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What is Love? BY JOHN A, M'HUGH.

Ah! what is love? It is the soul's delight, The joy of life, the ladder stretches from The joy of life, the ladder stretche, from earth
To heav'n. It is the breath which at our birth
Our mothers breathed. It is the brilliant

light
That Jumes the world, the cloak that hides
the night
Of all our woes; and 'tis the gladsome mirth
That makes our saddened life of precious Ah, love! we're conquered by thy wondrous might.

might.
Love never was of earth a thing or part,
For earth can never bear a thing divine,
It is of God—"a part of His great soil,"
A sigh that 'scaped from His unfathome To gladden earth. O God, we know 'tis It comes with life, and lives in death's last

IRELAND'S SUFFERING FOR THE FAITH.

The Condition of the Catholics of Ireland One Hundred Years ago.

(Bishop Patrick Francis Moran of Ossory in the Dublin Review.) (CONCLUDED)

The Rev. Michael Plunket, at the beginning of the century, was P. P. of Ratoath, and Vicar General of the diocese of Meath. He had been for a time Secre-tary to the Most Rev. Primate Oliver Plunket, and had spent many years in Rome. Being connected with some of the chief families in Meath, and being besides a man of solid piety and learning, several of the Protestant gentry sought, but in vain, to secure for him some toleration in the exercise of his sacred ministry. The chapel of Ratoath where he officiated was a wretched mud-wall thatched cabin, surrounded by other houses which screened it from public view. Even there, however, he was not secure, and whenever the agents of persecution visited the neighborhood, that poor chapel would be closed and the pastor would seek conceal-ment in retired parts of the country. There was a priest-hunter named Thompson who singled out this zealous pastor anticipating a rich reward for his arrest. Father Plunket, however, was effectively concealed in the house of a Protestant magistrate. A room on the second story was set aside for his use, with bed and fuel and provisions of every sort. The room was constantly kept locked, and it being supposed to be haunted, the ser-vants never cared to enter it. Whenever Thompson applied for a warrant, this gentleman gave the priest timely infor-mation, and then he came at night with his servant, and drawing forth the ladder, which was left at hand for the purpose, he entered the room prepared for him. While the storm lasted, he remained there luring the day, and if there were any sick to be attended, or any sacraments to be administered, the servant would apply the ladder, give the signal, and the pastor would descend, attend his people, and return before the break of day. In 1727, aged 75 years, he passed to his reward. His resting place at the east end of the old church of Killegland is still held in reverence by the parishioners, and after the lapse of a century and a half, his memory is still cherished among the faithful as if they, and not their forefathers, had laid him in the tomb. The memof the Rev. John Barnewall, P. P., Ardbraccan, is also held in benediction. He was a near relative of Lord Trimbleston, and his zeal and holiness added new lustre to the nobility which he inherited by birth. In the district which he atended there were two thatched mud-wall

The messenger soon learned from the peo-ple where the priest could be found, and Father Barnewall hastened to discharge his duty. In the meantime many were the gibes uttered by the priest catchers, and great was their rejoicing in the anti-cipation of their rich reward. A poor Catholic servant girl overheard them in Father Barnewall before he reached the house, and warned him of his danger. On another occasion, he met face to face A NOTORIOUS PRIEST-HUNTER NAMED PILOT. A NOTORIOUS PRIEST-HUNTER NAMED PHOT, but ingeniously eluded his questioning, and made his escape. He was clad in frieze, and had his blackthorn stick in his hand, and as he was proceeding to say Mass near Allestown he carried his yest-Barnewall safely pursued his way. He had several other hair breadth escapes, had several other hair breadth escapes, and it seemed almost a miracle that he was so long preserved to minister to his devoted parishioners. On one occasion was so closely pursued that to ensure his safety a farmer had to build up a rick of turf around him. The martyr's crown, however, was to reward his life-long labor. He was now beyond eighty years old, and was in the discharge of his sacred

mob who laid hold hold of him treated him with such indignity, that he expired in their hands.

IN DUBLIN, THE CLERGY WERE REPEATEDLY

THROWN INTO PRISON, and subjected to the greatest privations. In January, 1712, the Lord Chancellor addressed the mayor and aldermen of the city, urging upon them the duty of "preventing public Mass being said, contrary to law," and lamenting that the negligence of the corporation for the past hed to law," and lamenting that the negli-gence of the corporation, for the past, had produced great disorder throughout the kingdom. Before the close of that year a few Poor Clares from Galway came to Dublin, at the request of the archbishop. They had scarcely arrived, when the agents of the Government surrounded the house, and obliged them to seek a shelter in the private house of some friends. in the private houses of some friends. A In the private houses of some friends. A proclamation was also issued for the arrest of Rev John Burke (Provincial of the Franciscans), the archbishop, Mcst Rev. Dr. Byrne, and Rev. Dr. Nary, who were supposed to have been instrumental in introducing this community into the capital. A few years later.

and all the priests of the city were thrown and an the priests of the city were thrown into prison. Again, in 1744, on a Saturday morning in February, an alderman, named Aldrich, proceeded to St. Paul's chapel a little after ten o'clock, and finding a priest named Nicholas England in the act of saying Mass, he arrested him, allowing him time only to take off the sacred vestments, and sent him off to prison in a car. The alderman then proceeded to the chapel of the Domini-

A SWOOP WAS MADE BY THE PRIEST-HUNT

cans, and sent to prison two of the fathers, whom he found there. The other priests at once changed their residence, except an aged Franciscan, named Michael Lynch, and he, too, was seized before evening and and ne, too, was seized before evening and thrown into the same dungeon. De Burgo (Hibernia Domin. 175, 717), who has recorded this fact, adds that he was himself attached to St. Paul's Chapel, and had said Mass there at nine o'clock that morning, and it was only a few days previous that he had changed hours with Father English. When Lord Viscount Taafe was sent as ambassador from Vienna to London, he made an excursion to the land of his fathers. Being in Dublin on a Sunday, he went to Stephen Street Chapel to hear Mass, but found the doors nailed up by order of the Government. The doors of all the other chapels were

nailed up in the same way. He wrote to the king, complaining of this vexatious proceeding. SOON AFTER A TERRIBLE EVENT aroused public attention to the sad consequences of such oppressive legislation. It was only in the stables of the back lanes, or in the garrets of ruinous houses, that the people could assemble to hear Mass. On a Sunday morning, in 1745, a number of people were assisting at Mass in an upper story in one of the lanes of in an upper story in one of the lanes of Dublin; Father Fitzgerald, a native of

Meath, was the celebrant, and just as he had given the last blessing at the close of Mass, the house tumbled down, the priest, and nine others, being killed on the while several others subsequently died of the wounds which they received. An order of the Viceroy and Privy Council was soon afterwards published permitting

chapels to be opened in the city, in retired places, for the use of Catholics. THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE PROVINCE OF LEINSTER
the laws against the clergy were, according

to the whims or the bigotry of the local magistrates, rigorously enforced, and the sufferings of the priests from year to year are duly registered in the official papers of the Public Record Office. Thus in 1723 MASS HAD TO BE CELEBRATED ON THE HILLS; and during the preceding week, word would be whispered around among the people where the yould meet the priest onthe following Sunday. On one occasion, a set of miscreants, anxious to secure the Bood-money which was offered for the seizure of a priest, laid a plan for his capture. They met together in a Protestant house, seed an unsuspecting messenger to call Father Baraewall to administer the last rites to a dying man. The messenger soon learned from the people where the priest conblete the priest comblete the priest combinate the priest comblete the priest c that several writs "against priests and schoolmasters" had been issued in the pre e ding year, but in vain, for all the ulprits had fled, except a priest, named James Eustace, who had now been lying for several months in gaol, and who, whilst awaiting the order of the priest of the whilst awaiting the order for transportation, was kept "in close confinement." So, too, in the county of Wicklow, in the so, too, in the county of Wicklow, in the summer of 1714, a priest, named M'Tee, was convicted of saying Mass, and sentenced to transportation. On June 4, 1714, the high sheriff of Wicklow gives an animated description of his labors on the preceding day to suppress the devo-tions of the Papists at the shrine of St. Kevin, in Glendalough. He had received intelligence that an assemblage of pious pilgrims was to be held at the seven ments in a small wallet across his shoulders. The priest-hunter was standing on the road speaking to a Protestant, who knew Father Barnewall well but, who have speaking to a Protestant, who have speaking to a Protestant and the seven churches there, and that persons from all parts of the kingdom would take part in the "riotous assembly." An armed body ders. The priest-hunter was standing on the road speaking to a Protestant, who knew Father Barnewall well, but on this occasion pretended to be a stranger to him. When Father Barnewall came up, the priest-hunter, half suspecting his disguise, said, "Good morning," was answered. "My name is Pilot; what is yours?" "Your name (Pilate), sir, bodes no good to a Christian," was Father Barnewall's reply. His friend now interposed saying, "Let him pass, let him pass," implying that if it came to blows he was more than a match for his interrogator, and Father Barnewall safely pursued his way. He Protestant inhabitants of this county are unanimous in their inclinations and resolutions, and will exert themselves with all diligence and zeal for his Majesty's

service in putting all the laws in every respect strictly in force against the Pa-pists." A PRIEST-CATCHER NAMED HARRISON was particularly active in the west of Ireland. A friar named Father Cunnan was old, and was in the discharge of his sacred ministry, when the agents of persecution seized him and led him off in triumph to gation was set upon by this Harrison and his band. There being no time to take

and snatching the vestment put it on himself, and pretending to be himself the runaway started off by the back door over hedges and fields, the priest-hunters being quickly in pursuit. At length they overtook him and brought him to town before the resident magistrate; who laughed heartily at finding the prisoner none other than his brother magistrate, who explained the matter by saying, "He wished to see how these fellows were able to run.

FATHER NICHOLAS SHEEHY, P. P., OF

CLOGHEEN, in the diocese of Waterford, was led to the scaffold at Clonmel, in 1766, under the accusation, indeed, of various crimes, but in reality, through hatred of the Catholic church, of which he was a devoted minister. He had some time before been ariested and indicted for saying Mass and expressing the other duties. exercising the other duties of a priest, but for want of sufficient evidence had been acquitted. He was now accused of high treason, and a reward of £300 was offered by the Government for his arrest. Conscious of innocence he addressed a letter to the Government offering to place himself in their hands for trial a charge, on condition that his trial should not take place in Clonmel, where his enemies had sworn to take away his Dublin. This condition was accepted, and he was accordingly tried in Dublin, and honorably acquitted, the witnesses who were produced against him being persons of no credit, whose testimony no iury could receive. He was no sooner iury could receive. He was no sooner iury could receive them his enemies life, but in the Court of King's Bench, ury could receive. He was no sooner declared "Not guilty" than his enemies had him arrested on a new accusation. An informer named Bridge had disappeared, and was supposed to have been murdered, and Father Sheehy was now accused of having murdered him. It is difficult to free the Government from the suspicion of complicity with his accusers when they permitted this case to be sent for trial to Clonmel. There were none to accuse him but the same infamous wit-nesses whose testimony had been discredited in the King's Bench. Moreover, on the night of the supposed murder, Father Sheehy had been far away from the place assigned for the crime, with Mr. Keating, a gentleman of property and unimpeached integrity. This gentleman no sooner appeared in Court to attest this fact, than a Protestant minister named Hewetson stood up, accused him of a murder which had taken place in Newmarket. Mr. Keating was himself immediately arrested and hurried off to Kilkenny gaol. In due course he was tried and acquitted, there not being a shadow of evidence against him; but the enemies of Father Sheehy had gained their purpose, for in the meantime sentence had been passed against him, and he had suffered the last enalties of the law.

MANY PROTESTANTS OF HIS OWN DISTRICT Father Sheehy was held in the greatest esteem. His last place of refuge was in the house of a Protestant farmer named Griffiths, whose house adjoined the church-yard of Shandrahan, where Father yard of Shandrahan, where Father Sheehy's remains now repose. During the daytime Father Sheehy used to lie concealed in a vault of the churchyard, and at night he entered the house, where a large fire had to be kindled, so be-numbed was he from the hardships of numbed was he from the hadships of what might be justly styled his living tomb. In 1798 some few priests took part with the insurgents, and paid with their lives the penalty of their offence. The hatred, however, of the Orange officers and men were directed against

every priest. THE ILLUSTRIOUS ARCHBISHOP MURRAY was at that time curate in the town of Arklow. As he was one day passing through the streets to attend a sick call, most cruelly by a body of the Gorey yeo-men. They came to his house and de-manded drink and meat. When they had satiated themselves, they drew their swords, and abused him in the most contumelious language declaring that they would cut off the head of "the old croppy would cut off the head of "the old croppy rebel scoundrel." Father Kavanagh made his escape, but they wreaked their ven-geance on the curate and servants, on which they inflicted severe wounds. This fury of the Orange yeomen was not confined to the living. It extended itself to fined to the living. THE LIFELESS REMAINS OF THE PRIESTS

who were executed.

From another letter of the Bishcp Ferns to the Archbishop of Dublin, on Sept, 2, 1798, I learn that when the Rev. Phillip Roche was hanged in Wexford, after death his body was thrown into the river; and the Rev. John Murphy, when sentence was passed upon him, was whipped, then hanged, and after death his head was cut off, and his body was publicly burnt in 'Iullow. All through the dismal period of persecution, the Catholic clergy were not only exposed to the penal engetments of the laws but the penal enactments of the laws, but they had further to endure all the privations and hardships consequent on the keenest poverty, and in this, too, it was their only ambition to partake of the bread of humiliation with their oppressed and impoverished flock. This extreme poverty extended far into our own times. In the funeral discourse on the lets cares. In the funeral discourse on the late venerable Dean Kenny, of Killaloe, whose labors in the sacred ministry extended over a period of 65 years, I read the fol-lowing words:—"When Father Kenny was ordained, in 1814, there were few churches which were not the merest hovels, there were wide tracts of country without a church at all, and, with the ex ception of a few main lines of road, the country was traversed by the roughest bridle-paths. There were men living until within the last few years—there may be those still—who had souther the Navan gaol. Thence, after a few days, his band. There being no time to take he was sent a prisoner to Dublin, and he never more returned to his faithful, sorrowing people. Tradition says he was sentenced to transportation, but the ship being wrecked on the English coast, the

from the sketch which the illustrious Bishop of Kildare, Dr. Doyle, has given of Father Dowling, who was Vicar-General of the dioce-e, and for more than fifty years P. P. of Stradbally. He attended sick calls in the stradbally. sick calls in a cart without springs, his only cushion being a sheaf of straw. His habsick calls in a cart without springs, his only cushion being a sheaf of straw. His hab-itation bore on it the same impress of poverty. When Dr. Doyle held his first visitation in Stradbally in 1819, this aged pastor was still living. The Bishop arrived in the town late in the evening, and ASKED TO BE SHOWN THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARISH PRIEST.

THE PARISH PRIEST. He was led to a tottering old house, little better than a ruin, in a remote room of which he found the venerable priest reading his office by the light of a solitary taper. Time was when the earthen floor was daily worn by his wasted knees; but infirmities now bound him to a chair of unplained wood. Dr. Doyle, with much humility, remained standing until Father Dowling had finished his office. He described himself as awestricken in presence of the saintly priest.
At last the following dialogue ensued: "I heard some one enter; what may be their will?" A young man to ask your blessing, Father"..."My blessing is not worth much, if not worth while to give your name, but such as it is you have it your name, but such as it is you have freely." It was a touching spectacle witness the emotion of the old priest the explanation that followed, and the agony into which he was thrown, ing himself unable to vacate the chair his cell possessed, and offer it to his Bishop. He raised his hands to heaven, himself unable to vacate the only Bishop. He raised his hands to heaven, and fervently thanked heaven that he lived to see Dr. Doyle.

PATRICK FRANCIS MORAN, Bishop of Ossory.

SICK CALLS

After the Administration of the Sacraments-The Last Indulgence.

No. III. When the priest has given the sick person all the Sacraments of the Church, there vet remains a great deal to be accom plished. Some people rise up from their knees with an apparent sigh of satisfaction for the good that has been done, and think that now the work is completed. This course of action does not come from any want of faith on the part of Catholics, far from it. It is done because they for get themselves. Alas, the living soon for-get the dying and dead, to guide their thoughts to the whirlpool of worldly mat-ters. It is the same old worldliness that consumes even the time that should, charity, be given to the deathbed. People do not want to be cold-hearted, especially in time of death but carelessness of duty in time of death, but carelessness of duty does make even members of the family whom death is striking seemingly un-feeling. The appearance of things is not what does the injury. The reality which the appearance indicates, prevents, yes prevents the deathbed from being all that it should be.

THE SORROW OF FRIENDS. This prevention comes from members of the same family bound together by the ties of parent, brother and sister. The persons gather together in the sick room, look on the sick one stretched on the bed of death before them, and indeed they are sorry for the condition of the sick: their sorrow is genuine true sorrow, for the chords of their hearts ache while they beat. There is so much to make them regret the demise of a relative or a friend, not only association itself, but also kindred of blood that warms up the bodies, unites the hearts of relatives in closer compact, than can be made with the most intimate

tion and the moment of death in a pro-fitable manner. He or she is told of the danger of permitting their thoughts to wander back to things of the world. It is certain that all the fruits of the Sacraments may be destroyed by worldly thoughts, for they bring with them recollections of life that may lead the patient to regret the loss of life more than they should, who desire to live forever in God's holy kingdom of love. Besides all is not yet done. The priest after administering the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction gives the necessary advice and encouragement to the sick and then intends, if he fear danger immediately, to give the sick the benefit of the

This is a Plenary Indulgence imparted

to Catholics in the last moments of life. Oftentimes, and indeed most times the priest can not be present at the moments of death, hence he gives this indulgence when there is danger of death. According to some theologians this Indulgence though given before the moments of death does extend its virtue to the moments of death, and in those very moments the Indulgence and in those very moments the induigence is imparted, though the form of granting it has been gone through by the priest, before these moments of death have arrived. We know that the Indulgence does extend to death provided the patient presents no obstacle. That he or she may presents no obstacle. That he or she may not present an obstacle to the extension of this indulgence to the moment of death, of this indulgence to the moment of death, we should help him or her by our prayers and good suggestions. This is a duty on our part. Charity demands it, love should fulfil it. The priest tells the sick person that he is now about to impart to him the Last Indulgence. He informs him of the nature of this indulgence and reminds him that he must renew with his whole soul a hearty sorrow for all the sins of his whole life, says the Confiteor and makes acts of faith says the Connecer and makes acts of faith, hope, love and contrition while he is giving to him the Last Indulgence. You who are in the room must kneel and supplicate our good God to hear the prayers of his spouse on earth, the Church, for the poor servant who lies sick unto death. The prices then begins to read from the priest then begins to read from the form

but deliver us from all evil" is said aloud. The people should unite with the priest in saying this prayer. They can say it to themselves or in secret. Then the priest continues: "Save Thy servant, trusting in Thee, my God." "Let my cry come unto Thee." "The Lord be with you and with thy spirit," "Let us pray." O most clement God, Father of mercies, and God of all consecution. Who wishest he desired to the content of t of all consolation, Who wisheth no one believing and hoping in Thee to perish, according to the multitude of thy mercies look propitiously on Thy servant N. whom Christian faith and hope commend to Thee. Visit him in Thy salvation, and through the Passion and death of Thy Only Begotten, grant to him the remission of all his faults and out of Thy clemency pardon him: that his soul in the hour of its departure from the body, may find in Thee a propitious Judge, and being washed in the blood of Thy Son from all stain, may merit to pass to perpetual life. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." After this prayer, the sick person if able, and those present in sick person if able, and those present in the room should join with the priest in saying the confiteer. You must say it silently or to yourselves. When through remain silent while the priest says the two last verses of this prayer, vis.: "Miserea-tur" and "Indulgentiam." Bless yourselves or make the sign of the cross on yourselves, but you peed not say the work. The priest but you need not say the words. The priest continues the prayers marked out for this rite, and says "May the Lord Jesus Christ Son of the living God, who gave to His blessed Apostle, Peter, the power of bind-ing and loosening, through His most holy mercy receive thy confession, and restore to thee the first stole of innocence which thou didst receive in thy Baptism; and I by the faculty granted to me by the Apestolic See, concede to you "Indulgentiam plenarium" in remission of all sins. In the name of the Father + (makes the sign of the cross over the sick person,) and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. May the mnipotent God remit to thee, through the holy mysteries of human reparation, all pain of the present and future life. May pain of the present and luture me. any lead you to eternal life. Amen." Then the priest completes this solemn rite of the Church, by calling down the blessing of the complete with the complete. God on the sick, saying "May the omnipo-tent God, Father + (here he makes the sign of the cross over the person,) and Son and

Holy Ghost bless thee. Amen."
This may conclude the ministration of the priest, but should the sick person continue to live, the priest should be notified of the condition of the patient. He is not apt to forget a sick person as you well know from experience, yet if it should so happen, he will only thank you for bring-

CHURCH PROGRESS IN HALIFAX. A New St. Patrick's Church.

EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS SUBSCRIBED WITHIN HALF AN HOUR.

Halifax Herald March 13th In response to the invitation of His race Archbishop Hannan, a very large number of the Catholics belonging to the Churches of St. Mary's, St. Patrick's, and St. Joseph assembled in the Basement Chapel of St. Mary's Cathedral yesterday afternoon, for the purpose of making a commencement in the building of a new Church of St. Patrick, to take the place of the present edifice, which has become so dilapidated as to be beyond repair-

The Archbishop detailed his plan of operations. He first desired to ascertain the amount of subscriptions, so as to be in a position to be guided as to the style and cost of the church to be erected. He stated that it was his intention to make a stated that it was his intention to make a house-to-house collection in addition to the amount that might be subscribed at the meeting. When he could form some idea of the sum likely to be realized, he would have a competent architect to view the ground and give a plan and specifica-tion. These would then be submitted to the people, and a committee composed of priests and laymen would be appointed to carry on the work when the plan and specification were adopted. His Grace informed the meeting that it was his in-tention to leave the whole matter as much as possible in the hands of the people, and that it was his intention not to incur any debt in connection with the building, as such would not only prove a burden to himself but to those who would succeed

The meeting was very enthusiastic, and about eight thousand dollars were subscribed within half an hour. The building of the church is thus assured, and no doubt such a structure will be creeted as will do credit to the Catholics city, and be an ornament to the north

At the close of the meeting, the Arch-bishop thanked those assembled, and congratulated them on the spirit evinced. He assured them that nothing would be left undone by himself and his Priests that would in any way aid in the erection and early completion of the church. He as-sured them that the erection of the new church had occupied his earnest attention ever since he had been raised to the Episcopate, and were it not for the pressing needs of the Diocese outside of the city, and the attention and labor he had to bestow upon the other portions of the dio-cese, he would have taken up the matter of the erection of a new St. Patrick's Church long before this. Now that such a good commencement was made, success no longer remained in doubt. The proceedings were of a most practical kind—very little speaking, but a great deal of earnest and good work. We congratulate the Archbishop on the success of the meeting.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.
The Redemptorist Fathers, six in number, who are coming here to give a mission to the Catholics of this city, are expected to arrive on Friday evening next by the stea-mer "Parisian." The mission opens on mer "Parisian." The mission opens on Sunday next, in St. Mary's Cathedral, at the eleven o'clock (High) Mass. We understand that the labors of the mission-

"Do not be mindful, O Lord! of the faults of Thy servant, nor take revenge on his sins." "Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy, Lord have mercy." Then the priest says to himself, after intoning the first words, the "Our Father," at the end of which "Lead us not into "The".

THE LEGEND OF THE MADONNA DELLA SEDIA.

Among the most beautiful paintings of the Madonnas of Raphael is that called "Della Sedia," of the chair, and there is a pretty legend about it which says that hundreds of years ago there was a hermit named Father Bernardo, dwelling among the Italian hills, and that he was much loved by the neighboring peasants, who went to him for advice and instruction. He often said that in his solitude he was not lonely, for he had two daughters; one of them could talk to him, but the other was dumb. By the daughter By the daughter who spoke he meant the daughter of a vine-dresser who lived near by. She was named Mary, and always tried to do the named Mary, and always tried to do the utmost in her power for the comfort of the lonely old hermit. By his dumb daughter he meant a grand old oak tree that grew near his hut and sheltered it from storm, and hung its branches over him so lovingly that the old man grew to feel it was like a dear friend to him. There were many birds in its branches to whom he gave food and they in return whom he gave food, and they, in return, gave him sweet songs. Many times the woodmen wished to cut this strong tree down, but Father Bernardo prayed for its life, and it was spared to him. At last there came a terrible winter-the

torms were so severe that few trees and outs remained, and the treshet that ran down the hills swept off all the tempests had left. At last, after a dreadful storm, Mary and her father went, with fear, to see if the hermit was alive, for they thought he must have perished. But when they came to him they found that his dumb daughter had saved his life. On the com-ing of the freshet, he had gone up to the ing of the freshet, he had gone up to the roof of his hut, but he soon saw he was not safe there; then, he east his eyes to heaven, the brancles of the oak seemed to bend towards him, and beckon him to come up to them; so he took a few crusts of bread and climbed up into the tree, where he stayed three days. Below, everything was swent away, but the oak everything was swept away, but the oak stood firm, and at last when the sun came out and the storm was ended, his other daughter came to take him home and make him warm and give him food, for this dreadful time of hunger and storm had almost worn him out.

Then the good Father Bernardo called

on heaven to bless his two good daughters who had saved his life, and prayed that in some way they might be distinguished to gether. Years passed, and the old hermit died. Mary married, and became the mother of two little boys; the old oak tree had been cut down and made into wine-casks. One day as Mary sat in the harbor, casks. One day as Mary sat in the harbor, and her children with her—she held the youngest to her breast, and the older one ran around in merry play—she called to mind the old hermit, and all the blessings mind the old hermit, and all the blessings he had asked for her, and she wondered if his prayers would not be answered in these children. Just then the little boy ran to his mother with a stick to which he had fastened a cross, and at that moment a young man came near. He had large dreamy eyes, and a restless, weary look. And weary he was, for the thought of a lovely picture was in his mind, but not clear enough in form to enable him to paint it. It was Raphael, and when his glance fell upon the lovely, living picture of Mary and her children, he saw, in flesh and blood before him, just the lovely dream that had floated in his thoughts. had only a pencil! On what could he draw? Just then his eye fell on the smooth cover of the wine-cask standing nearby. He quickly sketched upon this the outlines of Mary and her boys, and when he went away he took the oaken cover with him. And, thereafter, he did not rest until, with his whole soul in his work, he had painted that wonderful picture which we know as Madonna della Sedia.'

Thus, at length, was the prayer of Father Bernardo answered, and his two daughters were made famous together.

A Young Dominican called to His Reward.

We have just received the particulars of the death of a devoted young Dominican priest, at St. Rose's Convent, Springfield, Ky. Rev. John H. Garvey, O. P., was born October 10th, 1848, in St. John's, Newfoundland. When a boy he came to the States with his parents and some for Newfoundiand. When a boy he came to the States with his parents, and soon after applied for admission into the Dominican Order. He made his Novitiate at St. Rose's Convent, and was then sent to Rose's Convent, and was then sent to the House of Studies, St. Joseph's College, Perry County, Ohio. Here he was ordained in April, 1878. Subsequently, he was transferred to St. Antoninus's Church, Newark, N. J. His death, like his life, was beautiful and edifying. Seeing the hold the terrible disease was taking, he prepared with scrupulous exactness for a general confession. When making that confession, he felt his voice failing him, and soon he could no longer articulate. Then, calmly rising himself in the bed, he wrote, with a firm hand, the remainder of his confession. With a mind unclouded up to the last moment, mind unclouded up to the last moment, surrounded by his sorrowing brethren, he sank peacefully to rest, in the hope of a glorious awaking. Requiescat in pace!— New York Freeman's Journal.

The Electric Light,

sperceding as it does all other modes of illumination, and rivalled only by the glorious sunshine, will not be hailed with greater joy by mankind, than is Burdock Blood Bitters, which is as far superior to all other blood purifiers and tonics as the electric light is superior to the old fash-ioned tallow dip. Burdock Blood Bitters cures Scrofula, and all foul humors and impurities of the blood.

Sure cure for a Cough. The most reliable remedy for a cough, cold, asthma, shortness of breath, sore throat, weak lungs and all bronchial troubles, is Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. Price 25 cents.