For The Pilot.

In the Depths.

BY MINNIE GILMORE.

here are dim, dumb hours of longing— Of a longing that grows to pain, s the budding shade o'er the sunny glad Grows to a bloom of rain.

For the shore or the soundless sea:— or the love of old, or the new love told Or the love that yet may be.

hether for song or for silence— For a laugh of an echoed glee, a thought alone, on the chapel stor is all unknown to me!

d my soul sinks sobbing, sobbing, while my heart and my eyes grow hot the bitter pain of a yearning vain, or something that is not.

lomes in the quiet gloaming; /hen the heart of the world is still; if the soft, gray eye of the evening slooks wistfully on the hill.

In the young moon mounts up palely the tide of the smooth sky-sea, A as her heart grows, like a blooming r its circled fulgency.

Tre comes such a yearning, yearning, at the strings of my heart are stirred; A; a wail upfloats like a rent harp's not dying Love's last word.

or Pain, whence art thou, and wherefore: Ils the voice of the tender God— N. thy answer waits, at the graveya

THE MURDERED MORGAN.

Cleveland Leader, December 15. N. Thomas Benjamin Forbes, of th

citydds an interesting and hitherto upushed chapter to the history of tabdition and possible murder of Cataiwilliam Morgan, of Masonic notes in the Eastern Cataiwilliam Morgan, of Masonic notes Masonic notes Masonic notes and Masonic notes and Masonic notes are supplied to the Masonic notes and Masonic notes are supplied to the Masonic notes and Masonic notes are supplied to the Masonic notes and Masonic notes are supplied to the supplied to

iety Mr. Forbes is an old gentleman near eighty years, of feeble health, livin alterately with a son on Detroit stre

neathe city limits, with a daughter Novalk, and on his small farm about

eigh miles south-west of the city. I wasorn and grew up in the vicinity

oßatavia, Genesee county, New York thome of Morgan, and at the time

Mrgan's abduction was serving as a hire

mn for Colonel Mosely Stoddard, mast

MR. FORBES' STORY.
The following is Mr. Forbes' story

his nowledge of the abduction, as related in stail to a representative of this jour

nallesterday:

When Morgan was abducted I was worling for Colonel Mosely Stoddard, while on a large farm about four mil from Batavia. Morgan I had known fiseveal years. He was a short man wir red lair. One night he was taken out his hed by four masked men and carried of the afternoon before that the

off. On the afternoon before that day

off. On the afternoon before that day was it an apple paring bee, and didn get lome to Stoddard's until after dark Jist as I was going into the house a carrige drove up to the gate. I reckone itwas some one to see the Colonel, when was a lawyer, and master of a Mason loige there. I went down to the gate an longer than the statement of the awaring and asked

a tranger got out of the carriage and aske me if Colonel Stoddard was at hom I sold him I supposed so for all I knew, a

I had just got hone myself. He said Tell him I wantto see him out here quick I went into the house and told the Colone

I went into the house and told the Colone nel, who got up and went down to the first gate. I thought I wouldn't go to bed, for the Colonel might want me for something. In about five minutes it

Batavia. Morga

of Masonic lodge at Batavia. disppeared in the fall of 1826.

gates, Ad sings 'neath the silent sod!"

1 I grow so weary, weary

nd whether for earth or heaven,

God Pity the Poor. UNA.

The wild-rushing wings of the tempest are sweeping The frost-fettered land like a spirit of wrath; His fierce, icy breath with keen arrows pierce ing
The breasts of the wand'rers who stand in

his path; The earth in a trance lies enshrouded in silence,
The storm-king knocks loudly at window
and door;
The prayer of the pitiful fervently rises—
God shelter the homeless and pity the poor!

God pity the poor who are wearily sitting By desolate hearth-stones, cold, cheeries and bare,
From which the last ember's pale flicker has
faded, faded.
Like hope dying out in the midst of dispair.
Who look on the wide world and see it a desert.

Where ripple no waters, no green branches wave,
Who see in a future as dark as the present
No rest but the death-bed, no home but the

God pity the poor when the eddying snow drifts

Are whirled by the wrath of the winter winds by,

Like showers of leaves from the pallid star-That float in the depths of the blue lake on

high;
For though they are draping the broad earth in beauty. And veiling some flaw in each gossamer fold.
That beauty is naught to the mother whose children children
Are crouching around her in hunger and cold.

God pity the poor, for the wealthy are often As hard as the winter, and cold as its snow;
While fortune makes sunshine and summer around them,
They care not for others nor think of their

or if from their plenty a trifle be given, So doubtingly, grudgingly, often 'tis doled, That to the receiver their 'charity' seemeth More painful than hunger, more bitter than coid.

God pity the poor! for though all men are brothers,
Though all say "Our Father," not mine,
when they pray
The proud ones of earth turn aside from the
lowly,
As if they were fashioned of different clay;
They see not in those who in meekness and

Toil. poverty, pain, without murmur en-

re, age of Him whose first couch was a nanger; o chose for our sakes to be homeless and God pity the poor! Give them courage and

Their trials, temptations and troubles to And pity the wealthy whose idol is Fortune,
For gold cannot gladden the gloom of the grave; And as this brief life, whether painful or

pleasant.
To one that is endless but opens the door,
The heart sighs while thinking on palace
and hovel.
God pity the wealthy as well as the poor!

TRUE TO TRUST.

THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER VI.

"Sir, in this house there is no such a one

"Sir, in this house there is no such a one as you describe; no enemy of the state has ever found shelter beneath my roof. But if it please you to search the place, do so; you are welcome."
"I do not require your permission to do that to which I have a right, and which it is my duty to do," replied the commis sioner sharply. "Here, men," he cried, to those who accompanied him, "we must be gin. But this gentleman must be locked up, or he may be gone ere we return from our search."

"Be satisfied on that point," replied Sir Reginald, who felt not a little indignant at the imputation of cowardice which the remark involved; "you will find me here

concealed behind; with no better results they measured the rooms with long pole

was no signs of it being now used as such; and as those who had raised the beautiful and as those who had raised the beautiful little Gothic structure were long since gone to their repose, Mr. Higgins could censure no one for its existence, Leaving the spot, he mounted a small spiral staircase, which led to the room where Father Ralph

"Geoffry," said the commissioner to one of his men, "do you see those bricks near the fire-place? They look to me as if they had been newly put down."
"Certainly, sir, they have that appearance. Is it your pleasure that we should

remove them?"
"Might there not be a place for a man to get down into the wall of the chimney below, by lifting up this hearth?" re marked another of the pursuivants, several of whom had collected round the

spot.
"It is only the rats, yer honor," said a

"You are a Papist, as your master is, I "Faix, yer honor, I am," replied the

"Then you are not to be relied on Here, men, take up these bricks, and let us see what rats are under them," ex-claimed Mr. Higgins impatiently. "I'll defend his reverence to my dying

breath, if they do get him out," though Larry to himself, as he saw them removing the first brick. At that moment ing the first brick. At that moment a wild shout of joy resounded through the corridor. All stopped to listen.

"They have found something," said one of the pursuivants. "Shall we go and see ere we try what seems a very unlikely place for a man to hide in?"

The commissioner, not wishing that any other than himself should have the honor of a discovery agreed to this; and they

other than himself should have the honor of a discovery, agreed to this; and they all left the room to join the rest of the party, who had found a hollow place in the wall behind a large piece of tapestry, which they had partly torn down. Considerable time and trouble were expended in piercing the wall, when what evidently been intended as a place of concealment was exposed to view. Lights were procured, the mysterious spot carefully examined, and, to the great disappointment of the searchers, nothing was

last rays of the sun had faded from the western side of the old Manor. Discour-aged by their ill success, the pursuivants solved to depart at once, not considering necessary to make any further search

the decessary to make any further scaren in the room near the chapel.

The commissioner and his party passed through the hall where Sir Reginald was till seated. The sharp features of Mr. Higgins wore an expression of baffled paire; and although he said little, he ap

spite; and although he said little, he appeared much mortified.

"I have found nothing this time," were the only words he uttered; and without waiting for an answer he left the house. Of the party of townspeople who, at the instigation of the ever-busy blacksmith, had volunteered to accompany him, some laughed at his failure, others grumbled at the useless trouble they had given themselves; one and all agreed that they would not again put such ready faith in mere reports; and none were more convinced of the folly of doing so than the commissioner himself.

ommissioner himself.
"Geoffry," he said, turning abruptly to he unfortunate attendant who had brought him the tidings, "what heardest hou about the priest?" "Master, 'twas as I told you; that two

The last days of October had been chilly ae first of November dawned cheerles

scarcely ever raising his eyes from the ground until he entered the main thor-oughfare, and then he did look up, and then he did look up, and stopped short; for the din of voices struck remark involved; "you will find me here when your search is ended."

"Very well," replied the other reluctently; "let us go to work."

The party then spread themselves through the house; but the commissioner soon perceived that it would be almost impossible to find any one without some clue to their hiding place; for the Manor was a rambling building, with an endless number of passages, deep recesses, queershaped rooms, large granaries, and vaulted cellars. Vainly they felt along the tapes tried walls to discover if any person were concealed behind; with no better results they meaning the carpentage in the town.

they measured the rooms with long poles, so that if any part were not accounted for, they might pierce into that portion of the wall.

At length the commissioner found his way to the chapel. A Catholic place of worship it had certainly been, but there was no signs of it being now used as such; the crowd.

the crowd.
"O, Master Casterman," exclaimed the

o, Master Casterman, "exclaimed the little cobbler, "here you are!"
"Well," returned Stephen, "what is Thomas Tregarthen talking to you all about to day?"
"He was just giving us his ideas on re-

igion. You know awhile ago the contable searched Sir Reginald's house for Papist priest, whom folks said was there methought it was a grievous thing to mo methought it was a grievous thing to mo-lest so good a gentleman. However, the constable has offered a reward to any one who shall find the hiding-place of the said priest; so the carpenter has been on

"Well, what has he found?" interrupted asterman, who was growing impatient.
"In truth, he found nothing, but he hought he had, and came to Master Tre-"It is only the rats, yer honor," said a voice from behind; and the commissioner on looking round, saw a tall, vigorous man standing at the top of the stairs.

"O, here is Larry O'Toole!" said one of the party, who recognized in the new comer an Irish servant who had been many years at the Manor.

"I gave orders for all the serving-folks to be locked up; why have I not been obeyed?" demanded My HI not been obeyed?" demanded My HI not been to lose in talking or in hearing.

"I gave orders for all the serving-folks to be locked up; why have I not been obeyed?" demanded Mr. Higgins in an angry tone. Before his attendants had time to answer, Larry responded:

"Sure it is out of the house I was until I came in, and then one of yer own mentold me what ye were looking for. It's not much they will find, says I. But when I saw ye searching where we took up the bricks to get at them rats, why, sure did not like to see a gentleman like your honor troubling himself about so small a matter. It's no concern of mine, of course, so I'll just say no more about it, if yer honor does not wish."

The commissioner seemed puzzled; he looked sternly at Larry, who was now leaning against the climney with well-feigned indifference, although in truth, he felt anything but indifferent as to the research.

I'm at the Marker in the looked sternly at Larry, who was now leaning against the climney with well-feigned indifference, although in truth, he felt anything but indifferent as to the research.

"Too much mist at sea to-day for a boat o venture out? What think you, Caster-nan?" said one of the men. Stephen an-wered by a kind of grunt, and gave a vig-

rous push to the door, whose old hinges reaked and shivered as it flew open. The room into which the wreckers en-The room into which the wreckers entered was small and miserable, and so dark that the numerous objects that filled it was scarcely distinguishable. Its sole occupant was an old man, whose long white beard and straggling locks gave him a somewhat wild appearance; his hooked nose and piercing black eyes betokened a Jewish origin, the expression of his face was far from agreeable there heing his face was far from agreeable, there being a look of cunning aud deceit impressed upon it, which had increased with age. This individual was, when his visitor en-tered, seated in an old chair, his thin bony hands grasping a leathern purse, of which he had been counting one by one the glittering contents, but the moment the door was pushed open, money and purse had disappeared in the Jew's pocket. "Good afternoon to you, Isaac," said Casterman. "The Dame Barnby's child

Casterman. "The Dame Barnby's child and my own little girl brought you the bundle of clothes and other small things

bundle of clothes and other small things from the last wreck, did they not?"
"Yes," replied the Jew; "and a worth-less lot they are. There," he added, dragging some old clothes from under his chair; "who do you think would buy that? Why, half the braid is torn off the

An animated discussion ensued between the wrecker and the Jew, and at length the articles were reluctantly paid for by

the latter.
Casterman then produced with an air of triumph a beautiful diamond ring which he had brought in his pocket.
"What do you think of that?" he in-

quired.

The old man took it eagerly in his hand, rubbed the precious stones, and murmured half to himself:

"Real diamonds set in gold,—eight of them I do declare! But," he added in a

them I do declare! But," he added in a louder tone, "what use is so costly an article to me, who in this poor town would purchase it? I can't give much for it, or I should loose by it."

"Why do you speak thus?" replied Stephen angrily. "You know well that all such things as are too costly to find a purchaser here, you sell to your nephew, who comes from London town."

who comes from London town."
"True," replied I-sac, "but he cometh
only once in the year, the journey being
long and much beset with dangers; Fnow

looked like a Poptsh priest."

"Then if you wish to remain in my service," retorted Mr. Higgins, "take heed that you never bring the like uncertain reports again to disquiet me."

"Well," said Casterman, "you won't

"Come, don't let us quarrel, and don't be off in such a hurry, Casterman. I was just going to propose a plan for you to gain a right good sum of money, therefore you ought to be glad to give me this ring cheap. Of course you will likewise share with me half what you will gain by following my plan. Do you understand?"

"No," said Casterman. "Say what you mean at once, and don't keep me waiting ere."
"I will," replied the Jew hesitatingly.
I will; but you promise to give me

"Half what?" demanded the wrecker

mpatiently.
"Why, half the money that I shall make ou gain." "And why do you want my help? not

surely for the pleasure of sharing some money with me," said Casterman sarcastiso you must needs help me. You pro mise to let me have half?"

"Yes, yes; go on, and be quick."
"Listen," replied the Jew. "I heard say hat a Popish priest was in the town."

price."
"I can't be looking for priests and the like; where should I find them? they keep themselves hidden up, for good rea sons too; they have a bad chance for their life when they are caught."
"Hark ya," gried the Jay. "I have not "Hark ye," cried the Jew. "I have not dwelt all my life in this miserable old

ouse, that is falling about mine ears like the building that one of my forefathers, Sampson, pulled down on the heads of the Philistines; pay, I was rich and pros perous once, the partner of a wealthy mer chant; but the tide of fortune went against me. My partner was a Christian of one sort, and then he changed his region and became another sort of a Chris

evening, Stephen Casterman intimated to his brother what the Jew had told him; Mark concurred in old Isaac's opinion ald's movements was to become acquainted with his servants

TO BE CONTINUED.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys and destiny obscure; Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile The short and simple annals of the poor.

CONNEMARA.

patriotic News I called public attention to some wrongs perpetrated on some of the poor people of this backward country—a people the most enduring, obliging, and, I may call them, the most primitive in Erin—a people who are cut away from all their Irish brethren of intelligence by that great range of mountains, the Twelve Pins, as completely as one tribe of Caucasians is shut away from the other. Consequently they can be wronged by bad men with impunity. Perhaps some of your readers will say amongst themselves that I am cruel in tearing open old wounds in order to gloat my eyes in looking at them bleed-ing afresh. Indeed I have no such desire theart; but, gentle reader, when old wounds don't heal they require to be opened, and a fresh poultice may cure them forever. If I tear open these wounds it is in order to see could they be healed for ever. And now I will display a fresh Colonel Nolan had an island property in this country; he also owns some islands in the Corrib; so that if he had the good fortune of living in the days of Sir Walter Scott 'tis quite probable he would call him the Lord of the Isles. The Island he owns here is a shallow, sandy soil, resting on a granite bottom, and so thickly is it inhab-ited that some of the tenants are sowing their putate, sail with same groups these 62 have any grains sowed. It would grow barley, but it never did or will grow oats. This island pays £505 rent. Nor would Mr. Nolan give any reduction, though its valuation, according to Griffith, is only £256. Oa main land this gentleman owns two craggy hills, covered with whins, hazel, blackthorn, briars, and some beautiful purple heather. One of those hills, which is two miles off, was rented by the people of this island store the earliest ages: people of this island since the earliest ages for it was there they reared their cattle ng and much beset with dangers; Fnow was here not fully two months ago, so must needs keep this ring over ten months,"

"Well," said Casterman, "you won't make me believe that the keep thereof costs anything."

He put the ring in his pocket, and advanced towards the door; Isaac called him back.

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The put the ring in his pocket, and advanced towards the back.

marching each day on towards this hi each carrying a basket with some potato which were accustomed to this practice could be seen perched on the brows of the beetling cliffs, looking wist-fully southwards towards the island—as wistfully as Jacob of old looking towards wistfully as Jacob of old looking toward Egypt for the return of his sons with loo expected and much-needed corn. Or the would remind one—as they stood high above, ruminating, their outlines, cu clearly against the blue firmanent—they would remind one of the inhabitants ome beleagured city looking from its amparts for succor and assistancesuccor alas! that in many instances never reached them. Then, when their owner would approach the foot of what I may well term the watch-tower of those animals, they would rush down lowing, and display as much joy and gladness as a sallying party issuing from the gates of a besieged city, hastening to welcome a convoy of

friends laden with provisions for their re-lief. And it often brought home to my memory visions of that incident men-tioned in Roman history, how, when that at a Popish priest was in the town."
the greatest general of antiquity, Hannibal, was pinned in by his enemies in the do not want) in rearing and educating the "Is that all you have to tell me?" interrupted the other. "I heard it long ago; it is no matter to me, and ought to be down droves of wild oxen on Fabius and none to you, I am sure, who are but a Jew."

All Christians are the same to me; I have all "and Law and An Christians are the same to me; I hat them all," said Isaac scornfully; "but there is a reward offered to any one who can find out the priests and such as harbor them. A hundred pounds is the price is a reward offered to any one who can find out the priests and such as harbor them. A hundred pounds is the bighest hillock you can find and their own wise instinct will guide them to seek shelter. Why don't you build houses for them, I said. Sir, they would answer, we have two good reasons for not doing so. The first is because we have no handfeeding or fodder for them, for it gives us more than we can do to raise provisions for ourselves and little families six months of the year in this barren, granite-covered country. Our second reason, said my old informant, is, we imagine God never intended that houses should be built be to intended. lumb animals; the great old patriarchs never did so and, said he, the lord of the creation, man himself has lost a great deal of his hospitality, simplicity, and virtue since he began to build cities, towns, and igion and became another sort of a Chris dan, a Catholic, or Papist as they be more ionmonly named; he worshipped in ecret and used much caution; but he ciked and trusted me, and many things sian, a Catholic, or Papist as they be more commonly named; he worshipped in secret and used much caution; but he liked and trusted me, and many things did he let me see that he and his friends bath day they tried to have a priest; and if you were to watch, you would find that all the Papists have at some time of the year a priest in their houses. Now, Sir Reginald is one of them; watch him, and you are sure to discover that he harbors priests."

"Very good; but how am I to watch? I never go near the Manor."

"Ah," said Isaac musingly, "that is true; do you know any of the serving-folks?"

"No; how should I?"

"No; how should I?"

"Wall I will the let more commonly named; he worshipped in section of the same opinion, for he told the truth. How do you manage to exist the other six months of the year, I asked him. We live hike a great portion of the natives of China, on the water, said he. We live by lobster fishing and kelpinaking. Describe it to me, said I, for it must be very interesting. Sir, said he, we go thirty or forty miles from home, say as far as Outerard or Moycullen, and wade out way over the deep mings or morasses at their base, and reach our humble cabins tired, weary and foot-sore. Of these twigs we make round the faithless father or the faithless mother and devoted them in the Valture's Nest to hatred of the dead parameters. lo you know any of the serving-folks!"

"No; how should I?"

"Well, I will tell you what you must do; make friends with the servants of the Manor; in every house there is a traitor, believe me."

"I will try," replied Casterman, who seemed puzzled as to how he was to attain the desired object. "Good-afternoon Isaac,"

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"I will try," replied Casterman, who seemed puzzled as to how he was to attain the desired of the dead parent professed. It was an abouninable at one end, with a funnel going down into it, something like those ink bottles you have often seen in your childhood hung on the bottom of a surveyor's coat the most vile and frightful. The bulk was an abouninable at one end, with a funnel going down into it, something like those ink bottles you have often seen in your childhood hung on the bottom of a surveyor's coat the most vile and frightful. The bulk was an abouninable at one end, with a funnel going down into it, something like those ink bottles you have often seen in your childhood hung on the bottom of a surveyor's coat the was an abouninable at one end, with a faithless mother and devoted them in the Vulture's Nest to hatred of the edad parent porfessed. It was an abouninable at one end, with a faithless mother and dev

hastily retraced his steps homeward. That rocks with the billows rushing high against them, and blooming amid the subterrane-cus caverns with the roar of ten thousand cannon, and we let them down there where they remain for six hours. Then, said he, we cast anchor on some shallow breaker, say about two or three fathoms deep; we have long poles with a cross at one end, which we insert into the water; we twist it in the tough sea-weed and pull we twist it in the tough sea-weed and pull with all our strength, and we cast the weed into the boat while the waves are raging around us. In the evening we return home, having, perhaps, a dozen of lobsters and as much weed as would make a cwt. of kelp. All may be worth ten shillings. And, said this fearless son of toll while a smile lit up his dark weather. In a former issue of the fearless and hillings. And, said this fearless son of coil, while a smile lit up his dark weather-beaten visage, I need hardly tell you, sir, heaten when we be very tired, wet, and hungry when we return in the evening, and our virtu-ous wives and ragged little ones are happy

> Now I will return to my former subject by informing you that Mr. Nolan has dismissed an old bailiff who has been in his employment these twenty or thirty years— dismissed him in his old age, withut assigning any cause for so doing, and out assigning any cause for so doing, and he has set a new man over his tenantry, though the tenants, to a man, "memorialed" him not to do so, for they say, be it true or false, I cannot say, that the new man is a sch—sc—; and the first thing he did after appointing this man, was to deprive these poor islanders of the hill which has been in the possession of their appearars, since time beyond memory. This is an act of injustice that will stain his fair name forever. The tenants have sent him a letter offering to clear off all debt due on this hill by themselves and co-partners, and I dare say he will pay no attention to them, for he wants the hill for his grand vizier, and the islanders must sell away their cattle and be beggars forever. I do not of Galway admire him so much and never uestion his acts, and he treats them with much contempt that he never goes naually before his constituents to give an account of his stewardship. There are other acts of this man which I shall now and again lay before the public, and if he s not able to prove that I am telling what s not true, it follows that I will show he an unjust tyrant. No more shall those are-footed, ill-clad, ill-fed islanders wend heir way towards their favorite hill, like rue believers wending their way towards lecca. No more shall the sweet lowing of their cows swell upon the morning reeze and be re-echoed from crag to crag o more shall the peasant girl's sweet which songs be heard in the valleys as she sits milking Drimindhu, or the gorsoon sport on the Tavnagh, where stands the rude Booly. No more shall the bed-rid-len old islander quaff his cup of boiled milk, or the child partake of the family One act of an ill-advised gentle man has put an end to it forever.
> Believe me, dear sir,

Your faithful servant. Carna Recess, Nov. 22, 1882.

WHATELY'S DAUGHTER:

WOMAN THAT SOUGHT TO INDUCE IRISH ORPHANS TO INSULT THE MOTHER OF GOD—WHAT SHE IS DOING IN EGYPT.

From the Central Catholic Advocate.] A Midwife of Egypt .- One of the latest items of general information is that Miss Whately,daughter of Archbishop Whately, the Protestant prelate placed over the Catholic people of Dublin, in Ireland, by Queen Victoria, at a salary of seventy-five thousand a year for life, is owner and directress of a school at Cairo, in Egypt, with pupils to the number of 300, males, and females, and of another at Damietta with pupils to the number of eighty. Great are the praises therefor lavished on Miss Whately. It is pointed out that in the true spirit of the Gospel she disposes of her fortune (acquired by her father for teaching a religion that the Irish people

court inquiry, and we know her to be engaged in the school business ever since she gave up her hopes of a husbar she gave up her nopes of a husband a quarter of a century ago. Her father (whose card parties were select) departed this existence within the last decade or so after a life of ease and wealth, full of years and full of money. Miss Whately in his latter years had been assisting him in his business (for what else was it) by endeavoring to pervert fatherless or moth-erless Catholic children. She had found out in that Catholic country that her father's corps of assistants should show somebody to teach in order to justify the huge sums that were given to them for teaching, and as she had no graver or more pleasant business on hand. lished a coterie that contributed to her purpose of raising a school which would be

a model for perversion. It was NOMINALLY AN ORPHAN ASYLUM, AND EN-

the desired object. "Good-afternoon Isaac."

"You don't forget that you are to give me half the money ?" cried the Jew anxiously.

"Yes, when I have it. I promise," said the other with a sneer.

So saying the wrecker took his departure. Enveloped in his dark cloak, he

Before they understand or enter into the wonderful Sacrifice of the Cross the Incarnate is known to them. They know Mary as the Mother of Bethlehem, Mary as the Mother of Bethlehem, Mary as the Mother of the Temple, Mary as the protectress of the Divine Child, Mary as the Mother of Calvary, Mary as the Mother at the Resurrection. She is one human figure that to them represents all that is loveable, all that is solemn, all that is holy, all that is benevolent; and in the other human figure they receptive the other human figure they recognize the marvellous Son, the Son of Mary who loved her, and the Son of God who raised loved her, and the Son of God who raised her to the incomparable majesty of being His Mother. This grows on them with their first thought. The name of the Divine Mother is the earliest on their lips. Without it their faith would be dark and dreary and impossible, and the children in the Church love Mary with a love unsurthered only by the Sairt because they passed only by the Saints, because they know that she alone of all that was eyer in the world lived only in God, lived only with God, and miracle of miracles, wonder of wonders, lived only because God willed of wonders, fived only because God willed her to live for His own glory. Miss Whately, in the unfortunate orphans betrayed to her guiles, found this pre-dominant spirit, and true to her purposes

dominant spirit, and true to her purposes of perversion, she determined to conquer it. She knew that if the children still honored, and still loved the mother of God, if they still loved to invoke her name, if they still called on her, if they still kept her image

LIKE A PULSE-THROB IN THEIR CHILDISH HEARTS,

Protestanti in would never have a home therein, for in riper years the thought of Mary would drive it out. She tried punishment with them. She tried deprivations on them. She tried fasting except on Friday. She tried putting them to the pain of imprisonment during play hours, but it was of no use. The Blessed Virgin Mary was still loved by the little children, the poor, unlettered little children, the poor, unlettered little children. children, the poor, unlettered little children, with their dead mother's prayers to her, her, or their dead father's prayers to her, better than Miss Tabitha Whately. A novel design arose in the brain of Miss Whately and her assistants under the circumstances. She would try the effect of ridicule, of contempt, of derision on their love for the Blessed Virgin. She

A WRETCHED HAT OR A WRETCHED CAP was placed on the head of the image, a clay pipe was placed in the mouth, and the teachers and nurses brought the children out to parade around and laugh at the statue. Of course there was precedent for this, when the Roman soldiers and the Lewish citizens made a mechan of the Jewish citizens made a mockery of the Beloved Son of the Virgin Mary, but the Beloved Son of the Virgin Mary, but the outrage did not improve in the nineteenth century. After hours of this, as the evening fell, fireworks, crackers and wheels were set aflame, and the children enjoyed it; the whole irreverent scene closing, by directions of the teachers, in the fun of flinging fifth and mud at the statue of the Mother of Christianity, and the acts of derision were complete! What heart is there that ever had one impulse of love for the Son of God, that would not recoil and thrill with horror at the worse than and thrill with horror at the wors

this guide, this philosopher, and friend of the Dublin "Vulture's Nest." Here is the teacher of Christianity to the little Ma-hommedan Egyptians. Is there such a figure in Christian history? The reviler of the Mother in Ireland is the preacher of the Son in Egypt. When she expands the Christian doctrines before the the Christian doctrines before the hommedan, will she tell him that the best way to ensuare the Son of Man is to throw mud at the image of His Mother? Will she raise a statue in Cairo and gather the rchins round it to deride it, to hiss at it, to jibe it and make it a mockery? If she es not, she forgets her doctrines in does not, she lorgets her doctrines in the shadow of the hills at Killiney. If she ceases to remember the festivals of the Mother of God to insu't her image it is not because of the penitence of her life, for her sins against the memory of Mary live even in the minds scattered from Ireland over the world. How terrible must they be kept in the record of the Chancery of Mary's Son!

THE INSANE BIGOT THOUGHT that the best doctrine that she could teach Ireland is the doctrine of an apostacy founded on insult. She had not the courage, vile as it would be, to dare to pursue her abominable practices, and encourage them by her teaching among men and women, but she took the most nelpless and powerless of creatures, little orphan children of tender years, upon whom to practice with outrages upon their parent's faith. What a lover of abomination was this woman under the guise of charity. Baffled in Ireland, her dreams exploded long since, her hair white with years and defeat (unless she dyes it), she seeks a name among the Mahommedans and we unveil her true Mahommedans and we unveil her true character as an evangelist. We shall take care that she shall not be ignorant that twenty years after her exploits, or the vulnits of her helpmates, in the Vulnits exploits of her helpmates, in the Vul-ture's Nest are over, if the mails reach her he will learn that she is in the pillory of public opinion for them again. The dramatist says "that men's evil deeds live

better instincts than they could ever learn from Tabitha Whately's teaching, and she is not apt to make more converts amongst them than she made perverts among the Irish, and Tabitha can restore her genius to her native country, England, and try if it will light up the fens of Linzolnshire or the slums of St. Giles in London with better effect.

LIKE A PULSE-THROB IN THEIR CHILDISH

dren, with their dead mother's praise of their love for the Blessed Virgin. She would get the children to make fun of the Mother of God! What an appalling, what a frightful act, for any one daring to term herself a Christian! By her orders, or by herself, she had a statue purchased on a feast day of the Blessed Virgin, and placed in the school grounds of the Vulture's Nest, and, placed around of the Vulture's Nest, and, placed around the statue and on it, tawdry and filthy ornaments.

Pagan insult to His loving Mother?
Pagan, did we write? Pagan or Jew never
insulted the Mother of God. There is no
record of it. She alone of all that loved
Him and lived with Him escaped insult.
There is not a trace of a record of such a
foul deed.

AND THIS IS THE WOMAN OF THE SCHOOL OF

came in and said, 'Thomas harness up TO THE CLOSE CARRIAGE TO THE CLOSE CARRIAGE
just as quick as yon can. The Colom
had a team of black horses suppose
to be about the fastest in the county
I harnessed them to the close carriag
just as quick as I could and drov
them around to the front of the them around to the front of the house in no time. The Colonel got int the carriage with one of the stranger and two other men got into the other carriage. Then they drove off toward Batavia at a rapid rate.
"When I went into the house Mrs. Stod

dard, who was in bed, asked me if the Colonel had gone off. I told her he had Then she wanted to know where he had gone, and I told her I didn't know. Wel didn't come back that night, and th next morning he didn't come back. Mrs. Stoddard got very anxious about him, s I went into town to see if I could find ou anything about him, but I could not. neard then that Morgan had been carrie off, and there was a good bit of excitement We heard nothing of the Colonel fo about ten days, when somebody brough word that our carriage was at Lewiston.'

Lewiston is on the Niagara river, a few

miles above Fort Niagara, where it is said that Morgan was for some time con fined. Lewiston is some fifty miles from 'Mrs. Stoddard told me to take out on of the other horses and go to Lewiston I did so. I found the Colonel's carriagat a livery stable there, and knew it a once. The man who kept the stablesaid he did not know who left it there

Some men DROVE UP ONE NIGHT
and called him up. He went out will
a lantern, and said they wanted a chang
of horses as quick as he could get them
and as good a team as he had. He fixed
them out with a new rig, and the Colonel'
horses and carriage were left there. horses and carriage were left there. After wards somebody had come and taken away the horses. I could not get much out of the liveryman. He said he did not know with a best the offer and he was a best the offer and he was the country of the liveryman. anything about the affair, and he was very careful in what he said. I think he wa a Mason. I thought I had better leave the carriage just as it was, so I drove back home and told Mrs. Stoddard all I was

able to find out.
"Four or five weeks after that one of the little girls was standing at the window one day, when she cried out: 'Oh! here comes our carriage; now I shall see papa. But she didn't see him. The carriage and the black team were driven up to the fron gate, and a man jumped out and ran down the road towards Clarksville. Mrs. Stod-dard said: 'Run after that man and see if you can catch him,' I ran after him, bu
he had a long start and got away from me
around a bend in the road. There was
thick woods at one side of the road and think he got into that. I went on to