

Mrs. Smyley.

The following humorous ballad was very popular in Dublin some years ago, when the system of "salvation by soup" was all the rage. The origin of it was an odious and aggressive proselytizing establishment existing in Klugstown, called the "Bird's Nest," which was supported by a fanatical set, governed by Mrs. Smyley, of Union Square. The ballad singer continued to sing it, through the streets of Dublin, particularly in Merrion Square till a healthy public opinion was formed, which shamed the fanatics:

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MONSIEUR LE CURE.

"On ne sait pas dans le monde ce que c'est qu'un Confesseur; cet homme aimé de l'âme, son maître, sa lumière, cet homme, qui nous délie, qui nous donne la Paix, qui nous ouvre le Ciel, a qui nous parlons à genoux, en l'appelant, comme Dieu, notre Père, parce que on effet la Foi le fait véritablement Dieu et Père!"

At 11 o'clock that same morning, Monsieur le Cure of St. Anne was packing leisurely up and down his small kitchen garden, saying his breviary.

At 5 o'clock precisely rang the "Angelus," which was, in Monsieur le Cure's establishment, the signal for a general rising.

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whatever they might be, which awaited him. Probably he was required to hear the confession of some poor *bonne femme* before she went home to her God; or a father wanted to consult him about his truant son, who would spin cockchafers on the afternoon when he ought to have been at the *Catechisme*; or, maybe, it was a notice of a funeral, or of a baptism; perhaps of a marriage, to take place before advent: some one wanted advice or assistance—Monsieur le Cure's interference, it was possible. It mattered very little what the business was. The good *cure's* life was made up of such things. His daily work was to comfort, to assist, to guide, to be a father, in fact, to any of his people, great or small, who came to demand his aid. So, to whatever duty God called him, Monsieur le Cure cheerfully responded, with the generous heartedness which distinguishes the French priesthood.

At the kitchen door he paused a moment to ask in which direction his services were required, and was told that "the young English lady"—"la petite blonde—tu sais," explained Mademoiselle Roger, in a loud whisper—"wanted to see him, and was waiting in the *salle*."

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Monsieur le Cure; after which he opened the door of the *salle* and went in.

The conversation which ensued took place of course in French. Monsieur le Cure could not speak one word of English, but for the reader's benefit I translate, keeping as near as possible to the literal form.

"Come, dear child, there is already a long time since I expected you," began the *cure*, with the kindness of true sympathy in his tone, for before she had uttered a word, he guessed Mabel's errand.

"You expected me," she answered, somewhat taken aback: "yet no one knew that I was coming to see you. I only decided myself this morning to do so."

"The good God knew it long ago," replied the *cure*, as he placed a chair for Mabel by the open window, and seated himself on the opposite side of a small, round table, which stood between them—"the good God," he continued, "tells me many things that other people do not know; but, my dear child, you do indeed look tired. You are in trouble. Ah! how I pity you!"

"Yes, I am in great trouble," said Mabel, gathering courage from the *cure's* cordial sympathy; "I have come to you, Monsieur le Cure, because I know you are a priest, and have a divine commission; and I would rather talk to you than to my English friends, who are Catholics here, because I might get them into difficulties by so doing; and yet I am very unhappy. I want some advice. But will you promise not to speak to any one of what I say to you?"

"Do not be afraid, my poor child," replied the *cure*; "tell me freely all that gives you pain, for so long a time have I prayed to the good God to allow me to help you, and you may be assured that whatever you say in confidence to the Catholic priest, it is just as if you said it to the good God Himself—say, then, is it not you will know more of our holy religion? You are not satisfied with your Protestant faith?"

This encouraged Mabel did indeed open her heart to the *Cure*, explaining, in the first place, the nature of the religious training she had undergone—a new phase of Protestantism, which amazed the good *Cure* not a little, for, educated in the seminaries of his native land, beyond which neither his duties nor his curiosity had ever led him, he had heard little of the "great Oxford movement," of Tractarianism, and nothing of the latest invention, Ritualism. When rumors of the former reached his ears, he took little interest in what he, like every other born Catholic, regarded simply as another freak of Protestantism, and he was quite unprepared to find so much of real faith, piety and earnestness in one who belonged to the heretical sect.

He listened with profound interest, while Mabel described to him the Anglican Catholic theory, exclaiming, indeed, sometimes, but not interrupting; after which she went on to tell him how doubts respecting the authority of her Church first came to disturb her peace of mind; how, in spite of all her resistance, these doubts by degrees multiplied and deepened; and how at last, unable any longer to endure the burden of her convictions, she resolved to test the truth—first by appealing to a priest of the English Church, and only in case of his failing to satisfy her as a final resource, before drifting into actual scepticism, to a priest of the Church of Rome. To the former she had appealed in vain, therefore it was she sought the *Cure's* advice. Could he, would he answer her clearly? Was it in his power to give her a satisfactory reply? Was it possible for him to demonstrate plainly upon what grounds the Roman Catholic Church claimed to be the "Unam Sanctam Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam?"

When Mabel ceased speaking, she leaned her flushed, eager face upon her hands, and, bending forward, with her eyes riveted on the *Cure's* countenance, waited for his answer, as a prisoner in the dock awaits the jurymen's verdict.

Mabel did not know it, but there was in her heart a timid, lurking hope that the *Cure's* reply being of the evasive nature which had hitherto met her inquiries, the Roman Church might prove no better able to make good its pretensions than her own, and that she might be free to turn again to her old standpoint in the Church of England, satisfied that her duty of inquiry was accomplished, and henceforth per-

sued that, as there existed nowhere undivided truth, she might conscientiously remain contented with such fragments of it as might in the future fall to her share. An answer leading to such a conclusion would have been life, its opposite would be death—death, at least, to all her hopes of earthly happiness, for not yet could Mabel's bruised spirit rise to the contemplation of the *Vitam Venturi Seculi*.

She waited, without any sign of fear, her sentence. She had counted the cost, was fully determined to be loyal, before all, to her first love, the Church, and, the hour of battle having sounded, Mabel's courage responded to the call.

"Could he help her? Would he do so?"

Of course he could help her, for his Divine Master gave him authority to teach. Would he shrink from his bounden duty?

"Would he help her?"

Ay, right willingly, with a Catholic priest's deep sympathy and devotion, with the heart of one who had drawn largely upon the inexhaustible fountain of love and zeal for souls, flowing straight into his own from the Sacred Heart of his Master.

Such was the substance of the *Cure's* reply to Mabel; after which he clearly expounded, with quiet authority, the creed of the Church respecting her Divine commission.

As she listened, Mabel's convictions grew stronger. Here at last was something positive, as yet, indeed, confined to assertion, for the *Cure* had not brought forward his proofs, waiting to do so until he should have lucidly placed before her the actual creed of the Church Catholic. But that which struck Mabel from the very outset was the certain, determined manner in which he spoke. There was no shifting, no going round corners, no hesitation in his assertions.

"It is of faith," he repeated constantly. "It is of faith," or, "The Church teaches, the Church forbids. It is, or it is not! Truth or falsehood, light or darkness?"

Such was the language used by this priest of a Church who claimed for herself the sovereignty of eighteen centuries; contrasted with the indecision which characterized the teaching of the English Establishment; how immeasurably nearer was its approach to the dignity of a Christian Church!

"I think," said Mabel at last, "I quite understand now what it is you profess to believe about a visible Church, commissioned by divine authority. I have been brought up to believe in this myself, only it was with us a theory—with you I think it is not only theory but practice."

"Ah, yes, my child!" returned the *Cure*, sadly. "You tell me that in your creed you say with us, 'I believe in the holy Catholic Church,' but your practice contradicts your assertions, for do you not admit that every sect may be in the right? Do you not think they are parts of one Church? And so you split up the Church of our Good God into every shade of different opinion, till you run hither and thither asking everyone, 'What, then, must I believe? I know not what to believe.' Ah, *mais c'est incroyable*," concluded the *cure*, with some excitement.

"Poor children, I do pity you! But do you not, then, see that your belief in the Creed and ours is very different?"

"Yes," answered Mabel, faintly, "I do see it now. You mean what you say; we twist the words to another meaning, and we do so out of charity."

"You will then be more charitable than the Good God, dear child!" said the *cure*, inquiringly. "For He says to us in the Holy Scriptures, 'If any man will not hear the voice of the Church, let him be to you as a heathen and a publican!' Have they then cut out of your Bible those words? *Ce coquin de Luther!*—he is quite capable of it."

"They are in our Bible," said Mabel, "and I am quite convinced that the Creed must be said with your meaning—not ours. Thus far, then, I believe that only one Church has Divine authority to teach. The Anglican Church will not say the Creed with your meaning; therefore I am obliged to allow that the Faith I hold is not Anglican, but Roman doctrine. What comes next?"

"I fear you are very tired, dear child, with so much thinking," interposed Monsieur le Cure, kindly.

"Would you not like to rest a little before we go any farther?"

"Oh, no, please," returned Mabel, anxiously. "You do not know, Monsieur le Cure, how terrible it is to be as I am now—neither one thing nor the other—the past delusion, all the present dark, and in the future a gulph which I feel driven to cross, and yet fear by so doing to sink into worse uncertainty."

The *cure* was visibly affected. He pulled out his handkerchief, wiped his eyes vigorously, sighed deeply several times, and then, with much gentleness of voice and manner, resumed.

"Poor child!—poor dear child! Trust yourself into the arms of Jesus and His Holy Mother, and then let yourself fall into this gulph. Ah! it is then light will come."

Mabel bowed her head silently. The *cure* was praying: she was thinking. There was a long silence, at the end of which she raised her head, the tears glistening on her eye-lashes.

"I have done as you told me," she began, in a low voice—"I am in the gulph now; but you must help me to reach the other side. Now that I know exactly what it is you believe, will you give me your proofs? I want to know next how the Church of Rome proves her authority?"

The *cure* rose, and, going to his

library, brought from thence two large, thickly bound volumes, which he placed before him on the table.

"I can, my child, prove to you satisfactorily, I trust, all that you ask. Do you read French as easily as you speak it?"

"Yes," assented Mabel; whereupon the *cure* continued:

"These are Monseigneur Gousset's volumes of '*Theologie Dogmatique*.' If you will have the patience to read carefully what I am now going to mark for you perusal, between to-day and to-morrow—to-morrow I will talk with you again, and we shall see how the arguments have satisfied you, and what difficulties you still have to propose. Will you do this?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mabel, gladly. "You have not marked much for this first day. I shall have time for more."

"Allez, allez, mon enfant!" laughed the *cure*, with an amused smile. "You have more than enough in that chapter. We will go no farther till you are quite convinced that it is our holy Catholic Church who has the authority; when you have seen that clearly proved—oh, never fear, the work is nearly finished."

This was a repetition, in other words, of Genevieve's first lesson, during that first afternoon walk. Mabel remembered it, and was silent.

"Oh! my dear, dear child," resumed the *cure*, looking very serious as he noticed the excessive weariness of Mabel's face and manner, "allons, courage, is it not? You love so much the good God, and He too, I assure you, loves you. He will not leave you in darkness; think, then, as little as you can, but go and cast yourself at His feet in the Blessed Sacrament—you who love so much that adorable sacrament. Ah! I know it. I will offer for you the holy Mass, and all my poor prayers when I recite my Breviary. *Allons, chère enfant—courage! N'est-ce pas?*—To-morrow at the same hour we will meet again, is it not?"

Then the *cure* dismissed Mabel with a fervent blessing. He was obliged to go off to a funeral. Until she had read what he gave her, there was little more to say, and she had had, the good *cure* knew, quite enough for one morning.

Mabel thanked him with an overflowing heart, going straight from his presence to cry out her sorrow in her favorite place of refuge—the convent chapel.

It was Hugh's letter that morning which had brought to a climax her wavering determination to seek the *cure's* advice—Hugh's kind, intensely loving, yet positive letter, in which he warned Mabel, in language not to be misunderstood, of the inevitable consequences that would ensue if, allowing herself to be influenced by the Vaughans, she should fall into the errors of Romanism.

This letter might have been the answer to the one she had written only a few days before. She saw no reason for awaiting the real answer—it could not come for at least two months; and in the meanwhile Hugh's letter just received had anticipated the very trouble in which she found herself. Hugh would evidently never consent to her becoming a Catholic—her doing so would involve fatal consequences to both, as far as earthly happiness was concerned; and yet Mabel could no longer conceal from herself that it was her positive duty to inquire into the truth of the Catholic Church. Her faith in the Church of England was entirely gone. Hugh's letter helped her to realize this fact with undeniable clearness, and, realizing it, Mabel had obeyed the impulse which led her to the *cure's* house.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHAT OUR MISSIONARIES ARE DOING IN EVERY LAND.

Old Times in Texas.

The pioneer missionary in many States of this Republic had an empire for his parish, spent three fourths of his days in the saddle visiting his scattered flocks, endured more hardships than did the first settlers, and had the mysterious ways of divine Providence as his daily experience.

When the late Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, first came to America, he was bound for the wild missions of Texas. He was then in the thirtieth year of his age and the third of his priesthood. He had left his native Ireland at the entreaty of Bishop Olin, and as soon as he reached the Lone Star State he was appointed pastor of Houston and all the surrounding country.

After setting in order the spiritual affairs of his central congregation, the young missionary began to make a visitation of his extensive parish. His explorations took him as far north as the Indian Territory and all through that part of the commonwealth that lies between the Brazos, Colorado and Trinity rivers. His tour was full of perils, toil, sorrow, suffering, consolation, surprises and merit.

In after years the Archbishop was fond of relating to his intimate friends his adventures on the frontier, and some of them were so edifying that they may well be reassured even as twice told tales.

Mounted on a horse, and with saddlebags stuffed with a scanty priestly outfit, Father Lynch set out from his headquarters at Houston, without purse or scrip, and unaware in the morning where he was to lay his head at night. His first sojourn was made at Spring Hill. Next he proceeded to San Jacinto where Captain William T. Sherman was then stationed; and, later, he went from settlement to settlement, mostly along the courses of the rivers, or wherever in the back-

woods he heard of the presence of a Catholic family. He traversed boundless prairies. He forced a way through dense wild woods. He swam broad rivers. He advanced alone across pathless stretches of country. He preached in hotels, court-houses, schools, halls, stores and the open air. He catechized children. He administered the life-giving Sacraments to many persons who had not seen the face of a priest in years. He anointed the dying. He buried the dead.

Often he lost his way, and then, when night came upon him before he had found shelter in that immense but, at the time, sparsely settled region, he hobbled his horse and lay down on the ground, sometimes without food, with his saddlebags for pillow and the canopy of heaven for his covering, in the midst of savanna or forest, with the cry of the coyote or the howl of the wolf for his lullaby.

Worn out with fatigue he needed no rocking to put him to sleep. Once, as he sought rest on the plain, he was partly aroused by a snake crawling over his face, but so utterly exhausted was he that he had not energy enough to rouse up and brush the reptile off.

Frequently too, when he had thus strayed away from his bearings, he came unexpectedly upon the very persons of whom he was in search, or upon others who equally needed his services and of whom he had not heard.

Once for instance on his way to the Brazos river, he lost the trail in the woods. He went back a bit to hunt for it, but could see no sign of it; then he pressed on in the direction in which he thought that his route lay. The daylight gradually faded into dark. There was no moon until late, but myriads of fire-flies flashed in the gloom. Still he kept on, for bears and other beasts of prey were numerous in that neighborhood, and he was afraid that he would be attacked by them in case he should go to sleep. Finally he reached the river; but he did not strike it at the ferry. He shouted and shouted, but no answering halloo came back upon his call. He rode along the bank, whooping at intervals for an hour or more. Then he heard a shrill hail from across the shore.

This was followed by the rattle of a chain as it was taken into a boat. Soon a skiff, rowed by a man, and a girl, emerged from the haze on the water and came to shore. Father Lynch explained his situation and was invited to spend the rest of the night at the settler's cabin. On the way over he informed his host that he was a priest. The answer was—

"Then you're more welcome than ever. My wife's a Catholic; so am I; so are the children. This is my darter, one of 'em. I was born here in the piney-woods, but my wife, she's Irish. After we wuz married, wife learned me her religion from a catechism and a prayer-book. Some years back a priest came up here and baptised me and the children—then that was here then. I never seen one before nor since. Nor never was I in a Catholic church. But we try to remember what we ought to do, and my wife, well, wont she be glad to see you?"

Glad she was, and most hospitably did she receive her unexpected guest. They all stayed up some time talking, and as the next day was Sunday, Father Lynch before retiring, gave the family the good news that he would say Mass for them in the morning. Bright and early the next day he offered up the Holy Sacrifice for them in their rude dwelling, and gave the husband his First Communion and the wife her first in many years.

Before saying the Mass, the missionary was told something that perturbed him as a temptation to distraction all the way through it. Of course he needed an assistant and was told by his host that if he would wait for the stage to come up, the driver of it would act as his acolyte.

"Then he's a Catholic?" he said inquiringly.

"No, Father, he's a preacher."

"A preacher?"

"Yes, Father, he's a Methodist preacher."

"Well we'll get along without him."

How a Methodist preacher could know how to serve the Mass was what bothered the priest until, later in the day when he met that versatile individual, he learned from him that he had been brought up a Catholic and had been an altar boy in his youth, but that, having drifted to the back-woods of Texas, remote from church, he had occasionally attended the meeting of the Methodists and eventually, having a fluent tongue, he had developed into a parson. Stage driving was not highly remunerative and

A SEDENTARY OCCUPATION.

plenty of sitting down and not much exercise, ought to have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They absolutely and permanently cure Constipation. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet is a

corrective, a regulator, a gentle laxative. They're the smallest, the easiest to take, and the most natural remedy—no reaction afterward. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all stomach and bowel derangements are prevented, relieved and cured.

A "COLD IN THE HEAD" is quickly cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So is Catarrh of the Headache, and every trouble caused by Catarrh. So is Catarrh itself. The proprietors offer \$500 for any case which they cannot cure.

Minaud's Lintment relieves Neuralgia.

preaching added to its income the sum of fifteen dollars a month.

"But I never preach against the Pope," he said apologetically, "I just give 'em moral sermons."—Sacred Heart Review.

AT HAND

In a dangerous emergency, AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is prompt to act and sure to cure. A dose taken on the first symptoms of Croup or Bronchitis, checks further progress of these complaints. It softens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed membrane, and induces sleep. As a remedy for colds, coughs, loss of voice, la grippe, pneumonia, and even consumption, in its early stages

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

exceeds all similar preparations. It is endorsed by leading physicians, is agreeable to the taste, does not interfere with digestion, and needs to be taken usually in small doses.

"From repeated tests in my own family, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved itself a very efficient remedy for colds, croup, and all the various disorders of the throat and lungs."—A. W. Bartlett, Fitchburg, N. H.

"For the last 25 years I have been taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for lung troubles, and am assured that it has done me good."—J. M. Matthews, F. Lowell, Mass.

"My wife suffered from a cold; nothing helped her but Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which effected a cure."—E. Amers, Plympton, N. S.

Saved My Life

I have recommended it to hundreds. I find the most effective way of taking this medicine is in small and frequent doses."—T. M. Matthews, F. Lowell, Mass.

"My wife suffered from a cold; nothing helped her but Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which effected a cure."—E. Amers, Plympton, N. S.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral