Love thy God, and love Him only, And thy breast will ne'er be lonely; And the breast will ne'er be lonely; In that one great spirit meet.

All things mighty, grave and sweet.

Vainly strive the soul to mingle.

With a being of one kind.

Vainly hearts with hearts are twined,

For the deepest still is single.

An impalpable resistance.

Holds like nature still at distance,

Mortal! love that Holy One,

Or dwell for aye alone! AUBREY DE VERB.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

With delicate hand and open brow. Like Parian marble fair, Know ye him not? 'Tis Tracy de Vere, The baron's beautful heir.

'Tis Tracy de Vere, the castle's pride, The rich, the noble born, Pacing along the sunlit sod, With the step of a playful fawn.

There's a halcyon smile spread o'er his face Shedding a bright and radiant grace, There's a sweetness of sound in his laughing Betraying the gentle spirit he owns.

He teaches her how to note the hours where the sunbeams rest, wades for her where the virgin flowers accfully bend 'neath the caseade's show To pluck the whitest and best.

He tells her the curious legends of old Known by each mountaineer; He tells her stories of ghost and fay, Waking her wonder and fear.

Eliza Cook. Then pray for a soul in peril,

Then pray for a soul in peril,
A soul for which Jesus died;
Ask by the cross that bore him,
And by her who stood beside.
And the angels of God will thank you,
And bend from their throne of light,
To tell you that Heaven rejoices
At the deed you have done to night.
Adelaide Proctor.
There has been a long-standing traditional forms of the soul standard of the contract of the soul standard of the contract of the soul standard of

onary friendship, and more than one in-termarriage, between the family of the de la Croix's and that of Henri d'Auban. In the preceding century the heads of both families had been zealous partisans of the League, and had fought side by side under the command of Guise and Joyeuse. D'Auban's grandfather had made considerable pecuniary sacrifices to ransom from captivity the father of the present Baron de la Croix; and when peace was made and the fortunes of his friend re-established, he would never consent to be reimbursed. The memory of this debt of gratitude had been bequeathed by old Pierre de la Croix to his son as a sacred legacy. And though the meetings be-tween the present representatives of these two families had been few and far between, when they did take place nothing could exceed the friendliness and cordiality of their relations. Baron Charles was an ex-cellent man, and a kind one, too, notwithstanding a certain abruptness of tone, which betokened a more habitual intercourse with inferiors and dependants than with his equals. He had not what was then called "l'air de la cour." But in his manner to women there was a courteousness which savoured of the days of chi-valry. Since he had been made Provost valry. Since he had been made Provost of the Forez, a slight pomposity of langu-age and demeanour marked the good old man's sense of his exalted position and arduous respon ibility. His defects were Maistre used to say, "Grattez le Russe, vons trouverez le Tartare." It might have been said of the baron, "Grattez le tyran, vous trouverez le pere;" for, whilst he rated his tenants in the blustering fashion he had learnt as a youth in camps, and apparently governed his family in a despomanner, it was generally supposed that wife, the century, and his handsome daughter-inlaw, the widow of his only with him what they liked; but that his daughters, the twin sisters, merry pretty Bertha and the grave and sedate Isaure, turned him round their slender fingers with very little difficulty. As to M. le Chevalier, who, had he not turned round his fingers in that old castle since the day weeks after his father had been killed at the siege of Luneville, he opened his eyes on a world which as yet had not proved to him, one of trouble. This young gentleman was eighteen years of age, and had never known a greater sor-row than leaving home for the college where he had just finished his studies; or ss of a favorite pointer which had died a few days before that on which he rode out with his grandfather and some their tenants to meet Madame and Mademoiselle d'Auban, who were to arrive at the neighbouring town of Montbriwoods of the Forez had been lately infested with robbers, forming part of Mandrin's famous gang, and the baron deemed it prudent to send his carriage and four to meet the travellers, and to escort them to meet the travellers and the second to see if she had taken notice of it. She smiled, and from that moment he found many opportunities of directing her son in the course of the afternoon. The lier aoul was delighted at the prospect of visitors. A more light-hearted ye gentilhomme could not easily have been found in the light-hearted land of France; his black eyes had an expression of good-humored espieglerie, and his laugh an irresistibly contegious merriment which bewitched old and young. As he made his horse curvet and plunge

ment was getting under weigh, his sisters stood at the window kissing their hands, and Bertha said to Isaure:
"How carefully Raoul has powdered his

becoming coat sister. I suspect grandpapa has let the cat out of the bag."

"What cat and what bag?" asked Isaure, who had her wits less about her than her twin sister.

"If you have not guessed I will not tell you, my sweet Isaure. I believe that when M. le Cure publishes the bands of marriage between Isaure de la Croix and Roger d'Estourville, you will ask in that same dreamy manner, 'Who is it that is to be married come next Midsummer?' "Giddy girl," said Isaure, blushing and ighing. "No fear that everybody will "Giddy girl," said Isaure, buishing and laughing. "No fear that everybody will not know in and round the castle when your wedding is at hand. Ah me! was there ever such a wagging tongue or so blithe a heart as yours. You and Raoul ought to have been born on the same day—

Grandpapa is never so pleased as when he has an excuse for calling out his body-guard; and M. le Chevalier will not be sorry to show off that gray steed in the eyes of the ladies."
"How I wish it was autumn, that we

might fill the grape baskets for the bed-"It is like you, Isaure, to like autumn

better than spring, and fruit than flowers."
"We might get a few early strawberries,

perhaps, which, in a corbeille with green moss, would look pretty."
"I have a mind to make a wreath of violets like the one you wore at Marianne's wedding last week, and put it on the low

"Does not mamma want you in the "No, she and grandmamma are there as

"No, she and grandmamma are there as busy as two bees. They say they do not want a buzzing-fly like me." "Well, go and get your violets, and I will go to the strawberry-bed, and take all the ripe ones in spite of gardener grand Louis's cross looks."

"But do not before your task is half done, pull a book out of your pocket, and sit down like an idle girl in the orchard. Ever since Roger called you Clemence Isaure you are never without a book in your hand. And I do not feel sure that you do "Fie Bertha, how can you say such a

"Well, I would if I could. It's a sort of

And one sister went in search of flowers, and carolling like a bird, and the other knelt beside the strawberry-bed, filling her basket and repeating the while in a low voice lines which she had made the day her parents told her she was to marry day her parents told her she was to many Roger d'Estourville, with whom she had once danced a minuet, and who had picked up a rose she had dropped, as he led her back to her seat. In those olden times many a little romance was mixed up with the formalities of marriages of convenance, as they were called in times agreeably sur-prised by the order to accept as a husband one whom she had timidly loved from her childhood, or had fallen in love with at first sight, during a brief interview under the eyes of her parents. It does not seem clear when we study their lives that women loved their husbands less or were less loved by them in the days of Lady them in the days less loved by them in the days of Lady Russell, Lady Derwentwater, Lady Nithsdale, Madame de Montmorency, or Madame La Roche Jacquelin, than in our

The baron and his son had been for some time standing under the shade of the plane trees, in the promenade at Montbrison, when the Paris diligence arrived in sight. As it stopped at the door of the inn, M. de la Croix went to the carriagedoor to greet Madame d'Auban and her daughter. He informed her in a set speech that he had considered it a duty as well as a pleasure to offer her the protection of escort from Montbrison to his chateau, the roads and woods having been lately infested by robbers, although it was to be hoped that the measures he had taken, as Provost of the Forez, had dispersed the gang and ensured public safety. He then conducted her to his carriage and four, which was drawn up on the other side of the place, and calling his grandson, he said, 'Permit me to introduce to you the chevalier Raoul de la Croix.' The che-valier's black eyes met Mina's blue orbs; if ever a youth of eighteen fell in love at first sight with a girl of thirteen, the baron's grandson did so on that sunny afternoon in June under the plane trees of Montbrison, as he handed into his grand-Monthrison, as he handed into his grand-father's carriage, Mademoiselle Wilhel-mina d'Auban. He mounted his gray horse and rode on one side of the stately old coach, the baron on the other, and their retainers before and behind it. A pleasant change it was for travellers weary of the high road, its noise, and its dust, to be rolling along the green natural avenue of a forest, resting on soft cushions, with of a forest, resting on soft cushions, with no noise in their ears but the light tramp of the horses' feet and no glare to hurt their eyes now that the noonday rays were shining through the branches of the

overarching trees.

Madame d'Auban felt carried back to the days of her youth. She could fancy herself emerging from the gates of the palace at Wolfenbuttle, and driving through the green woods of its domain. She thought of the other Wilhelmina who had then sat by her side, and had a little difficulty in attending to the baron as he rode and talked with her at the caraiage window. Mina was delighted at the no velty of the scene. The sound of the pos-tilion's horns, the rapid motion, the horse and the riders, the rists of woodland scenery—the graceful gambols of two large does who formed part of the cortege, pleased and amused the little girl, who had been so long amidst painful or uncongenfound many opportunities of directing her attention to objects of interest on the road: sometimes to a deer bounding across the glade, or to a group of children gather-ing wild flowers on a bank, or to a flight of birds careering across the sky. When there was nothing else to show, he showed off a little himself, and with a sidelong glance took notice of the admiring loo she gave to the prancing gray, who chafed the bit and speckled his mane with foam with admirable docility to his rider's de-

At last they came in sight of the chateau de la Croix, an old stately residence, half fortress, and half palace. Part of it had fallen in ruins and was covered with ivy and gray liehens. The walls which surrounded it, and the gateway at the en-trance were crowned with a fringe of lark-spurs and gillyflowers; and a little trickling stream edged with blue forget-me-nots, and teeming with water-cresses, flowed through the moat which encircled it. Mina had never seen anything the least like this before; though what she had read and pictured to herself as she read, gave her the feeling which most people have known some time or other, of recognizing in a new scene the visible image of a long familiar dream. Has not the view of the Roman Campagna from the steps of St. John of Lateran or the Garden of the Villa Mattei answered, in a startling man-Villa Mattei answered, in a starting manner, to the visions which have haunted the minds of many to whom Rome is an object of artistic worship, if not of religious "He is the best brother that ever lived," said Isaure.

"If he is ever so good, he cannot be betnot you and I, sister."

"There they go," cried Bertha as the cavaleade went out at the porter's gave.

minds of many to whom Rome is an object of artistic worship, if not of religious yene ation? When the coach drove us to

the bottom of the winding staircase leading to the suite of apartments inhabited by the family, Madame de la Croix and her daughter-in-law came half way down the steps to greet their visitors. Bertha

and Isaure were occupied in restraining the dogs, who wished to give them an equally cordial, but more troublesome, welcome. But their bright eyes spake the words, and when they all met in the principal salon the girls embraced Mina, and then quite activished at her height and then quite astonished at her height wondered if she could be only thirteen years old. She was as tall as themselves —as tall as Isaure, who was going to be married in a few weeks. They were more like pretty fairies, these twin sisters, than grown-up women. Raoul, who was a vear younger, had always taken upon himself the airs of an elder brother. Madame de la Craix me. ame de la Croix was an imposing-looking person, whose regular features and serene person, whose regular reatures and serence countenance retained their beauty in old age. She was formal in manner, but very kind. There were traces of sorrow in her face, of a quiet, long-accepted, softened age. Services her and Madame Armand. grief. Between her and Madame Armand de la Croix, the mother of Baoul and his sisters, there was an affection which made

the old cure call them Naomi and Ruth. During eighteen years they had clung to each other as they had done on the when the Marechal de Villar's letter had fallen as a thunderbolt on their two hearts. "Long live France, and long live the king," he had written. "The Baron Ar-mand de la Croix has died as a hero, with the enemy's colours in his hand." Thad suffered together, and strengthe each others purpose not to let the shadow of their grief fall on the sunshiny lives of the three young creatures playing and laughing at their feet, and the declining years of the Baron who concentrated on these children all the love of a nature these children all the love of a nature more fitted for joy th n for sorrow. And so it was a happy home, in spite of one great grief shrined in the sanctuary of an und mg love. And that happiness was contagi. us. The old-fashioned simplicity of manners, the reverential manner of the children towards the parents, the patriarc hal relations between the masters and the servants, the tenants and their lord-the s mple, pious customs of the peasantry, and the inexhaustible charity of the two methers as they were fondly called in and around the castle, formed an atmosphere of peace and joy which insensibly influenced all within its sphere. It told also on

The young slight girl, the fawn-like child, Of green savannahs and the leafy wild, Yet one who knew how early tears are shed.

It brought back childhood and its sweet merriment to her over-wrought heart. It chased away what was too keen and too bitter in the memories of the last years. It soothed the grief of her late parting with her Indian brother, and substituted other thoughts for her long, solitary mus-ings on the mystery which she dimly dis-cerned in the lives of her parents. But at first there was a little formality in her intercourse with the young de la Croixs. Isaure and Bertha, and even Raoul, were more reserved than the young people she had lately known in Paris. Dinner was served soon after the arrival of the stranserved soon after the arrival of the strangers, and Raoul supplied every possible and impossible want of hers with watchful assiduity; but though on the most affectionate footing with their parents, the old-fashioned etiquette was preserved in this family, and the son and daughters maintained an almost unbroken silence whilst "Good night" in the patois of the countries of the world. When they went through the village, the world was preserved in this statement of the village, the world was preserved in this statement of the village, the world was preserved in this statement of the village, the world was preserved in this statement of the village, the world was preserved in this statement of the village, the world was preserved as the volume of the village, the world was preserved as the volume of the village, the tained an almost unbroken silence whilst their elders conversed. But after dinner they went out, and then their tongues were loosened. The three girls walked up and down the terrace, and Mina asked a thousand questions about the old castle; its gray thick walls, its turrets, and its battlements filled her with astonishment. She could not believe, she said, that men had made it. Bertha Lughed, and said, Men were giants in those days "-a fact borne out by history, but which to a bride. she had drawn from a volume of old romaunts, the only book beside her livre d'heu res she had much read.

res she had much read.

Isaure pointed out to Mina the dungeons of the old fortress. "There is a secret chamber beneath the tower," she said, where Elise de Sabran was murdered by her lover. Her ghost is sometimes seen on the turret stairs, and it is also said that Roger le Jaune, one of our ancestors, died of hunger in the vaults on the east side because he would not betray the king's

"I should like to see his ghost," said Mina, earnestly. "He must have been a brave man.

"Oh, what a strange idea?" cried Bertha, "to want to see a ghost. I should not like a visit from the other world; not even from a saint, I think."

"Perhaps," said Isaure "Mademoiselle nopes the ghost of Baron Roger would tell ner the king's secret. But you would her the king's secret. But you would have to ask him. Ghosts never speak

"Who are they who know so much of ghosts, fair Isaure?" cried a voice behind the speaker. This was Raoul, who had watched for an opportunity to join the trio. There was something catching in his laugh; both his sisters and Mina joined in t, though Isaure scolded him fo r startling bird flew across the terrace, and Mina exclaimed: "Oh, should you not like to be that

"Why, why, mademoiselle?" Raoul

'Because he is flying over the walls." "And are you longing to go beyond them Mademoiselle Mina?"

"Oh, yes. The country looks so pretty."
"Then I will go and ask the three mothers—you know we have two of our own—if, under my escort and protection, the young ladies may issue forth from the

castle walls and visit the environs He went on his errand, and Isaure said "Did you notice my brother's horse this

morning? It is reckoned the handsomest gray in the whole province."
"Oh, yes; he has such a beautiful

arched neck, and looks so spirited and so proud." "And do you not think Raoul rides very well?" asked Bertha, in her turn.
"Yes, very well indeed. He and his horse seem to make one, like the statues of Centaurs in the galleries at Paris."

"I think," said Bertha, "Raoul never

ter than mine." answered Mina.

dian.

"Oh, what a funny thing!" exclaimed Bertha, bursting out laughing, "to have a savage for a brother." "He is not a savage," said Mina red-dening. "He is as good as any white man

"But not so handsome as Raoul?"
"I don't know about that. Ontara ha beautiful eyes, and a dark, clear, brown "Oh, how frightful, dear Mina! I would

not for all the world exchange brothers with you."
"Nor I with you," Mina answered with

"No, of course not," said Bertha laugh-

ng, "because, if Raoul was your brother, he could not be your—"

She stopped short and coloured.
"My what?" Mina answered with a

"My what?" Mina answered with a puzzled look.
"Oh, nothing, nothing. It was old Nanette put it into my head. Never mind, Isaure," she said, kissing her sister, "don't look so grave; I have not said anything. How old are you Mademoiselle Mina?"

"Thirteen; but please do not call me Mademoiselle. Nobedy does. You know I am not French. I am an Indian girl."
"I know, a creole. Brother," she said to Raoul, who had returned with the desired permission, and was leading the way towards the castle gate, "what do you guess Mina's age to be?" "I cannot guess, sister, because I know," he replied, and then they all went out

through the entrance-court, and conducted their guest all over the curious and picturesque ins and outs of the old fortress, which had been by degrees turned into a family residence. They visited the quaint parterres, gay with every variety of sweet-smelling and bright-coloured flowers: the bees and the doves, Isaure's pets; and Bertha's chickens; and Raoul took them to the kennel and into the stables, and showed Mina the dun pony whom, if she liked, she might ride the next day, a thing she had not done since her father used to carry her with him on his own horse at St. Agathe. The walk was a pleasant one, and Mina's spirits rose apace in the society of her new friends. Their liveliness; their gay, joyous laughter, the exuberance of their youthful spirits, was unlike anything she had yet known. It acted upon her like refreshing air or spark-ling wine on an exhausted frame. Raoul was the gayest of them all. His jokes, his stories, his nonsense, the good-humored stories, his nonsense, the good-humored mischievousness which placed about his handsome face, the innocent malice of his dark eyes, the droll questions he put to her, his funny views of people and things amused and charmed her. There had been in her life so little of merriment. Wit, and vivacity, and keen encounters of the tongue, she had witnessed in the salon of the Hotel d'Orgeville, but none of the which takes its source in innocent and happy hearts, which have never been in contact with the cares, the miseries, or the vices of the world.

RESTITUTION.

THE MATTER OF RESTITUTION A MOST IM-PORTANT ONE.

Last Sunday, in St. Charles Borromeo's Church, Brooklyn, the Reverend Father Ward delivered an able discourse on "Restitution," taking "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's." Having explained things that are God's." Having explained the text and pointed out the malignant hatred of the Jews towards our Blessed Lord, Father Ward proceeded to speak of the sin of injustice, exhorting his hearers, in case any of them happened to be in possession of ill-gotten property, to restore it the moment they were able. If they could and would not the Pope himself could not absolve them. He reveved self could not absolve them. He proved this from Holy Writ, the Fathers of the Church, and also from reason itself, which prompts the observance of the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as we have others do unto us." Good order in society de-pends upon our honesty to our fellow men. The law forbidding injustice at the same time demands the fullest restitution. St. Augustine says that the sin of injustice cannot be forgiven until restitution be made, and St. Thomas declared that there can be no hope of reconciliation with God until a man makes the fullest restitution. No matter what good works a man may perform, no matter if he gives the most abundant alms, even if he gives his body to be burned in the flames, if that man does not make restitution when he is able he will be with the reprobate in hell for-

I wish you to understand that it is not ny desire to excite a groundless fear in your hearts; but I tell you this: that he who dies possessed of another's goods will most assuredly be shut out from Heaven. The eternal God himself cannot exempt us from fulfilling this important duty of justice to our fellow-man. He has given power to his priests to dispense in the laws of the Church, he has gone so far as to give them power to remit the temporal punishment due to sin; but when a question of justice prices the science. punishment due to sin; but when a question of justice arises the priests of God are utterly powerless. Though the power is given to them of loosing and binding yet their hands are chained when there is question of restitution. No Pope, nor Bishop, nor priest can absolve a person who does not make restitution when he has it in his power; and if such a person

"I did not know you had one. Raoul said you were an only child."

"I have an adopted brother, an Inmoment he becomes aware of the fact that larger three or four times since, and each time three or four times since, and each time he is not the lawful owner, that moment he must make restitution, otherwise, he will be an enemy of God. There must be no subterfuges in this matter. We cannot even give alms with the property of another, for alms, to be meritorious, must be our own. In this way Father Ward dwelt on this practical subject, going into details and making a great impression on the congregation

> THE KNOCK APPARITIONS. MORE WONDERFUL CURES.

> > TESTIMONY OF A PHYSICIAN.

Strabane, September 17th.

Strabane, September 17th.

To Archdeacon Cavanagh.
Rev. Sir,—I write to let you know that I arrived safe at Strabane, after having been three weeks on the road. The cement I had from Knock in May did good to every one I gaze it to I cave a nice of roan from Knock in May did good to every one I gave it to. I gave a piece of it to a woman named Winifred Loyrey, French Park, county Roscommon, for her child, whose sight was weak. He used the cement, and is now all right. I gave a piece to Winifred Caveney, and it cured her of a tick a support of the product of the control of the co her of an itch or scurvy; and to Bridget Naphen, and she was cured of a violent headache. Mary Anne Reynolds was cured of a running evil in her leg; 'tis now dried up. She belongs to county Cavan. Margaret Oakes, county Roscom mon, is cured of headache; Frances Bambrick, of Cootehill, of a weak back; also, Kate Furey, of Cootehall, is a little better of lameness. Will you kindly ask the prayers of the congregation for me?—and, if I'm spared till May, I'l make one more journey back to Knock. Trusting you are in good health, and with best wishes for your welfare, I am, your humble servant, MARY GAVIN.

New Ross, County Wexford, September, 1880. Very Rev. Dear Father Cavanagh, For the last seven years I was greatly annoyed and tormented with pains in my stomach and heart. I had dropsy. I went went to the doctors occasionally, but they could not give me any remedy for my ailments. I was so broken down in health ments. I was so broken down in health that I was not expected to recover. My appetite was gone. My mother then heard of a person that was living in the town—Mrs. Wadden—who had received some of the blessed cement, that was sent to her all the way from Knock. I asked her for some of the blessed cement, which her for some of the blessed cement, which she gave. I drank some of the water and cement together. That very minute If found myself recovering. May the Almighty and Divine Providence and His Blessed Mother, who is our sweet star and great consolation, prolong this woman's days, and leave her long with her dear friends. I am happy to say that I fe el cheerful and invigorated. Dear rev. sir, I shall feel most happy if you have this letter forwarded to the editor of the Weekly News.—I am, your obedient servant, NEW ROSS MAN.

Statement of Mrs. Thomas York, of Fern Dale, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, near Birmingham. In the year 1849 a fleshy tumour began to grow on my right side, and gradually increased in size until, in the month of August of this year (1880), it was "Good night" in the patois of the country. From many a poor person's lips she he rd a blessing invoked upon her companions, and good wished for the young Isaure, who was soon to go forth as a bride from her ancestral home. One old woman, leaning on her staff, said to her gossip, who was watching the young people down the streets:

"Methinks the choir children may as well be practising a welcome as a farewell" and of great inconvenience to me, serious-well be practising a welcome as a farewell obtained (having full faith in the miracul-obtained (having full faith in the more).

August of this year (1880), it is a full to have been five inches in diameter. I have been distinctions of fred ind just now, depiorate the fettle and passoin for the moment prevailing between class and class, the crowning horror of all has so far been sparied us of having the conflict unred into a religious war, in which Catholics and Protestants slaughtered one another under the miserable pretext of "reprisals."

Yet this was the work which Mr. Kane exhorted his clusterious of five inches in diffictions of fred and passoin for the ous cures effected at Knock), upon application to the Very Rev. Archdeacon Cavanagh, some cement from the church at Knock, which cement I placed in a wine-glass of water, which I drank. I also placed a linen bandage, previously steeped in the same cement water, on the tumor. I entered into a novena to our Lady for the object I had in view. after entering into the novena I noticed a considerable decrease in size of the tumor, and towa ds the end of the novena the tumor had decreased to about an inch in diameter. I do not feel now the slightest pain or inconvenience, and my health has so improved that I have been enabled to undertake the journey from Birmingham to Knock to return thanks to Almighty God and His Blessed Mother.

LOUISA YORK. Morley's Hotel, Ballyhaunis, October 3rd, 1880,

Parochial House, Knockbride, Baileboro',

County Cavan, Sept. 17th.
Very Rev. Archdeacon Cavanagh.
Dear Rev. Father,—I send a small box, asking you in your ch rity to be so kind as to send me a portion of cement from your holy chapel. Some time ago got a little of it from my mother, wh was for months confined to bed. Now, thanks to our good God and His Blessed Mother, she is up and well. My sister, who is in America, sent to me to get some for her. Present sent to me to get some for her beginning the sent to me to get some for her beginning the sent to me to get some to be a sent to me to get some to be a sent to me to get some to be a sent to me to get some to be a sent to me to get some to be a sent to me to get some to be a sent to me to get some to be a sent to me to get some to be a sent to me to get some to be a sent to me to get some to g By sending it to me you will do a great charity.—I am, rev. father, respectfully yours, CATHERINE CALLERY. fully yours, Cather At Rev. E. Sheridan's.

Report of Miss Elizaqeth Duffy's Cure at

Knock, July, 1880.
Some month ago my attention was first called to the cure of Elizabeth Duffy, of No. -, Leeson Street, Belfast, aged a pale, fair, anemic girl, hardly able to walk, and suffering almost incessantly from pain. On examination, I found a large lump in the groin, and three unhealthy openings in the outer side of the expressed my opinion very strongly that nothing but a surgical examination, and, most likely, operation, could be of use. I gave her a little carbolic oil and morphia to allay pain. The morohia sickened her, as indeed I feared it would, owing to a constitutional and stomach irritability. I did not see Miss Duffy till nearly three weeks ago, on her return from Knock. The change in her question of restitution. No Pope, nor Bishop, nor priest can absolve a person who does not make restitution when he has it in his power; and if such a person should get absolution that absolution would be simply a mockery. This sin of injustice has this peculiarity above all others; it can never be pardoned until results of the change in her condition was surprising. (I had seen the grif occasionally, but not as her doctor, on may professional visits to her mother's house, while attending a younger child; but declined to interfere unless the surgical examination was undergone). She had then become healthy and pleasing-

looking, with red lips and ren. I have seen her the "runnings" healed. I have seen her three or four times since, and each time har condition is better. The lump in the three or four times since, and each time her condition is better. The lump in the groin is gone, and only the cicatrices of the three ulcers remain. During the entire time she did not take a particle of medicine, the carbolic oil having been used only at first, and the morphia but a few times. To-day I pronounce her well and fit for work. Hearn from her mother that the "running" had never ceased since she was a mere child. To sum up, then, I recret that there was not a survical ex-I regret that there was not a surgical examination of the limb made, believing, as I do, that necrosis of the bone undoubtedly existed. I am confident that no medical treatment, change of air, or good food could have brought about a cure so rapidly, or indeed at all; and I am forced to the conclusion, though sceptical about miracles, that the all-powerful interfer-ence of the Blessed Virgin has operated upon Eliz beth Duffy in a wondrous cure whilst at Knock.

JOHN CAMPBELL QUINN, M. D., L. A. Belfast, August 3, 1880. Very Rev. Archdeacon Cavanagh, P.P.

MR. A. M. SULLIVAN, M.P., AND THE REV. MR. KANE.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER, M. P. CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAN

London, 27th Oct. London, 27th Oct.
DEAR SIR,—At the last sitting of Parliament I made you aware that I was then
in a position to lay before you, in accordance with a previous public intimation in
the House of Commons, incontestible
proofs that the Rev. Mr. Kane has used the language which, on the occasion of my first question in the House, you (not unnaturally) hesitated to believe he could have uttered, urging the enrolment of murder clubs. I furthermore gave you private notice that I intended that day to

address to you a further inquiry on the subject, which private notice you were good enough to accept.

The arrival of Black Rod prevented the putting of my question, and since then I have for several reasons suspended action in the matter. I can unfeignedly say that my chief reason was that I saw you after barely a few weeks of rest following upon barely a few weeks of rest following upon the labors of an arduous session, environed with difficulties which I did not wish to aggravate. I saw you daily assailed by unscrupulous adversaries, who clamoured for the institution of public prosecutions, and I did not wish to seem to afford them a pretext for still more bitter partizanship. But I felt that whenever, if ever, the Irish Executive decided to enter upon any such prosecutions, my duty would be clear and so would yours, in reference to the most shocking and the most criminal incentive to murder ever brought to official notice in Ireland.

Mr. Kane, not in heat, not in jest, not figuratively, not casually, but (as he persistently avowed and boasted) deliberately and after previous thought and preparation, exhorted the formation of clubs to be armed and drilled for the express purpose of murdering in cold blood persons nnocent of offence or crime or provoca-tion of any sort. This in itself would be extremely wicked apart from any other feature; but he added one inconceivably worse. You know, sir, that dreadful as civil war or social war may be, what is called religious war is in many respects

a Catholic clergyman was to be murdered by the club members, no matter how innocent the priest might be. Nav. the suggestion was publically made that as the life of a Catholic should be held less precious than that of a Protestant, four or ive priests should be waylaid and murdered for each Protestant.

"A Prosestant" was murdered "in cold blood" Finsbury Park last week. No less than thirty-two "Protestants," young and old, have, I gather from the public Press, been "murdered in cold blood" here is England, against six in Ireland, during the past twelve months. But happily neither n England nor in Ireland were these persons murdered as, or because they were, Protestants. Mr. Kane, however, called for "retaliation" on innocent persons whenever the individual previously murdered was a Protestant; his abomina suggestion being that whenever in Ireland a murdered person happened to be a Pro-testant it should be assumed by the Assasination Club that he was slain for his religion, and that a priest or several priests should be forthwith sought out and slain

in "retaliation."

It is this part of Mr. Kane's conduct which is most wicked—most deadly dan-gerous to peace in Ireland. You can find nothing up to the present moment to compare with it for a single instant in crimin-

lity, legal and moral.

If it be true that the Irish Executive are considering the propriety of instituting prosecutions for inflammatory language or seditious conduct in Ireland, it is my duty to remind you of this matter, which from its shocking character and the persistence of Mr. Kane, has to be dealt with tence of Mr. Kane, has to be dealt with before any other prosecutions can be even approached. To give ear to the excuses which may be put forward to you for leaving this case to the last—I will not affront you by supposing you would allow it to be choked and condoned while other cases were pressed—would. I respect. other cases were pressed—would, I respectfully say, have a most mischievous effect. In writing this letter, having been entreated by many of my countrymen, clergymen and laymen, Protestant as well tholic, to take the matter in hand, I shall have done my duty. I ask the Irish Executive to do theirs—Yours, dear sir, very truly, A. M. SULLIVAN.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is the most safe, pleasant and perfect remedy known for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asth-

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