

NON-CATHOLIC M... Father Ryan Answers Qu...

On Sunday afternoon, 3:30, in the Church of Xavier, Brooklyn, a large number of people assembled to hear the fine course delivered in that Rev. R. M. Ryan...

RETURNED TO THE FOLD.

The following letter, which we clip from the Ballina (Ireland) Western People of November 14, will be read with interest:

Dear Sir: I wish you to state in your journal (lest there might be any mistaken idea in or about Ballina) that I have returned to my native place, for no other purpose than to come back again to the Catholic Church...

It is the duty of every Catholic layman not only to take care of his family, but to have the welfare of his Church at heart, and to bring the Catholic home to its highest development...

The Catholic Home.

A great deal has been said and written of late about the influences of the layman. I do not understand this. It is the duty of every Catholic layman not only to take care of his family, but to have the welfare of his Church at heart...

"Dare You To," Said the Bishop.

One of the incidents of the Cuban campaign which has hitherto escaped much notice has just been chronicled in a Florida paper from recent Cuban despatches. When "the butcher," as he is known on the island, ordered the evacuation of a number of buildings in Havana which he proposed to convert into hospitals...

The commander was so enraged at the Bishop's firm stand that he was on the point of having the reverend man thrown into the fortress of Cubana, but his secretary, more politic, and perhaps more humane, convinced him that such a proceeding could only lead to further complications...

"Satisfactory Results." So says Dr. Carlist, an old and honored practitioner, in Belleville, Ontario, who writes: "For wasting diseases and Scrofula I have used Scott's Emulsion with the most satisfactory results."

MAJOR McKINLEY'S BRAVE ANCESTOR-

He Fought for Irish Liberty and was Hanged.

Buffalo Union and Times. The following article appeared in the New York Press on October 25. It makes interesting reading, and surely no one will accuse us of partisanship for publishing it now. We are sure our President-elect will do honor to his Irish ancestry:

In the little graveyard of Derry-keighen, among the fair hills of Antrim, on the north-east coast of Ireland, is a moss-grown, ivy-wreathed monument. Long ago it was erected there by the hands of sturdy Presbyterian patriots, who wished to honor the memory of one who had passed from among them, sacrificed to the cause he and they loved.

The body of their comrade, a few troubled months before, had dangled from a gallows in the public square in Coleraine. That comrade was William McKinley of Dercock.

McKinley was a splendid specimen of Irish manhood. He had a heart in which the blood boiled when he thought of the wrongs from which his country suffered and the injustice which his countrymen were forced to endure.

Dercock was a pretty village then, as now. Not far to the north are the headlands of Antrim, and the song of the sea as it rolls over the columns of the Causeway and into the caves may be heard in its single street when the night is silent.

In the valley below the town, by the banks of the Bush, night after night, before the outbreak of '98, the young farmers of the neighborhood led by McKinley, their captain, learned to wield the pike "right soldierly," and prepared to take a part in the coming struggle, which they fondly hoped would bring to Ireland the blessings of liberty which their kith and kin had won for the new land beyond the western ocean.

The wished-for day at length arrived, and the United Irishmen were called to the field to do battle with England's red-coats.

McKinley and his men went south, past Ballymena, until they joined McCracken's forces. They were with him at the battle of Antrim, when victory for a time blessed the arms of the patriots, and they were among the last to seek safety in flight, when accident, working for the British, turned the tide to defeat and disaster.

At Dercock lived a family named Smith. The Smiths were not in the best of odor in the community, and were known to have been engaged in shady transactions. No man would think for a moment of taking one of these Smiths into the United men; and the head of the house, Chestnut Smith, always made profession of his loyalty to the crown.

McKinley's hiding-place was kept a close secret, and, except to the most trusted, it was given out that he had escaped to America. The yeomen frequently searched the house in Dercock and all around it, and every nook in which they thought a man could be concealed, but they had this trouble for nothing.

Four weeks passed, and McKinley's house was a blackened ruin, and his family had to depend on neighbors for shelter. The visits of the red-coated marauders to Dercock had grown less frequent and McKinley and his friends began to think he could come out of hiding and make an effort to get out of the country.

They were reckoning, however, without Chestnut Smith. Before they could put their plans into execution Smith happened to call in the house in which McKinley was concealed, and an indiscretion on the part of one of the inmates aroused his suspicion.

Not many minutes later he was on his way to Coleraine, with word for the captain of the "Yeos." That afternoon a strong force of soldiers took possession of Dercock and McKinley was captured.

The redcoats set fire to the house in which he was concealed and he was obliged to surrender. In those days in Ireland there was little delay or ceremony about the trial of a patriot. McKinley was marched to Coleraine, where before sundown he was tried by drumhead court martial and sentenced to be hanged.

That night he was swung off a cart, and when the soldiers tired of jabbing his body with their bayonet, his head was cut off and fixed on a spike at the Town Hall.

Two of McKinley's uncles, James and William, had come to this country several years before, having been driven from their homes for their opposition to English misrule, and from one of them has descended the William McKinley who to-day has the highest honor within the gift of the people.

The descendants of the Informer Smith live at Dercock even now. A few years ago one of his family, also a Chestnut Smith, acted as secretary of the Unionist party in Belfast at the

words which she had repeated to herself so often that the whole universe seemed to echo with them. "Do you not know it?" she whispered. "Can you not guess it? You are free."

The affair was talked about in the papers awhile, several paragraphs appeared drawing attention to it, one or two journals had even a leading article on the subject, while a controversy sprang up for a few days between anonymous letter-writers to the press as to whether the testimony of information was or was not a safe kind of evidence through which to obtain conviction on an Irish trial.

"Oh, Father Daly, is it a dream? I have dreamed it so often. Is it only a dream? Don't tell me it is a dream and that I have got to awake."

He stroked her shoulder, her hand, gently. "No, dear, no dream, no dream; only God's love and God's mercy. We have trusted in that, and that is no dream. Now, my dear, courage, courage! Sorrow could not crush you, neither must joy. Remember Bryan!"

At the sound of his name a low cry broke from her, in which rapture and anguish were mixed, as if the new joy in her heart could not believe it had got that strong sanctuary all to itself by right, and was still constrained by the struggle of departing pain.

"Let me cry; it will be over in a moment." "Cry away, my dear; it will wash out the last of the misery."

Half an hour later they were in Mrs. Kilmartin's room. "Mother," said Marcella walking up to the invalid, "our Bryan is coming home at once, do you know? He is coming home at once. Father Daly and I are going to meet him now."

A sort of white radiance illumined her face, though her manner was very quiet. Only that marvellous light in her eyes and the curious thrill in her tones one could not have guessed that anything extraordinary had happened.

But the change in her acted at once on the invalid, who looked up with a sudden glance of awakened intelligence. "Coming?" she said, "coming? Ah, yes, now I believe you, because you look like it. Many a time you said it, but your eyes told me at the same time it was not true. Is he coming to night? Oh, why are we not all at Inisheun?"

The doctor who had followed them was listening to her. "I believe it will be just as I fancied it might if he could come," he said to Father Daly. "His arrival will probably work a sudden cure."

Within an hour Marcella was ready to start on her journey to England. "We can be there as soon as a letter," she said, "and perhaps they will not give him a telegram. Let me go at once."

Father Daly was eager to accompany her, but reminded her that there might yet be a trial in store for her patience, a small trial, easily borne after all that had come and gone.

"The law moves slowly," he said, "and doubtless many formalities will be necessary before the order for release can be forwarded to the prison."

Then we must whisper him the news through the keyhole," said Marcella, with a sudden bright laugh, the novelty of which startled the listeners.

After all there was a period of waiting outside the prison gates before even a whisper of the news was conveyed to the prisoner, but when the order for release came Marcella was permitted to be the bearer of the happy tidings.

Kilmartin was reading in his cell, or trying to read, for his mind was disturbed by a haunting fear that all was not well at Distressa. He knew that the fever still lingered about the country, and that his wife was exposed to it, and he had been informed that there were letters from Ireland awaiting him, which had been withheld, and could not yet be delivered. He was not quite able to connect these two facts in his uneasy speculation, not seeing why the authorities should interfere to retard bad news from home, if such were in store for him, yet the interruption in his correspondence seemed ominous, and his imagination had free room to work in his solitude and suspense.

He laid down his book and tried once again to reason himself out of his forebodings, when the sound of the key in his cell door concentrated his attention on itself as an occurrence quite out of rule at that hour of the morning. The next moment he had sprung to his feet with an exclamation of surprise and gladness, for Marcella was within a yard of him.

"My love, how have you come here? What extraordinary favor is this?" She was looking so bright and bonnie, her eyes shining, her lips quivering with joy, that she seemed to have stepped straight out of the old happy time before the trouble came. What cause had she now for such delight in merely and unexpected opportunity of seeing him? In proportion to this rapture would be the depth of her sorrow at having to leave him again when the hour of departure should strike.

This thought passed through his mind as he held her in his arms, and then across it flashed another with growing brilliance—a conviction that there was some more than ordinary cause for the happiness that irradiated her whole face and figure, that seemed to throb even in her very hands, and in the movement of her feet.

"What is it, Marcella? You have something to tell me. Tell it to me." She tried to speak and failed. Now that the moment was come, her voice was lost and she stood dumb. She looked at him imploringly, and with a supreme effort brought forth at last the

MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER XXX.

Mr. O'Flaherty of Mount Ramshackle, and a brother magistrate, were soon at the patient's bedside, accompanied by a sergeant of police and one of his men. The deposition made to them ran somewhat as follows:

"As I am a dying man, going before judgment, I declare that Mr. Bryan Kilmartin is innocent of all knowledge of the crime for which he is suffering penal servitude, and of which he was convicted chiefly on my testimony. I now acknowledge that testimony to have been false, and confess that I, James Barrett, shot with my own hands Mr. Gerard French Front, on the night of the 10th of January, 188--. Bitter experience of landlordism in my family made me a Fenian while a lad, and of late years I have been the agent of a very active branch of the Invincibles. In the year 188-- it was resolved to remove Mr. Front, who was a tyrannical landlord, and at the same time to punish Mr. Bryan Kilmartin for deserting from our ranks. We do not think it worth while to pursue everyone who drops away from us, but Kilmartin's position had made him a precious prize for us, and when he ratted it was resolved to do away with him. We did not want to have his strong influence working among the people by different means from ours. The 'Nationalist' party which he had joined is a difficulty in our road; and he was tried and condemned by our Council.

"At the same time we were anxious not to have too many murders on our hands, and it was resolved to get rid of Kilmartin by making him accountable for the shooting of Front. The lot to manage the affair fell upon me, as I had been found useful on several other occasions. It was I who lured him to the place; I who fired the shot that killed Front; I who gave the word to the police who went in pursuit of Kilmartin. It was suspected that one of our band tipped him the hint that enabled him to hide, and—well, that man is dead.

"Finding that Kilmartin was relieved, and that in twenty years he would in all probability be at liberty, the Society resolved to make an effort to work upon him through his wife, and to persuade him to enlist with us again. It was thought that a desperate man, branded as a convict, might be influenced by hatred of the laws that had condemned him, and might be induced to give the rest of his life to our service. As I had succeeded so well in managing his affairs before, this second piece of business was entrusted to me. I got orders to remove the lad, Mike, as a punishment for his opposition to us, and a warning to others, and then to frighten Kilmartin's wife into agreeing to our plans. The penalty of refusing was to be death.

"I could make no impression on her; she was too plucky for me; and though I would have given her time, myself, I had my orders. I didn't want to hurt her, but the thing had to be done. I had been hiding up in the mountain for a week and hadn't been very comfortable, and when I felt ill for a couple of days before the time came to remove her, I thought it was so bad that I said to one that was with me, and who has got away, that I believed I couldn't do it. He called me a coward and reminded me that to fail of obeying my orders was death to myself and no escape for her. I went to the place, though I hardly knew what I was doing. I remember the sun getting as red as blood and as big as a mill wheel, and the sea rising up and beginning to move over the land, and then the earth opened and I thought there was an earthquake. I remember nothing more about that time, but I saw her face all through my illness. It went bad with me—to take all I've taken from her—I mean Mrs. Kilmartin—and know all that I knew. I would have got away if I could, for I daren't break my oath and tell on the Society, but it's all right now, as I am bound to die. I will tell you more again, perhaps, when I've got time to think it over, but that will do for the present, I believe. All I will add now is that if most landlords were like Mr. and Mrs. Kilmartin, I and the like of me would never have been what we are.

"(Signed) James Barrett, of the Irish Invincibles, Chief 'Informer' on the Kilmartin trial."

Witnesses of this confession were the magistrate, the police, the doctor, Father Daly, Marcella and one or two nurses.

"Now," said the doctor to the police, "you can watch your man here; but mind, I tell you, he will never be able to leave this bed. Let him die in peace."

"Lady," said the dying man, who had scarcely taken his eyes from Marcella's shining face from the moment he began his confession, "you're going to your husband now and I'll be dead when you come back. I have only one thing to beg from you more—that you will let me kiss your hand."

With a swift movement Marcella came to his side and gave him her hand. "May God bless you," she said, "and forgive you as I forgive you, for myself and him."

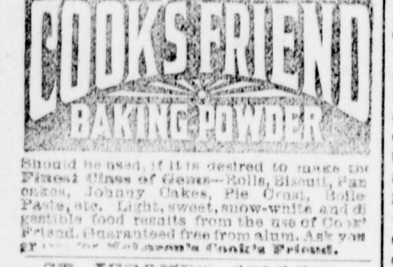
Then she turned slowly and walked towards the door, and passed out, stunned and blind, scarcely seeing where she was going till the others overtook her, and Father Daly caught her hand and led her. Mr. O'Flaherty took off his hat and congratulated

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