Saint Cecilia's Day at the Sacred Heart. [Written for a Convent Celebration of the Feast of the Patroness of Sacred Song.] BY ELEANOR CECILIA DONNELLY.

Scarce had the Office of our Lady's feast,
(The Presentation's gorious anthen
ceased:
And scarce the vision of the Temple dim,
The blessed Child, Saint Anne and Joachi
Had from our vigils pass'd,—when serap came. Chanting a virgin-martyr's deathless fame; And, thro' November's twilight, duli and Pealed the glad chimes of Saint Cecilia's day

Oh! for an angel's wings to waft us o'er The sea of Time, to that old classic shore. Wet with the blood of saints, and sown with of Christian sacrifices, blest indeed:
Whose golden harvest yet, unheeded. fills
Rome's treasure-house upon the storied
hills;
Where, wrapt in sills, as fragrant as the The martyrs' bones within their shrines re-

Oh! for an angel's hand to backward roll The curtain of the Past, like some dark scroll, Beneath whose sable shadows we might glide Into the chamber of the virgin-bride; And look upon Cecilia, nobly-born, In all the splendor of her marriage-morn.

Enchanting music fills the lustrous air, And, on the maiden's long and hair,—
hair,—
(Blest tribute from the garden of the Skies')
A crown of white and searlet roses lies.
A crown of some youls, unfouch'd by sin,
Emblems of snowy souls, unfouch'd having the marryrs

with,— wi -Into the open door Tiburtius steals, And, at her lees, which had a kneels, wheels, And spouse and brother listen to the words, (Sweet as the carol of imprison'd birds), (Sweet as the carol of imprison'd birds). That from those gracious lips, convincing, flow: Luring them upward to their high award. The crown the palm, the glory of the Lord, In that fair Land where fadeless flowers

Thrice happy bride! wnose comeliness and whose silv'ry voice, and meek, angelic face, (Filled with the love of God), have thus en-(Filed with the love of God), have thus entic'd
Thy pagan household to the feet of Christ!
What, tho' the torture and the prison drear,
The rack, the sword, 'mid blissful dreams,
appear?
Over the clouds the Sun of Justice shines,
And pure shall be the gold, His fire refines;
And, cool and calm, beyond the furnacehist
His Paradise shall rest thy burning feet!

vii.

Thrice-happy bride! beneath thy clinging A necklace gleams of gold and precious pearls,
A nuptial-gift, which gaily would out-vie
The snowy throat whereon the jewels lie:
Ah! there shall come a day of strange d light,
A day that ne'er shall darken into night,
When, on the marble floor, thy beauteo head,
Like some rare blossom, drooping, pale and Shall sweetly slumber, showing thro' its curls, A necklace richer than these bridal pearls,— The rosy circlet of the Bride of Heaven, The blood-red rubies to the martyrs given!

Widowed and lonely, hurried to thy doom.
In all thy maiden innocence and bloom;
Here, in the nuptial-halls of thy fair youth,
Shall dawn thy Marriage-day in very truth:
For thine Eternal Bridegroom shall draw
near. and catch thee to His Heart, so true, so dear,—
And bear thee in His arms, without a stain, (Released from care and agonizing pain.)
Beyond the stars, by yond the jaspar-door, Broseal thee for His bride forevermore!

Strike then, to-day, among the virgin choir O sweet Ceclial strike thy golden lyre; And sing from out thy happy heart a song Which all the saints shall echo and prolong A hymn of worship worthy of the skies, The peean of the Blest in Paradise!

The changing centuries may roll away, Age upon age may circle and decay; Aud all earth's cherish'd pomp and pride may fade Into a dead Creation's dust and shade,— But thou, triumphant in the realms of light,

Safe in thy Lover's Heart, supreme and strong, Sweet patroness of pure, celestial song! Thou art secure. Oh! pray that we may be Partakers of thy blest felicity! Filled with thine ancient zeal, to-day, im-Unto the children of the Sacred Heart,

Thy faith, thy hope, thy brave, seraphic And, from our souls, in petty cares immers'd,
New hymns of worship shall, ecstatic, burst:
Sure presage of that grand, immortal lay
Which we may hope to chant some happy ay, , near thy throne, Cecilia, glad and We strike our harps, and, rapturous, sing with thee, with thee, The praises of our God eternally!

TRUE TO TRUST. THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER II.

When it is remembered that even in the last century Cornwall, owing to its remote position and the difficulty of approach, was, in moral as well as m terial progress, far behind the rest of England, so that acts of wrecking and smuggling could be constantly perpetrated with impunity, the reader will be able to form some idea of the state of that county at the period

of which we write.

It was thinly populated, and the lands comprised in the Duchy were little better than profitless moors. The Catholic priests had been driven out, and very frequently had not been replaced by the minis-ters of any other creed. The people had so fallen into a state of deplorable ignor-ance with respect to religion; and absurd acts of superstition had taken the place of

point of view, it was inferior to the rest of England, its mines were rich, and it abounded in wild and beautiful scenery.

Mark then opened the door to give ad-The situation of Penzance, on the magnificent Mount's Bay, is universally admired. This bay presents an expanse of sea such as is rarely found enclosed by headlands, as is rarely found enclosed by headlands, in the midst of which, rising to the height of nearly two hundred feet, stands an insulated mass of rock, which bears the appellation of St. Michael's Mount. At an early period this romantic eminence ecrated to religion; old legends ert that St. Michael appeared to some

hermits upon one of its crags, and a large rock on the western side is still pointed out as the site of the vision. Edward the Confessor granted the mount to the great benedictine house of St. Michael; later on it was transferred to the monks of the new Monastery of Sion. But the island rock

'Whose brow erown'd with castles, and whose rocky Are clad with dusky ivy.'

has echoed with sounds of war as well as

has echoed with sounds of war as well as those of prayer.

On the side of the bay opposite to that occupied by Marazion stands the little fishing-town of Newlyn, nestled on the gently-sloping hill. After passing this place, the road, or rather bridle-path, for such it was then, wound round the rocks close above the sea, and finally led to Mousehole. About halfway between the latter and Newlyn stood, at the time of our story, an old-looking but substantially built house, bearing the name of Ty-anour story, an old-looking out story, an old-looking built house, bearing the name of Ty-andour, which means 'dwelling by the water.'
And it was well named, for it was situated And it was well named, for it was situated on a rock overlooking the whole bay; a flight of steps, roughly hewn in the rock, leading down to the water's edge. This house was inhabited by the brothers Stephen and Mark Casterman, their old mother, and two children of Stephen. Viewed from without, Ty-an-dour had a gloomy appearance. The few tall dark in the state of the row close to it, the ment. gloomy appearance. The few tall dark pine-trees that grew close to it; the unculpine-trees that grew close to it; the tivated lands, covered with gorse, stretched for miles in its rear; the wild waves, ever dashing against the rocks beneath, seeming like monsters endeavoring to ascend the crags, yet always repulsed by some unseen agent; all these added, no doubt, to the melancholy aspect of the building itself. But let us now enter within. The large room on the ground-floor serves for both kitchen and sittingnoor serves for both kitchen and sitting-room; its chimney advances several feet from the wall, affording ample accommo-dation within for two persons on each side; and there old dame Casterman used to sit spinning during the long winter evenings. A very solid oak table, a few wooden stools, and a solitary arm-chair, constituted all the furniture of the dark low room. There were cupboards and shelves in abundance; and a strange col-lection of things they contained; old clothes, jewelry, fishing nets and tackle; articles of value and worthless lumber

were heaped together.

How this medley of goods had been obtained will be easily imagined when we state that the Castermans were renowned wreckers and smugglers. On stormy nights the lonely house often became the resort of men as daring and as worthless as themselves. Many a storm-beaten ship, allured by the false lights of the wreckers, struck against the rocks which fringed the coast on the side of Newlyn; and, while the unfortunate crew were allowed to perish the cargo was secured by these Cornish pillagers, with whom it was a saying

away in caves dug for the purpose under the house, the brother wreckers and their associates would indulge for a time in feasting and revelry. But these hours of relaxation were only of short duration; for the Castermans were not given to conviviality, and therefore no great favor-ites with their neighbors, who nevertheless

so Patience and Antony grew from year to year in ignorance and neglect. From their earliest childhood they were accus-tomed to wander about alone, and to play in the boat anchored in the cove. It is a wonder no harm befell them; but there is an allseeing Providence that watches over those whom none pro-tect or care for; and these poor children were certainly of the number.

At the same time as Catherine, after her arrival at her aunt's house, was pouring forth her soul in earnest prayer ere she retired to rest, the minds of old Dame Casterman and her sons were very differ-Casternan and her solve the variation of the cently occupied. There they sat in their disorderly kitchen; a small lamp, placed on the table round which they had gathered the control of the control of the central control of the ce ered, threw a wavering light on their sin ered, threw a wavering light on their sin-ister countenances, while the rest of the room was enveloped in almost complete darkness. The three were holding a family council. How astonished and shocked would poor Catherine have been could she have overheard their conversation! for from it she could have learned that her aunt was an accomplice of the Castermans.
She transported the more valuable of
their ill-gotten goods secretly to the shop
of a Jew in the town, and helped them in various other ways; in return for which they gave her a small share in their pro-

"Mind, the other men of the town must know nothing of it," urged the dame; "or else they will want a share in the profits, because, forsooth, they were at the wreck; though, as you all know, 'twas myself who found the jewels on the dead body by the shore in the morning after they had

all gone."
A loud knock at the door interrupted acts of superstition had taken the place of those practices of piety which, under the enlightened guidance of their priests, the Cornish people, naturally religious, had loved to perform.

Nature had not been sparing of her gifts to Cornwall, and if, in an agricultural to the rest to cornwall, and if, in an agricultural many loves to the rest to the re

mittance to four or five strong roughlooking men. After wishing good-even-ing to the inmates they drew the wooden ols round the table, and seated them-

selves "Mark Casterman," said one of them, "you must let us have a taste of that last shinload of brandy we smuggled in." The old dame on hearing the demand rose, and produced a stone bottle which she placed on the table, providing each of

the men with horn drinking cups. The dangers and adventures which had accom-panied the capture of the shipload were for some time the subject of conversation. Then one of the party started a new subject by saying:
"What are we to think about this Hig-

gins and his crew? What is his purpose in coming here? What's a commissioner got to do with looking after the coasts?"

The subject was evidently one of interest to the wreckers. They leant over the table and looked towards Stephen Caster-man, auxious to know what solution he, whom they regarded as their leader, would give to these questions. But his gloomy countenance offered no clue to his feelings; and as he remained silent, one of the men proceeded to explain what he believed to be the state of the case. The Sheriff of Cornwall, he told them, found it mpossible to put a stop to smuggling and wrecking on the coast, so he had obtained leave to appoint commissioners for that purpose, and Mr. Higgins was one of

them.

"He comes," continued the speaker with increased wrath, "to ruin, if he can, our trade; to rob us of our lawful prizes; for time out of mind the cargo of wrecked vessels has been ours."

Casterman now broke the silence, and the force determined tone of one

aid, in the fierce determined tone of one who fully intends when he threatens.

"If this Higgins, or any one clse, dares to meddle with me or mine, a bullet will soon settle him."

This sentiment was loudly applauded by the rest of the party, who were now growing very excited, and as the hour was lead Dare Casterman quietly withdrew. growing very excited, and as the nour was late, Dame Casterman quietly withdrew. In the children had already crept away fearful of the stray blows which often fell to their lot when the noisy wreckers met at the lot when the lot

CHAPTER III. A bright supny morning succeeded the day of Catharine's arrival at Penzance. At an early hour all was astir in the little town, for it was market-day. The farmers' wives and daughters came riding in with all the various produce of the country. The fishwomen, wearing red cloaks and flat beaver hats, called 'Mount Bays,' hurried along, carrying their fish in 'cowels,' a kind of basket supported on the back and by a band passed round the forehead. The intending purchasers went from stall to stall, talking and bargaining, and laying in a store for the rest of the week.

Among the latter class might be seen the rich ladies of the neighborhood, who were far from disdaining such homely duties

and who greatly enjoyed the evening ride into town. The sun, which had risen in all its glory over the sea, was peeping into the narrow streets, and made them look bright and cheerful; but it was in the open country that the beauty of the hour was fully visible. A soft sea-breeze blew over the moors, gathering in its passage the sweet scent of the heather and other wild If ye save a stranger from the sea.
Then he will turn your enemy.'

Smuggling was also carried on extensively by the inmates of Ty-an-dour. The desired booty once obtained and stowed.

The moors, gathering in its passage the sweet scent of the heather and other wild fowers. From hedge and bush, from glen and forest, came the melodious song of the birds, rising from a morning hymn of the heather and other wild the moors, gathering in its passage the sweet scent of the heather and other wild the moors, gathering in its passage the sweet scent of the heather and other wild the sweet scent of the sweet scent of the heather and other wild the sweet scent of the heather and other wild the sweet scent of the heather and other wild the sweet scent of the heather and other wild the sweet scent of the heather and other wild the sweet scent of the heather and other wild the sweet scent of the h of the birds, rising from a morning hymn of thanksgiving to their Creator; but no church bell chimed in to call the faithful to prayer, as in former days; no convent or monastery rung out the Angelus at early morn. It would seem that while all nature celebrated the praise of God, man had forgotten Him, to think only of ma-terial gain. No longer did the laborer halt before the wayside cross to beg a

ternal gain.

It was already broad daylight when believe the looked after her two children; that is to say, she saw that they had enough to eat; but further than this she enough to eat; but further than this she enough to eat; but further than this she enough to eat and another the enough to eat and another them. And the enough to eat and another them. And the enough to eat and another than this she enough to eat and another than this she enough to eat; but further than this she was once again seated by her mother in their little cottage at Exter; but now she started up in her bed and gazed around with that a stonishment which one feels on awakening in a strange that she was once again seated by her mother in their little cottage at the enough to eat; but further than this she was once again seated by her mother in their little cottage at the enough to eat; but further than this she wa which one feels on awakening in a strange place. But morning brought with it brighter prospects. Besides, although Catherine's mother left her poor in worldly goods, she bestowed on her a rich legacy of virtues; for she had instilled into the mind of her child Faith, which is the morning that the mind of her child Faith, which is the mind of her child Faith which is the mind of her child Faith, which is the mind of her child Faith which is the mind of her mind of her child Faith which is the mind of her child Fait into the mind of her child Faith, which would guide her like a brilliant star, through the intricate paths of life; she had taught her to cherish Hope, which when the horizon was obscured, when all around was dark and gloomy, would bid her raise her eyes to that heavenly city where the sorrows of this life shall end, and suffering virtue, he crowned with wise to pour the balm of consolation on all the poor afflicted souls she might meet on Dame Barnby some recollection of hapthe poor afflicted souls she might meet on her path. It was accompanied by and her path. It was accompanied by and pier times.

"Ruth helped me," said Catherine, under the guidance of these three sister

virtues that pious young soul had started on her pilgrimage of life. Catherine perceived it was long past the hour at which she usually rose. She therefore jumped out of bed, and having, on her knees, thanked God for his protection during the night, and begged His blessing on the day, she was not long in

dressing.
She looked round her room. It was on the present occasion her name was frequently mentioned with reference to certain articles of considerable worth which they wished to be taken privately to the Jews.

She looked round her room. It was small and low. Where it sloped down to the little cross-barred window it would not admit of a person standing upright. The large rafters and beams which forms. niture was no more than a wooden stool and a deal table. When Catherine had completed her observations, she descended the step-ladder into the kitchen; dirty and comfortless, like the up-stairs room,

and in addition filled with smoke. On the table were some pieces of bread, and several empty wooden bowls, indications that the family had breakfasted. A little girl was standing looking out of the open When she heard (atherine coming door. down, she turned round and stared at her astonishment. Catherine wished

her good morning and then said : "Are you not my cousin? By what name am I to call you? My name is Catherine. "Mine is Ruth," replied the child

Ruth Barnby was a pretty little girl of about nine or ten years old, very fair, with large blue eyes and a profusion of She wore, as was then usual, a home-spun woollen dress of a gray color, and a little corsage laced in front; but these from long use had become dirty and

untidy.
"Mother is gone to market," she said. "She bade me tell you, you would find your breakfast there;" and she pointed to

the table. Catherine sat down, and ate some bread days of the past; first, though only a

and milk. Ruth meanwhile amused her-self by playing with a thin shaggy dog. "Have you any brothers or sisters?" inquired her cousin. "One brother and one sister," was the

At that moment the brother and sister made themselves visible and audible, for they came running in, laughing and calling to each other; but seeing their cousin they looked astonished, and made a

hasty retreat.
"I am going to get some dry firewood.
Will you come?" said Ruth when she saw
Catherine had finished her breakfast.
The two accordingly proceeded to the sea shore, where they commenced gather-ing pieces of wood which the tide had cast

They were soon joined by Susan and When they had collected a sufficient When they had collected a sufficient quantity, they returned to the cottage, which looked darker and dirtier than before; contrasting as it did so strongly with the brightness of all without. The two youngest children were evidently of opinion that it was far better to be out in the supporer symphica and breezes, and

catherine to light the fire. This done, and having made the beds, Ruth considered that the day's work was over; but her cousin proposed that they should put the cottage in order before the return of Dame Barnby. The little girl opened wide her large blue eyes and seemed bewildered at such an idea. When, however, the saw Catherine first satisfally ever, she saw Catherine first actively sweeping, then at work cleaning the windows, to the great annoyance of certain old spiders who had resided there time out

The two children then scated themselves on the door-step. They had remained there in silence some minutes, when Ruth soddenly jumped up, exclaiming "There is Patiente."

s Patience."
Catherine was at first puzzled, but on seeing her run to meet a little hump-backed girl, she conjectured, and rightly, that this was the 'Patience' to whom the word applied.
Patience Casterman stopped when she

saw a stranger on the doorstep and fixed her eyes on her with an enquiring look. Then addressing Ruth, she said: "Grandame sent me to know if you

would come to morrow. She has a bundle for us to bring to your mother; it is too heavy for me alone. Can you

"I often go to where that little girl lives," went out as usual, and he never came back

went out as usual, and he hever came back again, for the next day we heard he had been drowned. Poor mother cried, but she did not look so miserable as when father used to beat her."
"Beat her?" said Catherine with aston-

ishment.
"O, yes; and I used to be so frightened when he was in his bad humors."

From this conversation, and many things that Ruth related when speaking of her past life, Catherine understood that her aunt had been far from happy since the

where the sorrows of this life shall end, and suffering virtue be crowned with glory; she had inspired her with Charity, that virtue with the twofold mission, which would inflame her heart with love long while since the place looked so clean

towards her Creator, and teach her like wise to nour the balm of consolation on all

"and we tried to make it look nice by the time you returned from market."
"Did Ruth indeed help you?" said the Dame half laughing, well knowing that her daughter was not much inclined to industry, and very much doubting the possibility of her being of much service.

For Ruth, though of a gentle affection ate nature, was in truth very indolent; her training had not been such as to form habits of order and industry. Less impetuous than Catherine, whose sweetness of temper was only the result of ardent prayer and constant efforts, she had neither her energy nor firmness of pur

Before the end of the first week spent at Penzance, Catherine found an opportu-nity, when the children were absent, to express to her aunt her desire to contribute something towards her own support, beg-ging her acceptance of a small monthly

sum for that purpose.

"Why, child," replied Dame Barnby,
"I don't want to take away your money; but the truth is, I find it very hard to sup-port myself and my children, and then, of course, another person coming makes mat-ters worse. I should never have asked you for a penny; for, although I am poor, I have never begged from any one. Sin however, you are kind enough to offer it yourself, I tell you honestly that it would

be of much service to me. The young girl felt happy that she could be of any use to her aunt, and henceforth she paid regularly the sum

Catherine was seated at the little window of the cottage, gazing carelessly at the waves as they came foaming up the beach, then rapidly receding; her thoughts wandered far away to the distant scenes of ner childhood. She recalled to mind the Sundays of the past; first, though only a state of the cottage, gazing carelessly at the waves as they came foaming up the beach, then rapidly receding; her thoughts wandered far away to the distant scenes of ner childhood. She recalled to mind the Sundays of the past; first, though only a state of the very frequently it is almost an act of humility in the presence of sneering and jeering on lookers.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rata.

vague recollection, sitting with her brother at their mother's feet, listening with won-derful admiration to the history of some defiul admiration to the history of some saint, and, then, later on that solemn Sun-day when, for the first time she accom-panied her mother to one of those Masses said in secret, and offered up by a priest destined perhaps one large to make the destined perhaps, ere long, to make the sacrifice of his life in the holy cause of

relicion. She was roused from these thoughts by one was roused from these thoughts by a remark from her aurt: "I am going to Gulval church, Kate; you may come, if you like; and Ruth will mind the cottage and look after the children."

"I would rather stay here with them," repulsed Catherine.

replied Catherine.

Her aunt did not object, and soon after started for church, the children continuing

to play near the cottage.

For some time Catherine amused herself with them. Then she entered the cottage, and having taken from her trunk a well-used but handsome old prayer-book, a gift to her mother from her rich foster-siter, the again stale out meabanned. a gift to her mother from her hear toses sister, she again stole out unobserved. She paused for a moment and then directed her course rapidly towards Gulval Cairn. The site that now bears this in the summer sunshine and breezes, and, therefore, as soon as they laid down their packages of wood, they left Ruth and Catherine to light the fire. This done, and having made the backs. Buth considering the last the backs are sold in fact but a confined spot, covered with the last the backs. Buth considering the last the la stones, ferns, and gorse in the midst of cultivated fields, and in fact but a remnant of the extensive moors which, at the time of which we write, stretched almost to the sea. The young girl wandered across the Cairn, stopping at length at a spot where some large pieces of rocks surrounded by tall ferns offered a sheltered and secluded retreat, such as she was seeking for. Be-fore retiring into this nook she stood for a moment contemplating the view beneath her. The rugged moors sloped somewhat abruptly towards the sea, which lay calmly

cradled in the bay, circling with its arms the Mount, as a sleeping child might some favorite plaything. On the left rose, from favorite plaything. On the left rose, from among a clump of trees, the quaint old tower of Gulval church, forming a pictur-tower object in the landscape. Catherine could distinguish her aunt's cottage and the children playing near it, and was glad to see that they had not followed her. She then knelt down behind the rock, her figare concealed by the ferns which reared their graceful forms on all sides. Opening her prayer book, she read the devotions her prayer book, she read the devotions for Mass, uniting herself in spirit with those happier members of the Church who at that moment were assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. The pious child had just completed her devotions, when a sound, like a heavy sigh, uttered quite close to her, made her look round. She was not a little startled at seeing, standing behind her, an too heavy for me alone. Can you me?"

"I suppose so, but mother is at market.
"I suppose so, but mother is at market.
"Use ton and play awhile."

"Use ton and play awhile." But the other refused, and in a few minutes was on her road back to Ty-an dour.

Some goard where that little girl lives,"

Some goard where that little girl lives,"

Some goard where that little girl lives,"

"I often go to where that little girl lives," said Ruth to her cousin when they were again alone. "Dame Casterman gives us such large bundles to bring here, and mother never shows us what is inside, but puts them down at the bottom of her fishbasket. The Castermans always go out on stormy nights, and father used to go with them; and when the wind blew very strone, and we sat shivering by the fire, he would say it was a good night to go to Ty-an-dour; but one night, two years ago, there was such a fearful storm, and father went out as usual, and he never came back which must be yours; it's a handsome one too. I found it on the moss sparkling in the sun. It was lying near the heathciump, just there. Ah, sure I said, some Catholic has been by here; and then my

heart beat for joy on seeing you."

As she finished speaking she held out to
Catherine the rosary, which had been her constant companion since she was quite a little child.

"Thank you, my good friend, whoever ou are,"said Catherine,"for the sympathy ou show a poor child whom you never I need not ask you what is

keep a shop in the town; perhaps you had noticed the sign-board with Widow O'Reilly on it. Many is the long year I have spent here since I came over the

sea from my own dear Ireland,
"From Ireland!" exclaimed Catherine. O, that was my mother's country; I leve the Irish. She has often told me about

never saw ye before."

THE PASSIONISTS.

A Visit to St. Paul's Monastery, Pittsburg.

[From the Pittsburg Leader.] "The St. Paul monastery on the south side is one of the houses belonging to the order of Passionists which was started in Italy early in the eighteenth century. It has been established in this country for thirty-one years, this house being the first one built and one of the original prosest. thirty-one years, this house being the first one built, and one of the original priests is still an inmate of the house. The habit worn by the members consists of a long black gown reaching nearly to the floor, gathered around the waist and fastened with a broad belt from which haugs a string of beads. A black badge worn on the beager bears in white letters under a the breast bears in white letters under a cross the motto of the order 'Jesus Xpi Passio.' A heavy black cloak also bearing the badge of the society completes the costume, and the feet are protected

by sandals without stockings.
"The house, situated on the hill, has many attractions for the visitor, who is always warmly welcomed by the occupants. In the sacristy, back of the altar, there In the sacristy, back of the altar, there is a large oil painting, the Madonna del Foligno, which was brought from Rome thirty years ago. Below it is an oil painting on wood of Jesus bearing the cross, which is the work of an eminent Italian artist and is valued at \$500. In a leather artist, and is valued at \$500. artist, and is valued at \$500. In a leather covered volume a record of all the principal Masses celebrated on feast days with name of officiating priest, is kept. A page of this book is sufficient for each year, of this book is sufficient for each year and it will take forty years to fill the en

"The library of the monastery, which is pleasantly located in an addition to the building built about two years ago, con-tains about 3,000 volumes, varied in character and well arranged. The department acter and well arranged. The department of a cetic works contains a complete set of sixty volumes of "The Lives of the Saints," a transcript of the old Latin bio-graphies of those whose fidelity to the Church has given them a place in the calendar, and although the work has been in progress for 200 years it is not yet fin-ished.

"In the chapel, which is now being en-"In the chapet, which is now being en-larged, and in its new form will have a seating capacity of about 400, there is a fine picture of St. Paul of the Cross ascen-ding to heaven. This work was executed by Gurliardi, who represents the Saint in the habit of the order, surrounded by

angels. "Father Hugh, one of the priests, gave to a recent visitor the following account of the objects of the order, and its daily duties: The principal purpose is to give missions and spiritual retreats. We are entirely different from the Jesuits. One of our priests will go out and preach once of our priests will go out and preach once or twice a day for two weeks at some church. They try to arouse the people and stir them up. Just now we are actually giving a large mission to one of the churches in New York, where six or seven of our fathers are at work. We have now about 140 professed members—70 priests, 30 brothers and 30 students. The brothers are engaged in manual labor, and the students are boys of about 15 or 16 years, who are allowed to wear the habit and stay who are allowed to wear the habit and stay who are allowed to wear the nabit and stay here about a year before making a rrofession or having the sign put upon them. Generally we have about eight priests at this monastery, five lay brothers and about twelve novices.'

"Of the daily programme Father Hugh

said: We get up every morning at 1:30 o'clock and assemble in the choir for matins and lauds. There is singing, an extract from the Bible is read, followed by a passage from the life of the saint whose a passage from the life of the saint whose day we are celebrating. Then we read from the Gospels with comments. The service ends at 3 o'clock and we go back to bed. We get up again at 6 o'clock and hold a service that is followed by others of

but I should like to know your name and where you live."

"My name? It is Bridget O'Reilly. I keep a shop in the town. the same length at 11 o'clock, 1:20 and 6. member dies his body is placed in one of these openings, which is then securely sealed and cemented. A few are already filled, and a number of new ones have en built within the last two years.

O'Connell at a Marytr's Shrine,

"God's blessing be upon you! She was Irish! Ah! and it is she who taught you the true faith. Is it here she lives P'asked Widow O'Reilly. Catherine could not answer, but the tears fell quickly down her cheeks, which her kind friend perceiving, said softly:

An English Catholic paper, in speaking of the letter from the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster to Canon Brosnan, of Cahirciveen, about the O'Conuell memorated which her kind friend perceiving, said softly: said softly:

"Lana-ma-chrena! (i. e. chill of my heart), ye have lost her, perhaps? But weep not so. The angels have taken her soul, and the heavens are her bed. Let us weep not so. The angels have taken her soul, and the heavens are her bed. Let us sit down upon this rock, and I will just tell ye something that will please ye to hear."

So saying they both seated themselves, and the good woman continued:

"There are some Catholics here, and we often have the holy Mass. For there is a Catholic gentleman nigh here who many a time harbors a priest, God bless him! and sends for all the people round to come to the 'chapel. Other times I get the neighbors to come to me and we say our lists of the stone which had received his life-blood. The verger, neighbors to come to me and we say our prayers together. Whenever ye like to come, ye are welcome."

Refet down and vissed the score when the had received his life-blood. The verger, in horror, told me that he would be dismissed if the Dean saw that he allowed come, ye are welcome."

"Thank you," said Catherine; I shall be glad to have some one of my own religion to talk and to pray with."

"Where at all is it that ye live? for I saying that the additional one and six-saying that the allowed any Popish work there. I, to console him asked him his fee, and he told me it was a shilling. I gave him a half-a-crown, saying that the allowed any Popish work there. I, to console him asked him his fee, and he told me it was a shilling. I gave him a half-a-crown, saying that the additional one and six-saying that the additio "I only came last week. I now live ith my aunt. Dame Parchy." with my aunt, Dame Barnby."

"I know her well. My house is not far may kiss it again for nothing. When a from her's, for mine is the last in the town and her's is the first out of it."

Catherine heard Ruth calling her; so, bidding good-morning to her aged friend, she ran towards the cottage.

"Where have you been?" inquired her cousin.

Catherine told her of her new acquaintance, although she did not repeat the conversation they had had.

"Widow O'Reilly is very good," said Ruth; "every one knows her and loves her; when any person in the village is ill, she will go and see them, and she helps those that are poor. I remember I was

DEC. 15, 1882.

Silence, not Death. BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

I start! I have slept for a moment;
I have dreamt, sitting here by her cl
O, how lonely! What was it that to
me?!
What presence, what heaven-sent air It was nothing, you say. But I tremb I heard her, I knew she was near— Felt her breath, felt her cheek on my head— Asleep or awake, she was here!

It was nothing: a dream? Strike that

string;
Again—still again—till it cries
In its uttermost treble—still strike it—
Ha? Vibrant but silent! It dies— It dies, just as she died. Go, listen— That highest vibration is dumb. Your sense, friend, too soon finds a lir And answers when mysteries or me.

Truth speaks in the senseless, the spiri But here in this palpable part We sound the low notes, but are silent To music sublimed in the heart.

Too few and too gross our dull senses, And clogged with the mire of the ro Till we loathe their coarse bondage; a birds Encaged on a cliff, look abroad

On the ocean and limitless heaven, Alight with the beautiful stars, And hear what they say, not the creal That rise from their sensual bars. O life, let me dream—let her presence Be near me, her fragrance, her brea Let me sleep, if in slumber the seekin Sleep on, it the finding be death.

FATHER BURKE.

The Great Preacher in ver

HIS SERMON ON "CHRISTIAN EDUC.

Liverpool, Nov. 13, The Catholic population of this especially the Irish portion—conthemselves singularly favored on day (Sunday), by the presence them of the great Dominican, Rev. N. Burke, who had come over, invitation of the Jesuit Fathers, to n behalf of the Catholic Free The Rev. preacher spoke lows: The important passage Gospel which he had just read su actly the great want for which the

met that day. They were met to the great question of the education youthful poor, and our own ob not only to provide for it, but to it prove of such a kind as to be oon of life eternal to those that They were told in the Gos dman sowed good see field, in the spring-time of the ye which all depended. The Summ be the reflection, and the Authority depended the second of the result; but all depended work that was done in the Sp the ground was not well bro prepared—if the seed was not sen, and if the hand that sca chosen, and if the hand that ser did so stintedly, then the Summe be a disappointment, and the A failure. In the Gospel story, all this had been provided for: the was well prepared, the seed well and abundantly cast; but the pare that the hugher drawn that was that the husbardman that was that the husbardman that pared the soil, and sown the seed down to sleep; and, whilst he sl was a watchful enemy looking fence, with vengeful eye, dete possible, to destroy the expectee And so he entered the field, an scattered the cockle and tare the choke the good seed that was so All this was symbolical of question of education upon wh

All this was symbolical of question of education upon wh come to speak that day. Yor Spring-time of life, the morn day of life, or the Spring of thuman existence. Everything upon the preparation of the shuman soul during this Speverything depended upon the seed that is cast into this pared soil: also upon the dextendand that sowed the seed; and upon the vigilance of him the seed, so that no enemy may be come in and destroy the har seed, so that no enemy may be come in and destroy the har human soul is the field,—th father to the man. Every cl born into this world has, in th course, his Summer and Autur as the Winter of old age, to wh forward. When John the B born, and men saw the strange oorn, and men saw the strange accompanied his birth, the "What manner of man will th because the hand of God is u That same question should be every child born into this wo the most important question be asked, under God's dispens question, not so much the famother can answer, but rather ter,—the one into whose han is delivered to be educated. can predict the future; it is he break the soil, to sow the see the result of his work, and, a see that no tares or cockles sh intermixed with the seed t sown. There are several wa the young are treated, seve which this field of the soul various husbandmen. There that allow the young soul to world unprepared—untouch ploughshare, totally uncult then comes the inevitable soul is a barren waste, save for and noxious weeds that have to spring up in it. There are their number is great, wickedly careless parents who wickedly careless parents whe children to grow up in ignore ducation or mental formal kind. They allow them, to they can run about, to be suited the care in about, to be suited. the evil influences that may path. And so the child g ignorant, an uncultivated, The influences of education

> efforts produces nothing but so also the man that grows o educated child produces n plentiful crop of sin.
>
> There is a two-fold life in of the body and the life of the body grows up a prey t and utterly neglected, the so precious gift of God,—su nanner, and remains in a sta ness,—a slave to the passion There is no evidence of the tion upon it. And the man grown up has no respect fo order: his only law is to g

touched him, nor has instr

brought to bear upon his facthen, as a field left to its