

In his interesting "Dominican Missions in Japan," Father Bertram...

In the year following Hyacinth Esquivel, a Franciscan missionary, reached Japan...

Unhappily space forbids rapid mention of a few facts, as illustrious as they were invincible...

Another Tertiary, Gasaki, deserves special mention. After the numerous persecutions...

After the numerous persecutions had numbered as were martyrs with which Heaven, still these the fervent alone...

from the Court of Pilate to Calvary understand the reason of His condemnation. They insult Him even in death with these expressions of derision...

A man, a human being who emphasizes the reality of His human nature by styling Himself the Son of Man, with all the force and clearness...

Why dost thou hold our souls in suspense? If Thou be the Christ, the Son of God, tell us plainly. And Christ answers, "I and the Father are one."

Here then is the dilemma to which unbelief is reduced. It must accept or reject the claim of Christ. The fact that He made that claim cannot be gainsaid...

Daniel O'Connell and the Colleen Bawn.

The death at Droon, Ire., recently of Mrs. Mary Doolan who had entered on her one hundred and third year...

words, the like of which never fell from human lips before or since. Are the Jews still in suspense? Do they still doubt the full meaning of His claim?

THE ONE TRUE WITNESS. WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN. Rev. E. A. Higgins, S. J. IV.

"INDEED THIS WAS THE SON OF GOD." We are studying, said the lecturer, what Christ taught about Himself...

To-night we shall confine ourselves to His public teaching, and I shall ask you to observe especially how He was understood and what meaning was attached to His words...

The first shall be from the fifth chapter of St. John, wherein Christ lays claim to the attributes of the Godhead, the same omnipotence with the Father, the same power over life and death...

hand in it. But we must try to get through the business of the court a little faster, or we shall have to stay here all night. Witness, he continued, again resuming the examination...

"I cannot, sir, exactly; but I think it was on or about the time Mr. Weeks paid his first visit to the light-house."

"I have, sir; the fellow of it, in the possession of Edward Talbot's lady, and afterwards in that of her daughter-in-law, Miss Mary Lee's mother...

"How can you swear it, when the two are so much alike?" "Ahem! ahem!" ejaculated Roger; "your're like one another, to be sure, your're like one another, to be sure, your're like one another, to be sure..."

"From the Duchess of Orleans, did you say?" "Yes, sir," responded Roger. "Her grace gave one to Mr. Edward Talbot and the fellow of it to his lady, at Vairsells, with her own hands..."

"I heard the old master tell the story to the lords and ladies many an evening at Castle—no. But, oh! sure, your honor, that's neither here or there, now; no, no; these old times can never come back again. Och, och! it's little I thought was, when I used to see as many as the Jews understand His words..."

"Well, well, Roger, we mustn't talk of these things now," interrupted the captain. "You must remember your're on your oath."

"Ay, ay, true enough; I had almost forgot that. But I'm old, your honor, your honor, and my memory's not just so good as it used to be."

"It's now nearly twenty years since Mr. William Talbot was last seen in England—is it not?" "Ahem! ahem!" ejaculated Roger, pausing for a moment to recollect himself...

"Ahem! ahem!" "No, sir, not a word. Some thought he crossed over to France, and some thought he went out to America—but no one could ever tell. For a long time we expected he'd write home, but no letter ever came; and then we began to think he heard of his wife being lost, with the rest of the passengers in the Saldana, and made up his mind to bury himself in some distant country for the rest of his life..."

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, addressing his brethren of the bench, "perhaps you wish to examine the witness further."

After the usual solemnity of taking the oath, Roger raised his hands and smoothed down his few remaining white hairs over the collar of his old bottle-green coat, and then looked across at his young mistress, as if to say in as many words "Don't be afraid; I'll say nothing to injure the credit of the family."

"Witness," began the chairman, "what is your name?" "Roger O'Shaughnessy, sir."

"You have been a servant in Mr. Talbot's family—how long?" "I was forty years steward and butler at Castle—, the family seat of the Talbots, and my father before me for nearly as many more."

"Clerk, hand him that rosary." Roger took the precious relic from the clerk's hand, and drawing out his spectacles, deliberately wiped them with his hankkerchief, and then slowly adjusted them.

"Well, sir," demanded the chairman, after a long pause, "have you seen that article before?" "I have, sir, a hundred times."

"In whose possession?" "In Mr. William Talbot's, and in his father's, Edward Talbot's, of Castle—"

"Have you ever seen another like it?" "I have, sir; the fellow of it, in the possession of Edward Talbot's lady, and afterwards in that of her daughter-in-law, Miss Mary Lee's mother, from whose neck it was taken after the wreck of the Saldana, by the witness, Else Curley, and placed on the neck of her foster child here present."

"Can you swear the rosary you now hold in your hand is not the rosary Miss Lee lost recently, but that which at one time belonged to her father?" "I do, sir."

"How can you swear it, when the two are so much alike?" "Ahem! ahem!" ejaculated Roger; "your're like one another, to be sure, your're like one another, to be sure, your're like one another, to be sure..."

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become the daughter of William Talbot to touch the love letters of such a scare-crow as that; and her eye pointing to the Yankee as she spoke.

"Hand me these letters," said the captain; "we must see what they look like."

After glancing over the contents of one or two taken at random from the parcel, he turned to Weeks, and requested to know from that gentleman, whether he acknowledged the authorship, and if so, had he any objection to have them read in court.

Weeks hesitated for a moment, at a loss what reply to make. He felt a great temptation to disavow the letters altogether, if he could only do so with impunity; but he feared he could not, and to fall in the attempt would only cover him with greater shame and confusion than ever.

"You have heard the question, Mr. Weeks?" "What! about writing these letters?" "Yes!"

"O, I acknowledge the corn right straight off. I guess I hain't got nothing in them to be ashamed of—have I? Well; the hull amount of it is, I sorter liked the girl."

"There's no reason in that, I reckon." "Certainly not."

"As for the lady been of gentle blood, and all that sorter thing, why, it's right enough, I guess, over here, in this old country of yours. And so, folks round here may think, perhaps, a Yankee merchant, like me, ain't good enough match for her; but I tell ye what, gents, he continued, rising to his feet, and thrusting his hands down, as usual, deep into his breeches pockets—"I tell you what, I'm the son of an old revolutionist, and I've got a notion that the descendant of one of these same old heroes is about good enough for any Irish girl ever walked in shoe leather. I may be wrong, gents, but them's my sentiments notwithstanding."

"Witness," resumed the chairman, without appearing to notice this speech: "witness, since the gentleman acknowledges having written these letters, what can you show us disreputable in his conduct, or that of his cousin, Mr. Hardwinkle, respecting the overtures of marriage?"

"Wasn't it the act of a mane, desig'nin' villian," responded Else, "to try to entrap a girl of her years into a marriage to save her uncle from beggary or a jail, when he knew her to be the heiress of William Talbot, now livin' in the United States?"

"Mary started as the sudden announcement fell upon her ear." "Hush, hush!" whispered Kate; "keep quiet for a moment."

"O, my God," she murmured—"what do I hear! my father still livin'!"

The light-keeper glanced at the chairman, and then at the witness, as if he feared the old woman's wits were wandering; and the priest, turning to Dr. Henshaw, quietly observed that "things were beginning to assume a new complexion."

"Else Curley, be careful what words you utter here," said the captain, anxiously looking down at the two young friends, now folded lovingly in each other's arms. "You may have excited hopes, perhaps, which never can be realized. On what authority do you make that assertion?"

"What, that William Talbot is still livin'?" "Yes."

MARY LEE or The Yankee in Ireland

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TRIAL CONTINUED.—ELSE CHARGES HARDWINKLE WITH CONSPIRACY TO CARRY OFF MARY LEE.—SHE PROVES WILLIAM TALBOT, MARY'S FATHER, TO BE STILL LIVING, BY MEANS OF THE BOY FOUND ON THE PERSON OF THE C. H. BOY.—MARY'S FEELINGS OVERPOWER HER ON HEARING THE ANNOUNCEMENT.—THE RESCUE OF THE REBEL.—THE RIOT.—HARDWINKLE'S DEATH.

The crowd outside the court house grew more and more clamorous for admission, as the trial proceeded. Stones were several times thrown at the doors, and finally, the multitude grew so excited as to be on the point of rushing up the steps to disarm the constables, when suddenly the word "halt" was heard ringing clear and sharp from the direction of the street, and next moment a detachment of police, headed by a lieutenant, passed through the gate, and opening a passage through their bayonets, took their position on the court house steps.

This re-enforcement, it is needless to observe, was ordered by Mr. Hardwinkle himself, from the neighboring village, without the knowledge or consent of Captain Peterham. Hardwinkle, in fact, saw from the beginning that the captain determined to throw every obstacle in the way of Barry's committal, and he, on the other hand, resolved to leave no means untied to thwart and disappoint him. Hence the moment he found the police had all been sent in search of Lanty Hanlon and his sister, with the exception of three or four to guard the prisoner, he despatched a messenger to the nearest officer in charge, and under presence of an anticipated riot, commanded him to bring forth with all the force he could muster, to sustain the magistrates in the execution of the law.

After the slight interruption occasioned by the entrance of the sheriff and his party, the chairman again resumed his examination of the witness. "My good woman," said he, "you have made a very grave and serious charge here, in open court, against one of my brother magistrates; no less a charge, indeed, than of conspiring with another individual here present to entice, seduce, or carry off, by fair means or foul, a highly accomplished and respectable young lady, Miss Lee, of Aracera Head. I now call on you to substantiate that charge, or confess yourself guilty of a foul and malicious slander."

"Slander!" repeated Else, drawing herself up and looking round the audience. "I never was guilty of slander in my life, I'm now fourteen years and more; thirty of them I spent in the wilds of Benavon, under the foul name of witch and devil's dam; but where's the man or woman here ever knew Else Curley to tell a lie or slander a neighbor? If there is, let them speak. What I am, that there on the bench has made me. For those long and weary thirty years, he staid between the light of heaven and me; and yet though I never expect to see God but in anger, I wouldn't tell a lie to send him to the gallows."

As Else uttered these words, her look was calm and defiant, and she stood as erect as a statue, her arms folded on her brown bare breast, and her deep gray eyes fixed on Robert Hardwinkle. The spectators gazed on her in silent astonishment. Her mien, her attitude, but above all the dignity with which she spoke, struck them as an extraordinary in a woman of her character and years.

"She has seen better days, that old creature," observed Henshaw, turning to the priest. "Ay, so report says."

"But on what grounds," again demanded the chairman, "do you make this charge against Mr. Hardwinkle?" "Humph! grounds enough, sir, grounds enough. First ask the sheriff there to produce the promissory note Mr. Lee's now arrested for."

"My jurisdiction don't extend so far, my good woman. If the gentleman, however, chooses—"

"Certainly, sir," replied the latter, "certainly, I can see no objection."

"Well, I guess you might as well not mind it just now," drawled out Weeks, who had resumed his seat, and kept whittling his pencil.

"How so?" "Well, I object to the production of the note—that's all."

"The objection don't hold, sir—the note being now in possession of the civil court," responded the sheriff, handing the document up to the bench.

"Hah!" exclaimed the chairman, as he read it over. "This note's drawn in favor of Steven C. Ingoldsby, and indorsed by Robert Hardwinkle to Ephraim C. B. Weeks—with interest added up to 13th—Witness, how does this date correspond with Week's arrival at Crohan?"

"He was here two weeks to a day," promptly responded Else—"just time enough for his cousin there to go to Dublin, and ferret out Mr. Lee's creditors."

"You're of opinion, then," said the captain, "that Mr. Hardwinkle bought up this note and indorsed it to Weeks, as a means of coercing Miss Lee to marry him through fear of her uncle's incarceration?"

"I am."

"And yet, my good woman, you have given us no proofs that Mr. Weeks ever proposed marriage to the young lady in question."

"Proofs!" repeated Else, running her hand into her bosom, and drawing out a pile of letters. "Proofs—there's proofs enough here."

"How came you by these letters?" "Weeks gave them to me to deliver to Miss Lee."

"Ah—and you did not deliver them?" "No; I kept them."

"Miss Lee, then, never saw these letters?" "Saw them—hump! no; it'd ill