THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Stranger. AN BASTERN LEGE

2

An aged man came late to Abraham's ten The sky was dark, and all the plain was ber He asked for bread; his strongth was wel igh spent, aggard look implored the tenderes His care. The food was brought. He sat with thank-ful eyes, But spake no grace, nor bowed he toward the itered here from dark and angry Bafeskies. The bounteous table seemed a roval feast. But ere his hand had touched the tempting The Patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod, "Stranger." he said, "dost thou not bow in "Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bowin prayer? Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship God?" He answered, 'Nay." The Patriarch sadly

said: 'Thou hast my pity. Go! eat not my bread." Another came that wild and fearful night. The flerce winds raged, and darker grew the

sky: But all the tent was filled with wonderous light. And Abraham knew the Lord his God was "Where is that aged man?" the Presence said. "That asked for shelter from the driving Who made thee master of thy Master's bread? What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to "Forgive me, Lord," the Patriarch answer made, With downcast look, with bowed and treming knee. e ! the stranger might with me have "Ah me

staid, But, O my God, he wou'd not worship Thee." "I've borne him iong," God said, "and still I wait; Coulds' thou not lodge him one night in thy gate ?"

TALBOT, THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

CHAPTER XIV.

We must now turn our attention to Dublin. The Brotherhood had increased so greatly in numbers and power that it seemed to fear nothing. The meetings of seemed to fear nothing. The meetings of the "boys" were often announced by the papers or by large placards pasted on the principal gates and posts of the city. The ballad-singers did not fear to sing in the public streets the most treasonable songs. Everywhere men spoke of revolution. It hard task in many of the colleges to was a hard task in many of the colleges to keep the students from rushing from the study-halls to the political meetings. Men, women and children seemed to have caught the flame of patriotism.

caught the flame of patriotism. At one of the regular weekly meetings Colonel Gore and Major Nelson distin-guished themselves by the boldness of their doctrine and the force of their ex-"If we have to trample on the throng

and the altar," exclaimed Gore, in a wild burst of revolutionary eloquence, "in our passage to liberty we must do so. We must despise the altar and the throne Respect for royalty and fear of priests and moralists, are our greatest enemies. We may blame, with Mitchell, the priests for the door. Colonel Gore opened it. "Does Colonel Gore inhabit this localno success in '48. Let it never again be said that Ireland is a lowly slave, a beggar ity?" asked a muscular policeman, who was almost concealed in his high boots and large coat and hat. "Yes," said Gore; "what is your busi-

and the nations, a plague-spot, because her sons feared to oppose the intolerance of a heartless priesthood." "Away, away," cried the gallant Major Nelson, as he tore off his shirt-collar and stamped upon it, "away with the vain fear of priests. For over circlinear hundred Colonel Gore before making known the important mission, embassy or delegation with which I am entrusted or empowered, of priests. For over eighteen hundred years the world has had to bear the heavy cross of priestly pride and arrogance; and what has been the result ? I need not tell you. What has Paul, or Peter, or Augusyou. What has Paul, or Peter, or Augus-tine, or Gregory, or any other of the vaunted priests, done for human freedom or human advancement? They were Neros in disguise. They were the friends and advisers of tyrants. All our evils with pistols or swords ?" and advisers of tyrants. All our evils flow norm one source, and that is not per-jured, hateful, cruel, abominable England, but the priesthood. The priests and Bishops of Ireland are our greatest focs. We would free ourselves from misery and

be thought of all the ovil they had done mring the meeting. When their mirth a smewhat abated Nelson asked: What news from Taibot ?" "Excellent news?" are changed in appearance, I may say inderfully changed. Why, my dear end, have you changed so much in a set time in friend, have you changed so much in a short time?" "The bad and preposterous usage of these overweening peelers, a long and unpros-perous journey against my own culti-vated inclinatione, and plenty of due afflictions and calamities, would be enough to change any human being's nature, do ye mind?" "But tall these things put together

b) charge any human being s hatde, do
"But all these things put together
would not be able to change your voice and your clothes. Now, Mr. Stephens, there is no use in trying any longer to play
a skilful part, I know you and you know
me—Colonel Gore."
"May the wrath and the malediction of the Lord fall upon the mountains of the moon if ever I saw you before."
"How do you know that you never saw
me before ?"
"Because if I had seen your face before I would never forget it, do ye mind ?"

bed somewhat abated Nelson asked: "What news from Taibot ??" "Excellent news," answered Gors, "he vucceeds admirably well. He sent me s list of all the names of the rebellious hounds around Carrick. He has also lately sent me sufficient information to find all the hidden firearms, pikes, etc, etc. That Taibot is a clever dog. He is almost adored in Carrick. He is making love to a beautiful listle rebel girl, the sister of the doomed traitor. He is a wonderfully clever dog. Ha, ha, ha wish him suc-cess in his love affair. He will hang the brother, and wed the sister; ha, ha, ha. What a clever dog. I do admire his great ability; he is equal to a whole regiment of soldiers. Young Sweettalk, who is now in the South, is a rising man. He may yet equal Taibot." "You ought to have Taibot and Sweet-talk here in Dublin," said Nelson. I know every Fenian in this city. There is not a madcap in Dublin that I have no treated and shaken hands with. I could have them all arrested within the short venes of a phour." I would never forget it, do ye mind ?" "Why would you never forget my face ?"

"Because it is so ugly, do ye mind ?" "I say, Mr. Stephens, you—" "I say, sir, that you are guilty of a crime and black iniquity to daub me with the romantic name of Stephens. My name, I most solemnly declare, is not Stephens, nor Jones, nor Neptune, nor Washington, do ye mind ?" "What is your name ?" asked Gore, in a voice trembling with rage. "The people around the illustrious town of Carrick were pleased to designate me by the mellifluous vocabulary of 'Tim the Prophet.'" "Do you speak truly ?" have them all arrested within the short space of an hour." "Is it true that the Habeas Corpus Act space of an hour." "Is it true that the Habeas Corpus Act is suspended ?" asked Nelson, quickly changing the subject of conversation. "It is true," responded Gore, "and the revolutionary leaders around Dublin are the first to be arrested. To morrow we begin our work. I may state, however, that the arrest of Stephens was ordered on yesterdsy. I had the good fortune to receive a telegraphic dispatch this morning announcing the arrest of that arch-traitor in a village near Templemore, Tipperary. Young Sweettalk, who arrested him, will be handsomely rewarded. I expect him in every moment. I have given orders that the prisoner be brought here in a close carriage so that I may identify him before he is taken to the Castle, and that I may have a fair opportunity of obtain-ing some useful information from him. You smile, because you think it is useless to pump Stephens. But you need not smile, for I have found from long experi-ists are passionately fond of gold and place. 'Liberty' is a tool by which they hope to carve out their own fortunea. Those who belong to the vulgar class of revolutionists, for the greater part, are sincere in their love of freedom, though they have but a vague idea of what Free-dom means; but among the professional leaders of revolution there are very few who are incorruptible, and who have not

Prophet." "Do you speak truly ?" "May the profound wrath and the op-probrious malediction—" "That's enough!" roared the angry Colonel; "Fools, why did you bring me this mee ""

Colonel; this man ?"

this man ?" This last question was intended for Sweettalk and his gifted companion, but these gentlemen held their peace. "I will soon see whether you came from that plotting, treacherous old Carrick," said Gore, as he took a letter from his in-side cost prochet

ide coat-pocket. After a moment the cloud seemed to

bass from his brows, and his eyes seemed to brighten. No doubt, he saw a chance of doing more mischief. "So you are 'Tim the Prophet,'" he

"I must avow in my extreme humility "In that arow in my extreme mainting that I am that same lofty and illustrious individual. If I am not, may the unend-ing wrath, and the inexhaustible maledic tion fall—"

leaders of revolution there are very few who are incorruptible, and who have not both eyes fixed upon an idol of silver and "That's enough," shouted Gore; "do you

"Inat's enough," shouled Gore; "do you happen to know, Mr. Prophet, a young man named O'Connell?" "Is it Tom, Janzes, John, or Walter, you mean? Or did you mean in your dilemma the ancient and venerable Widow O'Congold, which they style the Goddess of Liberty. Genuine revolutionists, true patriots, pious kings, and learned men are very rare in our times." "What noise is that on the stairway?"

nell ?" "I meant Richard O'Connell. Do you asked Nelson. "It must be a regiment of

oldiers coming to see you, Gore." In a moment there was a loud knock on know him ?" "I know him as well as I know the woods of Coolnamuck. I knew his hon-

ored grandsire in the sweet and boisterous days of my stormy and tranquil child "What kind of a young man is Richard

"Connell ?" "The juvenile Richard O'Connell is a fine, tall and omnipotently gracious young man. He is full of unwearied generos-ity, and is loved and admired by all. On Sunday he wears a black coat fit for the Marquis of Waterford. If this be not

"What, in the name of common sense promptly and exactly as I affirmed, may are you driving at ?" roared Gore. "Is it a duel you want to fight ? If so, will it be "I don't want to hear about the make "I am a royal, or loyal, protector, or guardian, or friend of peace or tranquillity,

"I don't want to hear about the make or quality of O'Connell's coats," inter-rupted Gore. "I wished to find out some-thing about his character. I am told that he is an excellent youth. It is said that he writes well and an make a good speech. If he be all that he is represented to be-generous, gifted, patriotic, religious-I may be of good service to him here in Dublin. Perhaps he would like a lucrative position. Does he drink ?"

of colors, but when it comes down to sel

for it you will alsop to night in Richmond Prison." "If am not worthy of that great honor, do ye mind?" said Tim. "I would much sooner lay my distinguished body to rest in my little cabin by the Suir than in such a glorious place. While I was in New York I took a strong prejudice to big buildings. Now that my hair is silvered, and my aspect venerable and dignified, I would not like to dwell in a house where all the foolish and vain youths of the country come together to plan and plot against society and order, do ye mind? Besides, I am too much convinced of the vanities and follies of the world to take any plea-sure in the honor you wish to confer upon A Famous Austrian Monastery. Ten miles southwest of Eggenburg lies the little hamlet of Alt-Altenberg, with its huge old monastery, founded in the year 1050 by the aged Countess, Hildeberg von Ribigau, when her only son and heir, Count Hermann von Bulge, became a priest in the Benedictine Convent of Florpriest in the Benedictine Convent of Flor-ence, to which city he had gone to seek the fair Titian-like beauty who had pro-mised to be his bride. But she did not keep her word. He found her the wife of one Orsini, and grief—or, rather love, led him to the good brotherhood of St. Bene-dict. "Qui amor conduxit me," he wrote upon the door of his cell, and for love he left the world. His picture still hangs in the cloister gallery of his ancestors at Alt-Altenberg, and beside it another picture dated 1125, the name and inscription painted out, but on a coronetted card, fastened to the frame, is read the simple I am too much convinced of the vanifies and follies of the world to take any plea-sure in the honor you wish to confer upon me. Ah ! I wish from my heart that I were standing on the old bridge, near the watchbouse, looking out upon the laugh-ing waters, and smelling the transcendent smell of the beautiful wall-flowers, and plucking with a savage delight the dark green ivy that embraced the old stone battlements. "Tislittle I thought that the fame of my renowned prophecies had voyaged as far as the great city of Dublin, do ye mind ? But may the all-powerful wrath and the—and the—" "Take this wretch to prison immedi-ately," exclaimed Gore, addressing him-self to Sweettalk and the policeman. "It will be many a day before he sees the laughing waters of the Suir. He is not so much of a tool as he pretends to be. He cannot deceive me by his air of sim-plicity."

ALT-ALTENBERG.

for it you will sleep to night in Richmond

fastened to the frame, is read the simple name: "Gottfried." Neither "peaceful" nor God-like is the face of the dark-haired

plicity."

Poor Tim was led off to prison. He wa one of the first victims offered, of that one of the first victum's ordered, of that period, as an atonement for the sins of the Irish nation. The whole night he spent in pouring forth volley after volley of imprecations and denunciations against the spirit of English intolerance and

tyranny. Tim's state of excitement was but a Tim's state of excitement was but a shadow of the excitement that spread throughout the whole country. A dark cloud fell upon the hearts and hopes of all. The most sanguine became gloomy and despondent. The most brave and outspoken grew timid and reserved, "The 'Habeas Corpus' is suspended" was passed from mouth to mouth. "No American fact is in sight of our harbors. No not fleet is in sight of our harbors. No, not a single ship from the United States has a single sinp from the Oniced States has come to our assistance. We are left all alone, without arms to strike one blow, in the hands of a cruel and powerful enemy. May God help us to-night. We have learned a sad lesson-we must never hope for aid for Catholic Ireland from the Infidel, the Freemason, the Com-muniat.

munist. TO BE SONTINUED.

Ten Solid Chanks of Advice.

When the triangle had sounded the cal to order and the rattling of many hoofs and ceased, Lord John Dew-drop arose and offered the club the use of the following

the outer world gave entrance by a lovely "Doan' saw off the handles of your avenue of lime and cedar trees, and alo this we drove to the entrance court of the castle, which had entertained the Paladins of Charlemagne a thousand years ago in The iron portcullis-like gate rose up, and wheelbar'er to keep a naybur from bor-

"De man who looses his temper will be

"If it wasn't for goslins' dar' would be no geese. Gin a bey a chance to be a gos-lin befo' expectin' him to be a gander." "An egotist am a man en stilts. Let

him alone an' he am sartin to come down." "Befo' praisin' de philantrophy man who has donated a site for the orphan asylum try and diskiber if his wife isn't doing the kitchen work to save de

railings on the right, the nuns never come out from those doubly bolted doors, but the irons on the left were fresh with paint, expense of a hired girl." "De man who has no friends to speak and young priests, in black soutane and the becoming baretta cap jaustily poised on their tensured curls, came down the steps, breviary in hand, to wend their many of the averaging and the steps. well of am a man to be avoided.

"Be guided in your outlay by what you kin afford—not what your naybur brings

"Truth am mighty, but use it in small doses in criticising the acts of your friends." "De peacock may make a fine display

way to the exquisite garden walks where we caught glimpses of fuchsias and roses hanging in pink and white clusters against the deep shadows of cypress and magnolia, orange and pine orange and pine. A LOVELY RETREAT. "This is a paradise," exclaimed Fern. Lajos crossed himself and bent low to kiss the hand of an old priest who came down the marble stairs to welcome us. "Aus Amerika!" he exclaimed, as Fern and myself courtesied low to him; then taking his out-stretched hand he led us up the great stair-way, sixty feet broad at least, to the stone corridors and cloister walks of the monastery of Alt Altenburg. It is on a suburb scale, beyond any building I ever saw. The corridors seem miles in ength, arched, with lovely traceries of tucco work along their walls and ceil "This is the new part of our building," "This is the new part of our building," said the priest, "all this is renaissance work of the sixteenth century, and put here about the year 1700, when the pre-sent library hall and mortuary chapel, to which I am taking you, were added to the unitable building." Down a double flight of gray stone steps Bown a double flight of gray stone steps, inlaid with marble, porphyry and sienna, we entered a crypt, resplendent with trop-ical birds and plants painted in poly-chrome, upon the walls, lighted by win-dows of stained glass. This, we were told, was intended as a burial vault for the future abbots, the old corridors, where they have been buried circa 1000 birst they have been buried since 1050 being they have been ouries since tool being too fall for future use. "How strangely gaudy for a burial vault," said Sweet Fern. "Will the pre-sent abbot, when he dies, be buried here?" The old priest smiled. "He may go where our last abbot has gone," and see-ing our inquiring glance, he quickly added, "that is to the Episcopal palace in here?" Vienna as Cardinal Archbishop of the eity. We hoped that honor would await him when the present noble old prelate has finished his life work. The library is over this crypt; a very rare and valuable col-lection of MSS, and printed books we lection of MSS, and printed books we found there, besides some grand frescoes of Arnot Troger on walls and ceilings, or rather domes, for the apartment is like rather domes, for the apartment. the nave of a church, and two immense circular domes supplement the light from the high arched side windows, which overlook the valley and the rocky to heights of Rosenberg, on its promontory, nearly a hundred feet below. The splen-dor of this view nearly took our breath away, for here we were six hundred feet above the plain and on a mountain verge that fairly made us dizzy. The book cases were opened to us; bibles printed by the Aldines at Venice in 1576; missals il-lustrated and painted by Benedict Mayer in 1689 and manuscripts innumerable unthe nave of a church, and two immense in 1689 and manuscripts innumerable un-rolled before us; but the valleys below

a furrier. Success attended him in all things, but, as is too often the case, success drove from his mind all memory of the dream and his promise. One day as he was returning from Eggenburg, where he had been purchasing furs, he lost his way in the Molderberg hills. Overcome with fatigue, he laid himself down to rest. Again he dreamed first of heaven, then he saw before him an oak rising in three separate stems. Suddents there are three separate stems. Suddenly thunder rolled and lightning flashed around him, until the fearful noise awoke him. He sprang up, but there was no storm, the

evening was calm and still, s bells of the old Benedictine Alt Altenburg faintly sound the valley. He looked up shaded him, and looking do was three trees in one, the J his dream. He then recu made in his illness, and the loved picture was hung t Hundreds of miraculous cu have been made before ti numerous are the legend

AUG. 24, 1888.

numerous are the legend wrought. A hundred yes

wrought. A hundred yet picture hung upon the tree some strange accident the sis the picture was melted, bu rose from the spot will destroyed the tree, and this sign that God wished to his shrine established here. V of the Benedictine Conven of His Excellency, Philip

of His Excellency, Philip Von Hoyas, a small stor built; but this was far too

modate the troops of pill to visit the shrine. In 1 Countess Hoyas laid the

Countess Hoyas laid the the present magnificent c that time until the preser grims and long process come on "woodland j

and the gray walls of the old church be-yond riveted our attention more than the literary treasures of this wonderful old Benediktiner Stirt, as the convent is called in Aastria. We were then shown through the corridors, containing pictures of the abbots from St. Hermann, the first who rose to that position, to the last abbot buried here. We found Gottfried, and a handsome man he surely was. "But that is not an Italian face," said Fern ; "surely that was not an Orsini," "Have you heard that story P" said the priest, laughing. "Well, I can tell you a better one. Gottfried was an Irishman ; a pure-blooded Celt." "Nonsense, Father," exclaimed Fern, "what brough thim here? Do tell us his story. The face is Irish after all," she added, leaning over to examine it. "His story has been effaced," said the priest, pointing to the obliterated inscrip-tion. "In the last century one of his des-cendaxts came to us and reading what was written there received permission to paint it out-see, all the other abbot here.

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written there received permission to paint it out-see, all the other abbots have their life-sketch written beneath their pic-

nor God-like is the face of the dark-haired man in monastic habit, grasping a sword, raised as if to strike, which gleams from the canvas in brown and gold tints as if time could never subdue the passion and splendor of the old Florentine art-thought which traced him there. Gottfried in-deed! It is an Orsini, the son of the moment who descined Hormann won Bulga It was too provoking not to unravel the mysterious meaning of Qui am

A SOLEMN SERVICE.

From these pictures we turned towards the church, a large oval building, where we found the tomb of the saintly Count-ess, who gave her ancestral home to the Benedictines. Sacristans were lighting the altar candles for the vespers, but we had time to glance over the old books and missals from which the priests have intoned the service for six hundred years, books in which the earliest method of musical notation is clearly traced in longa, beevs and nums upon black, blue and red lines. We knelt at the prie-dieu the good priest brought us; even Pym had the Christian grace to kneed down at the bene-diction, and thus we heard the grand organ played by a young-priest with the face of an angel, and the "Salutaris" chanted from a high gallery on one side the organ loft but, utterly detached, where black-veiled Sisters sang with the passionate fervor of saints in glory. It was like a dream, the full voices of chanting priests, the grand choral foundation tones of the high, bird-like responses of the veiled nums me the anthem-like "Glorias" that filled the dimly-lighted charch with its clouds of incense rising before the altar, so brilliantly illuminated, not only with its innumerable candles, but the sunset erimson of its western windows, that we From these pictures we turned towards voman who deceived Hermann von Bulge woman who deceived Hermann von Duige, and who in turn was deceived by the man for whom she forsook her first love, and whose son, infuriated by his beautiful mother's suffering, would have become a particide had not the good abbot, St. Her-mann had him to the convent and finally particle had not the good aboot, st. Her-mann, led him to this convent, and finally influenced him to believe that forgiveness is God-like and brings the peace of heaven. Gottfried was the name given the young monk when admitted to the brotherhoo monk when admitted to the brotherhood, and although the monastic habit replaced the courtly garb of an Orsini, the artist could not take off the armor of his por-trait, he painted the Dominican habit over it, leaving the sword. This is the story our young student, Herr Krahuletz, told Screet Form one morping armong the Sweet Fern one morning among the amethyst rocks, so that very afternoon we started for Alt-Altenberg. THE APPROACH AND ENTRANCE TO A GREAT MONASTERY. Austrian highways are the perfection of Austrian highways are the perfection of carriage drives, and the rapidity with which we bowled along the Hauptstrasse yesteriay afternoon, the Molderhing hile on our left, and the valleys of the Hoyas estate on our right bourded in the purple distance by the Mauharisberg mountain fastness, was enough to convince the as-tonished peasants that an imperial man-date had summoned somebody somewhere. It was five o'clock as we stepped before the great stone archway of the convent gate. The Hoyas livery had evidently been the "open sesame" that admitted us. The huge iron-bound doors that excluded the outer world gave entrance by a lovely

so brilliantly illuminated, not only with its innumerable candles, but the sunset crimson of its western windows, that we lingered until silence and darkness told us the vesper prayer had ended. The Rittersal of the old castle is now

the refectory of its guesta, and thither we were led to partake of the vesper bread, the bread and coffee offered in every Austrian home before or at sunset. The frescoes and mythological pictures in the fresco work of this room are really marvelbox. This monastery is one of the larg-est "foundations" in the empire, and one to which laymen and women may be ad-Note a guest, which is not the case at Klosterneuberg, the huge monastery near Vienna. Rittersalen are found only in we drove under the great yellow washed stone building, the iron doors and railings on the right leading up broad marble steps, to the cloistered nuns of the Order, while the equally iron railed-off marble staircase on the left led up to the cloister very old Austrian family castles, consequently are not opened to the public; hence it is worth while to visit Alt Altenberg, even if one has but time to visit the Rit of the Benedictine Fathers. Cobwebs and dust, padlocks and rust, clung to the iron ersaal

Whether Sweet Fern's flowers, or bewhether Sweet Fern's Howers, or be-cause we were Catholics "aus Amerika," touched the good priest's heart, I know not, but we were led into the abbot's pre-sence, and received his blassing. Then we were feasted royally. Coffee, honey, chickens, fruits, salads, creams, cakes, and preserves in most or counties are being chickens, fruits, salads, creans, cares, and preserves in most erquisite porcelain and glasses which bore armorial crests of the paladins of Charlemagne. After supper a short walk in the convent gardens gave us not only an idea of the extent and value of its flora, but the great size and peculiar architectural proportions of the monastery, with its cloisters and con the monastery, with its cloisters and con-vents. It was too late to go entirely through the gardens. We walked in its orangery and received little sprays of their fragrant buds, to which were added mig-nonette and Marshal Nel roses; and so we said good-night to the Father who had so kindly received and generously entertained us, his "daughters and America" as here us, his "daughters aus Amerika," us, his "daugnters aus Amerika," as he persisted in calling us. Lajos declared the horses had been regally groomed and fed, and as for his own eutertainment, he assured us the lay brothers, to whose care he had been committed, were the happiest men he had seen in many a day. Indeed, he had partly promised to join them if ever he had to leave his present "ladies." LEGEND OF THE THREE OAKS. Drel Eichen, at whose "inn for grims" we intended to remain for the night, lies about four miles to the west of Horn. It is the resort of pilgrims, in-valids and tourists, for it has one of those strange, miracle-working pictures that have made such mysterious episodes in the history of lower Austria. The legend of Drel Eichen connects the place with Eggenburg. In the year 1056 there lived Mathia Weinburger. In his year tobo there hyed in the town of Horn a pious citizen, Mathia Weinburger. In his home he had a waxen picture of the Blessed Virgin, which he prized above all things. He often prayed before it until he fell asleep. One night, during a severe ill-ness, after many hours spent in prayer, the good man slept and dreamed that the Blessed Virgin appeared to him as in the picture, and told him to carry his treasure, her picture in wax, to the neighbor-ing Molderberg hills and hang it upon an oak tree, which rose in three separate stems from the root, and thus found a shrine free to all. Notwithstanding his devotion to the picture, the sick man was too good a Catholic to withstand such a request, even if it had come to him through the medium of a dream, so he through the medium of a dream, so he determined that as soon as he recovered his strength he would obey the mandate. From this moment he began to recover, and at last, perfectly restored to health, went about his business, which was that of for the strength of the stren

grims and "woodland ji shrine at Three Oaks." open last evening when hamlet, and crowds of kneeling before the confe side, preparing for the e at five o'clock this I heard Confessions all ni told us and this morning told us, and this morning by new bands of pilgrim ing their hymns in hono ing their hymns in none Three Oaks. Sweet Fe early Mass, but the h crowded to see anything of the dome and the h

of the dome and the altern to alter. At Vespers to an have dispersed, so we s the treasure-room; th delayel our journey so morrow.—"Imperia," i Press. THE VALUE OF S

A priest was one patience, and he insist sufferings, affirming the tain for us graces that our prayers. "You do our prayers. "You do of a soul," he said: " but also suffer for it." had just made her Firs these words and took poor child had often s tears when her father at night. When she re that day she kissed unusual tenderness.

"I hope not to see yo I know how to obta sion." The family were ve had only one real me

took together at noon day, the little girl ea some bread. "Are you ill ?" aske

prise. "No, mamma." "Why do you not

father. "I do not want an He took it to be thought the best pur let her have her own let her have her own At night the fath and swearing. Th asleep, was startle Next day she took for dinner. The and the father vexce "Wear must eat "You must eat

"No, no !" she Iong as you get dr and make her cry, that I will suffer punish you." The father mad night he came hon of his little girl he him deeply. Next day the c

slavery but they tie our arms, and paralayer but they tie our arms, and para-layer our energies. I care not what others may say or think, but for me, give me liberty rather than clerical oppression, give me a right to redden my sword in the vile blood of Ireland's foes."

On the same occasion many of the lead-ing revolutionists made speeches "equally "Lie, lie, and something will stick,"

What are you ? Where do you come from? What brought you here ?" "Colonel Gore, I am glad to meet you. said the glorious Voltaire. This was un Your questions, or interrogations, remind me strongly, or forcibly, of Cæsar's die-tum, or saying, I came, I saw, I conquered, or vanquished, or overcome." "Gore, that fellow must be not in his happily too true with regard to the charges made against the noble body of the Irish clergy. When the young and unwary continually heard the priests styled the enemies of their country, the foes of liberty, many of them unfortunately began to think that the most patriotic clergy on right-

Here Nelson was interrupted by the appearance of another stranger at the earth, the Irish priests, were indeed opposed to Ireland's liberty and prosper-ity. Never was a charge so base, ungrate-"My dear friend Sweettalk," cried Gore

ful, ill founded, as that which accuses the as he seized that gifted young gentleman ful, ill-founded, as that which accuses the priests of Ireland of want of patriotism. Look back upon Ireland's past history. Open your eyes and look around you. The priests do not cry out for war, while by the hand, "you are a born angel. Where is the prisoner? "He is in a close carriage, Colonel, in the

"I am Colonel Gore, sir, Who are you

"I would like to stand face to face with

"Who is this strange individual, Sweet the people are unarmed; they do not wish talk ?'

their tens to meet the enemies' thousands I am a member, or part, or portion, of the loyal or Royal Constabulary, erected or constituted at Templemore for the de-thronement, or dethroning, or utter and they do not approve of crime committed in the name of liberty ; they do not bless the hand that is raised to smite the innocent ; they do not wish to sacrifice to ig fi ial destruction of peace in that portion of the world." the

cent; they do not wish to satisfie to specify norance or prejudice truths founded on eventsting justice; but all this does not prove them to be unpatriotic. If the priest did not warn his flock against all other at here the course to "Why did you not bring up the prisoner at once, Sweettalk ?" said Gore, turning away from the last speaker with disgust. dangers, if he did not have the courage away from the last speaker with disgust. "He stoutly refuses to come with me direct them according to the dictates of right reason, and the principles of solid morality he would be unworthy of his high Colonel. When we arrested him he would not talk at all, but now he uses terrible big words, and swears by everything not sacred that the wrath and the malediction of the Lord would fall upon our sinful heads." and sacred vocation. When Nelson and Gore returned to thei

"What fools! What stupid, ignorant fools," was the kind remark of the sweet. "This is strange," said Gore; "I did not

souled Gore. "What a knave you are," cried Nelson

think that Stephens would make any re-sistance. Major Nelson and this blockhead will help you to force him up here, Mr. Sweettalk." Nelson and Sweettalk soon had the priswhose face was strangely lit by wicked joy. "You did glorious wak," said Gore in

a tone of triumph. 'You did more glorious work still,'

said Nelson. Both laughed an unpleasant laugh at

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Pargative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick tution, diet, or occupation. For stek headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stom-ach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidney, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, ru-h of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "pellets." house. By druggists

"Really, sir, it is provoking. Tell me your business immediately. I am not a man to be trifled with," said Gore, with a night of datkness upon his brow. "If I may be allowed or permitted, if I may so speak, or express my thoughts or sentiments. If I may be granted or per-mitted to see or care upon. Officer, or Cap. "Ab, yes, the poor young man drinks a great deal, do ye mind ? The bane of Ire-land is intemperance. Master Richard, mitted to see or gaze upon, Officer, or Cap tain, or Colonel Gore, I will most conde even from his unsophisticated infancy, was cendingly deign to explain everything an ambitious and thirsty consumer of unthat in any way pertains or appertains to my mission, or embassy, or noble commisadulterated goat's milk.

adulterated goat's milk." Nelson could no longer govern himself, so he burst into a loud laugh. Sweettalk and his clever companion did not dare even look amused, though both felt as if nothing in the world ought to be more free than laughter. Gore hardly knew whether it would appear more respectable to lauch or get source. After a moment to laugh or get angry. After a moment

"Do you remember a fellow called

"Ab, poor, gentle, simple Larry! I have good reason to think of him until my ultimate breath. Do you discern that ugly hole in my coat, and that gulf yawn-ing in my chin ? You do; well, both are the creations or investions of Larry's fingers, do ye mind ?"

"Tin, do you know anyone named Kelley in Carrick?" began Gore again, "Most assuredly I do. I am endowed recommending it to those similarly afflic with the full knowledge of more than two

dozen Kelleys." "Do you know Kelley, the friend of Richard O'Connell ?" "Is it Mr. Kelley, the water bailiff? I unhesitatingly acknowledge my entire familiarity with that great gentleman." "What is your opinion of him ?"

"I deem him worthy of the highest and altogether unapproachable honors or emoluments that can be granted by the Kingdom of Great Britain. He is as brave s General Sarsfield, as eloquent as Philpot Curran, and more patriotic than Brian Boru himself. He is as generous as a Boru himself. He is as generous as a man can be. Where a poor water bailiff can get all the money that he spends on the boys is a deep, profound and all absorb-

ing mystery to me. Some folks around Carrick say that his father has gold mines in California, others think that his tather is a lord or an earl, others take his take is taken clously and wholly impertinently affirm that his aged parent has a public-house near Limerick. If all the information

oner in the gallant Colonel's room. "Ah, Mr. Stephens," said Gore, reach-ing out his hand as if it were a broomstick, near Limerick. If all the information which I have given you of my own free and unbiased will be not full of unpol-luted veracity, may the wrath and the imalediction of the Lord fall upon your "I am truly glad to see you. But, ah me, how sadly changed within the past few gifted and empty head."

months. Those straggling hairs on your chin, that big ugly coat, those tight short pants make you look like a different man. 'Your information is very valuable indeed--extremely so. As a slight reward Indulgent parents who allow their chil-Favoritism

dren to eat heartily of high-seasoned food, rich pies, cake, &c., will have to use Hop ravoritism is a bad thing, but Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" deserves its name. It is a certain cure for those painful maladies and weaknesses which embitter the lives Bitters to prevent indigestion, sleepless nights, sickness, pain, and, perhaps, death. No family is safe without them in the of so many women. Of druggists.

ecting something solid doan' oberlook the gander. He's de same all de way frew an' you allus know whar' to find him.' "De man who draps his wallet to test do honesty of de public shouldn't give his self away by advertisin' a reward and no questions axed?"-Lime Kiln Club.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Straw berry will never fail you when taken to cure Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach, or any form of Summer Complaint. Relief is almost instantaneous ; a few doses cure when other remedies fail.

Mr. Abraham Gibbs, Vaughan, writes "I have been troubled with Asthma sinc I was ten years of age, and have taken hundreds of bottles of different kinds of medicine, with no relief. I saw the ad vertisement of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lime and Soda, and determined to try it. I have taken one bottle, and it has given me more relief than anything I have ever tried before, and I have great pleasure in

Do you wish a beautiful complexion Then use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and thereby removes blotches and pimples from the skin, making it smooth and clear, and giv-ing it a bright and healthy appearance.

The political contest being over, the popular vote of the people is now cast in favor of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—the matchless remedy for Cholera Morbus and all Summer Complaints.

The best medical authorities acknowl edge the great value of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and frequently prescribe their use with the utmost confidence, well knowing that they are the most effectual remedy ever devised for diseases caused by de-rangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

The most miserable mortal in existence The most miserable mortal in existence is probably the confirmed dyspeptic. Bur-dock Blood Bitters cure Dyspepsia and all diseases of the Stomach, Blood, Liver and Kidneys. Do not trust our word simply, but address the proprietors for proof.

M. Sheehan, of Oscoda, Mich., writes: "I have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil on horses for different diseases, and found it to be just as you recommended. It has done, intine to or done justice to me every time, and it is the best Oil for horses I ever used." Observe that the name "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil" is on front of the wrapper, as there are imitations of it. usual. It seems, passion for drink that in a few days state of intoxica day, resumed her moved, and a tea mother wept als tranquil. "Litt tranquil. "Litt rising and kissing continue this cou "Yes, papa," sl or you are conve Then she relat

the priest say in was determined loved mother m quent cause to come converted. "My darling ch exclaimed the fa freely down his your mother no Saturday we will trust that the holy Sacrament

my promise." Need we add man was not ontinues to les Indulgent pa dren to eat heat

rich pies, cake Bitters to pre nights, sickness No family is

Mr. George hurst, Ont., w have used Nor Discovery and has done them they have ev wonderful inf and curing Organs, the I ders of the sy Co., Druggist O. E. Co writes: I was ating pains fr ism. One a Eclectric Oil and two bott

There is n ple to-day th more, or mo does Dr. For berry—the i of Summer