

Reality. Love thy God, and love Him only. In thy breast will never be lonely. And that great spirit meet. All things mighty, grave and sweet. Vainly strive the soul to mingle With a being of our kind. Vainly hearts with hearts are twin'd. For the deepest still is single. Heed not the rustling noise. Hoops like nature still at distance. Mortal! save that Holy One. Or dwell for aye alone.

ARTHUR DE VERE.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

With delicate hand and open brow. Like Parisian maid, the castle's pride. The rich, the noble born. He wades for her where the virgin flowers. Gracefully bend 'neath the cascade's show. To pluck the whitest and best. He tells her the curious legends of old. Known by each mountain-side. He tells her stories of good and fay. Waking her wonder and fear. Then pray for a soul in peril. For Roger de Vere, the castle's pride. Ask by the cross the good and true. 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.

There has been a long-standing traditional friendship, and more than one intermarriage, between the family of the de la Croix 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 Madame de la Croix, the Baron's mother, 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 between the present heads of the 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 excellent man, and a kind one, too, notwithstanding a certain abruptness of tone, which betokened the presence of a stern character 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 chivalry. Since he had been made Provost of the Forez, a slight pomposity of language and demeanour marked the good old man's sense of his exalted position and arduous responsibility. His defects were skin deep, not so his virtues. M. de Maistre used to say, "Grattez le Russe, vous trouverez le Tartare." It might have been said of the present Baron de la Croix; and when he had been raised in the blustering fashion he had learnt as a youth in camps, and apparently governed his family in a despotic manner, it was generally supposed that not only his submissive-looking wife, the picture of a charitable and benevolent woman, and his handsome daughter-in-law, the widow of his only son, could do with him what they liked; but that his daughters, the twin sisters, merry pretty Bertha and the grave and sedate Isaura, turned him round their slender fingers with very little ceremony. As to M. le Chevalier, who had not turned round his fingers in that old castle since the day that five 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, who had been eighteen years of age, and had never known a day of sorrow than leaving home for the college where he had just finished his studies; or the loss of a favorite pointer which had died a few days before that on which he rode out with his grandfather and some of their tenants to meet Madame and Mademoiselle d'Auban, who were to arrive at the neighbouring town of Montbrison in the course of the afternoon. The woods 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 himself on their way to the castle, a distance of about fifteen miles. The Chevalier soul was delighted at the prospect of visitors. A more light-hearted young gentleman could not easily have been found in the light-hearted land of France; his black eyes had an expression of good-humored espièglerie, and his laugh an irresistibly contagious merriment which bewitched old and young.

As he made his horse curvet and plunge in the entrance court whilst the detachment was getting under weigh, his servants stood at the window kissing their hats, and Bertha said to Isaura: "How carefully Raoul has powdered his hair to-day; and he has put on his best becoming coat-sister. I suspect grandpapa has let the cat out of the bag."

"What cat and what bag?" asked Isaura, who had her wits less loose than her twin sister. "If you have not guessed I will not tell you, my sweet Isaura. I believe that when M. le Curé publishes the bands of marriage between Isaura de la Croix and Roger d'Estourville, you will ask in that same dramatic manner, 'Who is it that is to be married come next Midsummer?'"

"Giddy girl," said Isaura, blushing 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—not you and I, sister."

"There they go," cried Bertha as the cavalcade went out at the porter's gate. "Grandpapa is never so pleased as when he has an excuse for calling on 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 bedroom tables!" "It is like you, Isaura, to like autumn better than spring, and fruit than flowers."

"We might get a few early strawberries, perhaps, which, in a corbille 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 toilet table."

"Does not mamma want you in the store-room?" "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 Cleopatra Isaura you are never without a book in your hand. And I do not feel sure that you do not write verses."

"Fie Bertha, how can you say such a thing?" "Well, I would if I could. It's a sort of singing."

And one sister went in search of flowers, and another like a bird, and the other knelt beside the strawberry-bed, filling her baskets and repeating the while in a low voice lines which she had made the day her parents told her she was to marry 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 convenience, as they were called, in times agreeably surprised 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 Russell, Lady Derwentwater, Lady Nidale, Madame de Montmorency, or Madame La Roche Jaquelin, than in our own.

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 the high road, it stopped at the carriage-door, M. de la Croix went to the carriage-door 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 his escort from Montbrison to his chateau, and the woods which had been lately infested by robbers, although it was a more reserved than the young people here had lately known in Paris. Dinner was served 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 terms with her, he was a fastidious dandy, and his manners were somewhat reserved than the young people here had lately known in Paris. Dinner was served 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 terms with her, he was a fastidious dandy, and his manners were somewhat reserved than the young people here had lately known in Paris.

Isaura pointed out to Mima the dungeons of the old fortress. "There is a secret chamber beneath the tower," she said, "where Elsie de la Croix 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 secret."

"Who should like to see his ghost?" said Mima. "He must have been a brave man."

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

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

"Why, why, mademoiselle?" Raoul asked. "Because he is flying over the walls."

"And are you longing to go beyond them, Mademoiselle Mima?" "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."

"Do 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 looks so handsome as on horseback."

"He is the best brood that ever lived," said Isaura. "If he is ever so good, he cannot be better than mine," answered Mima.

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

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

"Thirteen; but please do not call me Mademoiselle. Nobody 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 give Mima's age to you?"

"I cannot guess, sister, because I know," he replied, and then they all went out through the entrance-court, and conducted their guests 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, Isaura's pets; and Bertha's chickens; and Raoul took them to the kennel and into the stables, and showed Mima 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 Mima's spirits rose as she saw the society of her new friends. Their liveliness; their gay, joyous laughter, the exuberance of their youth, and smiled and unlike anything she had yet known. It acted upon her like refreshing air or sparkling wine on an exhausted frame. Raoul was the gayest of them all. His jokes, his stories, his nonsense, the good-humored mischievousness which played about his handsome face, the innocent mischief 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 bubbling, natural overflow of gladness which takes its source in innocent and happy hearts, which have never been in contact with the cares, the miseries, or the vicissitudes of the world. When they went through the village, the women and children were sitting out of doors, enjoying the refreshing evening breeze, and smiling and curtsied as the young gentlemen and his sisters went by. The peasants, returning from work, pulled off their hats and said "Good night" in the patois of the country. From many a poor person's lips she had a blessing invoked upon her company, and her good wishes to the young ladies, who were soon to go forth as brides from her ancestral home. One old woman, leaning on her staff, said to her gossip, who was watching the young people down the street: "Methinks the choir children may as well be practising a welcome as a farewell to a bride."

TO BE CONTINUED. RESTITUTION.

THE MATTER OF RESTITUTION A MOST IMPORTANT ONE.

Last Sunday, in St. Charles Borromeo's Church, Brooklyn, the Reverend Father Ward delivered an able discourse on "Restitution," taking "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." Having explained the text and pointed out the malignant nature of the sin of restitution, the 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 to the owners if they were able. If they could not, he would not the Pope himself 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 depends 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 forever!

I wish you to understand that it is not my 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 part the laws of the Church, he has given power to give them power to remit the temporal 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 losing and finding 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 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 res-

titution is made. A man may possess the property of another in good faith, but the moment he becomes aware of the fact that 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. To Archdeacon Cavanaugh. 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 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 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 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.

Very Rev. Dear Father Cavanaugh,—For the last seven years I was greatly annoyed and afflicted with pains in my stomach and heart. I had dropsy. I went to the doctors occasionally, but they could not give me any remedy for my ailments. I was so broken down in health that I was not expected to recover. My appetite was gone. My mother then, in the month of August of this year (1880), it was five inches in diameter. I have been assured by several eminent medical men that nothing would remove the substance formed except the surgical use of the knife—an operation attended with considerable danger. The tumor was a source of considerable pain and of great inconvenience to me, seriously interfering with my digestive powers. In the month of August of this year, I obtained (having full faith in the miracle-working of the Knock) upon application to the Very Rev. Archdeacon Cavanaugh, 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 Lord for the object I had in view. Soon after entering into the novena I noticed a considerable decrease in size of the tumor, and towards 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 is 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, Knockbribe, Balleboro', County Cavan, Sept. 17th. Very Rev. Archdeacon Cavanaugh. Dear Rev. Father,—I send a small box, asking you in your charity to be so kind as to send me a portion of cement from your holy chapel. Some time ago I got a little object from my mother, who 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 me to get some for her. By sending it to me you will do a great charity.—I am, rev. Father, respectfully yours, CATHERINE GALLERY.

Report of Miss Elizabeth Duffy's Cure at Knock, July, 1880. Some months ago my attention was first called to the cure of Elizabeth Duffy, of No. 1, Leeson Street, Belfast, aged 16—a pale, fair, anæmic 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 thigh. I expressed my opinion very strongly that nothing but a surgical operation, and, most likely, amputation, could be of use. I gave her a little calomel and morphia to allay pain. The morphia 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 condition was surprising. (I had seen her girl occasionally, but not as her doctor, my 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 full pulse and the "running" healed. I have seen her 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 pronounced her well and fit for work. I learn from her mother that the "running" had never ceased since she was a mere child. To sum up, then, I regret that there was not a surgical examination of the limb made, believing, as I do, that necessity of the amputation would have 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 intercession of the Blessed Virgin has operated upon Elizabeth Duffy in a wondrous curative whilst at Knock.

JOHN CAMPBELL QUINN, M. D., L. A. Belfast, August 3, 1880. Very Rev. Archdeacon Cavanaugh, P.P. MR. A. M. SULLIVAN, M.P., AND THE REV. MR. KANE. THE RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER, M. P., CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

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, incontrovertible proofs that the Rev. Mr. Kane has used the language which, on the occasion of my first question in the House, you (not unreasonably) hesitated to believe he could have uttered, urging the enrolment of a 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 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 prosecution, 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 innocent of offence or crime or provocation 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 more terrible still. Grievous as are the afflictions of Ireland just now, deplorable the feud and passion for the moment prevailing between class and class, the crowning horror of all has so far been spared us of having the conflict turned 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 clubs to commence. "For every Protestant murdered in cold blood" a Catholic clergyman was to be murdered by the club members, no matter how innocent the priest might be. Nay, the suggestion was publicly made that as the life of a Catholic should be held less precious than that of a Protestant, four or five priests should be waylaid and murdered for each Protestant.

"A Protestant" 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 in England, against six in Ireland, during the past twelve months. But happily neither in England nor in Ireland were these persons murdered as, or because they were, Protestants. Mr. Kane, however, called for a retaliation on innocent persons whenever the individual previously murdered was a Protestant; his abominable suggestion being that whenever in Ireland a murdered person happened to be a Protestant it should be assumed by the Assassination 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 dangerous to peace in Ireland. You can find nothing up to the present moment to compare with it for a single instant in criminality, legal and moral, with anything that I can find. 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 before any other prosecution 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 afford you by supposing you would allow it to be choked and condoned while other cases were pressed—would, I respectfully say, have a most malicious effect. In writing this letter, having been entrusted by many of my countrymen, clergymen and laymen, Protestant as well as Catholic, 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.

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Pain's fur God's br And all And yet I And in He comes On the Into His With H And at H He takes The a He turp And let And in H Why shou This on Its end w When G So I say t And frist He kindo And all H He kindo And all H So I say t And hope CARD CATHO ITS G A WONDER Cardinal Roman Cat on the "pre said: "I in the sort ment to the he came a adms, 187 us at the striking, an to set before change of s dence, and about to r may indee countryme which can the true at then, or aggrate o stitute whi whom, the have of lat received s will. First violent, to agant to E wide-guan again it w when we r said about which I ha prophesied. The epist of the vill statement, but one far unoffend from a big Establishm Protestant oric vill these were tresses, and to their pri they were to a reactiough not the vic-guan ashamed of them. En people at t gone mad, and then, after poss who had n the quarre hierarchy of time, I sa help, and oric vill haps, they is the first happier re now than an instance logical law on great e There w which foll that was th on as the their alarm sary. The hinder u chapters, men, der un us bisho his ties of our grea prop could they deal, they presentation and soon t—that, as e could w belonged to their obje ous. I d could not t their; but concordat and spiri small will grea prop, part of the which we victims, o our count why they, churc gags, wads to more and those who began to s the "Gau drags" for they th that of England their cler, New Zeal offnce to