Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
Tat takes the pains to win it.
On there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hear Shed light and joy about them? Thanks be to them for countless gems We ne'er had known without them. Oh! this should be a happy world To all who may partakelt; The fault's our own if it is not—This life is what we make it.

TALBOT. THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

CHAPTER XIII.

On one of those heavy, cloudy, drizzling days so common in the Green Isle, Richard O'Connell sat in his room gloomy and thoughtful. Things around him, and in which he took a lively interest, were not going according to his wishes. The tone assumed by some of the leading boys did not please him, nor bring him peace. He saw with deep and sincere sorrow that some foolish young men wished to make common cause with the wild and infidel revolutionists of the Continent. France sent a Cluseret, and Italy a Fariola, to help on the revolution in Ireland. The names of Mazzini, Victor Hugo, Garibaldi, Blanc, Rolin, Cavaignac and Avezzana began to adorn the speeches of the Carrick orators. CHAPTER XIII.

orators.

"I fear," he said to himself, "that the holy cause of Ireland has been betrayed into the hands of the European secret societies. We wrong Ireland, we wrong her having societies. We wrong treiand, we wrong her cause, we wrong ourselves by having anything to do with the lawless and bloody conspirators of Italy, Spain, France or Belgium. We hope to gain our sacred bloody conspirators of Italy, Spain, France or Belgium. We hope to gain our sacred rights; we hope to free our altars and our homes; we hope to make our lovely land a proud and prosperous nation; we hope to keep our people from starvation and exile; but, alas, how different is the end proposed by the disciples of Mazzini and Avezzana; they wish to tear up society from the root, to destroy order and religion, and to make the streets run red with the blood of the good and innocent. I love Ireland with my whole heart and soul. I would give a thousand lives, if I had them, to make her free, glorious and

soul. I would give a thousand lives, if I had them, to make her free, glorious and prosperous; but Faith is dearer to me, and of more advantage to my country, than freedom, glory, and prosperity; therefore, I cannot approve of the course of those who in seeking Ireland's temporal area, would trample upon her spiritual gain would trample upon her spiritual profit. What doth it profit a nation to gain wealth and power, and earthly grand-eur, if she casts away the pearl of Faith, if she defiles her white robe of purity, if and the second s come to the Island of Saints by means of the vilest men of Europe, by means of a bloody rabble. An infidel mob has not the grace to benefit our holy Island. I feel my blood boil when I think of the tolly and madness of shaking hands with the bitterest foes of God and man. It is in-solent on the part of Gavibaldi or Blanc to dictate to us. We are a Catholic people. dictate to us. We are a Catholic p the children of saints, and the he We are a Catholic people

their Faith and virtue. It is madness, and a crime, on the part of a few thought-less youths to invite European firebrands to Ireland. It Garibaldi and his friends were to come to our coast, I would 'meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury and the words of the words o my country.' The Lodges of France have already sent us an agent to tell us that we The Lodges of France have must not allow ourselves to be priest-ridden, but rather to imitate their glorious example and throw off the heavy burthen example and throw off the heavy burthen of clerical iutolerance. Alas, poor France! poor France! how fallen from her high estate, America—no, not America—but some fire-eaters there, sent us a Hall to preach the wide gospel of liberty in all things, in faith and morals especially. Oh, Ireland! holy Ireland! land of my love,

land of my birth, I would sooner that the orb of heaven forgot your existence, and that the ocean-wave became your sepul-chre,' than that your sacred hills and val-

leys, your sacred streams and rivers, should possess the liberty of sin, crime, and in-

Richard's thoughts. After a moment they flowed on again:

"Poor Kelley, noble Kelley, even he with his burning heart and burning mind, has been carried away by mad excitement. Oh, how changed he is. He is a wreck of his former self. His mind is becoming darker and darker every day. His fine sense of right and wrong is passing away. He can zo longer control his fiery temper. He is not satisfied now unless those who are sworn in sign the oath with a pen dipped in their own blood. He often raises his voice against the priests because raises his voice against the priests because they have the courage and the wisdom to they have the courage and the wisdom to oppose the torrents of infidelity and senseless patriotism that at present threaten to carry destruction to every family in Ireland. Oh, my country, my poor country, I could weep tears of blood for thee. Oh, dear St. Patrick, pray for Ireland."

Great was his excitement. His color came and went. His hands trembled. He arose and paced the room like one dis-tracted. The sad picture of Ireland was clearly seen by him. He had long hoped to free Ireland by lawful means; he had hoped to go to battle with God's blessing on his arms, and God's ministers with hands uplifted for him during the combat; but now he saw with grief that many of the revolutionists cared nothing many of the revolutionists cared nothing for God's blessing, or the prayers of His priests. He had hoped for a long time to be able to direct his warm-blooded fellow-patriots in the right channel, but now he

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, World's Dispensary Meditures and the constant of the const CAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

build up their ancient temples, their grand old abbeys, their castles and their thrones. The banner of Ireland will thrones. The banner of Ireland will freely float over castle, town and hill. The Celtic Cross will be reflected in lake an iver, and holy well. The harp of Ireland will again make millions of hearts throb,

river, and holy well. The harp of Ireland will again make millions of hearts throb, while a glad 'Te Deum' will fill the Irish air and sky."

The holy priest seemed filled with the spirit of prophecy, as he spoke those cheering words.

"Let us not, my dear Richard," he con-

tinued, "be too downcast by the evil of the moment. Let us pray, let us form a league of prayer for Ireland, and God will certainly bless our unhappy country. God is All-Wise, and knows when and how to

is All-Wise, and knows when and how to deliver His own people. Let us use every lawful means to advance our country's interest. Let us speak and write, and hold meetings, and agitate in and out of Parliament, in season and out of season. After that let us hope for all things from the mercy of God."

"I see now, Rev. Father," said Richard, while a tear rolled down his pale cheek, "in God alone must Ireland place her trust. The works of men too often fall upon their builders. Irish freedom must be won by the sword of angels. The hero who would lead Ireland to victory must be a man of Faith, a soldier who loves the crucifix more than the lance, a saint who trusts more than the lance, a saint who trusts would be cherished like the names of Mashington, O'Neill, and Tell. I loved their appearance. Miss O'Connell had the lance, a saint who trusts more in prayer than in powder and shot. The house which the Lord does not build it is built in vain. May God save our poor country from the ungodly sway of secret societies, and other architects of men. We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the cries of 'Liberty,' 'Equality.' The Freemasons boast that from the depths of lodges come forth these three words—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

Would be cherished like the names of Washington, O'Neill, and Tell. I loved their appearance. Miss O'Connell had completely overcome her feelings. She as I bear Richard. I admired him as a lero, a saint, a sage. "But there is nothing wrong in all this," Fathen O'Donohue welcomed her most condition. The good priest had come to regard her as his little sister. He had baptized her, given her her First Communion, and prepared her for Confirmation. He well knew the riches, beauties, and innocence of her angelia soul.

of war, and I would animate my country-men to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of ation Freemasonry may, if she will, replace the Christian Church. The vain and inso-lent B. Franz Faider says that 'Freemaonry is above all religion.' The wild Carbonarists say that their final object is that of Voltarie in that of the French Revolution—the total annihilation forever of Catholicity and of the ideas of Christian-

"Oh, my country, Island of the saints, Martyr-Land, Virgin Queen, thou canst not, thou must not be espoused to the denot, thou must not be espoused to the de-mon of immorality and corruption. Thy cause is too holy, too noble, too sublime, to expect aid from the agents of Satan. Trust not, then, to an infidel, blasphemous horde for assistance. Ask not Lucifer to help you to be humble, beg not Mammon to give you a love for poverty. Ireland, the mother of saints, must expect no valuable aid from wretches who hate the Faith she There was a break in the current of Richard's thoughts. After a moment they flowed on again:

"Poor Kelley, noble Kelley, even he with his hurning heart and hurning mind the short and sho

Thus wisely spoke O'Connell. While Father O'Donohue and Richard were carrying on the above conversation, Katie O'Donohue and Ellie O'Connell, in another apartment of the house, were engaged in a conversation of great secrecy. Ve do not like to reveal the secrets young ladies, but at present we find it necessary to do so. Shades of Ellie and

Katie forgive us.
"Tell me, Ellie dear," said Katie, with a look of intense feeling, "what is it that preys upon your mind of late? What is the cause of your trouble? I have often the cause of your frounds is I have often noticed you sighing in moments when all around you are gay and happy. While smiles are on your lips, 1 see tears in your eyes. When you sing now, I feel as if I eyes. When you sing now, I tee could cry for you; your voice has so much of a broken spirit in it. Do not laugh, of a broken spirit in the blue of a broken spirit in it. Do not make, Ellie, I see the mist gathering in the blue of your eyes. You are the child of grief. There is something going wrong with you. Perhaps I may be able to give you a remedy for your pain. I am a wonderful remedy for your pain. I am a wonderful worker; I can cure all kinds of maladies; can banish all sorts of pains, can make the

can banish all sorts of pains, can make the weeping laugh, and make the laughing— well— laugh more; so tell me the little secret of your trouble." "I am a changed girl, Katie, or rather I

Indulgent parents who allow their children to eat heartily of high-seasoned food, rich pies, cake, &c., will have to use Hop Bitters to prevent indigestion, sleepless nights, sickness, pain, and, perhaps, death. No family is safe without them in the house.

from sad thoughts, and made me teer as happy as a bird?"
"Well, Katie, I cannot keep my secret from you; but you must not be ashamed of me, norscold me now, for it would kill or me, norscond me now, for it would kill me to see you frown on me, or say a harsh word while I am in my present trouble. After some time you can scold me, not now, for I need all your kindness to keep my

After some time you can scoll me, not now, for I need all your kindness to keep my heart from breaking."

Here Ellie burst into tears, and cast herself into the open arms of the tender and sisterly Katie. The poor weeping child wept long and bitterly in the arms, in the loving arms, of Miss O'Donohue. Ellie's tears were like a shower in summer; they fell quick and thick, but passed away, leaving a deeper peace and a richer beauty behind them.

"Mr. Kelley," began Ellie, bravely, "is the source of all my grief. You know well, Katie, how good, and kind, and generous he is. He is burning, with love for Ireland: he cannot rest until

summer; they fell quick and thick, but passed away, leaving a deeper peace and a richer beauty behind them.
"Mr. Kelley," began Ellie, bravely, "is the source of all my grief. You know well, Katie, how good, and kind, and generous he is. He is burning, with love for Ireland; he cannot rest until with love for Ireland; he cannot rest until our country is free. All his aspirations were so lofty and pure, that from the first time I saw him, and heard him, he began to make a deep impression upon my heart. He always reminded me of some of those bold chiefs of former days who battled so bravely for their country and their God. I fancied that when Ireland would take her rightful place amid the would take her rightful place amid the highest nations of the earth, his name would be cherished like the names of Washington, O'Neill, and Tell. I loved

"But you do not know, Katie, love, "I bright that he is much shanged, espe conversation about priests. He some-times condemns their interference with their flocks. He says that they have no right to condemn a revolution at present in Ireland. I do not like this in him. I am sure the priests know their duty and love their country as well as he does. He speaks so kindly, so sweetly to me, that I fear that he loves me. He talls me now that he is in danger of being east into now that he is in danger of being case into prison. The last time I saw him he was looking very sad, and he begged of me to give him a place in my thoughts and in my heart. I did not understand very well all that he said to me, but, alast my peace and that he said to he, one way to the has gone, my joy is gone, my youth has gone. I feel so old, so old. Oh, I wish now that my eyes had never beheld him Peace left me the evening I first saw him. I have not loved him for himself, but on account of his love for Ireland, on account of his brilliant virtues and manly qualiof his brilliant virtues and manly quali-ties. I never thought of him as a husband, but as a brother. I do sincerely griev

but as a brother. I do sincerely grieve because he is in danger of being arrested by the enemies of our poor country."

"I am very sorry for you and for him, Ellie. It makes me sad to hear you talk so strangely and so sadly. You were always such a happy and wild little bird. The Suir was not more bright than your face, a ray of sunshine seemed cheerless and dim near your smiles, your songs had the mingled melodies of streams, of bird yoices, of winds among trees, and of sweet harps. But now you really begin to seem old. Oh, Ellie, if I could I would never old. Oh, Ellie, if I could I would never let a shadow fall upon your path; I would never let old age or grief put out the light of joy in your soul; I would always keep you the fairest and best girl I ever knew; I would always keep you the wild, glad, innocent Ellie O'Connell! But tell me, Ellie dear, why is Mr. Kelley in danger? Why should he be arrested? I am sure he has not violated any law. His crime must be too deep and earnest a love for must be too deep and earnest a love for

Ireland. But love for Ireland is one of "A Drop of Joy in Every Word." Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y. Three months ago I was broken out wit large ulcers and sores on my body, limbs and face. I procured your "Golden Med-ical Discovery" and "Purgative Pellets" and have taken six bottles, and to-day I am in good health, all those ugly ulcers hav-ing healed and left my skin in a natural, healthy condition. I thought at one time that I could not be cured. Although I can that I could not be cured. Although I can but poorly express my gratitude to you, yet there is a drop of joy in every word I write.

Yours truly,

JAMES O. Bellis, Flemington, N. J.

"Discovery" sold by druggists.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE STREET CATHOLIC RECORD.

The street of the production of any thousands like him, who had leved ireland truly and deeply, were obliged to leave the ranks of the revolutionists on account of oaths of secreey, on account of with a count of principles that directly tended to destroy the very foundation of society and religion.

"I must go," said he, "and see Father O'Donohue. Would that I had followed his sage advice. If I had done so, I would not now he will be a seed to the beauties of nature that power my passed into now he as the state of the principles that the principle state. The product of the principle state of the principle state of the principle state. The product of the principle state of the principle state of the principle state. The product of the principle state of the principle state of the principle state of the principle state. The product of the principle state of the principle state of the principle state. The principle state of the principle state of the principle state. The principle state is the principle state of the principle state. The principle state is the principle state of the principle state of the principle state of the principle state of the principle state. The principle state is the principle state of the principle state of the principle state of the principle state. The principle state is the principle state of the principl

"No, Katie, I feel right well in nearth but a little uneasy on account of something disagreeable which has lately happened. But all things will be right soon, I hope."

"You look so weak and pale, Richard! Oh, I trust you are not sick. Take good care of yourself these wet days. It is so easy to catch a cold, and then some other colds follow, and then a loss of health and strength. Are you in danger, too, Richard?

rung."
"Oh, never mind now, Katie. Call up little Ellie," said Father O'Donohue.
In a few minutes: Katie and Ellie made

oright and happy, Ellie. God has been very kind to you," said the priest.

"Indeed, Reverend Father, God has always been too kind to me, a miserable, and wicked, and ungrateful sinner. I wonder day and night at the extent of Remember, Ellie, the sweet words of

dear Father Faber:

"There's a wideness in God's merey Like the wideness of the sea; There's a kindness in His justice Which is more than liberty."

"I know, dear Eather, for you have ught me that God's love and mercy are infinite; but still it seems strange that he would think of me, a poor frail worm of "Remember, Ellie, that-

"There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given."
"How beautiful and true," exclaimed

Richard, who had long been a warm admirer of the leved Father Faber.

"How different," said the priest, "are the words of saints and those of the revolutionists of our times. The saints tell us the sweetness of peace, the joy of well-doing, the excellence of virtue, and the beauty of charity; the revolutionists sing the praises of bloody fields, and talk widely of honor, glory and death. I can never think without horror of Mitchel's terrible petition: 'Give us war in our time,
O Lord.'"

O Lord.""
"My soul is sick and sad, Reverend Father," said Ellie O'Connell; "for months back nothing has been spoken of but pikes and guns, and war and red slaughter; those who had spirits as gentle as lambs now pant after war, and look upon blood spilling as the only remedy for all evils. Even babes in their mother's arms seem to sigh and cry for the smoke and noise of battle. Who now thinks of and noise of pattle. Who now thinks of peaceful firesides and rural sports? Where is the youth now who is not filled with deep plans and plots for the destruction of all who dare oppose him? In place of hymns now we teach our children the wildest war-songs: 'war,' 'war' is the cry in our streets, in our fields, in our homes. Poor Ireland, poor Ireland, who but God can rescue you from your present deplor-able condition? The tyranny and folly I of England, and the machinations of the secret societies are accountable before the throne of God for the wretched state of

hue, "keep up your courage and hope for the best. The land that is now darkest will yet be brightest. Ireland will not be always bent and weeping by the waters. She will come out of the cloud with the light of clove in her face. Our dark is to She will come out of the cloud with the light of glory in her face. Our duty is to watch and pray lest we enter into temptation. I must now bid you good-bye, my sweet children. May God bless you. Do not forget Ireland in your prayers to-

TO BE CONTINUED.

"LO! THE POOR INDIAN."

A Pitiful Account of the Condition of the Catholic Indians of Southern Califor-

One article in the August number of The Century Magazine merits more than any passing notice. It is on the condition of the Mission Indians in Southern California, and is from the pen of "H. H.," the author of the "Missions of Father Junipero," two excellent papers which appeared recently in this magazine. The writer is, we believe, a Protestant, and for that reason her testimony is all the more credible, as it is not probable her religious belief would inspireher with undue sympathy or leaning on the Catholic side in narrating the facts as they were subjected to her observation. Servation.
These Mission Indians are the relics

These Mission Indians are the relics of that grand system of missions founded in Southern California by Father Junipero and his Franciscan companions in the latter part of the last century. They were the real owners of the land; and while they held no legal documents to prove their ownership, the property was theirs by the right of possession, as understood in all proprietary claims.

When the white settlers went to Lower California to buy lands it was distinctly

When the white settlers went to Lower California to buy lands it was distinctly declared by the King of Spain, the nominal sovereign of the territory, that the Indians' rights were to be respected. To quote from the Century article:

"We command," says the Spanish king, "that the sale, grant, and composition of land be executed with such attention that

that the saic, grains, and attention that the Indians be left in possession of the full amounts of land belonging to them, either singly or in communities, together with their rivers and waters; and the lands which they shall have drained or otherwise, improved, whereby they may by which they shall have drained or other-wise improved, whereby they may by their own industry have rendered them fertile, are reserved, in the first place, and can in no case be sold or alienated. And the judges who have been sent thither shall specify what Indians they may have found on the land, and what lands they

found on the land, and what lands they shall have left in possession of each of the elders of tribes, caciques, governors, or communities."

Most of the original Mexican grants included tracts of lands on which Indians were living, sometimes large villages of them. In many of these grants, in accordance with the old Spanish law or custom, was incomporated a clause protecting the was incorporated a clause protecting the Indians. They were to be left undisturbed in their homes; the portion of the grant occupied by them did not belong to the grantee in any such sense as to entitle him to eject them. The land on which they were living, and the land they were allipsed to the sense as to entitle they were living, and the land they were cultivating at the time of the grant, be-longed to them as long as they pleased to

occupy it. But these injunctions were in the main disregarded. The fact that three generations of Indians had tilled the soil was as nothing. "Americans wishing to preempt claims on any of these so-called government lands did not regard the presence on them of Indian families or presence on them of Indian families or ommunicies as any more of a barrier than the presence of so many coyotes or foxes. They would not hesitate to certify to the Land Office that such lands were and innocence of her angels soul.
"I am delightes to see you looking so bright and happy, Ellie. God has been an grants hold himself bound to regard having no legal right whatever, had been all their years living on the tolerance of a silly, good-hearted Mexican proprietor. The American wanted every rod of his land, every drop of water on it; his schemes were boundless; his greed insatiable; he had no use for Indians. His plan did not embrace them and could not enlarge itself to take them in. They must

go."
The writer, after describing how thousands of the Indians were deprived, robbed of their possessions, and the ineffectual means employed to regain possession of

them, says:
"The Indians appealed to the Catholic Bishop to help them. He wrote to one of the judges an imploring letter, saying 'can you not do something to save these poor Indians from being driven out? But the scheme had been too skilfully plotted. There was no way—or, at any rate, no way was found—of protecting the Indians. The day came when a sheriff, bringing a posse of men and a warrant which could not be legally resisted, arrived to eject the Indian families from their bourse and drive them out of from their houses and drive them out of

the (Temecula) valley.
"The word Temecula is an Indian word, "The word Temecula is an indian word, signifying grief or mourning. It seems to have had a strangely prophetic fitness for the valley to which it was given.
"A MOURNFUL PROCESSION."

"It took three days to move them. Proces "It took three days to move them. Procession after procession, with cries and tears, walked slowly behind the wagons carrying their household goods. They took the tule roofs off the little houses, and carried them along. They could be used again. Some of these Indians, wishing to stay as near as pessible to their old home, settled in a wall waller, only these miles where in a small valley, only three miles and a half away to the south. It was a dreary hot little valley, bare, with low, rocky butted cropping out on either side, and with scanty growths of bushes; there was not a drop of water in it. Here the exiles went to work again; built their huts of reeds of straw; set up a booth of boughs for the priest, when he came to say Mass in; and a rude wooden cross to say Mass in; and a rude wooden cross to consecrate their new grave-yard on a stony hill-side. They put their huts on barren knolls here and there, where nothing could grow."

This sketch of the history of the San Pasqual and Temecula bands of Indians is a fair showing of what, with little variation has been

with culpable ignorance, indifference, and neglect on the part of the government of Washington, has resulted in an aggregate of monstrous injustice, which no one can fully realize without studying the facts on the ground. In the winter of 1882, I visited this San Panqual valley. I drove over from San Diego with the Catholic priest, who goes there three or four Sundays in a year, to hold service in a little adobe chapel built by the Indians in the days of their prosperity. This beautiful valley is from one to three miles wide, and perhaps twelve long. It is walled by high-rolling, soft contoured hills, which are now one continuous wheat-field. There are, in sight of the chapel, a dozen or so adobe houses, many of which were built by the Indians; in all of them, except one, are now living the robber whites, who have driven the Indians out; only one Indian still remains in the valley. He earns a meagre living for himself and family by doing day's work for the farmers who have taken his land. The rest of the Indians are hidden away in the canyons and rifts of the near hills—wherever they can find a bit of ground to keep a horse or two and raise a little grain. They have sought the most inaccessible spots, reached eften by miles of difficult trial. They have fled into secret lairs

LIKE HUNTED WIND BEASTS.

The Catholic priest of San Diego is much

LIKE HUNTED WILD BEASTS.

The Catholic priest of San Diego is much The Catholic priest of San Diego is much beloved by them. He has been their friend for many years. When he goes to hold service, they gather from their various hiding-places and refuges; sometimes, on a special fete day, over two hundred come. But on the day I was there, the priest being a young man who was a stranger to them, only a few were present. It was a pitiful sight. The dilapidated adobe building, empty and comfortless; the ragged, poverty-stricken creatures, kneeling on the bare ground—a few Mexitans, with some gradiness of attire, setting off the Indians' poverty still more. In front of the chapel, on a rough crossbeam supported by two forked posts, set away in the ground, swung a bell bearing the date 1770. It was one of the bells of the old San Diego Mission.

the date 1770. It was one of the bells of the old San Diego Mission.

There is one portion of the narrative, however, the truth of which we are dis-posed to doubt, not that we wish to infer that the writer has made a breach of veracity, but that her informants had pre-varioated in relating the circumstances. We allude to the statement that the priest demanded an exorbitant sum for cele-brating a Requiem Mass. If the facts are as related they certainly do not recom-mend the Christian charity of the priest. Passing on to the San Luis Rey Mission, the writer gives a description of

the writer gives a description of AN INDIAN REQUIEM.

"One of the most beautiful appanages of the San Luis Rey Mission, in the time of its prosperity, was the Pala valley. It lies about twenty five miles sast of San Luis, among broken spurs of the coast range, watered by the San Luis River and also by its own little stream, the Pala Cosek. It was always a favorite home of the Indians, and at the time of the of the Indians; and at the time of the secularization, over a thousand of them used to gather at the weekly Mass in its chapel. Now, on the occasional visits of the San Juan Capistrano priest, to hold service there, the dilapidated little church is not half filled, and the numbers are growing smaller each year. The buildings are all in decay; the stone steps leading to the belfry have crumbled; the walls of the belfry have crumbled; the walls of the little graveyard are broken in many places, the paling and the graves are thrown down. On the day we were there a memorial service for the dead was going on in the chapel: a great square altar was draped with black, decorated with silver lace and gkastly funeral emblems; candles were burning; a row of kneeling black shawled women were holding lighted candles in their hands; two old Indians were chapting a Latin Mass from a tattered were chanting a Latin Mass from a tattered missal bound in rawhide; the whole place was full of chilly gloom, in sharp contrast to the bright valley outside, with its sun-light and silence. This Mass was for the soul of an old Indian woman named Mar-garita, sister of Manuelito, a somewhat famous chief of several bands of the San uisenes. Her home was at the Potrero, Eusenes. Her home was at the Potrero, a mountain meadow, or pasture, as the word signifies, about ten miles from Pala, high up the mountain-side, and reached by an almost impassable road. This farm, or saeter' it would be called in Norway, was given to Margarita by the friars, and by some exceptional good fortune she had a title, which, it is said, can be maintained by her heirs. In 1872, in a recoil of some by her heirs. In 187?, in a revolt of some of Manuelito's bands, Margarita was hung up by her wrists till she was near dying, but was cut down at the last minute and

In conclusion, after reviewing the reports of agents and others to the Indian Bureau at Washington, she writes:

"I have shown a few glimpses of the homes, of the industry, the patience, the long-suffering of the people who are in this immediate danger of being driven out from their last foot-holds of refuge, 'homeless wanderers in a desert.' "If the United States government does

not take steps to avert this danger—to give them lands and protect them in their rights—the chapter of the history of the Mission Indians will be the blackest one in the black record of our dealings with

the Indian race.

"It must be done speedily, if at all, for there is only a small remnant left to be saved. These are in their present homes only on the patience of the thief, and it may be that the patience do not last to-

And thus is faith kept with and protection offered the Indian tribes, and yet people wonder why they sometimes rise to revenge the injury inflicted by the in-humanity of the whites.

Mr. H. McCaw, Custom House, Toronto, writes: "My wife was troubled with Dyspepsia and Rheumatism for a he tried many different medilong time; she tried many different medi-cines, but did not get any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for years." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas street.

throne of God for the wretched state of my unhappy country."

"They are accountable, Ellie," said Richard, "and may God forgive them. Well may we now exclaim on looking around us: "With desolation is all the land made desolate."

"My dear children," said Father O'Dono
"My dear children," said Father O'Dono-

FATHER BURKS ON RODER! England's Invasi

Ladies and speaking, when a i

scope, some oppo audience laugh, or so much of humon the national chars impossible to avoi sion of an Irish su will not create a faces to-night. I history of a dying king. I am con fathers and minegreatest gift of Graith, namely, th and of their natio this evening is the the character o Roderick O'Conno haps, as ever dre for fatherland; ever was doomed and to go down t of misfortunes, b

Now, in order the times and the perly, I must invectore of that dream place between the For three hund peaceable and he and of scholars Christian world, from the fifth d eighth century. the whole work gloried in the saints went fort evangelizing the nation in Europ south of Italy the Irish saints by year, upon the of character of the fair isle of preach to them and His sanctity Then came swept simultar England, and

men-those fie haired warriors who adored Od dinavian gods-their false divi the bravery of ble heart—the western count dued England North of Fra For three hur held a new a into the land. them, hilt to disputed eve who are anima for the altar o land. Sad an army was defe reproduce its shape of a n Northern Sea KING Finally tow

tury of the God gave to land highest g in mind, here manding the standing the elements of t one man, and against the co illustrious ar History ack heroes, amor century, amor the various l and most ma is the charac hero who w united Irish tarf, and to yet, my fries man—the g —was still crown. tion of Irela each of th leading fam the ancien O'Connors, of Ulster: O'Tooles years befor Milesius la

of Spain. of their ra their destingreen Islandescribes t hoping, in "They cam
And now
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"And lo!"
A spark!
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"Tis Innie
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The hom "Then tur Where n A look of As light Nor frown Nor tean When firs

They l ancient f the mos