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AGENTS for the DOMINION. CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing various Catholic periodicals such as 'New York Tablet', 'Boston Pilot', and 'Dublin Review' with their respective prices.

JUST RECEIVED. A fine LITHOGRAPH of BISMARCK—'SATAN AND THE CRUISE'—size 19x24 inches, Price, 25 cts.

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

WRITTEN FOR THE 'TRUE WITNESS.' A SUMMER MORN. A breath as it from happy Paradise, [steep: This fair June morn seems the bright would to A look of heaven is in the gentle skies, Its voice is murmuring 'round us in the deep, Deep tone Heard by the immortal spirit's ear alone.

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

By LADY DACRE. CHAPTER XX—(Continued.) Winifred had scarcely detailed her proposed measures, when he vehemently refused to engage in what he thought could not be carried into execution without compromising others.

no right to expect it; but that you should not reproach me with wilfully neglecting any means of safety, I will consent to a petition being presented to King George by you yourself. If anything can move him, it must be the sight of distress such as yours—and in such a form as that! he added, looking upon her, as, like a marble statue, she sat with lips apart, her slender throat bent forward, and her eyes fixed upon him.

of those more ceremonious times, and the Lady Nairne received her with due attention. It was not till Lady Nithsdale had made many apologies for so sudden a visit to one with whose acquaintance she had not previously been honored, and had begun to explain the cause of her intrusion, that the vehemence of her emotion made her break through trammels imposed by custom; and she adjured her, by her own hope of saving her husband's life, by her own hope of preserving a father to her children, to give her the support of her company and countenance to the king's presence.

apartments to the drawing-room. The ladies placed themselves in the recess of the middle window of the three which occupied one side of the apartment; and somewhat concealed by the curtains, they there awaited the coming of the king. Upon the most trifling occasions expectation makes the heart beat; the watching the opening of a door, the entrance of any particular individual, excites a certain emotion. What must then have been the feelings of the countess, as, with her eyes riveted upon the folding doors through which his majesty was to enter, she fancied every moment she saw them move! And when they unfolded, and some of the lords of the bedchamber passed forth, each time turned an anxious, inquiring glance on Mrs. Morgan, to know if this might be the king.

ence, and enjoying every blessing that could accompany old age. "Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," he died—as he had lived—a true, conscientious, and practical Catholic, leaving behind him a name the most honored and cherished in the history of Catholic statesmen and patriots in the United States. How blest is the lot of the true patriot! The eternal gratitude of his countrymen follows his name, the admiration of each succeeding age consecrates his memory, time, which destroys so many other things, only increases his fame, and the genius of freedom sentences his tomb and guards his grave as a sacred spot—as a perpetual object of interest, of love, and inspiration for unborn generations.