THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

O, CHILDREN OF MARY.

Feast of the Holy Rosary.

2

O Children of Mary, come, haste ye away, And rest at the feet of your Mother, to-day; O, open your fond heart in rapturous love, From which send the incense of prayer above. This the dawn of a beautiful, glorious morn, Shedding light o'er earth's suffering, needy, for filling souls with a holy, serene, lovely joy, And happiness, Eden-like, without alloy !

O Children of Mary, sing gladly and sweet, This the Feast of Dear Mary, and it is but meet That ye tell to our bright Queen, celestial and ohasie,

ohaste, Yoar biss so supreme, and your glad happy haste: The angels, those scraphic singers, doth raise This day, to Mary, their deep, wondrous praise, And from varps with strings of shining gold, They raise rich music of sweetness untold.

The blessing of sweet neace, in kindness, bestow On the hearts of thy children on earth here be

low; Remember, with pity, the suffering and needy. Extend. them thy rich aid, Sweet Mary, so speedy.

Reward with gold measure God's holy priests

For, Fairest of Mortals, they tell us of you; Guide them safe o'er the false, dazzling i'ls of this life

To that bright, blessed port, where they'll never know strife.

Hall ! Bright Aurora, of man's sure redem pilon, All hall ! I repeat, with fondest attention, I e'er welcome your feasts with a sacred respect, Then Marry, kind Mother, do not me reject. From earthly affections draw this heart away, And th fire of all human loves kindly allay, Fill it then with divine love, that radiant glow, The purest and sweetest of joys that men know.

Lily of Furity ! Rose of true Charity ! Teach to thy children the worth of sweet chas

That central, all-radiant sun, jew'l of the Sonl, Which makes of men angels and before their God whole; Lead them safely through life and its dark,

đut cee gloomy maze. To that path wherein lies God's myst'ry and

ways; O, Fondest of Mothers! when death's sable

robe, Enviroles thy children, waft them to THY globe ! ANGELIQUE, E. de M.

Hamilton, Ont., 1880.

One Night's Mystery

By May Agnes Fleming.

PART II.

CHAPTER XX .--- CONTINUED Cyrilla laughs, and goes down on her knees and assists this new Noah to stow away his beasts; then in the midst of it she seized him again, and a fresh shower of kisses are inflicted on long-suffering and victimized Teddy.

'Oh, my baby, my baby !' she says ; 'what would I do if it were not for you !'

The door behind her has opened, and some one comes in, pauses a second, and looks at

mcther and son. Then: 'Are they all for your boy, Beauty ?' says a quiet voice; 'have you none left for Teddy's father ?'

There is a wild cry that rings even to the room where Sydney sits, and thrills her to the heart's core. Cyrilla springs to her feet, recoils, and, pale as death, with dilated eyes, stands looking at her husband.

'it is I, 'Rilla,' he says, a quiver in the fa-miliar voice. 'Life was not worth living for deed; but when are women consistent? For without you. My fault has been that I ever left you. My darling, come to me and say you forgive me.'

'Forgive you!' she cries with a great joy-ful sob; and then, as the arms of her husband fold about her, Cyrilla Carew knows • that her explation is at an end.

CHAPTER XXI.

'TWO HANDS UPON THE BREAST AND LABOR.' Swayed hither and thither as hers. Once It is the hour for your medicine, dear Lewis Nolan, listening to unreasoning pas-

think I can guess, and what is still more, I the slumberer herself, and thinks of another deathbed by which she sat, over seven years think you are doing wrong.' Sister P

3

8g0.

heavens

end apart.

All this time no word passed directly be-tween them. What was there to say?

'I saw her shrink from me in horror once,

and my wife and I can never meet."

always that restless craving for the life that

Would love that never reasons, that is

reckless and selfish too, it may be, fling con-

viction and stonement to the winds? Would impulse sway his heart as it did hers, and

Lewis return to her? Her heart beat with

a month or more, a fever of fear, of hope, of

restless impatience held her-then a letter

It was dated San Francisco, and was calm,

almost cold, it geemed to poor, expectant

Sydney, in its steady, impassive, unshaken

will. Surely she had been insane ever to

dream that a strong heart, fixed in its con-

victions of what must be, could ever be

had once been one with her own.

came.

Then came the end of the war.

'No need to look so startled, my child Many months, long, dragging months, have passed since that evening when Cyrilla Oarew took her new year gift to her heart; a I am not going to scold ; neither do I know what your trouble is, as I have said. Only this I know, that it has parted you and your winter, a spring, a summer, an autumn, anhusband; and husbands and wives should other winter and spring, and now once more summer is here. It has been a time full of not part.

changes, but it has brought no change in Sydney's life. Fred Carew took his wife and 'You don't know, you don't know!' says poor Sydney.

son home. Lord Dunraith had remembered 'No, dear, I don't know-I don't wish to him handsomely-all the more handsomely, know-it is something very hard to bear, I am sure; and it is breaking your heart. perhaps, that he had married Phillis Dormer's Your husband has committed some offence niece, and so in part atoned for his father's against you which you cannot forgive. Is wrongs. There was a heavy chimneyed and not that it? many-gabled old house in the green heart of (Oh, no, no, sister! not that. I have for-

Somersetshire, with five hundred a year in the three per cents, and to this ancestral homestead Mr. and Mrs. Carew had gone. given from my heart of hearts.'

'No,' Sister Monica retorts, energetically, that cannot be, He is there-you are here. That was one change. The second great If you forgave you would be together. event was the ending of the war, many There can be no forgiveness like that.' months after. Captain Nolan, as recklessly

'You do not understand, and I cannot tell brave as that other Captain Nolan who led you,' is Sydney's helpless reply. the great charge at Balaklava, had been in

'I understand this much, that in marriage, more than one engagement; but death, the best boon life held, passed him by-he was not even wounded. But to the last day of part. God has joined you, and you put yourit is for better for worse, till death doth ye her life, Sydney will recall the sensation of selves asunder. Nothing can make that deathly terror with which she used to take up right. When duties clash, or we think they clash, then the duty that lies nearest is the the papers after some bloody battle, and go: duty to be done. Yeur duty as a wife is to over the list of wounded, missing and killed. forgive your husband's wrong, if wrong he In those sickening lists that name was never has done, and go to him at once. We all to be read, and then falling on her knees, her face bowed in her hands, such grateful pray-lers would ascend as might indeed pierce the rave a cross to bear, a great deal to forgive others. If your cross has come to you as a wife, as a wife you must bear it.'

'Oh!' Sydney passionately cries out, 'if I only thought that was my duty, what an infinitely happy woman I would be!'

What was done was done-nothing could un-'I have known your husband,' says Sister do it. What could Sydney Nolan have to say to the husband who had directly caused Monica. 'I have met him two or three the death of Bertie Vaughan, indirectly the times, and have heard of him often; and death of her father? What could Lewis from what I have seen, and all I have heard, Nolan have to say to that wife he had unin-I should take him to be an exceptionally good man-as men gol' adds Sister Monica, a sudtentionally wronged beyond reparation? Nothing was to be said, nothing to be done, den, half-satirical smile dimpling her pretty mouth. 'He has been a good son and broit seemed to them both, but to go on to the ther, a young man of fixed principles and steadfast will. I cannot believe but that you exagger his fault, whatever that may be. But suppose you do not—has he sinned, Lewis said in one of his letters, in answer to an urgent appeal from his sister. 'I saw a do you think, beyond divine forgiveness ?'

look in her eyes that it would kill me to see 'Oh, no, no?' Sydney cries again. 'Heaven forbid! If he has done wrong, he has bit-terly suffered, and repented, and atoned.' again. Could my hand ever touch hers without recalling that her brother's blood stained it? No, Lucy, the dead cannot arise. 1 cannot restore the life I took away,

'Then, if he is forgiven of Heaven, what are you, that you should withhold pardon And Sydney knew it, and made no effort to and reconciliation on earth! Though a man's span the chasm. But how empty, how hol-low was her life! She tried to pray, to be crime be murder, if the Lord hath compas-

patient, to do good to others, to keep busy and useful, to relieve all the misery she met the sister's gentle compassionate eyes, there that mere money can relieve; to become, if is only the holy light of tender pity. She not a happy woman, at least a good and charstoops in her impulsive way and kisses the

itable one. In this she could not fail to suc-'Pray for me, sister,' she says. ۰Oh ceed; the poor at her gates arose and called pray that I may know the truth. her blessed; into the homes of the sick and

the wretched she came as an angel of light, child, are you awake?' but to her own heart peace never came. Always that waiting, hungering expectant look,

a smile, 'thinking how good it is of you to anticipate the sermon I meant to preach. Sydney, sister, come here and let me look at you. Dear, what a pale, sad face, so different from the bright fair face I first saw in this room. Sister Monica is right; your martyrdom has lasted long enough ; you must go to Lewis.'

wild inconsistent hope-if he came she her face.

'You must go to Lewis,' pursues Lucy, ' be-cause I do not think he will come. He is terribly steadiest in his notions of duty, and by the light of eternity, and I know, I KNOW t is your duty to return to your husband.'

breathless lips, pale as ashes, listening to the fiat from dying lips, that is new life to her. 'If your father were alive, and knew all as

spoiled. It is rather that of one who has greatly suffered, who may have greatly sinned, but who also has learned to enduce. Sorrow either takes all or gives more than it takes. It has refined and purified him, given a quick, almost womanly sympathy with all who suffer; given him a spur to live down private grief in public work; given a new and nobler color to his whole life.

He lies here, looks out at the yellow winking stars, and dreams. In his full and rapidly rising life, there is little time for idle dreams, or vain regrets. This hour 'be-tween the lights' is the hour sacred to memory, when the heat and labor of the day are at an end, and the occupation and relaxation of the night have not begun. The street in which his office is, is retired and removed from the turmoil of the city. Two or three lamps blink through the yellow sleepy air; the voices of little children arose in shout and laughter now and then. In the trees some belated birds are twittering, mosquitoes chant their deadly song, the sharp chirp of the grasshopper and cricket is audible, and fire flies in myriads over the grass plots. Down at the corner some Italian harpers, a little brown boy and a girl, are playing and singing the Marseillaise;

'Ye sons of France, awake to glory !'

Across the way a girl in a white dress is sitting in the hot darkness at a jingly piano, and sheis also singing : Mid pleasures and palaces though we may

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like

A charm from the aky seems to hallow us there.'

It all blends harmoniously together with the dull roar of the distant city heart for an accompaniment, and soothes him as he listens. Even the pain the girl's song gives him is not without its alloy of sweetness and rest. It is a tender, little voice, and sings the dear old words with feeling. She has long light hair; too, and blue eyes-he has seen her many evenings lying wearily here, and it gives him a sort of comfort to watch the light glittering on those fair tresses, so like a coil of pale gold, he wears over his heart.

The harpists move away; the girl closes the piano, lights her lamp, and draws the curtain. His hour of idleness has ended; he rises, puts on his coat and hat, locks his door, and saunters slowly away toward his hotel and his supper. The streets are filled, are brilliant with light and color, animation and restless life. Men from every nation under heaven jostle each other in the pava; all the tongues that changed at Babel seem to make discord here. It is a panorama he is well used to, but one that never loses its interest for him, a student of his kind.

All at once the steady flow of this human tide is broken; there is a sudden rush, and commotion, and uproar, and from a dozen hoarse voices there arises the cry : • Fire l'

At all times, by night or by day, it is thrilling word. People turn and rush pellmell in the wake of the fire engines, and he follows the crowd. The fire is some half dozen blocks off, and the sultry air is stifling with black rolling smoke. There is more smoke than flame, thick, choking volumes from along the street, that half smother the eager crowd. Now and then an orange tongue of flame, like a fiery serpent-head darts forth, licks the blackened bricks, and disappears. It is a large shell-like house, and though there is little to be seen, the fire has already gutted it. It originated in the cellar, some one says, and has made such headway unnoticed that those in the upper rooms are entirely cut off. It is a boardinghouse, and is packed with people. Faces wild with terror appear at every window, women's shrieks rend the air, the engines play in steady streams, the firemen dart up and down their ladders, and men, women, and

cence fairly sets in, the hours begins to drag, and she amuses herself in a dreary way, by watching all that goes on in the ward. A hospital is not half a had place, this patient thinks, as she swallows with gusto fruity old wines, and devours her chickens, and peaches, and ice-cream, and grapes. But gradually it dawns upon her that, these are luxuries the

other patients are not fed on. Oranges, pears, pineapples, fruits of all kinds come for her, fresh and orisp, every morning in a bas-ket—so do the chickens and the wines. Now, colored boys and baskets don't come of themselves-some one must send them. Who is that some one? She has not a friend in San Francisco who cares a straw whether she lives or dies-who, then, takes all this trou-ble and expense? Her nurse is more attentive to her than to any other patient in the ward ; has her palm been anointed with gold, too? She debates this question two whole days, then she calls the nurse, a fat old Englishwoman, and demands an explanation.

'Say,' she begins, 'who is it sends me all these things ? Nobody else gets 'em_wine,' fowl, fruit, all that. Who is it ?'

'A very nice gentleman, indeed, my dear, responds the nurse; 'a friend of yours that came with you here, and has behaved most andsome about you in every way. Most andsome,' repeats the nurse, with emphasis.

'A friend of mine !' says the patient, bewildered, opening, wide two black eves. 'Nonsense | I haven't a friend in California. I have only just come.' 'Which I think you must be mistook, my

dear. I only 'ope if hever I comes to grief, I may find such a friend as him.'

A sudden, eager flush reddens the young woman's pale face.'

What is his name?' she domands. 'His name it is Mr. Nolan, and a scholar

and a gentleman he is if I ever see one. A young lawyer, my dear-which, hold or young, they ain't mostly tender 'earted, from all I have 'eard, but if you was his ewn sister or sweetheart he couldn't be more concerned than he is. He spoke to the doctor, he spoke to me in the most 'andsome way; he sends you these things; there ain't a day he don't come, or send, to inquire.' 'N.lan !' repeated the patient, and the

hopeful eager flush faded out, and a spasm of painful surprise took its place. 'Lewis Nolan ?'

Which his Christian name I do not know, but Nolan it is. A tall, fine looking young gentleman as you ever might wish to see, and spoke most high of in all the papers.'

'Dark ?' the sick girl cries, eagerly, 'with large piercing looking eyes, and a stern sort of face.

'Dark it is,' responds the nurse ; 'and his eyes, now that you put it to me, 1 do not know the color of, but quite dark and 'andsome. About the stern look I don't know-he smiles most sweet at times, but he certainly do look like a gentleman as has seen trouble.' 'Lewis Nolan here !' the invalid mutters :

'that is strange. Does his wife come with him, nurse? A pretty, fair-baired young lady, with a soft voice and blue eyes?' 'No, my dear; no lady has ever come with

him here, from first to last.' 'There is a pause; she lies with her brows knit, her lips twitching in nervous pain.

'You say he comes to see me, nurse ?' she says, at last. 'How is it I never got glimpse of him? 'Well, you see, first of all you was out of

your poor dear 'ead of course, and didn't know nothin' or nobody. Then when you got right in your 'ead, he wou d only come and look at you when you was asleep, and stop at the door if you was awake. You would not care to see him, he said, and he would not disturb you. Will you 'ave some wine or broth now, my deary ?'

'No, not now,' Dolly De Courcy answers, and turns away her face.

So! Lewis Nolan is here, and it is he who cares for her when all the world has forchildren are drawn forth from the barning saken her. Lewis Nolan cares for her and spends his money upon her; and she, two years ago, betrayed him to his wife. That be, in all likelihood, able to produce, I beg to was her hour-this is his, and it seems he

CATHOLIC NEWS.

REV. DOCTOR CLEARY, of Dungarvin, Ire-land, has been appointed Bishop of Kingston, Canada.

THE proceeds of the St. Bridget's bazaar Quebec, amounted to the handsome sum \$3,176.30.

THE Halifax Chrouicle says :- By late ad vices from England we learn that the Rev. Kennedy, formerly P. P. of Herring Cove, in this county, has taken service in the Diocese of Middlesborough, England. The Rev. gentleman, before his departure from the Province, was the recipient of a valuable gold watch and chain, and a purse containing five hundred dollars-together with an eloqueat and fervent address. All his friends in Nova Scotia will join with his own people in wish. ing him success in his new sphere of labours.

BISHOP CORRIGAN, of the diocese of New Jersey, has established the rule that the priests of the Catholic Church shall not per. form, services at funerals in which there are more than 12 carriages in the costego. Sun day, when the funeral of Mrs. Kelly, wite of Mr. John Kelly, arrived at the doors of the Catholic Church in Hoboken, Father Corrigan refused to read the service because of a violation of this rule. All but 12 of the carriages were moved to a side street, and the priest permitted the coffin to be taken into the church.

BLESSING OF A RAILROAD ENTER PRISE.

The scene at the ceremony of the blessing (the St. Lawrence Laurentides and Saguenay Railroad, which took place last week was ver impressive. A large number of leading French

Railroad, which took place last week was very impressive. A large number of leading French Canadians assembled at St. Tite and His Lord-ship the Bishop of Three Rivers officiated. On a wooden platform hastily created, and surrounded by his clergy, stood the venerable Bishop, addressing words of lofty eloquence to his hearers, previous to the blessing the under-taking; in front of the platform was massed the large assemblage, composed principally of the hardy sons of toil, bareheaded, listening atten-tively to the words of their prelate; behind lay the iron road with its train of cars, the uncon-sclous agents in all this display, and up and down, as far as the eye could reach stretched the obreat, whose follage, marked with the changing hues of autumn. was indescribably beantiful-the whole scene bringing one back to the days of early Canadian history. His Lordslip the Bishop of Three Rivers began his address with a briefaccount of the fail of man and the consequences which resulted from it. Man was condemned to make war against nature, to subdue nature to his wants, wrest from the earth its fruits, and to bring the animal creation under his subjection. Man's life was a continued contest : and when man reinsed to submit himself to this law of God, he de-genorated into the savage, and finally became extinct. Thus, in the case of savage tribes refusing to till the earth, they were reduced to warfare against the animals, and in the end dis-appaared. What had become extinct. Man was also commanded to occupy the whole earth and to enable bim to fulfil this command he was given the genius of invention by which he could contrivo means to bring the very elements and to enable bim to fulfil this command he was given the genius of invention by which he could contrivo means to bring the very elements and to enable bim to fulfil this command he was given the genius of invention by which he could contrivo means to bring the very elements into his service. He then referred more par-tionarity to the undertaking under not

THE "DISESTABLISHMENT" OF IRISE LANDLORDISM.

tion.

TO THE RDITOR OF THE DUBLIN NATION. DEAR SIR,-In the solution of some que tions it is wise betimes to revert to first principles. On lines of this kind alone, I consider, can the Irish land question be pro

perly settled. To assist legislation on the subject, and a it were to supplement what must be a very limited, shallow, and imperfect view of the question which the present Land Commission, wanting in the confidence of the nation, will

sion on him, shalt not thou ?' Sydney looks up with a faint cry: but in nun's hand. 'Lucy!' exclaims Sister Monica; 'dear

'Awake and listening,' Lucy answers, with

Sydney kneels by the bedside and burles

he thinks it his duty to keep away; but once you are with him all will be well. It seems to me I see the things of time more clearly She still kneels, with clasped hands, parted

Lucy ; 'will you take it ?'

Sydney Nolan slips one hand gently under the invalid's head, and with the other holds the medicine-glass to her lips. Lucy drinks it with the grateful smile that has grown habitual, and lies wearily back among her pillows.

"What hour is it ?' she asks.

'Nearly six, dear. How do you feel ?' 'Oh, so free from pain, so peaceful, so con-

tent. If is like Heaven. Sydney, has Sister Monica come ? 'Sister Monica is down stairs with your mother; she will be here presently. Is there

nothing else you want, Lucy ?' Nothing else. You have been here all

day, Sydney? Dear, how good you are, how patient, how unwearied in nursing me. All these weeks you have hardly left my bedside to take needful rest.'

'You must not talk, Lucy; you are far too know! you don't know!'

'She says it with a stifled sob, and lays her face against the pillow. She good, whose heart is one rebellious, ceaseless longing for the watcher watches, both without stir or what may never be. She patient, whose life is one long cry of loss and despair.

'Oh,' she says, in that stifled voice, 'What shall I do when you are gone?'

"I will still be with you, my sister,' Lucy Nolan's faint voice replies, ' loving you, helping you, praying for you. Sydney I have read, and pray in the sick-room. Sydney something to say to you, and I want to say it to night. Is it you or mother who is to watch to-night with Sister Monica?'

'It is I. Last night was mother's night, you know, Lucy?' 'Yes. I know-poor mother,' sighs Lucy.

'I am a dreadful trouble; I always have been, but she will miss me when I am gone. And Lewis, too. Oh,' she cries out, and a spasm crosses her white face; 'if I could only see Lewis once before I die.'

Sydney clenches her hands. That cry, wrung from Lucy's soul, is but the echo of that which never ceases in her own.

"But it is not to be,' she goes on, the old patient look of perfect resignation returning. He knows best. I will try and sleep now, and by-and-by, when I am stronger, I will talk to you, Sydney. Dear little sister, what a comfort you have been to me from the first. Kiss me, please."

Something besides the kiss falls on her face. Sydney's tears flow fast. She has lost Lewis, lost little Teddy, lost Oyrilla, and now Lucy is gliding out on that dark and lonely sea that leads to the land of life. She stills her heart-wrung sobs lest they may disturb her, and softly Lucy glides away into painless, tranquil sleep. For Lucy Nolan, whose life had been one

long death, is dying at last. Nay, death is ending, life is dawning; pain and tears, and bodily torture are drawing to their end. She lies here white and still, dead, you might almost think her, but for the faint breath that stirs the night-dress.

The window stands wide open and the Jane sunset slants through the thick, glossy leaves of her pet ivy. Over the other the curtains are drawn, but Lucy likes to lie and watch the glory of ruby and golden light in the western sky. The voices of children at play arise from the quiet street, but they do not disturb the sleeper. With her forehead Against the head of the bed, Sydney sits in an

sion and 'mpulse, had committed a wrong he | we know it, do you think, dearly as he loved Francisco, he said, for good and all, unless something imperative called him back. Whatever happened at home, as usual, they were to let him know. Mrs. Nolan, senior, put this letter in her daughter-in-law's hand. without a word, and hastily left the room. For three days Sydney did not come to the cottage, then one evening, just as they were

growing seriously uneasy, she paid them a visit. She came gliding in, so unlike herself, so like a spirit, that Lucy's heart ached for her as it had never ached before. And so hope had died and was buried de-

cently out of sight, and life went on without it.

That winter Lucy failed, sickened, took to her bed, and when April came began to die weak. I good, 1 patient? Ob, you don't daily. Now it was June, and death at last in mercy was here.

The vellow gleams of the sunset pale, fade. grow crystal gray, but the sleeper sleeps, and sound. Presently the chamber-door opens softly, and there comes in a Sister of Charity, in long rosary and white 'coronette.' The church to which Lucy belongs, infinitely rich in comfort for her passing children, sends one of her vestal daughters daily, to watch, and lifts her face, such a pale, spent face, in the silvery dusk, and smiles a faint greeting to Sister Monica.

'How is our patient?' the nun asks, as she stoops and touches the transparent cheek with her lips.

'Easy-free from pain-sleeping like a child.'

The answer is infinitely weary, the blue eyes full of infinite mournfulness.

'Dear child,' Sister Monica says, and takes that colorless, tired face between her soit palms, 'she is freer from pain, I fear, than you are. What a sorrowful face you wear, my child.

She is scarcely older than Sydney's self. this young nun, not yet five-and-twenty; but the motherly 'my child' comes very sweetly and naturally from her lips. Sydney looks up, and thinks, as she has often thought before, what a pure, serene, passionless face it is, with eyes of untold placidity. and mouth and brow of indescribable peace, that 'peace which the world cannot give.' She lays her head once more against the pilserene peace, which has passed from her forever.

'Dear Sister Monica,' she says, 'how happy you are. It rests me only to look at you. Ah! why cannot we be all nuns, and have done with the wretched cares of this most wretched world?

Sister Mcnica laughs.

'I am afraid, my dear, when you present yourself as a novice, they may object if you tell them that is your motive in coming. We do not cut off all the cares of this most wretched world ' with our hair, I assure you ; nor do we put on perfect exemptions from trouble with our habits. Our good Father sends us our trials and our joys, in the cloister as in the world, and we must kiss the rod that strikes, as well as the beneficent hand that gives. I don't know what your attitude of utter dejection, as motionless as special trouble may be, Mrs. Nolan, but I

could never repair; for all his after-life he his adopted son, he would consign you to a would rein in passion and impulse with a life of misery because an accident had been steady hand. He would remain in San done? For after all, Sydney, it was as much an accident as anything else. Would he have forbidden your return?

> 'No, no-oh, no! my happiness was nearer to my father's heart than anything else in this world.'

> 'Then do as he would have permitted you Forget the past, and begin life anew. Tell Lewis it was Lucy's dying wish. Tell him I send him my dearest love, and that I ask him to come back and make mother happy until I see her again. Sydney, you promise this?

' I promise.'

Once before kneeling by a bedside, she made a promise to the dying-that, of stern justice and retribution-this, of pardon and peace.

A look of great content falls upon the dying face. She turns and holds out a feeble hand to Sister Monica.

'Read to me,' she says softly smiling. ' My last trouble is at an end.'

The sister obeys, and her sweetly solemn voice alone breaks the stillness; and presently, her hand still clasped in the sister's, she drops asleep once more, quietly as a child.

The evening wears on ; a priest comes and goes; Mrs. Nolan steals in to take one last look at Lucy before retiring. Nine, ten, eleven, strike from the city clocks; the street is perfectly quiet. Faint and far off come the night noises of New York, the 'car rattling o'er the stony street,' the dull ad roll of many wheels. Sister Monica, wearied with a long, hot day's teaching, folds her hands inside her sleeves presently, lays her head against the side of her chair and sleeps. Only Sydney watches, her eyes never leaving Lucy, except to rest for a moment on the placid face of the other sleeper. Then, all at once-it is close upon twelve-Lucy Nolan's eyes fly open, her lips part in a radiant smile, they turn for a second upon Sydney, then With close, and in this world open no more. the striking of that most solemn hour, which links the night and the day, the stainless soul

has gone.

CHAPTER XXII.

DOLLY

A SULTRY summer night. A great City bathed in amber haze, its towers, its steeples, low, with a feeling of wistful envy for that its tall chimnies, piercing the misty, yellow air, sits throned like a queen with the sea at its feet. A windless, breathless mid-summer-

night, with all life lying languorous under the sultry spell.

In a quiet room, in a quiet street, a man lies, looking out at the shining stars that pierce the blue air like eyes. He lies on a low lounge wheeled beneath the open window, his hands clasped under his head, quite still, as he has lain for nearly an hour. He is in his shirt sleeves, trying to catch a breath of salt air from the distant ocean. A man whose long length, as he lies here, is beyond that of most men ; a man upon the colorless ness of whose clear, calm face trouble has scored its inevitable lines; a man from the gray darkness of whose eyes profound thoughtfulness looks out.

building. There is no fire-escape, it seems: the only means of exit is by the firemen's ladders.

The man who has interestedly followed the crowd helps with might and main; not the firemen themselves work harder, or hefp more than he. It is growing desperate work-the imprisoned flames all at once break their boundaries and burst forth in sheets and volumes of fire. In five minutes the whole blazing shell will fall in. The firemen draw back. Have all been saved? Only a few minutes have passed since they came. No! As the question is asked, at a third story window a woman's face gleams through the lurid 'gilt-edged hell,' and a woman's frenzied scream thrills every heart with horror. 'The ladders! the ladders!' is the hoarse roar. 'Quick, for Heaven's sake !'

But the woman neither hears, nor heeds, nor stops. As they clutch the ladders for the desperate venture, with a second cry of fear and despair, the pursuing flames close behind her, she throws up the sash and leaps headlong among the spectators. There is an indescribable groan from the multitude, a dull, heavy, sickening thud, then for a second blank silence.

The flames roar and crackle triumphantly. the firemen rush to save the adjoining buildings, as with a tremendous crash the roof falls in and the air is afire with flying sparks and cinders.

The woman who leaped lies in a motionless heap on the pavement. They lift her up, and the lurid blaze falls full on her death-white countenance. She is a young woman, and a pretty woman, for the face is uninjured, and masses of dark hair fall and trail over the arms of the men who raise her.

One of them speaks: Great Heaven! Dolly!

'You know her, stranger?' half a dozen voices ask.

It is the man who has worked with the firemen. He is bending over the senseless woman, pity and horror in his eyes. She is an actress. Yes, I know her. For

Heaven's sake, men, let us take her where she can be cared for at once! 'No use,' somehody made answer ; 'all the

doctors in Frisco won't do her any good She passed in her checks when she took that inmp.' It seems so. She lies awfally limber and corpse-like in their arms. An ambulance comes and she is taken away, and the man who has recognized her follows, and waits in

painful expectation for the verdict of the surgeon. It comes. 'Not dead. Compound fracture of right leg. Shoulder dislocated. Bruises on head and side. May die. Impossible to be positive vet.

'She is a person I once knew. May I beg you to take even more than oldinary care Any extra attention-

'All right, sir,' the gentlemanly physician says. He knows the man who speaks for a rising young lawyer, who has made considerable stir in the city by his conduct of a re-

cent popular divorce suit. The young woman does not die, but life has a sharp tussle for the victory. She has youth and vigorous constitution on her side,

and three weeks after that sweltering night all danger is over, and she lies, unable to

likes a noble revenge. Dolly, little benighted heathen that she is, has never read or heard of heaping coals of fire on an enemy's head, but she feels it keenly now. There dawns upon her untaught soul a glimpse of something nobler than life has ever shown her yet. She broods over it all day, and in the restless vigil of bodily torture in the night, and comes to a resolution. Next morning, when the nurse visits her bedside, Dolly speaks abruptly :

'When was Mr. Nolan here last?' 'Day before yesterday, deary. He don't come so often now that you are getting nicely, but he never forgets to send the things.'

To be continued.

OBITUARY.

We regret to have to chronicle the death of Mr. P. Vaughan of Ramsay, Ont. The deceased was the son of John Vaughan, sen., of Ramsay. He was a nephew of Rev. E. Vaughan, on the oblity and gentry and people of Ireland add late pastor of Almonte, Ont., and also a grandnephew of the Rev. Thomas McCaffrey, of Mayo, Ireland. Me. Vaughan was in the the treaty. These pamphlets, scattered twenty-third year of his age at the time of his | broadcast over the country, would soon make death. He had just formed an intention of apparent the fact that "knowledge is power." studying for the priesthood, and had almost completed his secular studies when he was

the higher qualities of humanity and inheriting the genius of his family, his friends were justified in prophecying for him a brilliant career-and this anticipation would undoubtedly have been realized if he had been spared. Strongly imbued with the highest sentiments and virtues of morality and religion, he died, as he had lived, strengthened with the conselations which are superinduced by a good and pious life. Snatched away in the bud of his manhood, he leaves after him a memory suggestive of everything that is noble and pure. May his soul rest in peace!

With the steady march of improvement in science and mechanics, medicine has kept even pace. It now gives us remedies in a perfection of form and composition that the crudities of earlier medical science never approached. Among the most effective of medicines are Dr. f. C. Ayer's Pills-beautiful, sugar-coated, glistening globules-universally known and used as a reliable family physic. These pills possess great efficacy as a preventive of, or cure for the diseases incldent to this section of the country; ospecially diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels, which often result in dangerous fever. They also give vigor to the circulation, remove constipation, create an appetite, and aid digestion, thereby promoting health. Their ingredients are entirely vegetable, and they are a safe remedy in the hands of the most inexperienced -Macon, Ga., Telegraph & Messenger.

As a Liniment for horses Henry & John son's Arnica and Oil Liniment is unequalled. It cures Sprains, Bruises, and Lameness, at once.

A strolling theatrical company was at the dinner-table. A waiter approached one of the Yet it is not a stern face, nor a sombre face, move, suffering intensely, but still wrested members and said, "Soup?" "No, sir," re-not the face of a man whose life trouble has from the grasp of King Death. As convale. plied the guest, "I am one of the musicians." members and said, "Soup?" "No, sir," re-

suggest to the Land League- a body whose action in the final arrangement of this ques tion will probably carry more weight with legislators than some persons at present scem to imagine-the advisability of printing the splendid speech delivered by Mr. Redpath of the New York Tribune, at one of the Gal-way meetings, and reported in the Nation of the 28th August last, with one sentence in his advice deleted, which, of course, it would be impracticable for the Catbolic peopleto follow. Every sentence in it might be said to contain a chapter, and food for deep thought and wholesome study. Better in-struction, I think it will be admitted, could not be; and I should like to see it, in pamphlet form, a text-book in every household, but along with it, by way of an appendix, a copy of the "Treaty of Limerick," signed by General Ginckle as representing the power and the honor of England on the one hand, and by Sarsfield as representing a short summary of the state of matters supervening on England's gross violation of

If it be a glaring historical fact that the greater part of the lands of Ireland, as now called away. The deceased was highly held, are so held in consequence of the up-respected by all who had the pleasure of his blushing violation of the last solemn treaty acquaintance. Endowed by nature with all made with the nation-the '82 compact, afterwards so regardlessly broken, I do not a lude to-is there any principle in religion of morality antagonistic to the aspiration that incites to every effort to abolish such a state of things, and to say that it should last no longer? Robbery, massaore, breach of faith, all that is vile, having been employed to es-tablish a position, is such a position sanctified? Is it Communion to question its rights? Who will say so?

Legislation to be thorough, to be just, must take cognizance of territorial dignity and power arising from such foundation as the following :--- "On 25th September, 1653 (Cromwell), the English Parliament declared that the rebels in Ireland were subducd and the rebellion ended, and thereupon proceeded to the distribution of the lands, in pursuance of the Acts of Subscriptions, 17 Caroli. This being notified to the Government of Ireland (the Irish Parliament had at this time been abolished for the time being), the Earl of Orrery proposed, at a council of war of all the chief commanders for the Parliament, that the whole kingdom should be surveyed and with the number of acres taken, the quality of them, and then that all the soldiers should bring in their demands of arrears, and so give every man as many acres as should answer the value of his demand !"

The Treaty of Limerick having, after William had been driven in defeat and disgrace from before that city a short time pre viously, restored in great part the rights and properties of those who had been by the foregoing to decree robbed, dispossessed, recuced to slavery and want, and this treaty being, as I have stated, one of England's last solemn compacts with the nation in war, is the deed upon which legislation should now

turn.-Yours truly, A MAN OF THE NORTH.