

THE LEGEND OF THE REPENTANT THIEF.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

Wary and worn with desert dust and heat. The Virgin Mother sighed for rest; The burning sands had scorched her tender feet. The babe moaned faintly on her shelt'ring breast; St. Joseph placed her on his faithful breast, Offering the pain as consecrated priest.

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Surely, surely," answered Mrs. Leahy, as she wiped away a tear which the memory of her son had called up; "Morgan was a loving son, and his heart is as tender towards his mother as ever."

"I thank God," he went on, speaking to the old man, "that my boy had the courage enough to go to defend the rights of the Pope. I could not die as peacefully as I do now if I had endeavored to prevent him. The great consolation of my life is that I will remain after many days."

"Do you think, John," Leahy began, Mrs. Leahy, "that God will make my death unhappy because, in my selfish sorrow, I wished to him for Morgan from going?"

"Not if you sincerely repent and atone for it. As I look back over my seventy years of life I see many imperfections, but I have wept for them; I have confessed them out in the sacred blood of my Redeemer, and I have faith, enough in my religion not to fear death. I do not say this for a boast. God knows I am sinful enough, but I trust in his mercy, and I am certain that what our Church teaches about pardon and penance is true. It is my Faith which makes me meet death without a fear."

"Oh! John, you were ever better than I, stronger in faith, and more generous in your works. Years ago, before there was a church here, you used to go through storm and frost to Mass, or to bring the priest to hold a station. Often have I trembled for your safety, but you never fear-d."

"Why should I fear? If I did God's will would He not protect me? Or even if I had perished doing my duty, would not the gain be mine? One of my greatest consolations now is that I was always anxious to assist at Mass. Those who are careless about that may well tremble; they are in a bad way."

"Pray for me, John, that I may soon follow you in peace, for my life will be very lonely after you are gone."

This spoke the simple-minded old people. They were only a couple of hard working children of Erin, of little account in the eyes of fashionable society. And yet the teachings of their Church emboldened their minds, and caused them to have more refined ideas of supernatural things than those entertained by pretended scientists. They had learned two great arts—that of living well and that of dying well. And there are thousands of such as John Leahy and his wife around about us in the Catholic Church. After all is said and done, they are really better and more useful citizens than men of gigantic enterprises and huge windmills; they are really happier in life, and assuredly, will be happier after death than the frivolous and the polished slaves of vice. It might be well to learn a lesson from these simple poor.

The short winter day had nearly waned into night. Stars, which rivalled in their sharp glittering the rays of the sickle sun, leaped out into the azure field of the peaceful sky. The pearly whiteness of the snow-carpet, tessellated with feathered dew-drops, and the pale blue canopy of night studded with gems, made the banks of the St. Lawrence appear like a fairy castle of vast dimensions. The frozen river formed a crystal pathway from end to end of the gorgeous palace; trees covered with hoar-frost took the place of magic chandeliers, and the faint murmur of the water chafing against its icy fetters was like the soft chanting of sportive elves.

Far away over the hills the hungry wolves yelped in harsh tones; but the sound, borne on the tremulous air, lost its harshness, and came as pleasing music to the river's edge, even as a rude soul is chastened and refined by delicate surroundings.

Every voice, no matter how discordant, was attuned to harmony by the magic of the limpid atmosphere.

A few perches down the river a huge boulder raised its frowning head high above the ice. The snow had covered it, but had been drifted into fantastic forms, one of which in the coming gloaming assumed the appearance of a woman. It reminded one of the beautiful Andromeda chained to the rock to appease the wrath of insulted Neptune. Heathen mythology could not surround Cassiopeia's hapless daughter with such beauty and grandeur as were revealed. A slim

fire-tree waving on the bank looked like the venturesome Perseus preparing to bound to the rescue of the weeping maiden.

No bird-whistles were heard from the drooping branches of the pines; shrouded gracefully in a mantle of purest snow they bent gently earthward, and lightly swayed in the faint breeze.

A scarce perceptible cloud of powdered snow sped, grating over the polished surface of the ice like faint whistles in the mazes of some fantastic dance.

The sharp jangle of sleigh-bells broke from time to time the pleasing spell of fairyland as shivering parties drove past. The horses covered with white frost, and the driver enveloped in wolf-does, might easily be mistaken for the deathlike taking a survey of his cold and silent domains.

Mrs. Leahy had come to the door of her house to take a last look for the day up the road which led to the nearest railway station. A sleigh was rapidly approaching; it entered by the open gateway and halted within a yard of where she was standing. In a moment she was caught by the strong hands of Morgan who hurriedly asked: "How is father?"

"Thank God, it is Morgan," was all Mrs. Leahy could answer.

Eleanor and Mrs. Barton now descended from the sleigh, and all were soon seated near a roaring grate.

The joy and pride of John Leahy as his son, to gratify the good old man's whim, appeared before him clad in his Zouave uniform, and wearing his Merit medal, as well as the one received for devotion to duty during the cholera at Albano, were beyond the power of words to describe.

Catching Morgan's arm he kissed the sleeve of his jacket, saying: "Glorious to God, I have seen the Pontifical uniform—and that on a son of my own. Now I can die content. Wear it every day, Morgan, until my death. Next to dying for your Faith, the most glorious thing is to fight for the patrimony of St. Peter."

For a few days more the old man lingered; Morgan and Eleanor were ever at his bedside. The waning of his life was peaceful, his soul was filled with hope. The parish priest was assiduous in his visits, and administered with all sanctity the last sacraments of the Church. With a profession of Faith signed by the priest, his eyes were closed, and he lay peacefully in his coffin, leaving his family in a lower state than usual.

The waning snow traces lightly over the landscape, and the sun is a pale and feeble orb, and his light is dim.

The soil has been cast into the bed of the sea, and will long command, and best of all, and most interesting, the land of the angels' trumpet.

His good deeds, shining brighter than the most stars which bedeck his grave, have accompanied his soul to the land of justice. They alone of all earthly possessions are prized by the disembodied soul, for they alone can rob death of its sting and judgment of its terrors.

CHAPTER XXVI. INSIDE THE TRIUMPHANT.

Months had passed since the body of John Leahy had been consigned to its kindred clay. The icy gyves which had bound the noble St. Lawrence had long since melted away; the proud river leaped and exulted in its freedom, and bore seaward Canada's surplus productions. The young Dominion, rash and venturesome like a young man, thought to cope in trade and manufactures with its older and more powerful neighbors. It insanely threw open its markets to foreign products while its manufactured goods were heavily taxed by other nations.

In the year 1870 it had not felt severely the effect of this policy; but a day was to come on which it would find that Canada was the slaughter market of the United States, that Canadian industries were paralyzed by an unwise domestic policy. A day was to come on which thoughtful men could see no hope of national prosperity unless by a wise re-adjustment of tariff which would foster home manufactures.

But as yet the crisis had not come; the rushing stream bore proudly down its current undimmed tokens of our vast resources. By land and water steam-power was at work subserving the purposes of man.

Slowly man, freighted with old-time memories, the yellow fibers seen from the Pincian heights it resembled a golden thread unwinding on an eternal garment. No signs of busy commerce disturbed its tranquillity. It speaks of something more emblematic than gold or silver; it tells of greater glories than those revealed by steamships and commerce. Just as there is in the heart of man some quiet chamber sacred to enduring reminiscences, and which would be defiled by the presence of selfish thoughts, just so there is in the centre of civilization this river, overshadowed by classical memories, and free from the vulgar signs of a wild growth. It is a rest spot in this restless world; a river on whose banks man may contemplate primitive modes of living and primitive customs side by side with the greatest works of genius. It retains a something of the peace of Eden mingled with our modern life.

It was the 15th of September, 1871. The evening was drawing on apace. The sun had sunk into the Mediterranean in a mist of ruby and opal. A warm glow was in the streets of Rome, and a chill gust of air played on the Pincian hill. This favorite place of public resort was almost deserted; it was closed against citizens and open only to the military. Huge guns stood grimly on the gravelled walks, and piles of leaden balls disfigured the neatly trimmed lawns. A lumbering ambulance had been wheeled over a bed of gorgeous flowers; many of these had raised their rich clusters around the unrightly object, causing it to suggest the idea of a hideous old bride arrayed in garish trappings. Under the shadow of a grove of flexes, and near a palm tree which seemed from its desolate appearance to be mourning for its Eastern home, a few canvas tents had been erected. Small groups of soldiers were squatting on the ground, their muskets stacked, like the framework of an Indian wigwam, near by.

Seated on the basin of the beautiful fountain, in the centre of which is a

marble figure of Pharaoh's daughter picking up the wicker basket that contains the youthful Moses, two Zouaves were engaged in earnest conversation. Their forms are familiar, and so are their voices.

"I have seen so little of you, Morgan, since your return that I have had no time to learn the particulars of your visit to Canada. We are likely to have a few spare hours now."

It was Lorenzo who spoke, but not the bright, gay, laughing Lorenzo of yore. He was prematurely worn; his handsome face was pale and serious, almost stern. His eyes were more wistful than formerly, as if from continually looking for and never finding some object. A smile, which was nearly akin to an expression of sadness, hovered around the corners of his mouth as he spoke; but when he glanced over the Pincian wall, and ran his eye along the dim outlines of Mount Parnis, beneath whose shadow he supposed the enemy encamped, a gleam of subdued joy and triumph lit up his noble countenance. Perhaps he thought of a glorious death on the morrow in a holy cause; or perhaps he pictured Eleanor listening with rapt enthusiasm to Morgan's account of his bravery; or perhaps his young and weary heart was opening more to the many roses which life ever bears even along its most thorny road.

"The particulars are easily given, Lorenzo. We were, as you know, summoned home to our father's death-bed. Quietly and happily he passed away shortly after our return. Lorenzo, his death was most edifying; I would not exchange such a death as his for all the glories this world can bestow; my mother wished me to remain at home, and I consented, thinking that no dangers would threaten the Holy See. When, however, I read of the withdrawal of the French troops shortly after the outbreak of the present Franco-Prussian War, I deemed it my duty to return. Need I say how glad I am that I arrived in time to fight again for the rights of the Church? But tell me how this impious invasion began?"

"That I can soon do," said Lorenzo. "When the French troops were withdrawn the reverses of France began. I am not, so you know, Morgan, superstitious; but I cannot close my eyes to facts. There were a few French soldiers in the Piedmontese States, when the first overtures for peace between the French and Prussian armies, and it is the frame which was suggested. The soldiers of France were taken as they lay in the Pincian domain, and that very day the French, in a bold and unprovoked manner, as they were called, invaded Piedmont. Since that time the French have been warring against us, and in the past few years our losses have been enormous and almost annihilated at Sedan, since three weeks since, Napoleon has been overthrown, and his son is a fugitive. Men may attribute this to the superior power of Prussia; but that power what it may, I see in this humiliation of France, an avenging God."

About that there can scarcely be a doubt; the semi-barbarous German may be brave, but his bravery is not greater than that of the Frank."

"Well," continued Lorenzo, "the Piedmontese Government saw in the defeat of France and the confusion of Europe, an opportunity of seizing the last remaining territory of the Pope, Victor Emmanuel, who is the cat'spaw of the Revolution, addressed a letter to the Holy Father asking to be allowed to occupy the Roman States. Of course the Pope refused; and then without declaration of war, the Piedmontese army crosses the frontier and marches on to Rome. On the 12th of June Castellana was attacked. An army numbering nearly 70,000 men, well provided with artillery, has been advancing in three divisions. One of these you narrowly escaped the other day when you succeeded in reaching the city. The Pope seeing that it would be a useless loss of life for small garrisons to resist such an army, ordered them to fall back on the Capital. On the 14th, our company, under the personal command of De Charette, arrived from Viterbo. At once the work of fortifying, as well as we could, the city was begun. In many places the walls are weak and cannot offer a serious resistance to modern artillery. Civita Vecchia fell on the 17th, the day on which you entered. We are now surrounded by a large army of our own, as you know, is quite small, numbering only 13,000, or less. We are out of all communication with the outside world; branches will soon be made in the wall and then—"

(To be continued.)

This story can be had in book form from J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, or Knowle's book store, Halifax, N.S.

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Be as careful of the books you read as of the company you keep, for your habits and character will be much influenced by the former as the latter.—Parson Hood.

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ACTS. 'Tis good to speak in friendly guise, And soothe wh'er we can; Fair speech should bind the human mind, And love link man to man. But stop not at the gentle words; Let deeds with language dwell; The one who pities starving birds Should scatter crumbs as well; The mercy that is warm and true Must lend a helping hand. For those that talk, yet fail to do But "build upon the sand."

Glory established upon the uninterupted success or honorable designs and actions is not subject to diminution; nor can any attempts prevail against it, but in the promotion which the narrow circuit of rumor bears to the unlimited extent of fame.—The Spectator.

The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture, like a school-boy's holiday, with a task annexed to the tail of it.—Chas. Lamb.

What we have not done during life is very hard for us to do at the hour of death.—St. Alphonsus.

How THEY COME UPON US.—During the green-apple season, cramps come upon us like a thief in the night, and remain with us until the nearest physician is called in, or the pain is driven away by a dose or two of Perry Davis' Pain Killer, the celebrated cure for all summer complaints, from simple cramps to the most aggravated forms of cholera morbus or dysentery. No household should be without the Pain Killer, unless there is a drug-store next door. Every reputable druggist sell the medicine. Only 25c. New large size.

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MICHAEL DAVITT, M.P. A Sketch of the Member for North Meath by the Pall Mall Gazette.

"Among all the men who followed Mr. Parnell faithfully while he served Ireland and stood boldly against him when he postponed his country to himself, the figure of Michael Davitt is most conspicuous. In the Parnell crises, always, he was consistent and courageous. Except John Dillon, there is no Irish Nationalist who has wrung so much respect from foes as well as friends. Without fear of contradiction, said Sir Charles Russell before the Special Commission, 'I say that the whole course of his life may be examined, and not one will be found to say that he has been unfaithful to any trust or has been guilty of any dishonorable action.' Nothing, probably, did more to clear the majority of the Irish party from the stigma of English party dictation than the adherence to it of Mr. Davitt. There is not a more independent man in the three kingdoms. Mr. Parnell had the talent of compromise. Mr. Davitt has often offended not only the British Liberal party, but his friends and co-workers of the Irish Parliamentary party, by his uncompromising way of always saying what he thought and meaning what he really believed. When Mr. Parnell was being examined by the Commission, he was asked by Sir Charles Russell to find a number of good English statesmen and persons who were fully acquainted with the Nationalist and one by one, with his regularity, Mr. Parnell, in polished, declamatory or deprecating such language, as a language which he could never have uttered or approved. Hard by St. Michael Davitt, visibly quivering, with such solemn ejaculations as—'I wouldn't say that. Wait until my turn comes.' When his turn did come, he won all hearts, if he scandalized a few heads, by the outspoken way in which he acknowledged the intransigent line which he had once taken, and which he would take again if all else failed his country. Michael Davitt had good reason to be intransigent. We cradled him in wrong, and trained him in prison to revenge. The son of an exiled Mayo peasant, his first vivid childhood memory is of being hung out upon the roadside with his father and mother to beg or starve. Working for his bread as a little child, he met the accident in a Lancashire mill, which has left him for life with one sleeve dangling idly by his side. The calamity helped him to a little book-reading, which was the beginning of his self-education. He attended the Wesleyan school at Haslingden, and was employed as assistant letter-carrier and bookkeeper in the printing and post office there. Of course he joined the Fenian movement, took part in the attempt on Chester Castle, and was arrested while guarding arms to Ireland. Seven years Michael Davitt was put too brood over the past and plot for the future among thieves and rascals. Soon after his release a visit to America, followed by a vigorous share in the Irish land war, crystallized Davitt into an ardent land nationalizer, or, rather, communitarian, and he has worked ever since for that object, and on the international labor lines which he started the short-lived Labor World to promote. As the Father of the Land League he was imprisoned again in 1881, after his twelve years of liberty, the annulment of his first term in the House being one of the most memorable scenes in its history—the wholesale suspension of the Irish members. Yet today, after all this, after fourteen and after Portland, Mr. Davitt can point to a greater record of brave, unspiced denunciation of crime and extreme measures than perhaps any other prominent Nationalist."

Dr. G. Desrosiers writes Nov. 12th 1892. I have used Dr. NEY'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC in several cases of Asthma with very good success. I had a particularly bad case of Asthma recently. An old man of 72 years of age had been an inveterate asthmatic for the last 30 years. His sufferings were so severe that he was nearly blind. I made him use the Syringe of Dr. NEY'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC and he immediately breathed freely. It is several weeks since this cure and from what I know he has enjoyed an excellent health from that day. I cannot but congratulate myself upon having tried this most excellent preparation. G. Desrosiers, M.D. St. Felix de Valois.

D'FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES COLIC CHOLERA MORBUS DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS OF CHILDREN OF ADULTS PRICE 35CTS BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

DR. NEY'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY FOR Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Croup, &c.

The Government of the Dominion of Canada has accepted the offer of the Government of the United States to take part in the World's Columbian Exposition to be held in Chicago from 1st May 1893 to 31st October, 1893. As it is important that a very full display of Canadian products be made on that occasion, a general invitation is extended to Canadian producers and manufacturers in agriculture, horticulture, products of forests, fisheries, minerals, machinery, manufactures, arts, &c., to assist in bringing together such a display of the material resources and industrial products of Canada as will be a credit to the country.

World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

An Executive Commissioner for Canada has been appointed, who will have the general charge of the exhibit and the allotment of space, and the several Provincial Governments have been invited to cooperate with the view of making the exhibition as complete and a self-factor as possible.

The Dominion Government will pay the transport of exhibit going and returning, and for the placing of articles on exhibition.

Articles must be made not later than 31st July. The reception of articles at the Exposition buildings will commence 1st November, 1892, and all exhibits, excepting Live Stock, must be in place by 1st April, 1893.

Forms of applications for space and general information can be obtained on applying by letter post free, to the undersigned, W.M. SAUNDERS, Executive Commissioner for Canada. Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, 15th April, 1892.

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