

THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Catholic in the Derry Municipal Election. The English Martyrs—Death in Filibuster of a Catholic Minister.

The Duke of Argyll presided at the annual meeting of the Ulster Convention League held at Belfast. His Grace, in opening the proceedings, said he was not one of those who believed Home Rule dead.

The Rev. Patrick M'Namoo, late Catholic curate in the parish of Ballynashabb, County Armagh, is dead.

The Carlow Nationalists says—Readers of the public newspapers will have observed Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, M.P., the eminent historian, from time to time expressing himself with considerable bitterness regarding rent reductions in Ireland.

Mr. P. Meado is mayor of Cork. Sister Stanislaus, one of the oldest and most beloved members of the nuns of the Presentation Order, Mitchelstown is dead.

The Nationalists of Derry have been greatly elevated by their first taste of liberty in local affairs. "Emancipation is felt to day for the first time in Derry," says the Derry Journal.

His Holiness Leo XIII. has conferred the Degree of Doctor of Divinity on Very Reverend Patrick O'Leary, Senior Dean in the College of St. Patrick's, Maynooth.

Michael Lyden, poor-rate collector, Clifden, protected by a party of twenty policemen in charge of D. I. Lowndes, proceeded to the two islands of Innishat and Innishark for the collecting or endeavoring to collect poor and seed rates.

The Rev. Richard Henry Cotter, M. A. late Rector of Ardanny, Diocese of Limerick, has been evicted parish by Under-Sheriff Benjamin Lucas.

Mr. Michael Gussack is mayor of Limerick. Mr. Peter Lynch is mayor of Drogheda.

Mr. MoHugh is re-elected mayor of Sligo. Mrs. Ellen Sadlier, killed her four children at Cappawhite, near Limerick, she has been examined in Limerick jail by Dr. Holmes, Visiting Physician to the jail and Dr. O'Neill, Resident Medical Superintendent of the District Lunatic Asylum, who pronounced her to be insane.

The defeat of the combination of Redmondites and Unionists which tried to oust Mr. Thomas Condon, M. P., from the position of Alderman in Clonmel is distinctly welcome. Every device was tried to effect his defeat, and the result is that he heads the poll.

Alderman Burke is mayor of Clonmel. Alderman Smith is mayor of Waterford.

ENGLAND

The English Martyrs. Dec. 1st, was the Feast of the Blessed Richard Whiting, Abbot of Glasterbury, Hugh Farringdon, of Reading, and John Beche, of Colchester, and Companions, in all seven, who suffered martyrdom in testimony of the Catholic Faith and Papal Supremacy in 1539.

A solemn drama in each of the Benedictine churches in Liverpool. In the year mentioned three abbots of the Order of St. Benedict, together with four other members of the same Order, suffered martyrdom under Henry VIII, King of England, enraged against all who upheld the Primacy of the Roman See.

Madama said, "She is a very adventurous and independent young lady, M. Silvain. When her father died three years ago, leaving her to face the world alone, she adopted music as her profession, and, not being appreciated in her native place, Rouen, came up to Paris—"

"And she will be famous some day," remarked M. Silvain, "and may be she will find a surer road to happiness than marriage."

"If you consider marriage equivalent to happiness, M. Silvain, pardon me for asking how it is you are still a bachelor."

"I see that you admire my young friend," said Madame, when the two were chatting aside.

"She is adorable! such a union of grace, beauty, and sweetness I have never seen."

"You must be a very acute observer to discover her angelic qualities after being only five minutes in her company. But perhaps you have heard something of her history—though I don't know who can have told you."

"I have heard of him, Madame."

M. Silvain coughed, and changed his position abruptly. "And this person—Mathieu—how could he accept the reparation, knowing that she had reduced herself to poverty in order to—"

Monsieur Silvain's Secret

Monsieur Silvain, who was a bachelor, occupied rooms in the Rue Vivienne, on the second floor, and below him was his neighbor, Mme. Everard, the widow of a Colonel.

"Perhaps not," she acquiesced mildly, "but as I happen to be already engaged to Maurice Delaunay—"

"Did you not tell me that the engagement had been broken off by his people three years ago?"

"Yes—but not by himself. He would have married me in defiance of them, but I told him that I would not be his wife till—till I had fulfilled my task and cleared my father's name of the stain of dishonor."

"And you think he will wait for you?" her friend questioned, with a typically compassionate smile.

"I am sure of it. I am sure of his fidelity. 'Work, wait, and trust,' that is my motto."

As she crossed the Pont Neuf next day Renee paused for a moment to drop a contribution into the leather wallet of an old wooden-legged fiddler, familiarly known to Parisians by the soubriquet of Poro Joux.

"My little lute, you have given me a silver piece; did you know?"

"Yes, I have no coppers. Is it not a good one?" she asked.

"Quite good, and a new one, too! I shall keep it for luck," he replied, and he broke into the tune of "Monsieur et Madame Douis."

Safely looked in his own room, he stood for a moment looking vaguely round, like one waking from a dream, then, becoming conscious of the roses in his hand, he flung them from him with a passionate ejaculation, and sitting down at the table, let his head fall on his shoulders and cried like a child.

"I am come to sould you, M. Silvain," said Renee, with a sweet smile. "Martha tells us that you refused to come in because we had a visitor. Surely you did not think you would be intruding?"

"I am very sorry," she said, gently. "I have all our troubles—you have yours also, my child, have you not?"

"My little lute, you have given me a silver piece; did you know?"

"Yes, I have no coppers. Is it not a good one?" she asked.

"Quite good, and a new one, too! I shall keep it for luck," he replied, and he broke into the tune of "Monsieur et Madame Douis."

Renee found herself humming the refrain of the foolish old song as she went her way. Her heart thrilled with the longing to see Maurice again; to hear once more the dear familiar voice which to her was the sweetest music the world could give.

"I intend to spend New Year's Day with you," said Maurice. "Till then, good-bye, sweet lute. I leave my heart in your keeping."

"As mine is in yours," she whispered as they parted.

I was the last day of the old year. For the first time on record M. Silvain so far departed from his usual habits as not to leave home till after noon.

He shook his head, smiling contentedly. "No, not ill, only a little low spirited."

"I am very sorry," she said, gently. "I have all our troubles—you have yours also, my child, have you not?"

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to have done—if I had lived. There is no obstacle now between you—and your lover. God bless you both. How dark grows and cold! Do not be sorry for me, dear—I am quite content," he continued, with a tranquil smile.

"Quite content," he repeated; and with the smile on his lips he died.

On the afternoon of their wedding day, before starting on their journey into Normandy, Renee and Maurice crossed the Pont Neuf once more, to pay a last visit to Poro Joux's old haunt.

"I am glad no one has taken his place," Renee said softly, after a moment; "it would seem almost like desecration. I fancy I can still hear the sound of his violin!"

Maurice looked down at her fondly. "Yes," she concluded, with a happy smile; "Sorrow endured for a night, but joy has come with the morning!"

Catholic Novelists.

FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING POST. The schools of fiction multiply and vary so rapidly that it is hard for an ordinary memory to retain even their backbone, as he did his Arabidships, but such facts are not for the rest of us. We should be duly thankful, accordingly, for an attempt to systematically and clearly our knowledge in this important sphere. For such an attempt we are indebted to a recent publication, "A Round Table of the Representative American Catholic Novelists" (Benziger Bros.), together with which we receive an article by Mr. Charles J. O'Malley on "The New School of Catholic Fiction," reprinted from the November Catholic Book News.

It seems that the American School of Catholic Fiction was "in its infancy" ten years ago. "Its first movements," says Mr. O'Malley, "were watched with some suspicion." This would be justified, we think, in the case of any new school of fiction. And the worst fears seem to be realized when it was found that what the new movement appeared to be developing into was a Controversial School. The novels it produced were animated catechisms—and not too animated at that, as we are assured that "there was little of logic." Much logic and little life can hardly combine to make an interesting novel. In fact, Mr. O'Malley admits that the Controversial School was a failure. It had the praiseworthy intention of making converts, but, unluckily, this design "was too evident." We can well believe this. In vain is the controversial novel spread in the sight of any bird. Human depravity never more clearly reveals itself than in the way it rebels against wholesome truth in the very thing that disfigures a novel.

But gradually the Controversial School gave way to the Catholic Realists. Mr. O'Malley does not seem to us very clear about the exact order of evolution. He affirms that Cardinal Newman's "Apologia" discouraged the writers of "stories of conversion," but the "Apologia" was published in 1844, and the Controversial School was nevertheless flourishing twenty years later. Anyhow, it "was not of us," and "within the last few years a new school of Catholic fiction has arisen." It is essentially Catholic in tone, but it attempts greater approach to art and strives to be more more natural. It still aims to convert, but goes about the work more craftily. The reader may get as far as chap. iv, before discovering that what he has in hand is a tract, not a novel. Yet Mr. O'Malley is confident that the new school will, in time, overcome its present limitations, and be in the future "a giant force." This seems to imply, though we may be mistaken about this, that Catholic fiction is to become a giant force by ceasing to be Catholic, or by developing into that peculiar thing which Huxley called "Catholicism without Christianity."

An analysis of "one of the strongest, if indeed not the very strongest, of the American Catholic works of fiction" is given to show what manner of man the Catholic Realists are. The work in question is "Mr. Billy Buttons." In its pages we see only real people. This is shown by the fact that they "are not unaturally pious." There can be no surer mark of life-like reality. For our part, we find it impossible to conceive of Billy Buttons as unaturally pious. Yet we are assured that it is impossible not to love him. Nor can any but the coldest heart fail to feel pity for poor Skinny Bonnet. Do we not find Blind Caggs everywhere in the lowly walks of life? Do we not see Coskey Blithers every day for ourselves, we do. The very names are for us a sufficient guarantee of minute and photographic accuracy. As soon as we hear of Squidville in the Adirondacks, we are convinced that it is a "genuine village," and is "full of life, of laughter, of love, tears and prayers." Such is the convincing power of Catholic Realism.

SAVE, CAPTAIN, PROMPT, ECONOMY.—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr. THOMAS' PAIN-EXPELLER. A standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throats, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, lessens troubles, excoriations, sores, lacerations and physical pain.