BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

There are leagues and leagues of land,
There are mountains dim and grand:
ere's many a shining river, love, s
many a silver lake,
Betwixt thy face and mine,
As I kneel at Mary's shrine,
d open at her virgin jeet each hide
pain and ache.

At this hour I can say:
"At an altar far away,
other pair of eyes (like mine) are lifted to
her lace;
And another pair of lips
Murmur, while the Rosary slips
ro' another pair of hands (like mine):
"Heil, Mary, full of grace!"

O with what a fresh delight
Our spirits reunite
dawn, at dusk, at noon, at night; in glaness or in grief;
O'er the plain and o'er the prairie,
Flying straight to Blessed Mary,
''ry hour sure of graces, ev'ry care of swi
relief!

Change, and sorrow, and chagrin, Doutt, distrust, and even sin, May build between our loving hearts momentary wall;
But the instant that we kneel
At Our Mother's feet, we feel
That all obstacles must vanisn,—ev'ry clot

The mountains melt away,
The plains, in vapor gray,
Dissolve like dreams at morning light;
time and space are nought:
For here at Mary's feet,
In closest union meet
"Two hearts that beat as one: two s
with but a single thought!"

## THE WIDOW'S CURSE.

It was in the winter of 1803 that a home ward bound East-Indiaman, richly-laden, was wrecked on the Irish coast, and every soul on board perished in the raging soul on board perished in the raging waters. The place where this awful and deeply-lamented catastrophe occurred is known to many of my readers. It is a small rocky island near Howth, called Ireland's Eye. The night had been dark, and dreadfully tempestuous; and when the morning broke it revealed the heart-pading spectagle—the shattered bark was the morning spectacle—the shattered bark was there, but not one of its numerous passengers or crew was left to tell the tale of their sufferings. As is usual on such occasions, a guard was placed near the wreck, and means employed to get as much of the cargo as possible ashore. In about month (the guard having been removed) month (the guard having been removed), fragments of the vessel, and part of the cargo much damaged by the salt water, had been picked up by the fishermen; and boxes, containing rich shawls, lace, and silks, small casks of wine, rice, and many valuable articles were left by the waves upon the strand for miles around. Some said that bars of gold were found by the fishermen, and small boxes of this precious metal. At all events, the fishermen and some of the peasantry round this men and some of the peasantry round this part of the coast "were," to use the words of some of the neighbours, "made up intirely by this forth nate shipwreck!"

"God save you, sir," said a dark-looking man to a farmer who was walking on his own grounds. "That was a terrible shipown grounds. "That was a terrible ship-wreck that happened there beyant. Many's a beautiful thing is gone to pave the bottom of the say—a rich place it is be all accounts; and many's the fine fel-low is gone to Davy Jones's locker to feed

low is gone to Davy Jones's locker to feed the bungry sharks!"
"You might have said, 'The Lord be merciful to their souls!' and it wouldn't cost you much neither," said the farmer, resuming his walk.
"There are many of the neighbours come to be very rich intirely, all at wanst," continued the intruder. "There's Paddy Brade and Bill Faran have a power. Paddy Brady and Bill Fagan have a power of fine silks, and elegant shawls, and can show a handful of gold too into the bar-gin—I wonder, Mr. Connor, you let your luck slip away from you, when you have so many cars, and might be down on the strand, and I'll be bound you may be sartin of fetching home somethin' or an-

as the fishes or any of your neighbours; and as to its being a waste of time, Mr. Connor, faix, if a person was to make more in one hour nor they could a whole year, hard working, I don't think it's a waste of time either."

return home empty."

"Well, then, there will be no harm in trying it once," said the farmer, after some hesitation, during which the other was not idle, but continued impressing upon his mind the rich things which were and, and also those which remained to be found yet.
"I will be wid you at half-past nine."

said he, as he sprang over a hedge, and left the farmer in a more thoughtful mood

than he found him.

Brian Connor had an extensive and thriving farm, and the man who accosted him was a labourer who formerly worked for him, but from his neglect and drunk

enness he was discharged.

He was one of those characters that it i wiser to shun than encourage; who would incite to an unlawful act, a premeditated attack, or a midnight burning, but on the approach of danger would be the first to fly; and it very often happened the greatest offender, in fact, the principal cause of the crime, escaped, while those who were fools enough to be led away by the artful and cowardly villain, suffered the awards

of justice.

When he returned home to supper, and ed his wife of his intended expedition, she strove to persuade him against it : but when she heard who was the cause of it, and to be the guide, she lost all pati-ence, and inveighed loudly and bitterly against "the cowardly desaver," who, she said, "would lead his own father astray,

like an ugly will-o-the-wisp as he is !"
In spite of her entreaties and warnings

farm to the atrand was two miles, and owing to the darkness of the night, and the road being heavy with the rain, they did not arrive there as soon as they ex

pected.

"Are you quite sure the tide will not be on the turn before we get back," said

be on the turn before we get back," said Connor.

"Aw, then, wishs, to be sure, I'm quite sure of it," said Barny. "It will not be on the turn for a good three hours yet, and here we are on the strand, and if I don't very much mistake, we'll be at the wrack in less than half an hour."

It was now quite dark. The wind, which had been high during the day, had abated somewhat of its fury; but a drizzling rain was beginning to fall, and was

ing rain was beginning to fall, and was driven right against their faces. The half hour, and another with it, passed away, and still they were not at the wreck.

"Bad cess to this blinding rain," said

Barny; "we can't see our way fornent us on 'count of it; but, I think, we'll be soon at our journey's end, anyhow, in spite of

"I'm thinking," says Connor, "'tis com-ing in the tide is, and not going out."
"I'm thinking so too, sir," said the driver of one of the cars; but the other man, willing at all hazards to go on, incited by the hope of bringing something from the wreck, seconded Barny's oft-reterated assertion, that it was still going

out.

The foremost car, in which Connor was seated, was driven by Barny, and the others followed in succession. Giving the horse a lash of the whip, he cried out—
"There it is!—there it is at long last. Arrah! wisha, didn't I know we'd be at it By this time the waves, which were

above the horses' knees, were beginning to roll in with an awful rapidity; and as Connor started up to take the reins in his own hand and turn back, the horse had lost his footing, and was obliged to swim. "furn back, sir, for goodness sake," cried the men who followed, and who now saw the danger which threatened them. Barny and the now terrified farmer got upon the horse's back, as the car was filled

vith water. "Hould me firm by the coat," said the treacherous guide, "and there's no fear."
And as the farmer grasped the large outside coat, which he wore, he called out to

side coat, which he wore, he called out to the other men to turn at once, that he would not go a step farther. They obeyed him, but it now seemed impossi-ble for the horse he was on either to go on or get back; the car was too great an incumbrance to him, and his strength was nearly exhausted from his ineffectual plunging and struggling to get free. Barny, seeing that now all was over, and that they would have to swim for their lives, suddenly disengaged himself from his coat, and the ill-fated farmer, as the horse gave a desperate plunge, fell from his coat, and the in-lated farmer, as the horse gave a desperate plunge, fell backwards, encumbered not only by his own great coat, but by the coat which the treacherous villain, Barny, had left in his

Three times did the drowning man rise and lift up his hand, and three times id the men in the last car, as they drove back affrighted from the pursuing waves, hear his wasted cry for help; it grew fainter and fainter, and the last words they heard were, "God forgive you, Barny!" There was a gurgling noise, and the ill-fated

Connor was silent forever.

After a tiresome drive through the heavy sand, now completely covered with the waves, they all got safe, but the horse and car, from which the farmer fell, was lost. The men drove slowly and mournfully heavy and they had fully homeward; they knew not what had become of Barny, and it was two or three days before he made his appearance among them again.

The grief and despair of the widow of

Connor may be imagined but cannot be described. Herreason left her for a time, and it was only from seeing around her her little family of children, who had now no protector but her and heaven, that her

which he met his untimely fate that the body of Connor was found. When the news was brought to Mrs. Connor she hastened out; it was a melancholy grati-fication to have the body of her mur-dered husband decently interred in his own burial ground. By the time she arrived "But, I don't understand what you mean," said the farmer; "do you think I've nothing else for the cars, and horses, and the men, but to go to the strand, and and the men, but to go to the strand, and wait there with my finger in my mouth, to see if the waves id brin' me in a Godsend?"

"Wby, Mr. Connor, if you would be advised by me, and brin' the cars out at half-past nine to-night, I'll brin' you to the wrack, and I'll be bound we will not return home emuty."

and the men, but to go to the strand, and expedition were there, and in the back-ground stood Barny, looking round with a cowering and uneasy glance, yet striving to assume an air of confidence. As the widow approached the corpse, the loud and murmuring voices of the people died away; there was a death-like silence, and every eye was fixed upon her. She stood a few moments bending over the still perfect features of the lifeless form, her face pale as that she gazed on, and her a few tearless eyes ready to start from their sockets. Lifting her eyes and her hands

to heaven, she exclaimed—
"Just and all-seeing Judge! thou knowest who did this; who it was that left me a widow and my children father-less—Oh, my God!" she shrieked, as she glanced wildly around, "wilt thou not

unish the murderer?"
Her friends strove to comfort her, but they might as well have attempted to reanimate the breathless clay before them. An aged man remarked that it was only right that all present should lay their hands upon the corpse; a custom which is prevalent in the country parts of Ireland. It caught the widow's attention, and had the effect of assuaging the violence of her grief. A circle was immediately formed, and each person laying his hand upon the

corpse passed on.
While this solemn ceremony was going on, Barny was seemingly unconcerned. It soon came to his turn; he drew near with a firm step, but as he laid his hand upon the cold corpse, he was observed to shudder, and a sudden paleness overspread his face. He had no sooner done so than the blood gushed from the temples of the dead man, though not a cut nor mark was

body bent forward, her eyes sparkling fearfully, and her voice raised to the high-est pitch of anger, "thou art cursed; yes, the curse of the widow and the fatherless shall pursue thee; thy wife shall be child-less—thy hearth-stone shall be cold—thou shalt eat and drink bitterness and woe while you live—and your death shall be

The sentence died away upon her lips; a strong convulsion setzed her, and she fell into the arms of those near her in a faintinto the arms of those near her in a fainting-fit, from which she was with difficulty recovered. In the confusion which ensued, Barny escaped; all knew he must have been the murderer, yet none laid hands upon him, and when search was afterwards made for him it could not be discovered whither he had fled.

Three years passed over the widow's head, and in attention to her farm, in which her eldest son was soon able to assist her, and the care of her younger children, the poignancy of her grief were

assist her, and the care of her younger children, the poignancy of her grief wore away, and happiness once more spread over her fireside. But where was Barny all this time! Did he enjoy comfort and peace? No; in the emphatic language of Scripture—"The wicked are like the troubled sea." He became a wanderer and a vagabond; he fled to the south, where he had not long been till he became an inciter and assistant of illegal meetings. His conscience was stung by the remem-brance of past villainies; the curse of the widow ever rung in his ears like the knell of the departed; in his waking moments he heard it, and in the dark midnight into every crime.

It was in the commencement of the

winter, three years from the time when he fled from his home, that an abduction of a rich farmer's daughter was planned. Barny was present and an active promoter of the lawless act. On the night appointed they assembled, and were but too successful in securing the girl, and bearing her away from her home, in spite of the cries and entreaties of the distracted parents. Maddened by despair and anguish, the unfortunate father rushed tywards his daughter, whose piercing shrieks the un-manly villains strove to smother, but a blow from the butt end of a musket soon laid him prostrate, and the heartless monlaid him prostrate, and the heartless mon-ster, Barny, coolly raising his gun, shot him through the heart. A boy, who lay unnoticed in a corner, observed these vil-lains, and when the police arrived gave such information as led to the recovery of the girl, and the securing of some of the gang. Barny fled on the first intimation of danger, but a reward being offered for his apprehension, it was with much diffihis apprehension, it was with much diffi-culty that he evaded the officers of justice, and after enduring many hardships and fatigues he arrived late one evening within wife and children to misery and starva-tion. Here, looking round with suspicion and alarm, he beheld a man quickly following him, seemingly regarding him with a scrutinising eye. Fear gave wings to his peed: it was not long till he arrived. breathless and fatigued, at the door of his hut, where, after listening for a moment, and finding all silent within, he knocked, and a person inside asked who was there? "A friend," was his reply. "But who are you?" repeated the inquirer. "Open the door, for God's sake!" said he; and after some moments' delay, which seemed to reviving some memory which reassures the guilt-seared mind of the murderer to be lengthened to years, the door was The flowers of New England have often

life. The peelers marched in here yesterday, and nothin' at all id do 'em but I must get out iv my sick bed till they searched for you. Oh! Barny, dear! sorra and misery has come down atap iv us intirely; the childer—God help me! the two poor lanauves cried for the bit to eat, and hard set I was to get it for 'em at all; and at long last my poor Norah cotch the feaver and did die, and my white headed little Paudheen tuck it fro me here alone to cry and break my heart

after 'em.' During the address of his wife Barny stood by the bedside the image of despair. All the dark deeds of his life came careering through his brain, like storm-clouds ing through his brain, like storm-clouds through the wintry sky. The curse of the widow, with an ominous weight, pressed heavily upon his heart, and as he took the extended hand of his wife, he stooped down, and peering into her face,

started back as he perceived how changed it was since last he saw it. "Oh. Norah! Norah!" he exclaimed, that I'm a wicked unforth'nate man, and desolate it is that I've made you; and can you forgive ms, agraugile, after all?"
"God forgive us all!" replied she; "I forgive you from the bottom of my heart,

And drawing him closer to her she kissed his cold lips. "'Tis crying you are, Barny."
"Whist!" said the old woman, in an undertone, as she returned quickly from the door, where she had been listening

'I hear a noise outside; there's more nor one coming.' Barny started up, and cautiously open ing the door, bent his head forward. Drawing back, he said, "I hear 'em coming. God bless you, Norah!" He crept round the hut, and under shelter of a hedge retreated in a contrary direction to that

from whence the noise proceeded. He was not many minutes gone when four policemen entered; two remaining outside, and the other two entering the hut. Not finding him as they expected they proceeded to search outside; when visible. Barny was transfixed to the spot; the man stationed at the rear of the hut be seemed to have lost the power of motion, whilst the widow, who, the moment she had seen him, became nearly convulsed with rage, broke out into a wild and participated by the seemed little chance was moonlight there seemed little chance the seemed little chance.

and the police were gaining fast upon him. He saw before him Ireland's Eye, reposing in the midst of the waves, that fringed with moonlight, laved its rocky sides. With straining eyes he looked out upon it, and he felt a momentary increase of strength in the thought that could be reach that, he might find means to escape from his way. straining eyes he looked out upon it, and he felt a momentary increase of strength in the thought that could he reach that, he might find means to escape from his pursuers. He darted on, and plunging in the waters swam for his life. But his strength soon failed him; his limbs grew stiff with the cold, and the curse of the widow, he thought, was dragging him down. The policemen just arrived in time to hear his dying shrieks of despair, which came fearfully mingling with the hoarse murmur of the deep; and thus, near the same spot where he had heard his victim cry for help, did the unfortunate Barny Sullivan meet a watery grave, and the evidence of the oft-repeated remark, that the Almighty does not suffer murder to go unpunished.

green over the indead with in its side and meadow, and both are white in dead and meadow, and both are white in deadow and meadow, and both are white in deadow, and both are white in deadow and both are white in deadow and meadow, and both are white in deadow and meadow, and both are white in deadow, and both are white as mowdrift lay upon them. But these patches as if a snowdrift lay upon them. But hese patches as if a snowdrift lay upon them. But these patches as if a snowdrift lay upon them. But these patches as if a snowdrift lay upon them. But these patches as if a snowdrift lay upon them. But help and backes as if a snowdrift lay upon them. But help and backing a snowdrift lay upon them. But help and backes as if a snowdrift lay upon them. But help and backes as if a snowdrift lay upon them. But thought, was dragging him down. The policemen just arrived in time to hear his dying shrieks of despair, which came fearfully mingling with the hoarse murmur of the deep; and thus, near the same spot where he had heard his victim cry for help, did the unfortunate Barny Sullivan meet a watery grave, and the evidence of the oft-repeated remark, that the Almighty does not suffer murder to go unpunished.

PURITAN NEW ENGLAND AND HER CATHOLIC FLOWERS.

## CATHOLIC FLOWERS.

The barren "rock-bound coast" of New England, on which the Puritans landed on December 22, 1620, cannot be regarded as giving a fair type of New England scenery any more than of its productiveness. While the ocean surf warns the cautious navigator from her headlands, the interior of New England invites the travelles and warper to express of headtry. traveller and wayfarer to scenes of beauty which may be rivalled but never surpassed he heard it, and in the dark midnight hour, when the weary sink to rest, it sounded horribly in Lis ears. To escape, if possible, from this ever-present curse he fled to the public-house, and to the haunts of the disaffected, and plunged recklessly into every crime.

which may be rivalled but never surpassed in Old England. Along with this charm of hill and dale, of widespreading meadows, of meandering streams and majestic rivers, of lakes and wooded mountains, of echoing glans and umbrances forcets, there is a flora which not geous forests, there is a flora which not only woos the botanist to study its varieties, but the artist to reproduce its beauties; and which, better still, has so won the hearts of the dwellers among her mountains and her valleys, beside her rivulets and her cascades, that the blossoms of spring, of summer, of autumn, are associated by them with everything dear in life and sacred in death. Moreover, these flowers not only record by their names New England customs, but explain processes of thought among a people whose unflinching logic and staunch natural virtues have become proverbial. There is an experience which comes to

almost every traveller, especially to one familiar with nature in early life. It is that of finding among the varieties of flowers in other lands many which he had supposed peculiar to his own, and even confined to certain districts of his own country. The English daisy is found besprinkling the greensward of Rome; the virgin's bower or traveller's joy of certain districts in Old England is equally at home among the hedges and fences of New England, and the same is true of the Scotch hare-bell; while both these flowers greet the eyes of the pilgrim to Monte Cassino. Even the shamrock is not altogether peculiar to Ireland. The small trefoil runner of the soil of Erin can scarcely be distinguished by ordinary travellers from that which is culled from many a spot in Rome consecrated to the memory of some martyr. This makes, indeed, one of the joys of a traveller, for when none but strange faces meet his eye, his heart may be consoled and gladdened by some little flower at his feet, which not only attracts his gaze but gives wings to his thoughts,

mm silently to the end of the dark and cheerless room, pointed to a bed which was spread on the ground. As he entered, he glanced wildly around; all was cheerless; a few dying embers glimmered facility. association, but by their names, which prove sometimes unexpected links in a chain of evidence, little suspected it may less; a few dying embers glimmered feebly on the hearth, and just gave sufficient light to reveal the pale and wasted features of a female who had raised herself on the bed on his entrance. It was his wife; but

sunshine of these early spring days is be-witching. In vain is the hope of a prize or the fear of demerit marks put before the juniors of any school to the exclusion of the vernal ramble. This must be had ; openly if wisely allowed, stealthily if un-wisely denied. Unnumbered voices of birds, of insects, call to the fields, the streams, the hill-side. Under the dead leaves of a year forever gone, young hands find treasures; mosses, with gray cups vermilion-edged, or the slenderest of all possible stems tipped with burnt sienna like a fairy lance rusted at the point winter-green berries, hanging round and juicy from last year's stalk, protected by the last year's leaves. The truant's steps hasten onward to the hill crowned with pines, where ice-banks have not yet melted under the breath of spring. There, on the edge of lessening snow-drifts, where the pine needles have fallen in showers, but the young leaves make a roof and a shelter, the keen eye of the schoolboy or the schoolgirl finds what has already revealed its presence by the delicious per-fume it sheds around. With what care their hands, trembling with delight, raise the clusters of bloom hidden from the uninitiated! It is the earliest blossom of the cold New England spring, so wonderfully protected by its surroundings as to brave all the rigors of the northern winter, fragrant and snowy clusters of vir-ginal white, just tinged with a flush like that on an innocent cheek. Will any one be surprised that it is called "Virgin's blush ?

Another name for this darling flower of New England is "May flower," for it always blooms in time for the May-day baskets left on the latches or knockers of the doors. To the Catholic child it comes in time to usher in the sweet May devotion, and is typical of her who is the "Queen of Virgins." Strange as it may appear to many a New Englander, who fancies the flower to be peculiarly his own, it blooms all over the whole northern section of the United States, from Maine to Wisconsin, and even in South Carolina, especially near Aiken, a spot surrounded by pines and noted as a health resort for he went out after supper to have the cars ready. Barny Sullivan was there at the time appointed, and off they started with four cars. The distance from Connor's lain!" she cried, her hands upraised, her lains a spot surrounced of his escaping. After an hour's hard run least of the arrived at the very strand where that time three years, he had led poor Connor follow the pine; but, wherever found, is to his doom. He was fatigued and weak, still charming the hearts of the people.

It is now a little later in the year. The willows have burst into leaf; the birch trees are bung with tassels. The grass is green over the hidden springs of the hill-side and meadow, and both are white in

innocence of our first parents, the guile of the serpent, and the fall of Adam? There are indeed no fountains on the squares of those beautiful New England squares of those beautiful New England towns and villages upon which some Jacopo della Fonte has cut with his chisel, as in Siena, the story of man's innocence and his fall; but the blossoms of spring on her enamelled meadows give the story in their own mystical language by a singu-lar juxtaposition of the flowers.

At this very time, also, just where hillsides merge into the meadows, bloom other flowers, the names of which are calculated to impress the minds of the young. One bends on a stalk with three heavy pendant leaves, itself having three green pendant leaves, itself having three green sepals, and three white or pink or even deep red petals, within which rise the heads of three reflexed pistils with twice three-anthered stamens. "All in threes!" the little ones remark; and when told that the name of the flower is Trillium, a swift thought, a lightning flash of intelligence, flits across his brain. He may never have heard of St. Patrick and his shamrock, for many a New England child is ignorant of many a New England child is ignorant of both, and he may have heard of the Holy Trinity only by way of denial; but the denial has put the thought into his mind, and the three heavy pendant leaves, the three green sepals, the three white, pink or red petals, the three pistils, and the twice three anthers, have taught him what the shamrock in the hand of St, Patrick taught the Irish. Ere long the child will call this the "Flower of the Holy Trinity"—he may indeed already have heard it so called—and will notice, year after year, that it heralds the closing feast of the Paschal season, Trinity Sunday. In the same wet turf, in the shadow of

way, but the edge is exquisitely fringed, the whole precisely the shape of a very ancient mitre. as, for instance, the mitre still to be seen in the treasury of San Martino al Monte in Rome, and the little flower is actually called mitre-wort; I have never heard any other name given to it. The Puritans of New England would own "no Bishop" as they would own "no king;" but memories are as difficult to root out as instincts, and the little flower benefitted by some such memory and won a fitting name. When we consider how long it was after 1620 before a mitre was actually worn in New England, the little flower betrays by its appellation the traces of some ante Puritan tradition. It is like finding the tracks of strange birds in the red sandstone of the hills. With these flowers comes another; not in the low-lying meadows, but in some nook other."

"It would be a great waste of time, if the severity of his manner. "And, besides, what right have I to anything that does not belong to me?"

"An' sure you have as good a right to "An' sure you have as good a righ stem precisely like that of the flower, is remarkable; but as we unwind it from the this simple flower.

Hower stem to admire its seven strongly.

My list could be prolonged indefinitely, marked lobes, each beautifully indented, by some carelessness the translucent stem, brittle as glass, breaks, and our hand is covered instantly with a juice resembling blood and water! Even the villagers name it "blood-root;" but what an awe crept over us when we heard it called "The flower of the Precious Blood!" This sufficed to render the seven mystical lobes of its leaf emblematic, to our mind, of the

seven Sacraments, and the flower was

henceforth, in our eyes, one of the race

demption!

of the valley, grow on a stalk in the same

I remember one flower which was a puzzle to me in my childhood. A strong stem throws out a triple leaf, and at the side of this rises a thick, juicy stalk, bearing a flower like the blossom of a calla, ing a flower like the blossom of a care, only instead of being turned back as it opens, the spathe binds over the upright club of minute blossoms which it surrounds. It is called "Jack in the pulpit."
This word "Jack," corresponding to nothing in the experience of a New England child, is a meaningless name which suggests only ridicule. I have since believed the name to have been actually given in ridicule, and to be a corruption of a more significant and beautiful name, viz., significant and beautiful name, viz., "The monk in the pulpit." The green spathe, striped with reddish brown, curves over the club or figure within, like the sounding board of a pulpit, and might well suggest the image of one of those eloquent preachers, members of some monastic Order whose real-sus exhouting a time. Order, whose zealous exhortations stirred nations as well as individuals, and at-tracted scholars from their retirement, as well as the men of the world from their pleasures. When monks and their expleasures. When monks and their exhortations became the butt of popula ridicule, nothing was easier than transition from monk to monkey and from monkey to Jack, and thus the flower, suggesting by its name thoughts of piety, was degraded to convey a slur upon the great expounders of the spoken Word. The original name, as we believe it to have been, itself, however, involves, like the name of monks' hood, still retained by a well-known flower, a familiarity with monastic traditions which came across the water in spite of Puritan vigilance, and which had a singular, and as some may | purgative are mild and thorough.

have considered, a perverse charm for their

children.

Just before the feast of Pentecost comes round, a slender stem may be perceived rising from among numerous leaf-stalks, being pendulous flowers that move with every breath of wind. The air of the whole plant is that of exceeding gracefulness, and the humming-bird and the bee delight to seek its pendant nectaries. Its colors are Pentecostal, being the red and yellow of those "tongues of flame" which descended upon the Apostles and disciples assembled in that upper chamber with the Virgin Mother of the ascended Lord, "and sat upon each of them," while the name of this flower, "Columbine," recalls the dove (columba), which is a symbol of 'the Holy Ghost, sanctioned by the Gospel itself, and adhered to by artists with a docility born of faith.

Lying off from the meadows and brooksides, yet near enough to feed their springs, is often a swampy ground where cranberries ripen in late autumn; throughout the summer, however, the slender vines, with their minute leaves and still more minute flowers, attract no attention, while we search for a wonderful plant which in July reigns over the swampy patch. The flower stands on a tall, smooth stalk, and while several deep Indian-red petals adorn the edge, the centre of the flower is protected by a sort of awning, very curiously fashioned, stretching over it. Still it is not the flower but the leaves which claim attention, a dozen of which often spring from the same root, and are almost recumbent as to position. Each of these leaves from Just before the feast of Pentecost comes

the same root, and are almost recumben the same root, and are almost recumbent as to position. Each of these leaves from a cup with a broad lip, holding full a gill of water, so armed at the mouth with a strong hirsute membrane that few insects find their way to the clear deposit. The leaf itself is of a bright green, beautifully with a sime of the form of itself. rimmed with crimson; the form of it is most elegant, from the stem to the curves of the lip. It bears the appelation of pilgrim's cup; a name rich in all the holy associations of the ages of Faith, recalling associations of the ages of Faith, recalling the times when princes and peasants, saints and sinners, assumed the cowl and the staff of the pilgrim, and disdained not to drink of the brook by the way!

In this same swampy patch of ground, which in autumn will be covered with which in autumn will be covered with blithe children picking the cranberry crop, is also found the most beautiful and choice variety of a well-known flower. Early in May an almost minute member of this family is found in the meadows, and in the last days of May a still lovelier one rises on its stalk, sometimes of a deep, brilliant yellow, or of pink or light crimson. But this variety bears two, three, even five, of these roval flowers on three, even five, of these royal flowers on a stalk. It is called, not merely "lady's slipper," like its inferior sisters, but the a bridge thrown across some running streamlet, appears a stalk so slender, with "gay lady's slipper," on account of its greater beauty, as if suggesting festal occasions. But the popular name at present is a clear misnomer. The flower is shaped precisely like a wooden shoe, not leaves so small, and a spike of flowers so delicate, that the only wonder is that it has not escaped observation altogether. The flowers, not half so large as the lily a slipper, and we are told by Digby, in his wonderful volumes, "The Ages of Faith," that this flower was formerly called by our ancestors "the Virgin's shoe." Doubtless it was dedicated to her who lived so humbly in the Holy House of Nazareth, even after she had been declared dessed by an Archangel. As a companion to this, in July, as if suggested by the feast of the Visitation, the delicate vine with its white starry blossoms, covering the fences and hedges of pasture lands in New England, is still called "the Virgin's with its white starry bower," or "traveller's joy," reminding us how Mary rose in haste to go over the hill-country of Judea to visit her

St. Elizabeth.

In the last days of August, from the rich loam which forms the bank of meadow brooks, and sometimes, but less luxuriantly, beside a mountain rivulet, springs a spike of flowers of so dazzling a color as to throw light into the shady places which among the hazel bushes, where leaves have fallen and kept it warm throughout the winter, its pure white corolla breaks from a slight, scale-like calyx, and seven petals slender, drooping, of a velvety texture, slender, drooping, of a velvety texture, and perfectly cardinal red in hue; it is actually called the "cardinal flower!"
No other name is given to it, and many a
New England child has caught its first robed these princes of the Church from

as new floral claimants for enumeration as new floral claimants for enumeration come to mind constantly as I write. I must not fail, however, to mention the Michaelmas daisy, which is always in full glory on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel. Of the beauty of this flower in all its varieties of white and purple, with its golden centre, clothing, as it does, hill-sides, ridges, nooks and by-ways, it would be impossible to give an idea, especially when lighted by the clear sunshine of September. The Prince of Archangels never spread fairer banners to the sun than in this flower of New Eng. sacerdotal, belonging to the altar, and commemorative of the mysteries of rethe sun than in this flower of New England, so beloved as well as admired, associated with the glorious autumnal days often lingering into "St. Martin's sum-mer." In parting, let us glance at one more flower, an October flower, whose beauty the painter has portrayed and the poet sung. Bryant mentions its natural beauties under the botanical name of the Fringed Gartian, but Catholic poets give it the name of "our Lady's eye." Of a blue the name of "our Lady's eye." Of a blue that mocks the skill of the colorist with his brightest tints, veined at its base as tenderly as the loveliest eyelid ever extolled in song, its four cruciform petals are fringed like the lashes of that eye so often dimmed with tears shed for the sorrows of her Divine Son, and we venture to hope also for those of her unworthy children. So beauteous is "our Lady's eye," in truth, that we will allow it to close our tribute to the Catholic flowers of Puritan New England, as it really closes the year of flowers in a land where nature itself leads the soul through ways so varied to the Source of all beauty and

## Figures Won't Lie.

The figures showing the enormous yearly sales of Kidney-Wort, demonstrate its value as a medicine beyond dispute. It is a purely vegetable compound of cer-tain roots, leaves and berries known to have special value in Kidney troubles. Combined with these are remedies acting directly on the Liver and Bowels. It is directly on the Liver and Bowels. It is because of this combined action that Kidney-Wort has proved such an unequalled remedy in all diseases of these organs.

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