mysteriously, drop by drop and fill up the hollow, which was about the size of an ordinary glass. Presently, the water overflowed the opening in the ground, and the next day it gushed forth in a spring which kept growing stronger. . . . At the end of several days it ceased to increase in bulk, and became quite clear; it was then a considerable stream, about as large as a child's arm. Miraculous cures were immediately wrought by this water, and this convinced many of the most skeptical that there had been really some heavenly apparition to the child, although opinion was still divided who it was.

The opponents of the apparition appealed to the mayor to forbid the people to go to the grotto, which he, however, refused to do, alleging that it belonged to the bishop and to decide the religious part of the question and to the prefect to judge of the matter concerning the administration of justice. Thousands of persons, therefore, visited the grotto every day, but the clergy continued to keep away, considering that it belonged to them to show every caution in such a matter. On the 2nd of March, the fourteenth time of the apparition, the order for the erection of a chapel was repeated. Bernadette was told by the priest that this was a matter of the bishop. This prelate who died in Rome during the (Ecumenical Council) took every means, in concert with the parish priest at Lourdes, to procure all the information in his power. The prefect, who did not believe in the apparition, had the grotto secretly watched day and night by soldiers and police. The 5th of March was the last day of the fortnight during which the apparition had promised to appear every day; and Bernadette, in obedience to instruction she had received, asked the lady her name, but no answer was given. After this, the child only went occasion-

ally to the grotto, and without feeling the inward voice calling her until the 25th of March, then she again heard the voice. As soon as she knelt down, the lady appeared to her. The child earnestly and repeatedly begged of this beautiful being to tell her who she was, and finally, "the lady had her hands joined; but at the last entry of the child, she disjoined them, and hung her beautiful rosary upon her right arm. Then she lowered her arms, joined her hands again very fervently, and looking up to heaven pronounced these words: "I AM THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION." She immediately disappeared, and Bernadette found herself kneeling, like the multitude around her, in front of a desert rock." She hastened back to Lourdes to tell the priest the words of the vision, that the chapel might be built.

Bernadette never spoke of the apparition unless questioned concerning it, and then she always gave the same account, without variation or addition. Many valuable offerings of all kinds for the erection of the church were thrown into the grotto, the piety of the people rendering this barren rock as sacred as a sanctuary. But the prefect took upon himself to despoil the grotto of these offerings, which were all carried away by his orders, and placed in the hands of the mayor. However, when the late Emperor Napoleon III. heard that this had been done, and that the people were forcibly prevented from visiting the grotto, he was angry, and sent word to the prefect that he was to leave every one at liberty to go there. On the 28th of July, the bishop appointed a commission to enquire into all these wonderful occurrences, and they spent several months in examining Bernadette, the grotto, and the miraculous cures which had taken place. On the 18th of January, 1862, the bishop issued a pastoral pronouncing his solemn judgment that Mary, the Immaculate Mother of God, did really appear to Bernadette at the grotto. The rocks, the grotto, and the lands around it, were purchased for the bishop. The church, with a large crypt enclosing the grotto, was then commenced, and Mass was offered in the crypt on the 21st of May, 1866. In September, 1870, the whole church was finished up to the loss of the spire, which is 220 feet high. Immense processions are constantly arriving to visit this holy shrine. In July, 1866 Bernadette entered the Convent of the Sisters of Charity at Nevers, where, under the name of Sister Mary Bernard, she filled the office of infirmarian, and where she died a few years ago.

MASSSES FOR THE DEAD.

Mrs. Margaret Gilman, of this city (New York), a Catholic lady of some eighty-five years of age, in August, 1882, placed \$2,500 in the hands of a friend named McArdle, and directed him after her death and that of her husband to use the money to pay funeral expenses, to erect a monument over their graves, and expend the remainder in having Masses said for the repose of their souls. Both soon after died, and one James Gilman took out letters of administration on the estate, and claimed the sum in McArdle's hands as part of the estate. Judge Freedman, in a recent decision, referring specially to the funds to be spent for saying Masses, holds that the claim is a good one in law, not on the ground that such expenditure would be for "superstitious uses," but because the fund not being an absolute gift, it is not a trust fund, since there is nobody in existence who has or can have an equitable interest therein. In the ground he directed the money to be paid over to the administrator on Mrs. Gilman's estate.

A substantially similar case recently came before a court of Chicago, and the decision was just the opposite of that made by Judge Freedman. Which of these decisions is the right one? It strikes us that the Chicago court took the right view of the matter. There is no law in this country which says that the owner of property shall not dispose of a part of the whole of it in paying for having Masses said for his soul after he is dead, and this is precisely what Mrs. Gilman intended to have done, in part, with the funds placed in the hands of McArdle. To say, as a matter of law, that being dead, she can have no interest in these Masses, as Judge Freedman does say, is legally to decide that the Catholic creed on this point is false, and that a *post mortem* civil tribunal should undertake to do. The Catholics hold that the soul, after death, has an interest in having Masses said for its repose; and if they make provisions by gift or bequests for the saying of Masses, we see no reason why the law should interfere therewith or defeat their purpose, any more than when they make provisions for their funeral expenses or for the erection of monuments over their graves. The provision is not in either case immoral or against public policy. It is such a use of property as every man has a right to make; and to say that he has not this right, because after death he can have no interest in such use, is to enter a field of religious speculation and belief which courts had better let wholly alone.—The Independent.

The Saints.

Every logical mind will readily admit that, as heaven is above earth, and as God is superior to man, so those who have distinguished themselves in the cause of heaven and of God are more deserving of our admiration than those whose pursuits have been merely human. The saints have been eminent for their holiness; they have studied the science of the heavens, of the kingdom of God. Their lives have glorified God and edified men; they have labored to elevate man to a sense of his real dignity, to a knowledge of his ultimate and supernatural end. The saints had for their whole aim to educate men in the school of Christ, and by this education to bring him to the possession of never ending felicity; hence the saints are worthy objects of gratitude and veneration.

G. A. Dixon, Frankville, Ont., says: "I was cured of chronic bronchitis, that troubled me for seventeen years, the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil." See that the signature of Northrop & Lyman is on the back of the wrapper, and you will get the genuine Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

A. B. Des Rochers, Athabaskaville, P. Q., writes: "Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, from which I have constantly suffered, until after having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for nine days, bathing the head, &c., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle."

Our Progress.
 As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroad, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, and composed of highly concentrated, vegetable extracts. By druggists.

THE LEGEND OF THE SEVEN SISTERS.

The locality which was the scene of the tragedy is the little village of Ballylunan, situated within a few miles of Kerry Head. The scenery around is of the wildest and most striking description. Frowning, rugged cliffs, rising abruptly out of the water to the height of one hundred feet, and perforated with numerous caves, into which the ocean rushes with fearful fury in winter—for it is a stormy coast, and rarely does a month pass without holding some dead putrid body washed ashore; while inland, a barren, uninvited plain, consisting merely of bog, stretches away to nearly the foot of the Reeks which, looming in the distance, seemed to rear their giant masses even to the sky, and form, as it were, an impenetrable barrier between the coast and the interior. On the brink of one of those precipices we have mentioned, there stand the ruins of a castle, seemingly of great antiquity. Nothing now remains but the basement story, and that seems as if it would be able to withstand the war of winds and waves for hundreds of years longer. According to the legend, this castle was inhabited by a gallant chieftain at the period of the incursions of the Danes, and who was the father of seven blooming daughters. He was himself a brave warrior, animated with the greatest hatred against the Danes, who, at that period, were laying every part of Erin waste. His sword never rested in his sheath; and day and night his light gallies cruised about the coast on the watch for any piratical marauder who might turn his prow thither. One day a sail was observed on the horizon; it came nearer and nearer, and the pirate standard was distinguished waving from its mast-head. Immediately surrounded by the Irish ships, it was captured after a desperate resistance. Those that remained of the crew were slaughtered and thrown into the sea, with the exception of the captain and his six brothers, who were reserved for a more painful death. Conveyed to the fortress, their wounds were dressed, and they were allowed the free range of the castle.

Here gradually, a love sprung up between them and the seven Irish maidens, who yielded to their ardent protestations, and agreed to fly with them to Denmark. Everything was arranged for the voyage, and one fearfully stormy night in winter, was chosen for the attempt. Not a single star shone in the sky, the air was still sweeping from the ocean, the rain fell in torrents, and the water roared and raged with terrific violence amid the rocky caverns. Escaping down from the battlement by a rope ladder, they discovered to their horror, that on reaching the ground they were surrounded by armed men. Not a word was uttered; but they well knew into whose hands they had fallen. Conducted again within the fortress, they found themselves face to face with their injured father. One deadly glance of hatred he cast on the prisoners, and, muttering some few words to one of his attendants, he pointed towards his daughters. The man, on receiving the command, recoiled a few paces, transfixed with horror; and then he advanced nearer, and seemed as if contemplating with him. But the parent's face assumed an absolute demonic expression; and more peremptorily repeating his order, he stalked out of the room. And now commenced a fearful scene. The lovers were torn from each other's arms and the women were brought forth again. The storm had grown more violent, and the spray was dashing far over the cliff, while the vivid flames of lightning afforded a horrible illumination to the dreary scene. Proceeding alone the brink of the precipice, they at length came to a chasm which resembled somewhat the crater of a volcano, as it was completely closed, with the exception of the opening at the top, and one small aperture below, through which the sea rushed with fearful violence. The rolling of the waters, and the fearful noise of their ears about the rocks, and now at length the sisters divined their fate. One by one they were hurried into the boiling flood; one wild shriek—the billows closed again—and all was over. What the fate of their lovers was, the legend says not. The old castle has crumbled into ruins—the chief tower sleeps in an unknown grave—his very name forgotten; but still the sad ending of the maiden is remembered, and even unto this day the cavern is designated the "Cave of the Seven Sisters."—Cork Examiner.

The Saints.

Every logical mind will readily admit that, as heaven is above earth, and as God is superior to man, so those who have distinguished themselves in the cause of heaven and of God are more deserving of our admiration than those whose pursuits have been merely human. The saints have been eminent for their holiness; they have studied the science of the heavens, of the kingdom of God. Their lives have glorified God and edified men; they have labored to elevate man to a sense of his real dignity, to a knowledge of his ultimate and supernatural end. The saints had for their whole aim to educate men in the school of Christ, and by this education to bring him to the possession of never ending felicity; hence the saints are worthy objects of gratitude and veneration.

G. A. Dixon, Frankville, Ont., says: "I was cured of chronic bronchitis, that troubled me for seventeen years, the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil." See that the signature of Northrop & Lyman is on the back of the wrapper, and you will get the genuine Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

A. B. Des Rochers, Athabaskaville, P. Q., writes: "Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, from which I have constantly suffered, until after having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for nine days, bathing the head, &c., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle."

Our Progress.
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