

## REFLECTION.

In the Jesuit Graveyard. Saint-Anne-Recollet.

BY J. J. J. J. J.

Brightly the sun on summer's day,  
Shed on the earth its burning ray,  
When thoughtfully I kneel to pray,  
Dona eis Requiem!

'Twas a simple graveyard lone,  
Where monument and costly stone,  
Above a mound, had never been known;  
Dona eis Requiem!

'Twas where the Jesuit Fathers rest,  
A simple cross above each breast,  
They sleep the slumber of the Blest,  
Dona eis Requiem!

Both old and young are side by side,  
No mark of worldly pomp and pride,  
Just as they lived so have they died;  
Dona eis Requiem!

'Tis a Priest, Scholastic, Novice there,  
One common lot of sound must share,  
'Naught can avail them now but prayer,  
Dona eis Requiem!

They walked the road by Jesus trod,  
They rest beneath that blessed sod,  
Their spirits reign on high with God,  
Dona eis Requiem!

What matters now the rush and din  
Of worldly joys that seek to win  
The soul immortal unto sin?  
Dona eis Requiem!

"Ashesto ashes; dust to dust,"  
They died the good and just,  
Placing in God their Faith and trust,  
Dona eis Requiem!

They died as stars, whose every ray  
Is lost in the Jeweled of the day,  
Then let us kneel and humbly pray  
Dona eis Requiem!

Ye who accuse them, do not fear,  
To walk that graveyard lone and drear,  
You need not pray, nor drop a tear,  
(Dona eis Requiem!)

But read the lesson they have taught,  
How life and worldly gain is naught,  
Christ's battle only have they fought,  
Dona eis Requiem!

To live like them in virtue's glow,  
"Merry" were unto the grave to go,  
If one were sure to be buried so,  
Dona eis Requiem!

## URIEL:

Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

By Sister Mary Raphael (Miss Drane).

## CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

But what hand was that which drew from the organ those sweet and solemn tones? And what voices were those which rose to the vaulted roof, and swelled in heavenly harmony, as though the angels themselves were joining in the chant? The hand was Julian's, as skilled in music as in other arts; and the voices were from white-robed company he had brought together, who now filled the stalls of the choir, and made its roof and walls give back the echo of the joyous words:

"Tibi, Christe, Splendor Patris  
Vita, virtus cordium,  
In conspectu Angelorum  
Vota, voce psallimus,  
Alternatim conprecando  
Melos damus vocibus."

But it was one kneeling group that attracted all eyes and moved all hearts. The father, with his son and daughter by his side; the tall, gigantic figure of the son, with his golden hair, marking him for a true Pendragon of Merylin; and kneeling by his side, in sweet unconscious beauty, the little Uriel, looking like the flash of sunlight. As they beheld that spectacle one thought passed through many minds: "The same day has witnessed two restorations: the Chapel of the Holy Angels is restored, and with it 'The Fortune of Pendragon'!"

## CHAPTER XX.

SOME MISTAKES AND EXPLANATIONS.

It was all over; the thanksgiving ceremony and the subsequent visits and congratulations. Merylin was alive again; as though to impress on all the fact that the dark cloud and all its associations were gone forever, Sir Michael had driven through Tremadoc, with his son by his side; the first time for twelve melancholy years that he has crossed his own park boundary.

"And now, I suppose," said Gertrude, one morning, "we shall return to ordinary life again? One has lived such a story book existence of late, that the first thought on getting up in the morning is 'what next?'"

"Oh, the next thing," said Rodolph, who happened to be one of the party, "the next thing, of course, will be a batch of weddings. Whatever course the story takes, at St. George's Hanover square, it is bound to end. I know of no exception to that."

"Uriel does not look much like Hanover square, to my mind," said Mary. "With all the talk about 'the Fortunes of Merylin,' I somehow can't get over the impression that their misfortunes are not yet quite come to an end."

"You will see," said Rodolph. "Uriel had a hard knock or two, I believe; but he'll get over it. The Fair Imogen will then give her hand to her deliverer (for I hear Julian threatens to shoot any one who couples his name with hers); and then the devoted friend will turn into the devoted brother. I see it all, written with golden capitals in the Book of Fate."

Geoffrey had no taste for this style of discussion; Rodolph's rattle wheeled and scolded disgusted him; he rose, yawned a little, then leaving the room, retired to his own study, where presently Mary joined him, and coming behind his chair found him, as it seemed, intently studying a map of North America.

"What are you looking at?" she asked, with some surprise; "what in the world has made you take to geography?"

"Manitoba," answered Geoffrey, shortly; "it's the place where everyone goes. I'm thinking of looking it up myself some day."

"You!" said Mary, who thought him only joking; "then, you know, you will have to take me with you."

"Ay," said Geoffrey, "that would be jolly. We'd clear the forest, build ourselves a log-hut, and begin life over again like the patriarchs."

"But what has put Manitoba into your head?" said Mary; "the strange old Geff, that you are? Could you really ever tear yourself from dear old Laverton and the mill?"

"I don't know," replied Geoffrey; "there's Gertrude to be married in the spring, I suppose; and you'll be getting married some day, Mary; if I were to be left alone at Laverton, I don't think, somehow, I could stand it. Besides, I should really like to have a look at their new country farming; I heard a lot about it when I was in London. There's a famous speaking at a place, only I can't find the name on the map."

"I don't think I shall ever get married,"

said Mary; "and if you go to Manitoba, I shall go too, that is certain; I had better prepare for it, and shall begin by feeding the chickens."

She left him as she spoke, and for some time Geoffrey continued alone, pursuing his geographical researches. Presently the door opened, and some one put in a head.

"All right," said Geoffrey, without turning round to see who it was, and supposing it was Mary returning from the chicken; "it's Arkansasnow, that's the place; awful crows, they say; only you must look sharp after the bears; they'd make short work with your pet lambs, I fancy."

A light laugh made him look up. "Why, God bless my soul, is it you, Julian?" he exclaimed; "I thought it was Mary."

"Not exactly," replied Julian. "But can you spare me a minute or two—you look deep in something."

"No, nothing pressing," said Geoffrey; "and you're not been here since all these great events. Well, on my word, Julian, between us, I think we have done it."

"Yes," said Julian; "I have done what I promised to do in this very room, some nine months or so ago, and now I have come to ask for my reward."

"With all my heart," said Geoffrey, earnestly; "I fancy, Julian, I can guess what it is, and I can only say, may God make you both happy!"

"Thank you," said Julian; "I was only waiting for that. I could not venture to try my fate without being sure you gave it your sanction."

"My sanction!" said Geoffrey, with a touch of bitterness in his tone; "you know well enough, Julian, that I have no sanction to give in such a matter."

"Well, not formally, perhaps; still I couldn't be happy to speak to her till I had said a word to you. I know what she is to you, and I feel like a villain for asking to take her from you. But come now, Geoffrey, don't look black on me. After all, I mayn't have a bugar of a chance, though Aurelia assures me it's all right. You know she has stood my friend all along. That day at Merylin, when we all said 'Good bye,' she promised she would look after my interests."

"Well, if Aurelia consents, I suppose that is sufficient," said Geoffrey, coldly. "I thought I understood that you had not yet spoken to her?"

"Not to Mary," said Julian; "of course not, I could not tell I had spoken to you. But Aurelia, why, bless you, she has known all about it from the beginning."

Geoffrey looked at his friend as one fairly puzzled. "Look here," he said, "you know what a blockhead I am in taking a thing in. What is it you came to tell me?"

"My dear Geoffrey, surely I have told you," said Julian; "surely you understand that I want you to give me the hand of your sister Mary?"

Geoffrey remained as one dumbfounded, he could not even give utterance to his surprise.

"Why, I thought you would have guessed it long ago," said Julian; "that was why I cut up a little rough with you when you began chaffing me about Imogen; I thought you knew, or ought to have known, that I was not one to change in a month or so."

"My stars!" ejaculated Geoffrey, at last, "why, I thought, Julian, I know you take me for an ass—but I felt sure all this time that you had been thinking of Aurelia."

The light merry laugh broke once more from Julian's lips. "Aurelia!" he exclaimed. "Was that what you were thinking of? Oh, set your heart at rest on that score for ever. We are tremendous friends, and she has been in my confidence since last Christmas; but for anything else, a British princess is far above one of my ken. I don't aim at metal of such superlative quality, not I."

"The homely round, the common task, Will furnish all I need or ask."

And provided Mary will put up with my errand ways, I shall be the happiest man alive."

Geoffrey could only wring his friend's hand till it ached, and tell him that he would find Mary "somewhere with the chickens"—a hint which Julian at once prepared to make use of by departing in the direction of those interesting feathered bipeds.

"I have been a precious simpleton, it seems," thought Geoffrey to himself. He did not know whether to be glad or sorry. Sorry to lose Mary, and glad if he must lose her, to give her to Julian. Glad, just for a passing moment, to think of Aurelia as really free; yet sorry, too, for he could never have borne to have seen her Julian's than to hear of her marriage with a stranger. But it would be so in the natural course of things. Merylin was now restored to its natural position in the county; the world would be fast flowing into it and around it; great families would be seeking its alliance; and the old days, sad, lonely, yet full of sweetness and remembrance, when he was the only friend of the father and the daughter—those "dear old days" were gone forever.

It was more than he could bear to think of, and seizing his hat, he was just setting off for his usual resource, the mill—when a note was brought in Aurelia's handwriting, begging him to call at the castle, as her father wanted to see him on business.

He would gladly just then have escaped presenting himself at Merylin, for he was conscious of a certain interior agitation, which threw him somewhat off his balance. However, he could not disregard the summons; as to the castle he went; and being ushered into Sir Michael's presence, found the old man engaged with his son in looking over deeds and papers connected with his estate.

"We wanted your help, Geoffrey," said the old baronet. "You must understand, Uriel, that for the last twelve years Mr. Houghton has stood to me in the place of a son. Never must you or yours forget what you owe him."

"I am not likely to forget what I owe him," said Uriel, grasping Geoffrey's hand in his, with warm affection. "My sister has told me all he has been to her and to my father."

They sat down together, and went through various papers and accounts. It was Geoffrey's element, and he felt the hour of business had brooded him, and made him himself again. But when the business was ended, and leaving the study he was making his way towards the hall-door, he encountered on his way the very person whom, at that moment, he would most willingly have avoided.

It was Aurelia, looking joyous and radiant, with little Uriel clinging to her side. At their first meeting she had won his heart, and the two were now rarely separated.

"Oh, Mr. Houghton, how glad I am!" she exclaimed. "You were so long to see you, and to say how happy I am about dear Mary."

"Then Uriel heard his father's voice, and with a cry of pleasure ran off to find him."

"Is he not charming?" said Aurelia. "To see his little chubby face and hear his laugh is like sunshine in the old house. It does not seem like the old place; too bright, too bright, for Merylin. But now, Mr. Houghton, if it is not indiscreet, do tell me if it is all right with Mary." She led the way as she spoke, into the sitting-room

had just quitted, and whether he would or no, Geoffrey had to follow.

"I suppose it is all right," he said; "Julian is now at Laverton, and left me to go to Mary;—how it has ended I cannot say. I was amazed!"

"But you had no right to be amazed, surely," said Aurelia; "you knew about it, I thought, when all that foolish gossip was going on about Imogen. Don't you remember assuring me that, though appearances were against him, you were certain Julian would prove faithful?"

"I believe I have been very thick-headed in the whole matter," said Geoffrey. "You see, I fancied—that is, I thought—that Julian had something quite different in his mind."

She looked at him in surprise; then, by a sudden sort of flash, seemed to comprehend his meaning. "O Geoffrey, how could you!" she exclaimed, then paused; and a very awkward pause they both felt it.

"I tell you I have been a simpleton," said Geoffrey; "I generally am, I believe. But this time my blunder has had some good results. It was really thinking that, which first set me to work on Uriel's business. From what I heard I thought the clearing up of his name would be removing the only bar to your happiness; and you may believe it or no, as you will, Aurelia—but for your happiness I am any day ready to give my life. There now, don't be vexed; I did not mean to speak like that; I shall never do it again. I wouldn't pain or annoy you for the whole world; but that was just how it was; and you see now how it never came into my head to guess about Mary."

He hardly knew how he got back to Laverton that afternoon. He had never meant to say what he had said; and how Aurelia might understand it he could not tell. She would probably only have thought him blundering and stupid, and, in short, like himself. Still, odd to say, his heart felt lighter for having given itself that relief; and when late in the afternoon evening Mary found him sitting alone, he received her with bright gaily untroubled in his mind.

"Well, Mary, old girl," he said, gently drawing her to him, "have you got anything to tell me, since I saw you last?"

"Yes, one thing," said Mary. "And what is that?"

"That I have been thinking it over, and you must not go to Manitoba; for you see, Geoffrey, I could not now go with you."

"Ah," replied Geoffrey, "I perceive, it strikes me that conclusion was come to in the chicken-yard this morning. But who knows? Perhaps Julian will go with us—we will talk it over with him this evening."

## CHAPTER XXI.

CHANGES.

We must leave our reader's permission to pass somewhat rapidly over several months, which followed the events recorded in our last chapter. Uriel Pendragon's return home and the complete re-establishment of the family honor were now accomplished facts; nor did there remain on the towers of Merylin the least shadow of the old cloud. Nothing, in fact, could have been more thorough and satisfactory than the public recognition of his innocence. An offer was made from the military authorities to restore him his commission, and no opportunity was lost by the leading personages in his own county of inviting him to assume among them the position formerly occupied by the head of his family. But while Uriel showed himself sensible of every kindness, and grateful for every mark of consideration for his father's sake, he gently but firmly declined to accept any proposal which could bring him before the eyes of the world. On this point Aurelia was a little disposed to take him to task.

"If it is sensitiveness, Uriel," she one day said, "because you shrink from notice after what has passed, believe me, that would only be another form of pride."

"No, Aurelia," he replied; "but there are things with which a dead man has nothing to do. And I am as good as dead, you see. Even if I had a long life before me, I doubt if I could ever revive to the ways and fashions of the world; but, dear Aurelia, do not deceive yourself, I have not a long life before me, but a very little span. I feel it shortening day by day, and what there is of it I would not willingly spend upon an empty snow."

She looked distressed.

"Why, what is there to be sad about?" he continued. "If you knew what life has been to me these twelve years past, you would rejoice with me that I am likely to get my discharge. You will say that is all over now, and that a bright future is before me. But you don't know, you could not, I suppose, be expected to guess, how what I have gone through has cut me off from everything. I can take no root again, Aurelia; it is past and over. I have prayed daily for these many years past, that one thing at least I might do with this poor shattered life of mine, and I think the desire of my heart has been granted."

"What is it, dear Uriel? You must not give me a half-confidence, you must tell me all."

He smiled his sweet sad smile, and took her hand. "At St. Florian," he said, "I used to pray that I might one day give my life to save that of another; and I think it will be so. I have taken my last cruise, I fear, for I doubt if I have strength now to pull an oar. But that blow they told you of has done its work here," and he laid his hand on his breast, "and I know, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that my days are numbered. Well, it is all right; we saved the drowning crew that night, and so you see, my heart's desire will be granted fast."

Aurelia tears were flowing fast. "But Uriel," she said, "think of what depends upon you; think of my father and all his hopes; surely it is not wrong to pray that your life may be spared, that you may comfort him, and build up our unfortunate family."

"I do hope I may live to close his eyes," said Uriel, "but as for rebuilding our family, it is not I that shall do that. Don't think me superstitious, Aurelia, but you remember the old prophecy, 'It is not the fallen heir' who is to restore the fortunes of his house, but another."

"Angel by name, of angel face, The peasant-born shall fill his place."

And as he spoke he pointed through the open window where they sat, to the terrace, where playing and singing in childish glee might be seen the little Uriel.

"Of angel face, indeed," said Aurelia; "but your name is not Uriel, and if Julian's cartoon is worth anything."

"Ay," interrupted Uriel, "but the last line is not fulfilled in me, though it is in him. My mother, Aurelia, was a simple peasant girl, my poor Jacqueline. Perhaps you wonder at my having made such a marriage; but was I not become a peasant myself—and baser lower than a peasant; in the world's eyes, a felon? She was so good and pious; and as innocent as a daisy. They tell me that the child inherits his features, but I love to think that it is from his mother's eye his gay temper and his loving little heart. Believe me, there is the true heir of Merylin, the peasant-born, the real Uriel, who will restore the fortunes of our house."

Aurelia accused him of superstition in attaching

ing any weight to the old prophecy, though it was only with half a heart that she tried to rally him.

"As you will," he said; "but if Alice Spier-the-Span had never croaked her doggerel riddles, it would make but little odds to me. I don't say it will be to-day or to-morrow, but I have that in me which before, very long will set me free." But though he spoke thus openly to Aurelia he hid his best, and successfully, to conceal from his father that there was anything amiss.

He saw plainly enough that the shock of sudden joy, coming on the frame shattered by long years of suffering and anxiety, had told on his father's feeble health, and that the appearance of renewed life and vigor were altogether deceptive. He hoped that just so much life might be given him as would help him to soothe the old man's last hours, and to suffer him to close his eyes in peace; and so, indeed, it came to pass.

St. Michael's decline, after this first joy was over, became rapid and unmistakable; and three months after Uriel's reinstatement in his home, his father breathed his last, blessing God with his dying accents that the sins of his house had been expiated, and the wrath of heaven turned away. This event, which took place just after Christmas, was scarcely felt to be a sad one; rather it came on all hearts with a sense of joy. It was as if a long day of storms and darkness had cleared at the evening hour, and been illuminated by a golden ray.

That the son should be given back just in time to console his father's dying hours, and succeed to his rightful inheritance, could not be felt as other than a marvellous mercy. So all the world congratulated the new Sir Uriel, and predicted great things of his future career.

[To be continued.]

## QUEER IDEAS IN BOSTON

Concerning Canada's Alleged Predisposition to Annexation.

Boston, Mass., September 11.—The United States Senate Committee on Relations with Canada began its public hearings in Boston to-day. Representative E. A. Morse, of Canton, addressed the committee. He said he did not think it profitable for the United States and Canada to retain an army of revenue officers on each side of a line three thousand miles long. If Canada would consent to a just adjustment of the fishery difficulty he would favor a reciprocal treaty.

The Interstate Commerce law he considered most unjust to American railroads, driving business away to parallel lines in Canada. The law should be repealed. It is an outrageous interference with public rights. If not repealed something must be done to protect our railroads from Canadian competition. New England must increase her own food supply, and her manufacturers must be nearer their markets and places of consumption. He thought the report of the workings of the law by the commissioners was entirely false and misleading.

S. P. Elbridge, of the Chamber of Commerce, believed in annexation, and would oppose any policy to hinder such consummation. He believed the general view in Canada was that the extension of commercial privileges would soon lead to annexation. Canadian roads gave Boston better service than American.

A. Hardy, of Boston, said members of the Produce Exchange preferred the re-establishment of reciprocity to political or commercial union, both of which he considered impracticable at present. He thought the Interstate law might be left to work out its own problem.

B. F. Davis, of Boston, said all the fishing interests of Boston had always been in favor of reciprocity. Canada had much to give in return, as 99 per cent of the fish brought to American ports by American vessels were stolen from within the three mile limit and American fishermen must have Canadian bait.

Alden Speare thought annexation the best solution of the problem and commercial union the next best, but thought both impracticable at present. He thought the re-annexation of the treaty of 1854, eliminating fish, would be to the advantage of both countries. Mr. Speare gave statistics to show the advantage the world would accrue from making coal and pig iron free. He pronounced against the last fishery treaty and advocated retaliatory measures.

## Memory's Strange Freaks.

The varieties of memory are as remarkable as its vagaries, says All the Year Round. There is, for instance, so wide a range between Niebuhr, the great statesman, and a certain divine that one can scarcely recognize the same faculty in each. It is said of Niebuhr that he remembered everything he had read at any period of his life; and it is said of the reverend doctor that he forgot he had been married within an hour or two of the interesting event.

John Wesley had a remarkable memory, and at eighty-five even it was still vigorous. Andrew Fuller could repeat a poem of 500 lines after hearing it read once or twice, could recite verbatim a sermon or speech, and enumerate the names of the shop-signs from the temple to the end of Chesapeake, with a description of the principle articles displayed in each shop window.

Before the days of shorthand-reporting "Memory Woodfall" used to attend the House of Commons, and after listening to a debate could reproduce the whole without a single word. The same power was possessed by William Radcliffe, the husband of Mrs. Radcliffe, the novelist.

Both Macaulay and Sir Walter Scott had prodigious memories, yet neither of them could compare with Baronius, of Middleburg, who knew by heart the works of Virgil, Cicero, Juvenal, Homer, Aristophanes, and the two Plinys. If this was an example of "rote" only, we have in Mezzofanti, the celebrated linguist of Bologna, one of the most striking instances on record of what, by way of distinction, we may call intelligent memory. He was described by Lord Byron as "a walking polyglot, a master of languages, and a Babelian of parts of speech." At the age of fifty he was thoroughly versed in fifty languages—perfect in pronunciation, idiom, grammar, and colloquialism—and before his death he added twenty or thirty more to the list. He used to say to himself that he never forgot anything that he ever heard or read.

It is recorded of Le Fontaine, noted for his absent-mindedness, that he once attended the funeral of one of his most intimate friends, and shortly afterwards called to visit that friend. When reminded by the astonished servant of the recent death, he was at first terribly shocked, and then remarked: "True; of course; I recollected that I went to his funeral."

A curious instance of memory in sleep is related by a French writer on dreams. He says he once saw in a number of men passing out from a house. He observed them all very attentively, and the face of one struck him so much that he remembered it after waking. Exercising his thoughts, as to where he had seen the face before, he at last

recollected having seen it some days previously in a book of fashions, which he had carelessly glanced at and cast aside.

Reichenbach, a German writer on mental phenomena, says:—

"Walking, I cannot with whatever effort recall the features of my wife, who died some twenty years ago; but if I think of her in a dream, and her image is represented, I get the same with such accuracy that I have again before me every expression of her fine features in all their loveliness."

Fichte, a German psychologist, mentions the case of a musician, a good composer, who once omitted to note down a melody which occurred to him. Afterwards he could not recall it; but later he recollected it in a dream, with full harmony and accompaniment, and on waking was able to retain it until he wrote it down.

Both Plato and Aristotle have noted that in old age the recollections of childhood are renewed; and it is recorded of Kent that in his old age, when general memory was decayed and failing, he had vivid recollections of his youth.

Most of us probably have witnessed some affecting instances of an aged person living in the scenes of the long past, with a mind almost blank to the present. This is latent memory re-awakened, but with powers of consciousness limited by an enfeebled brain.

Sir Astley Cooper gives an account of a remarkable instance of cerebral eccentricity. A soldier who had been wounded in the head fell into a long stupefaction until he was restored to speech by an operation in the hospital. But when he did speak it was in an unknown tongue, which none about him could understand. By and by a Welsh woman was brought into the hospital, and she at once recognized the language of the sick soldier as her own tongue. He had not been in Wales for thirty years, yet he now spoke his long-forgotten language fluently, and could in fact not recollect any other. And, strange to say, when completely recovered the English came back to him, and the Welsh was once more forgotten.

Even at the very entrance of the "valley of the shadow" the memory plays strange tricks. Goethe told Ebermann that he once knew an old man who in his very last moments began to recite beautiful Greek sentences. These he had been made, as a boy, to learn by heart for a special purpose; but for fifty years had not uttered them. They were there in his memory, though, all the same, and some unexplainable cerebral action suddenly gave them form and expression.

It is computed by scientists that since one-third of a second suffices to produce an "impression" in 100 years, a man must have collected in his brain, 9,467,280,000 copies of impressions, or, if we take off one-third of the time for sleep, 6,311,520,000. This would give 3,155,760,000 separate waking impressions to the man who lives to the age of fifty years. Allowing a weight of four to the brain and deducting one-fourth for blood and vessels and another fourth for external integument, it is further computed that each grain of brain substance must contain 205,542 traces or impressions.—The Pilot.

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Ireland's Oldest Capuchin Dead.

On July 29, at the Franciscan Capuchin Monastery, Kilkenny, Ireland, the Very Rev. Father Edward Tomlinson, O. S. F. C., the oldest and most venerated priest of the Capuchin Order in Ireland—passed to his eternal reward. Father Tomlinson was a native of Dublin, having been born in 1812 in St. Michael and John's parish. The greatest part of his ministry was, however, passed in Cork and Kilkenny, where he was held in the greatest veneration by the people, and where his death is in a special manner deeply deplored. He joined the Capuchin Order in 1850, under Father Theobald Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, whose faithful disciple he continued until death. Ordained in 1855, his merits were so appreciated that he was, as occasions offered, raised by his religious brethren to all the posts of dignity in the Irish Province of the Order. His also was the privilege of being the first regular priest in Ireland to wear in public the religious habit of his order, after the relaxation of the penal laws. Capuchins, tortured, habited, and scandalized as in the old Catholic times, are now a frequent, familiar and edifying presence in and around Cork, Kilkenny and Kilkenny since the recent restoration of the strict observance of the rule of St. Francis. The solemn office and high Mass were celebrated for the eternal repose in the Franciscan Capuchin Church, Kilkenny, on July 31, after which the interment took place. The large attendance of the laity and of the clergy, many of whom travelled long distances in order to be present, testified to the sanctity and worth of the departed priest. The Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory, presided.

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—AND— AGRICULTURAL EXPOSITION,

1889,

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