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AGENTS FOR THE DOMINION. CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing various Catholic periodicals such as New York Tablet, Freeman's Journal, Boston Pilot, etc., with their respective prices.

JUST RECEIVED.

A fine LITHOGRAPH OF BISMARCK—"SATAN AND THE CHURCH"—size 19x24 inches, Price, 25 cts.

JUST RECEIVED.

SERMONS BY THE LATE REVEREND J. J. MURPHY, who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the night of December 4th, 1875.

WRITTEN FOR THE "TRUE WITNESS."

A FORGOTTEN HOUR. Beloved thou wert once, and sweet and radiant, And the glad heart moved joyfully obedient...

WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE. A TALE OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

By Lady Dacre.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

Lady Nithsdale read in Mrs. Morgan's glance that it was the king, and she hastened from the recess of the window. She threw herself on her knees before him as he reached the middle of the room...

ged on the very ground—that she should be spurred from his feet—that she should be forcibly seized by rude hands! All around seemed to swim before her eyes; and had it not been for Mrs. Morgan's kindly help, she must have fallen to the floor...

where the Earl of Dorset was engaged at cards with the prince. She contrived, however, to give him the packet; and received his assurance, that when the game was over, he would peruse and attend to its contents. As she wound her way back, she found that the king's rejection of the Ladies Nithsdale and Nairne's petitions had been rapidly communicated from month to month...

CHAPTER XXII. Distress is virtue's opportunity.

The Earl of Nithsdale felt even more keenly than did the countess the indignity with which she had been treated in her interview with the king. His dark eye flashed, he bit his compressed lip till the blood almost started; he paced the apartment with hasty strides, as he pictured to himself his graceful, his delicate, his shrinking Winifred, on whose fair form he would scarcely allow the winds to blow too roughly...

spair, some perhaps who might boast of greater positive beauty of feature, on none did sorrow sit with so touching a grace as on the Countess of Nithsdale. The wan transparency of her naturally pale complexion, the refined cast of her features, which seemed moulded only to express the highest and purest affections of the soul, assorted well with the situation of deep interest in which she was placed. But on this occasion the hearts of all seemed steeled against them. Their application met with little attention; no measures were taken, no motion made, in consequence of their petition...

happiness in this world, you who peril my salvation in the next! There was a restless fire in her eye, an energy in her manner, a fearful inspiration about her, that awed while it touched him. He could not but think what must be the strength of those feelings which could so transport her out of herself; which could change the mild, timid, shrinking wife, into the inspired, threatening sibyl! "Hush, hush, my love! you know not what you say!" She looked wildly and doubtfully around her; then bursting into tears—Alas! alas! what have I uttered? and falling on her knees, with clasped hands raised to heaven,—"Pardon, oh most merciful Being—pardon for my wild and wicked words! Oh thou in whom my reliance is placed,—thou in whose providence I trust,—cast me not off for those hasty words, wrung from me by insufferable anguish! And you, my lord, my love, my husband, urge me not to despair! This brain may become unsettled, reason may give way, I may again be hurried into impious ravings! Oh, take pity upon me, dearest, dearest husband!" She clung to his knees; she stretched her beseeching arms towards him...