

welcome to Agnes; and she determined that it should not be her fault if Grace was not as happy as she could be, separated from her husband.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Agnes stood for a moment with the handle of the door in her hand—her heart beat so fast at the thought of the stranger—Robert's wife!

She need not have been so fluttered, for when she entered Grace was on the sofa, fast asleep; her bonnet, which she had taken off, lay on her lap: her hair had become unfastened, and she looked "a perfect picture."

Agnes stood over her new sister for a few moments, saying, "Poor girl, she is utterly worn out; but how lovely! I do not wonder at Robert's giving his heart to her."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

As this is the story of Grace's life, I need not enter on the subject of the exciting times in which she lived, except inasmuch as they affected her. It was a time when neither a naval nor military man had much peace or home comforts.

Occasionally, Robert came home for two or three months—sometimes only for a few weeks; and so the next two years of Grace's life passed, and found her still living near Mrs. Noel at Heath Cottage.

The woman had turned her back, and was continuing her walk, when Maruth answered her mistress's summons.

"Maruth, stand here, and tell me, do you see that woman walking slowly up there?" "Yes, mam."

Why she was to be uneasy, Grace could not divine; and, as is usually the case, the very precaution taken to prevent her being anxious, was the very means to make her see that there was something that she had to apprehend, though what, she could not tell.

In the meantime, Maruth was at the gate; and as soon as the strange woman saw her looking towards her, she hastened up to her, Grace, who was watching the two women, saw them shake hands, then both came towards the house.

When Maruth came, the troubled and frightened expression of the woman's face, confirmed Grace's suspicions, and she could barely articulate, "my child! my child!" when she fell on the floor in a faint.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Tenderly and anxiously did her faithful maid lift her on the sofa, and apply remedies to restore her to consciousness.

"Oh, Maruth, send her in directly to me; I cannot wait." "But do you think that you are equal to see her, mam? Had you not better wait a little while?"

"Stop, Maruth, is he alive?" "Dear mistress, she would not tell me; she said that it was to you, and you only, that she would speak."

"Then bring her directly." She had not many minutes to wait. At first, Grace's impulse was to cover her face with her hands, as if she could not bear the sight of one who had brought so much misery to her; but the sound of Katey's footstep nerved her, and the longing to hear what she had to tell her, braced her sufficiently to drive back the welling tears that fain would come, as she one more beheld the foster-mother of her first-born, whose face recalled the first phase in her life—one that had been so full of trial and suffering to her.

The first thing Katey did was to throw herself on her knees, and violently clasp her hands, crying out—

"Oh, then, mistress, forgive me for all the pain and distress my mother put you to; and that I did not prevent!"

"Tell me, does my child live? Oh! tell me at once. Get up, Katey (for the woman knelt sobbing violently), get up; and there, there, I forgive you; if you will but tell me that he lives!"

"He does mam, to the best of my knowledge."

"Then you are not sure. Oh! why did you come, if you could not tell me? What was the use of tearing open the wounds so long closed? Woman what has brought you to me?" Grace said this in a stern cold manner; for she felt as if these people were pursuing her with cruelty—as if they could not leave her in peace; the peace she had striven so hard to attain.

Some time elapsed before either of the women could begin—the one to question, the other to relate, with any coherence. At last, fully understanding that Katey had had no hand—at least, no direct hand—in inflicting such a trouble on her, she besought her to tell her from the beginning to the end the story, and then she should be able to make out whether her son still lived; for she found to all her questions on that point, she got the same answer—"To the best of my knowledge. I hope so, mam; but you shall judge for yourself."

(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE'S SERMON

"Prayer, — Its Necessity and Importance."

(From the N. Y. Irish American.)

The following sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father Burke, in the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York City, May 5th:—

"Hitherto you have not asked anything in My name; ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full."

You are aware, dear brethren, that next Thursday will be the Feast of the Ascension, consequently we are drawing near that mystical moment when the earth lost sight of the visible presence of the Saviour. We may therefore say that these are the last words that we shall hear from Him in His bodily presence, — the last Gospel that the Church puts before us, while she commemorates His presence before His ascension.

Now we come to His last utterance before He ascended into Heaven. He said to His Apostles: "I am about to leave you, and you shall see Me no longer. Mark, therefore, the words I have said to you. Pray in My name. Hitherto you have not done so; ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full."

Behold then, dearly beloved brethren, the importance that Christ our Lord and His holy Church attach to the act and to the exercise of prayer. It is the first word and the last; the first teaching and the last; the first precept and the last injunction of our divine Saviour. Why all this? Because of the absolute necessity and the immense advantage and privilege of prayer.

Such being the absolute necessity of divine grace, it was in order that we might have this,—in order to obtain it for us,—that the Eternal God came down from Heaven and was incarnate of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary, and was made man, "that where sin previously abounded grace should abound still more."

Behold then, the necessity of prayer. It is necessary as a means; it is necessary as an indispensable condition to salvation; and, if you wish to know whether you are in the way of God, or in the way of salvation, ask yourself: "Do I pray; do I know how to pray; do I practice prayer; do I love prayer?"

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I need not tell you, dearly beloved, that in this, as in every other precept of Christ, He first gave the example before He laid down the command. Before He told the people that they should pray, He gave them the example of His own prayer. He who stood in need of no grace,—for He was the fountain of all grace Himself,—yet, for our example, He was emphatically a man of prayer; and when He had labored all day preaching in the Temple, or teaching; when He had journeyed all day, healing the sick, comforting the afflicted, raising the dead; when evening came, and every other tired laborer sought his place of rest whereon to lay His head, we read in the Gospel that our Lord went, then, into the lonely places, or that He ascended the mountain side, or that He went into the depths of Gethsemane's shade, or that He went out into the desert, and spent the night in prayer with God.

"Oh God!" exclaimed Holy Job, in his deepest misery, "nothing is left to me but the lips that are

His prayer, as another man from his bed of rest, refreshed and renewed in all His divine strength, to pursue the same work of man's redemption for which He came.

Consider, secondly, the excellence,—the importance of prayer. What is prayer? "It is," says St. Augustine, "an elevation or an uplifting of the soul to God; it is an act of personal communication with God; it is an interview between the soul and Almighty God; it is an audience that the King of Heaven vouchsafes to give to every individual man, when that man lifts up his voice and opens his lips to pray."

Consider again our special privilege. "Hitherto," He said to His Apostles, "you have not asked anything in My name. You have prayed, indeed; but you have not asked in My name." "Hitherto," and when He said that word, His thoughts went out into the dreary past of four thousand years when man invoked Almighty God, as "the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob," but they could not appeal to Him as their own immediate Father through the adoption by which we were made His sons in Jesus Christ.

And when in this prayer of which I speak necessary? My brethren, it is necessary at all times. According to the word of our Lord, you must always pray; but there are certain moments when that which is at all times necessary becomes a matter of vital importance, and it is a question of life or death whether we pray or neglect to pray. There are moments in the lives of every man amongst us,—nay, moments in every day of our lives,—when it is a question of life and death to pray or to neglect to pray. When are these moments; they are moments of temptation, moments when nature, corrupt in us all, will rise in defiance of God; moments when the temptation of pride, of revenge, or some other glittering temptation, presents itself before our eyes moments when the senses speak to the soul, and say: "Now, now is your moment for enjoyment, forget God." That moment it is a question of life or death for all eternity, whether a man prays or not.

Christ in His God-like nature stands before us; and to every man amongst us He says: "Follow me. If any man wishes to be saved, let him come after Me. Follow Me." "Whither wilt thou lead us, O Son of God?" Over the troubled waters, over the treacherous waves of our own nature; in paths of purity and of power; in paths of divine virtue must we follow Christ, triumphing over all the baser instincts and vile passions of our corporeal nature; triumphing over our pride and our passions; or walking upon these waters of humanity,—treacherous, death-dealing to all who sink beneath them; over these, with the firm tread of the man of faith, must we walk and follow the Son of God.

But, my friends, whenever that rebellious nature stirs us, whenever, in moments of temptation, we find the ground beneath us trembling,—whenever we find we are sinking,—rapidly, rapidly losing sight of Christ,—sinking into some hideous form of sin,—then, oh, young man, cry, "Lord, save me, or I perish!" If that cry escapes from your heart or your lips, the next moment will find you with your hand in the strong hand of the Son of God.

But it is not only for the man who is walking upon the waves, in sight of His Master;—it is not only for the man who is treading the dangerous path of Christian morality,—walking and trampling upon the elements of his own passions and his own selfishness: it is not only for such a one that prayer is necessary, and is at once his comfort, his assurance and his highest privilege. It is also necessary for, and the only privilege of, the man who has sunk beneath the waves. Peter cried from the surface, "Lord, save me or I perish!" He cried in time.—But, dearly beloved brethren, for our comfort there is another cry recorded in the Scriptures; and that is the cry of him who said, "Out of the depths I have cried unto Thee, O Lord. Lord hear my voice." Over David's head had closed the angry, terrible, deadly sea of impurity and injustice; upon David's soul had fallen the warm drops of Uriah's blood, unjustly shed; down into the depths of malediction, down into the depths of God's anger, went this man; nothing remained to him but the last and the only privilege of the sinner.

above my teeth." "Much is left to thee, oh Job," exclaimed the great St. Gregory; "much is left to thee in thy misery, because there is left to thee the power of using thy lips in prayer." And so, out of the depths of his misery, of his sins, of his degradation, came the voice, and it reached Almighty God. "If Thou, oh Lord, observest iniquity, Lord, who shall sustain it?" The same voice that thus spoke commemorated afterwards in joyful accents the answer to the prayer, "Blessed be God!" exclaimed David, "who did not remove my prayer nor His mercy from me."

It is the last and the only privilege of the sinner. All is gone except prayer. His works are gone; for, in his sin, if he give all that he hath to the poor, and deliver his body to be burned, if he has not charity, it profits him nothing. His talents are gone. "If I speak as with the tongue of men and angels, and have not charity, I am but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." The merits of his life are gone. "If the just man shall turn away from his justice, so as to work iniquity, I shall not remember the justice which he has wrought," says the Lord.—His future, therefore, seems to be gone. There is no peace, no comfort, no joy, either in time or eternity, for the sinner. All is gone except the power to cry, even from within the very depths, and to send forth a prayer for mercy to Almighty God. And so we see that, in His mercy and goodness, He left one thing, even to the sinner. And the sinner can never be said to be utterly abandoned, until he despises and utterly ignores the virtue of prayer.

Ask yourselves, then, dearly beloved, are we men of prayer? How many there are, Catholics even,—good men, apparently, who content themselves with a hurried prayer in the morning after rising; and a hurried prayer at night before they go to bed, scarcely thinking of what they say; never raising their souls to God; never humbling themselves before God. There is neither earnestness and fixedness of purpose, neither humility nor confidence in their prayer. What do the Scriptures say of such prayer? "These people call upon Me with their lips; but their hearts are far from Me." And if we find that, hitherto, we have not asked the Father in the name of His Divine Son, as we should, then let us, in God's name, recognize the necessity, the importance, and the privilege of prayer. And blessed shall we be, if, at the hour of our death, even with our dying lips, we are able to say in the words of David: "Blessed be God, who removed not my prayer, nor His mercy from me."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, Aug. 17.—The events of the last few days in Belfast and its vicinity prove, unhappily, that the repeal of the Party Processions Act last Session was a dangerous experiment. The generous confidence which the Government reposed in the orderly and peaceable spirit of all classes has not been justified by the conduct of at least one of the two great factions into which the population is divided. After a long period of tranquility, which it was fondly hoped, would be perpetual, the elements of civil strife are again in violent commotion, and the thriving capital of Ulster, lately praised for its good conduct, and held up as a pattern of industry and quietness, is now a scene of riot and disorder. Since Thursday the excitement among the lower classes of the people has been unabated, and the old hostility between the two parties, which it was thought was dying out, broke forth with all the fierceness which some years ago it was wont to exhibit. The revival can be traced directly to the removal of the restrictions which experience had shown to be necessary for the preservation of the public peace. Both parties complained of them, and the Orangemen especially cried out incessantly against them; but the result of this year's indulgence shows that the policy of repression was the safer for the community and the more benevolent towards the parties themselves, who required to be restrained by a firm hand from abusing their liberty and committing excesses which brought calamity upon themselves. It was generally supposed that as the Catholics had shown forbearance towards the Orange processions and offered no obstruction to them in their celebrations, the "brethren" would in return evince a grateful toleration towards them, and allow them to commemorate "Lady Day" by demonstrations of a "national" character. This notion was founded upon a total misconception of the spirit of the lower ranks of Orangemen and the views which they entertain. While they claim a right to make a display of their attachment to England, and perpetuate the memory of certain events to which alone they attribute the establishment of the "glorious Constitution of 1688," they repudiate the idea that their opponents are entitled to corresponding privileges. They cannot admit that impartial justice requires that if one party be allowed to flourish Orange flags and play "The Protestant Boys," the other party ought to be allowed to flang the "Green Flag of Erin" and play "Garryowen" and "God save Ireland." They see the widest possible difference between the two classes of demonstrations, and their notion, plainly stated, is, that the Government ought to encourage the one, and be grateful to the loyal men who sustain the observance with heroic fidelity by wearing Orange sashes and drinking Her Majesty's health, but that the other displays ought to be put down with a strong hand as disloyal and seditious. Hence, those who expected a generous toleration towards the processions on Lady Day were disappointed. It is stated in justification of the Orangemen that on the 12th of July they scrupulously avoided the districts in which the mass of the population were Catholic, lest they should give offence, but that their opponents selected as a rendezvous in Belfast a place which they knew to be a Protestant stronghold, and that they did so by way of bravado and challenge. The broad fact, however, remains that on the 12th of July and 12th of August the Orange party were allowed to have their demonstrations without interruption, and on the 15th of August the Catholic party were obstructed and attacked. However, the Belfast News-Letter, the organ of the Orangemen, may seek or excuse them on the ground of excessive loyalty, the dispassionate public must strongly condemn their conduct in not extending to their opponents the same toleration as they experienced themselves. The sacrifice of feeling was greater on the part of the Catholics, who were reminded of their past humiliation and defeat, while the Orange party, who claim to be considered loyal par excellence, profess to be under no apprehension that the rights which their ancestors won will be wrested from them, but boast of their ability to hold their own against all odds.—Cor. of Times.

THE CREED OF MODERN SCIENCE.—The Protestant Bishop of Derry, in his recent book, *The Leading Ideas of the Gospels*, pitifully disposes of modern science by saying that "while the Church is looking for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come, outside there comes the response, half-sneer, half-sigh, of the zoologist (mis-named anthropologist), I look for the fossilized bones of pithecoloid man, and the everlasting death in a world which is the only world that ever has been, or ever shall be." ORANGE RUFFIANISM.—The London Times, in its editorial comments on the Orange outrages at Belfast, puts the saddle on the right horse:—"Unhappily, it is the party which most professes to be the party of Order that, on the face of it, is the first and worst offender. The Orangemen have been allowed to have their processions without interruption. They allege, indeed, that they took great pains, not to offend the susceptibilities of the other faction; but they forgot, or choose to put aside, that their processions themselves are the commemorations of triumphs over a people, their own neighbors, conquered, humiliated, subjugated, and debased. It is im-