A Mask of Gold.

Rich satins decked her form with ch Her step was grand, her features cold, her mien As high as that of any jeweled queen. dmiring throngs dropped roses at her gate There liveried servants stood in humble

wait. uusn! Death came, a silent guest un-He stilled the scene where ravelry had

been,
And left the proud to mourn in ley state.
She left her glory to the greedy werld.
Her glided halls, her treasuries impearled
But while her golden knell on earth was
toled. tolled, Her long neglected soul, with penury shod Degulsed no more in shining masts of gold stood like a beggar, pleadings alms of God

-E W. Shurtleff .

KNOCKNAGOW

OR, THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER L.

TOM CUDDENY FEELS "SOMEWAY QUARE," -A GLANCE BACKWARDS TO CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY OF THE TRACKS IN

Tom Cuddehy took down his hurly from the hurdle over the chimney corner, and examined it carefully, as a soldier might examine his sword before the hattle. His eye could detect no crack or flsw; but, to make assurance doubly sure, Tom Ouddehy let his hurly drop several times against the hearthstone, holding it by the small end as loosely as possible in one hand, in order to test its soundness by the ring it gave out. The great match between the two sides of the river was to come off next day in Maurice Kearney's picked men had reported themselves ready in all respects to meet the Knocknagow boys on their own chosen ground. The at its height; and it was known that Mat Donovan had despatched a messenger all the way to Cioughshannavo for Tom Doherty, whom Mrs. Kearney had in-Father Carroll, when he was appointed administrator of that parish—to the great grief and sorrow of the Knocknagow boys; for Tom Doherty was one of their best hurlers. If Tom Doherty failed to best hurlers. If Tom Doberty failed to put in an appearance it was the general opinion that victory would fail to "the farmers"—for Tom Caddeby's men were all farmers' sone—while Mat Donovan's were all "labouring men." But, in spite of these favourable omens, Tom Caddeby put back his hurly in its usual resting place with a heavy sigh

place with a heavy sigh.

That accidental meeting with his old sweetheart the day before had awakened sweetness the day before had awarened a curious feeling in his breast, which he described as "someway quare." The young man from the mountain had spent the night at old Paddy Laughlan's, and Tom had just been told that the old man and his intended son in law had ridden away together after breakfast to get the marriage articles drawn by Attorney marriage articles drawn by Attorney Hanly, if they were fortunate enough to eatch that eccentric limb of the law at home. So Tom Cuddeby sighed, and wished that dreary Saturday were well over; for nothing less, he thought, could rouse him to shake off that "someway quare" state of mind than the excite-ment of the hurling match between the two sides of the river. He was throwing bis riding coat over his shoulders to go out, when the half-door was flung open, and Lory Hanly in a fearful state of excitement atood before him.

"I have a message for you," he ex-

Lory's voice was sufficiently startling in itself, and his manner of opening his eyes very wide added considerably to the effect. But, in addition to the voice and the look, the unusual circumstance of Lory's wear-ing an old straw hat of the rudest descrip-tion suggested to Tom Caddehy that his

tion suggested to Tom Caddeby that his sudden and unexpected appearance could only be the result of some very startling occurrence, of the nature of which he could not form the remotest conjecture.

So he stared at Lory, and Lory—as was his wont after causing a sensation—stared at him. While waiting to hear the expected "message," which Lory seemed on the point of projecting every moment from his half-open mouth, but which did from his half-open mouth, but which did not come for all that, Tom noticed that his visitor wore the immense straw hat in a peculiar fashion—that is, the broad leaf was turned back into the high and some what contcal mould in front, so that the straw hat looked like a bonnet put on wrong side foremost. It just occurs to us, however, that this attempt to convey an idea of the manner in which Mr. Lyry Hanly was pleased to wear his hat on this on will be quite thrown away upon matter of course) all our fair readers : for it is not for a moment to be suppor them could remember what a bonnet was like, when a bonnet was a

What is id?" Tom asked at last. "Miss Laughlan desired me to tell ou..." Here Tom Caddehy's bitch, Venom, took it into her head to start up from her place in the corner with a vicious snarl, misied, no doubt, by that peculiar-ity of Mr. Hanly's which Mrs. Kearney designated his "terrible throat," into the beilef that his "message" was anything but "a message of peace."

"Down, Venom!" said Tom Cuddehy, who got very red in the face at the mention of Miss Laughlan's name, and some how connected Lory's appearance with the marriage articles which Tom supposed Lory's father was busy in drafting at that moment. "Well, what is id you were goin' to say?" he added meekly, as he lifted Venom up in his arms and flung her over the half-door.

But here we must leave Lory to deliver his message, and, Tom Cuddehy to act upon it or not, as he thought fit. We must even leave the great hurling match in Maurice Kearney's kila field undecided to which the message had no reference whatever, and in which we openly avow must also leave the reader in suspense concerning the result of the contest between Mat Donovan and Captain French

captain's victory, and offering to lay a gallon of beer thereon. But we were about to say that we must leave these exciting events undecided, and interrupt the regular course of our chronicle, in order to throw light upon certain circumstances of which the reader may have caught fitful glimpses in the foregoing chapters, and which, perhaps, ought to have been made clear long before now. And for this purpose the courteous reader will please to go back with us a year or two, and take a rapid glance at one or two new faces and scenes; after which we shall return to our old friends, and follow their fortunes, through gloom and through gladness, over oceans and into strange lands, till we kneel by the graves of some, and—God be praised i—feel our heart beat quick while we tell of the happiness of others.

A young man in the garb of an ecclesiastical student was pacing up and down in front of a long, low, thatched house, which might be taken for an ordinary farm house of the humbler sort were it not for its green hall door—the fan light of which was quite hidden by the eve—and the three good sized windows of twilve panes each, two at one side and one at the other of the door, which was not exactly in the middle, and suggested the idea that the room at one side of the hall was twice the size of that on the other side. The field in which the house stood—and there was no gravelled space before the door or around the house, and no avenue but a pathway from which the grass had been worn off—would be by no means a favourable sample of the "emerald sile," for it was dry and dusty-looking, and so bare that the old white donkey who had leave to roam at will, without let or hindrance, over the whole two acres, seemed to have given up as hopeless the task of gathering a belly full—there being a thick the size and the task of gathering a belly full—there being a thick the size and the stress of the order of the seemer and the stress of the stress of the stress of the stress of the order of the stress of the stress of the stress seemed to have given up as hopeless the task of gathering a belly full—there being no thistles within the inclosure—and philosophically resigned himself to that state of existence which it is said the canine

of existence which it is said the canine species either effect or are doormed to, and which is popularly supposed to consist in "hunger and ease." The country, as far as the eye could reach in front and rear, and on one side of the house, was treeless and without hedges, the fences being either of stone or clay, and pressured generally that sterile appearance which we have just noticed in the old donkey's paddock. But though this was the general dock. But though this was the general aspect of the landroape on the right and left, and in front of the young student as he closed his book on reaching the low wall of loose stones that divided the lawn from a potato field to the right of the cottage; far different was the picture he had before him when he turned full round, and the rich green slopes of Hazelford methis gaze. The demesne was only divided from the field in which he stood by a little river that seemed to belong more to the poorer than to the more favoured portion. izens of this paradise only by its dreamy murmurings as it wound round the roots

the name of river. But strive and mur-mur as it would, the cool groves and sunny meadows were forbidden ground, and the river went its way to the great ocean without ever once reflecting the fair scenes without ever once reflecting the fair scenes around Hazelford Castle in its bosom.

There was something in the deep set eyes of the young student as they dwelt upon these fair scenes that might suggest the thought that he, too, felt that he was excluded from them. There were fair forms gliding backwards and forwards upon a terraced walk under the ivied wall of the castle and his pais face flushed on the content of the fair scenes. In the good old times to demand the services of Father Cleary, O₃," he exclaimed on entering the parlour, "surely that armchalr in the good old times to demand the services of Father Cleary, O₃," he exclaimed on entering the parlour, "surely that armchalr in the good old times to demand the services of Father Cleary, O₃," he exclaimed on entering the parlour, "surely that armchalr in the corner must have be longed to him. I can almost fancy I see the venerable old sogyarth sitting in it at the present moment."

"Yes; it and all the rest of the furniture belonged to him," Father Carroll reof the castle, and his pale face flashed on observing a field glass, or telescope, directed towards himself, and handed from one to another of a group of ladies, who had evidently suspended their promenading for the purpose of surveying him. He mechanically looked around him for some

less exposed place where he could continue near the cottage to screen him, except two old grey sally trees, that served the pur-pose of plers to the wooden gate at the road. His first impulse was to walk down to the river, where he would be screened by the bushes on the opposite bank; but this, he thought, would look as if he wanted to get a nearer view of the group on the ter-race, who seemed to concern themselves so much with his movements ; and, throw ing back his shoulders, and holding his head very high, he faced towards the cottage, and pushing in the green hall-door, with the fanlight up in the thatch, turned into the parlour and sat down by the window.

Father Carroll was lying on a very stiff looking straight backed sofs, after a long ride to the farthest away part of his parish. He was mentally contrasting his omfortable couch with the soft velvety loungers in the dean's well-furnished

rooms, when the young student entered "Well, Arthur," he asked, "has El mund made his appearance vet? "No," was the reply, "though he ought to be here before now."

"And why have you come in?"
"Those women at the castle are so un-mannerly, I couldn't stand it." "What did they do to you?" the priest tiveness was a source of amusement to

his friends. "They looked at me," he replied in a tone of displeasure.

A hearty laugh from the priest provented his finishing the sentence, and he turned to his book without attempting any

turnes to his book without attempting any further explanation.

The priest looked round his scantily-furnished room, with its bare walls and uncarpeted floor. Tae least bit of mouldwhatever, and in which we openly avow our sympathies are with the "labouring men;" and, if Tom Dohe:ty fall, it him not hope for mercy at our hands. We must also leave the reader in suspense conversing the result of the contest had. eight or ten drawers, and their brass handles like the mounting of a coffin; though this same desk was the especial pride and glory of Mrs. Hayes, the house keeper, who always watched the faces of

from proper motives. Since I was born my mother's daily prayer has been that she would live to see me a good priest, and I cannot bear the thought of disappointing her hopes, particularly since the failure of this unlucky bank has left us in mather straightened clean metanages. Near rather straightened circumstances. Near-ly all that was left by my father to edu-cate me for a profession is gone; and 'tis fearful to think that so much has been

fearful to think that so much has been thown away upon me; and here I am now and don't know what course to take, even if I had the course to tell my mother the state of my mind. But will it not be like acting a lie to go back again?"

"I don't think so," returned Father Carroll, "unless you take the loss of more time and money into account."

"The time, and the money, too, would be lost even if I did not return to college, for I could not make up my mind what to do next, for some time at least. Indolence and pride are my besetting sins. My only idea in reference to becoming a priest was that it was the easles: way to become a gentlem in, and have people putting their hands to their hats for me." putting their hands to their hats for me. "I don't know that most of us have not some such notion as that," returned Father Carroll, laughing. "I think you

will be a priest yet. "Here is Edmund," exclaimed the student, his sad face lighting up with pleasure as he hurrled out to welcome his friend, who had just leaped off a car on the road, and vauited over the gate, leav ing the driver to open it and follow with

s portmanteau to the cottage. Elmund Kiely looked the very opposite of the pale, slightly-built student of the pale, slightly-built student, whose thin hand he grasped in his warm palm, while his blue eyes and fresh laughing face beamed with hearty good nature. Edmund, as his little sister Grace used to say, was a "jolly fellow," never by any chance out of spirits for more than five minutes at a time. And yet the two friends whose society he most loved were Arthur O'Connor and Hugh Kearney. His father wished him to commence the rrom the field in which he stood by a little river that seemed to belong more to the poorer than to the more favoured portion of the landscape, from which it was shut out by the hazts which grew so thickly along the bank that, except at a few places, narrow and far apart, the existence of the stream could be known to the denlicens of this paradise only by its dreamy murmurings as it wound round the roots opportunity presented itself. And Mr. Eimund Kiely is now one of those opportunity presented itself. And Mr. Edwars, or dashed itself fretfully against councillate promontory of rock, as if it sought, or would make for itself, an entrance into the shady woods and sunny meadows of which it had caught glimpses as it hurried down the furze-covered hill in the distance, where it ceased to be a mere brook, and was first honoured with the name of river. But strice and more to the name of river. But strice and more to the name of river. But strice and more to the name of river. But strice and more to the name of river. But strice and more to the name of river. But strice and more to the name of river. But strice and more to the name of river. But strice and more to the name of river. But strice and more to the name of river.

together, which proved such out and out together, which proved such out and out pleasant affairs that he is now bent upon adding one more to the number. "I like the look of your house," he said, as he shook hands with the priest at the door of his thatched domicile. "There is something suggestive of the romantic about it. I have no doubt many a runaway couple dismounted at this door in the good old times to demand the services of Father Cleary. On," he exclaimed on entering the parlour, "surely that armchair in the corner must have be longed to him. I can almost fancy I see

ture belonged to him," Father Carroll re-plied. "I bought them all at the auction; and though, as you see, they are not over elegant or expensive articles, I am in debt on account of them for the first time in my life."
"And, talking of romance," Edmund

Sir Thomas Butler's brother was married.
I'd like to know all about it. Did you

it. She was his cousin."

"So she was, sir," old Mrs. Hayes, the housekeeper, who was laying the table, quietly observed—somewhat to Eimund's surprise. "You'd think he'd break his heart crying after poor Miss Annie. 'O uncle,' he need to say, 'what made you let that old man take her away?' Au' sure he wasn't an old man, though he was he reply. "I don't want to be introduced to her," was the reply. "I he less I see of such people the batter I like it."

"I suppose it is Miss Dalany?" said about her. She has got an immense deal of polishing at all events."

"And it has not been thrown away—no has it spoiled her in the least," returned Eimund. "But by the way, I'm it. She was his cousin.' he wasn't an old man, though he was stooped and delicate looking. We all thought he was only a painter, or an artist thought he was only a painter, or an artist, as he used to say; but he told Father Ned who he was, an' when he saw poor Miss Annie so given for him, though she thought he was only a poor painter, he gave his consent to the marrisge. The poor thing got delicate soon after, an' when she found that his brother and family were makin' little of him. I have family were makin' little of him, I know it used to fret her. He took her away to Italy for the air, for he was as fond of her as of his life. But she only held two years, an' her last letter to her uncle would bring tears from a rock,' twas so movin.' Her husband, she said, was as kind an' lovin' as ever, an' she was sure he'd be kind an' lovin' to her little Annie when

"How did they happen to become acquainted first?" Eimund asked, as Mrs. Hayes took her bunch of keys from her pocket, and ostentationally shock them, preparatory to unlocking one of the drawers of the brass mounted desk. "Well," Mrs. Hayes replied, as she selected the key she wanted from the bunch, "berself an' Father Ned gave three weeks that year at the water. An', it seems, Mr. Butler spent all his time abroad learning the paintin' business—an' sure, I never see a man so fond of anything as he was of makin' pictures. He painted all Major French's children with painted all Mejor French's children while he was here, an' 'tis little they thought 'twas a near cousin of their own was paintin' 'em. There is the three of 'em

she was gone.'

mahogany deak and its brass handles.

"But there's nothing like independence," said Father Carroll to himself. "I would n't go back again as curate for a good deal. And I'll be economical for awhile, and will soon be able to furnish the old cottage comfortably. I'm sorry now I never thought of laying by a little money."

"Do you think," the young student asked, "I ought to go back to the college for another year?"

"I certainly think you ought," re turned the priest. "You may have a vocation, though you fancy you have not. Or it may come in good time, if God wills it. I was at times myself perplexed and in doubt as you are now; but it all passed away."

"But I never had a wish to be a priest from proper motives. Since I was born my mother's daily prayer has been that she would live to see me a good priest, and I cannot bear the thought of disppointing her hopes, particularly since the failure of this unlucky bank has left us in feeling at Baltinaclash" "And the title," added Father Carroll. "I trust it may turn out well for our feight."

"But he was always practicism'. Tast an playin' the flute was all that troubled him."

"So, 'twas while he was at the castle he away lite that troubled him."

"Yes, ir; but he was shipwrecked an' a'most dhrowned, an' Father Ned took him to the house where he lodged, an' Mise Annie nursed him; for 'twas thought that troubled him."

"Yes, ir; but he was shipwrecked an' a'most dhrowned, an' Father Ned took him to the house where he lodged, an' Mise Annie nursed him; for 'twas thought him."

"Yes, air; but he was abit to castle he away it came about. Part hat the was able to castle he away it came shout part hat troubled him."

"Yes, ir; but he was abipwrecked an' a'most dhrowned, an' Father Ned took him to the house where he lodged, an' Mise Annie hause where he lodged, an' Mise Annie huse and the ouse where he lodged, an' a'most dhrowned, an' Father Ned took a'most dhrow

"And the title," added Father Carroll.
"I trust it may turn out well for our friends at Ballinaciash."

"Why, what difference can it make to them?" Edmund asked.

"Oh, 'tis a matter of no little anxiety to a farmer to know what sort his new landlord will be. But any change is likely to be for the better in this case; for the present man is a rack renter."

"I never heard Mr. Kearney say anything him," returned Eamund. "Though he is by no means sparing of censure," he added, laughing. "The a treat to listen to his comments sometimes."

added, laughing. "Tis a treat to listen to his comments sometimes."
"Yes, but he has a lease," replied Father Carroll. "But numbers of his tenants have been smashed trying to pay impossible rents. I should not wonder if his agent, old Pender, is urging him on in this course. But I'm inclined to think his brother will be a kind landlord, unless he is led astray; and it is said, too, Sir Thomas will leave the property greatly incumbered."

incumbered. "Way, Arthur," exclaimed Elmund, "Wby, Arthur," exclaimed Elmund,
"as your cousin's black eyes made so deep
an impression on your boylsh heart, I can't
help thinking, if her daughter be at all
like her, you had better keep out of her
way, or she will spoil your vocation."
"I am not likely to come in contact
with her," returned Arthur. "Though,
for her mother's sake, I should like to

for her mother's sake, I should like to know her." "Of course, if he succeeds to the pro-

perty, she will return to Ireland."
"I think not," Arthur replied. "It is said he is a complete Frenchman in his tastes and habits, and I suspect he will always live on the Continent. But where

"To Tramore," Elmund answered.
"Nonsense," returned Arthur. "Lat us go somewhere where there will be no crowds. I detect the class of people you meet at these bathing places."

"On, yes," rejoined Edmund, laughing.
"I remember you no notice that "I remember your notions in that respect You used to say you could imagine your self marrying a peasant girl or a high-born lady; but that you could not abide the

"That is my idea still," replied the student. "They are a compound of ridicu-lous pride and vulgarity. But a peasant girl is seldom vulgar to my mind."

girl is seidom vuigar to my mind."
"Well, I have seen something of all
classes," Father Carroll observed, "and I
must say I have met some women of the
class you condemn, who certainly were
nathan incorrect realize."

neither ignorant nor vulgar."

"He's a humbug," said Edmund Kiely, as if his friend's remark had nettled him a little. 'Tis sour grapes with him, because a certain lady had the bad taste to prefer little. me to himself, once upon a time. You know we were always sure to be smitten by the same divinity, and though I gave him every fair play, he was never able to win a single smile the moment I entered the lists against him. And that's why he detasts the series of papers of the same to the series of detests the sort of people one meets at the seastle. But what do you say to Tra-

"I vote for it," Father Carroll replied. "I suppose old associations have some-thing to do with it, but I can enjoy a stroll along the 'Grand Stand' more than I can the grandest of fis and finest scenery we

brightest and most fascinating little being that ever turned a wise man's head. And ever see his wife?"

an heiress, too, for she is an only child,

"No; but Arthur can tell you all about

turned Elmund. "But, by the way, I'm told Mary Kearney has turned out a downright beauty. My little eister Grace says I must marry her. She is twenty time handsomer, Grace says, than Minnie Delany. But I always thought her sister Aune would be a finer girl."
"I have not seen them for a long time,"

said Father Carroll. "I'm in the black books with their mother, it is so long since I paid her a visit. Father Hannig e she was saying to him that the world was gone when one's own flash and blood will forget you and pass by your door without inquiring whether you are dead or alive. In fact, I got what Barney Brodherick calls 'Ballyhooly' from her, 'After getting him the best servant in the three counties,' said she, 'never as much as to say "Thank you!" I'm, quite afraid to show my face to her. I suppose you have met Richard in Dublin?" "Yes, we had some pleasant evenings at his uncle's. He will soon be a full-

blown surgeon. I am promising myself a few days' shooting with Hugh shortly, and, if you could manage to come while I am there, I'll make your peace with Mr. Kearney, as I am a great favourite "Do you know any them, Arthur?"

Father Carroll asked

"No, I never met any of them," he replied. "But I often heard of them." "Come," said Edmund, pushing away his plate, "let us go out and look about us. Do you ever venture into Msjor psiutin' 'em. There is the three of 'em us. Do you ever venture into major bryond—fine young women now,'' said Mrs. Hayes, pointing to the ladies who so annoyed the over-sensitive student a few minutes before. "But the be that 'distance lends enchantment to

is a place there in a grove of large fir-trees called the Priest's Walk. Poor Father Cleary was accustomed to read his Office there for more than forty years; and it is even whispered that he may be met there still on a moonlight night. It was there his niece and husband always walked, too, Mrs. Hayes tells me. But, according to Tom Doherty, there are the other associations of not quite so innocent a character connected with the Priest's Walk; particularly one in which a French governessingures."

ticularly one in which a French governess figures."

"Oh, let us go to the place at once," exclaimed Edmund, tessing his white hat carelessly on his brown curls, "and you can tell the story of the governess; and two knows but we may catch a glimpse of the old priest and his beautiful neice? I wish I could believe in such things."

"Just wait till I tell Tom Doherty that we are to start early in the morning. But what do you say to a glass of punch before going out?"

"Oh, wait till we come back, and sitting in that old chair I'll drink the health of all true lovers, and sympathising uncles, who, like kind old Father Ned, will let them be happy."

TO BE CONTINUED. THE JESUIT SPOOK.

The Jesuit bogy is one of the most terrible spooks in the Protestant dark closet. He is trotted out on every occasion when the faithful need to be prodded into a feelthe faithful need to be prodded into a feeling of loyalty and worked up to the proper pitch of anti Catholic free zy. We read in the English papers that one Herr Merensky, a Protestant inspector of missions, has exposed a deep laid Jesuit plot in Africa, which, if successful, must have brought dire disaster to civilization. When the quarrel between England and Portugal was in progress, some months ago growing was in progress, some months ago, growing out of the Serpa Pinto affair and the rival out of the Serpa Pinto affair and the rival claims to the settlements on the Shire river and on Like Nyassa, it was noticed that the European press took sides with Portugal. Herr Mereneky, in a recently published psmphlet, undertook to explain this strange feature of the case thus: "The campaign sgainst the English claims and in favor of Portugal which has been entered upon in the press may in a great entered upon in the press may in a great measure be traced to the doings of the

measurs be traced to the doings of the Jesutts, who are most anxious to destroy the flourishing evangelical mission established on Lake Nyassa."

The London Universe, commenting on this declaration, says: "When the difference about the British and Portuguese saberes of influence," in Central Africa. spheres of influence' in Central Africa 'spheres of influence' in Central Africa broke out about last Christmas, it will be remembered that the papers published outside Portugal, which most roundly abused England for 'her high handed attitude and her oppression of the weak,' were the Republican journals of France and the Liberal papers of Germany. Now the Rapublican government has tunned the Rapublican government has tunned. the Republican government has turned the Jesuits out of France and the imperial government has turned them out of Germany, whereas in England they are as little interfered with as they were in Rome when the Evernal City was ruled by the Pope. If the Jesuits are really rich enough to nobble the whole press of the continent, they ought to be rich enough to secure their return to France, Ger-many, and, for that matter, Switzerland,

As a companion piece to this silly yarn, a story is going the rounds of the Protestant papers in Eogland, to the effect that when Count Campello denied that he had returned to the fold of Christ, the Jesuits tried to assinate him. Of course, the Jesuitz tried to assinate him. Of course, this tid bit of slanderous gosslp was sent on its travels under the guise of a rumor. It then became a positive statement on high authority, and later developed into a hisalong the 'Grand Stand' more than I can the grandest elifs and finest scenery we have. And then we'il be sure to meet some old friends there."

"Hear, hear," Eimund exclaimed.

"We start to-morrow. I introduce you," he continued, turning to Arthur, "to the brightest and most facel and most facel and the start to more to the continued, turning to Arthur, "to the such Catholics happen to be priests and most facel and most fa witness to any amount, without caring whether their calumnies have a foundation in fact or not."-Boston Republic.

THE EXCLUSIVENESS OF THE CHURCH.

In a sermon preached on his jubilee day, Cardinal Manning gave a beautiful explanation of his exclusiveness of the Catholic Church. He pointed out that no terms of reproach can be greater than to be exclusive, and yet the one thing in the world which is most exclusive is Truth.

The great preacher quoted the well-known lines: For points of faith let senseless bigots fight He can't be wrong whose life is in the right and paraphrased them thus .

For charts and compasses let senseless bigots fight; He can't be wrecked who steers the ship aright.

Who is it that can steer aright without charts and compasses? If there were no charts and compasses the shores of the whole world would be strewn with wrecks There is only one person who can withou charts and compass steer the ship, and i is He Who by His own word commanded the winds and the waves, and Who guides His own Church. It is perfectly true that the Catholic Church is the most exclusive and most dogmatic of all authorities on the face of this earth; and that is because it knows that the slightest deviation of a hair's breadth from the truth as it is in Jesu Carlet is wandering from the way of eter-

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc. Minard's Liniment cures burns, etc.

Chronic Derangements of the Stomach,
Liver and Blood, are speedily removed by
the active principle of the ingredients
entering into the composition of Parmelee's
Vegetable Pills. These Pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating
to action the dormant energies of the
everten, thereby removing disease and resystem, thereby removing disease and re-newing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popular-ity of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convineed.

NO FASTING FOR HIM.

Buffalo Union and Times.

establishment is evidently no advocate of fasting or any other means of mortifying the body to keep it in subjection to the apirit. In a recent article contributed to the English Illustrated Magazine, the distinguished divine delivers himself of many un-Christian sentiments for which St. Paul, were the apostle now in the fissh, would chestize him severely.

The English Archdeacon reverently regrets that so illustrious a personage as Cardinal Newman should still regard fasting as of scriptural obligation; and triumphantly appeals to the suppression of that term in the Revised Version of the Scriptures. He declares bravely that the saints won victories over themselves because they were saints, not because they fasted; and declaims against the agony of hunger as the very reverse of helping the soul to overcome temptation.

hupger as the very reverse of helping the soul to overcome temptation.

Were it not that at its very inception the spirit of Protestantism declared war against the practice of celf denial and corporal austerity, we should view with amazement the unspiritual pronouncements of this representative English churchman. But with the bon vivant Luther at their head, nearly all the corfet of the "Reformation" were not remarkable for abstemiousness in any sense. The record of their "table talk" and the rancorous disputations over their feaming rancorous disputations over their foaming mugs, indicated rather the gospel of the sensualist—"eat drink and be merry, for to morrow we die"—than the teaching of the Crucified, whose life from Bethlehem

the Crucified, whose life from Bethlehem to Calvary was a continued suffering.

The term "fisting," as Archdeacon Farrar claims, may be superseded by another form of expression in the Revised Version; but, surely, the spirit and meaning of the text cannot have been suppressed. The religious instinct, old as the world and boundless as the universe, has ever taught man self-restraint; and the old as well as the new dispensation furnishes many memorable examples of penitential austerities which found favor with God. But for the sack-cloth and ashes with which the Ninevites propitiated effended Heaven, their city would have been destroyed within city would have been desiroyed within forty days. Not till she had prayed and fasted for three days and nights did the

ample of Jesus fasting for forty days fore encountering and vanishing the evil one should have risen to the Archdeacon's memory and rebuked the anti Christian and anti Biblical utterances attributed to him by the English magazine.

A WORD TO COWARDLY CATHO-

Earnestness will make us aggressive. There will be among us a prudent but manly assertion of faith whenever circum. stances suggest it, and a determination to secure to Oatholics rightful recognition, whether in private or public life. We shall seek out opportunities to serve religion, and shall never pass by unheeded authority, and later developed into a hisauthority, and later developed into a hisauthority, and later developed into a hisauthority, and later developed into a historic fact and a fit subject for comment.

But there was not a word of truth in it.
Our contemporary, the Catholic Times of
Liverpool, says in regard to it: "We are
always glad to notice statements of
always glad to notice statements of
always glad to notice statements of this kind; because, although one man in a hundred who reads them may be foolish a hundred who reads them may be foolish

> eager to doff all Catholic vesture. American parlance, let us go ahead.
> What if we do at times blunder? Success is not the result of valor or merit. If we never venture, we shall never gain. The conservatism which is resolved to be ever safe, is dry rot. Pay no attention to criticism; there is never a lack of it, and it usually comes from the men who are nothing, and who rejoice if failure follows action so as to find their justification for

Why is Saturday dedicated to the

Blessed Virgin?
The celebrated Durand in his Rational The celebrated Durand in his Rational assigns four reasons for this choice of Saturday made by Mary herself for her day of predilection. 1st. Because on Saturday, the day after the death of Jesus Christ, the faith remained on earth in the person of the Blessed Virgin. 21. As Saturday is the precursor of Sanday so the Mother of God is the precursor to Eternal Life. 31. Because it is but right to unite the feasts of the Mother and Son. 4th. As Saturday was the day the Creator 4th. As Saturday was the day the Creator took for repose, so also did He find rest in the heart of His beloved Mother.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds

chdeacon Farrar of the Anglican setablishment is evidently no advocate of

fasted for three days and nights did the beautiful Either approach Assnerus for the deliverance of her doomed people. And in like manner did Judith strengthen her soul to emite the drunken Holefernes in the vale of Bethulia.

Carist speaks of a species of demon that cannot be driven out save by fasting and prayer. In the same observance Saul and Barnatas were selected and ordained to the work of the ministry. St. Paul tells us that he chastised his body and brought it under subjection, lest after having preached to others he himself should become a castaway; and the crowning example of Jesus fasting for forty days be-

their idleness.

Do not fear the novel, provided principles are well guarded. It is time for novelites—and religious action, to accord with the age, must take new forms and new directions. Let there be individual action. Layman need not wait for the priest, nor priest for Bishop, nor Bishop for Pope. The timid move in crowds, the brave in single file. When combined efforts are called for, be ready, and at all times be prompt to obey when orders are given; but with all this there is vast room for individual action, and vast good can be done by it.—Archbishop Ireland.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S DAY.

The annual Irish Catholic pilgrimage from Montreal to the famous shrine of St. Aune of Beaupre will take place on St. Anne's day, 26th July, by steamer Three Rivers, under the direction of the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Anne's Church of Montreal,

of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

To a Friend. True friendship, dear friend, is a tree of affection,
That always, when planted in genial clime.
Should flourish and blossom, bear fruit to Should nourish and blossom, bear fruit to perfection—
Well savored by favors, if seasoned by time.
But, alas! its bright foliage too often decay When shaded by dark clouds of sorrow;
And the cup that is sweetened by Friendship to day
Too often tastes bitter to morrow.

Too often the light of love's lamp ceases When merged 'neath the shadows of cold-ness and gloom. While the glare of the torch of sad disond

while the giate of the total are to the returning returning Exultingly glitters above its fair tomb. One drop of the gail of ingratitude may Tinge the pure stream of kindness while flowing: flowing; And the hand is, alas! often spurned away That has just been rich favors bestowing.

It is not while health, youth and beauty are twining the twining the twining twining twining the twining transfer of twining twining.

The twining twining twining twining twining twining twining twining. Thou'lt ever discover true Friendship so Thouse very discover true Friendship so rate.

No! false friends, like bees 'neath the summer's bright ray,
That 'round each sweet flower fiv humming,
Will bask in thy sunshine, yet fice far away
When adversity's dark clouds are coming.

Not thus my dear friend, have we darkened life's morning, Not thus shall we over its golden noon glide; with flowers of friendship life's path-way adorning, way adorning, From bright rosy morn till dark eventide. Yes, oft as we journey through life shall we On the green banks of kindness with pleas-

And of its pure waters from our verdant Drink of Friendship's bright goblet full is c No dark clouds and sunshine shall chase one another another
O'er our bright horrizon, so calm now and street.
For our lamp I have lit with the love of a brother,
And constantly brilliant its light will Pla appear.
O may it illumine that pathway of gloom,
Which as mortals, we'll tread at life's clos-

ing; When of living being weary we seek in the A neat, narrow bed for reposing. And, oh! when the sun of my hour is declin-And, on: week the same and a scarce can reling
And life seems a day dream I scarce can recall, If alive—to my pillow with fond lips reclin-If alive—to my pillow with fond lips recimthing
Thou'lt whisper hope, comfort, joy, friendship and all,
Thou wilt oft to my tomb, when my spirit
the fountain whence life was imparled,
Come to join with the evening wind mournaloue.

And pray for the soul that's departed.

-M. C. O'Donnell. FRANCE IS A CATHOLIC COUNTRY.

THE MAGINFICENT "CHURCH OF THE Cure NATIONAL VOW" AT PARIS.

Despite the strange circumstance that the Government of France is in the a ca hands of infidels—a fact due to the fran blamable indifference of the Catholics to politics, and the foolish clinging of the old nobility to the dream of a restored monarchy—religion flourishes. We quote from a recent letter of Helen Stanley's

in the New York Commercial Advertiser:
Paris, July 2—People have a way of saying that religious faith is dead in France, and, looking at the question superficially, it does seem indisputable. superficially, it does seem independent. But, if one considers things religious from their practice, it is easily seen that irreligion resides far less in the popular mind than in official tendency. God is mind than in efficial tendency. God is driven out of schools, the Sisters from the hospitals and monks from their convents, but souls are not less faithful to religious faith. Not only are the churches full at the hours of Mass, but even Vespers and other services, which are not obligatory, are celebrated amid great crowds belonging to all classes o

ociety.
On last Sunday, the Festival of the Sacred Heart, I was present at Vespers at St. Sulpice in the organ loft. The organist of this great parish is M. Charles M. Widor, one of the most elegant composers of the young school, and the first French virtuoso on this instrument, as French virtuoso on this instrument, as he is also one of the most fashionable and most petted of Parisian musicians.

on going up to the organ loft last Sun day, it was to witness, on the contrary, the touching spectacle of the enormous crowd of worshippers prostrated along the passage of the Holy Sacrament, which the clergy carried in process on through the three large naves, escorted by three hundred young Lavites belong ing to the seminary attached to the church, who were clad in surplices, bearing candles in their hands and walking in a double file, while others swinging the ing candles in their hands and walking in a double file, while others swinging the censers or scattering rose leaves in front of the sacred dais. Behind them walked a crowd of laymen, dressed in full evening dress, black coats and white cravats, merchants, men of property, soldiers and officers, engineers, lawyers, etc., belonging to the parish. They also carried lighted candles; and people say that faith is dead in France!

A few days before Monsignor, the

A few days before Monsignor, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, had inaugurated and consecrated, amid an inmense gathering of the cleave and mense gathering of the clergy and people,
—the latter reckoned at ten thousand the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, erected on the heights of Montmartre. This is a striking proof of the persistent force of Catholic feeling in France.

It was during the anguish of the war of 1870 that the thought of dedicating France to the Sacred Heart and of con-

structing to this end, by private sub-scription, a monumental church at Paris, was vaguely harbored in the minds of some patriotic Christians. When, in 1879, the subscription was opened by a decree of Cardinal Guibert, then Archbishop of Paris, "the Work of the National dam bishop of Paris," the Work of the National Vow" had already gathered in three months nearly a million of francs. This same year the first stone was laid, and to-day, freed from its shell of scaffoldings, the imposing building rises high, and is visible from all parts of Paris, which it overlooks from a height of 300 feet above the level of the Seine. In the work of the week of the series where the overlooks from the week of the series where the overlooks from the week of the series where the overlooks from the week of the series where the overlooks from the week of the series where the overlooks from the week of the series where the series wher four or five years the ornamental work will be finished by the erection of two four or five years the ornamental work will be finished by the erection of two platforms flanking and jutting out from the basilica with two gigantic equestrian attatues of St. Louis and St. Martin, of another statue of the Archangel Michael, another statue of the Archangel Michael, which will crown the top of the choirs, and, finally, of a central dome and of a tower which will rise above all the rest, and will be copied from the Campanille we is