MARY LEE

or The Yankee in Ireland BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LANTY TAKES THE LOAN OF MISS HARD-WRINKLE, AND CARRIES HER OFF ON A PILLION.—ELSE FEELS CERTAIN SHE HAS DISCOVERED A CLEW TO THE

When Else reached the Cairn, she was somewhat surprised to find the door was somewhat surprises to ind the door of her cabin forced open, and the scanty furniture it contained tossed here and there, as if somebody had been search-the house. Lighting a rush candle without further delay, and inserting it in the wooden candlestick attached to her spinning wheel, she threw off her gray cloak, and took a hasty survey of the room. Her first glance was at the the room. Her first glance was at the hearthstone under which Randall Barry had so mysteriously disappeared, when Nannie's bleat announced the presence of Hardwrinkle's detectives; the second, of Hardwrinkle's detectives; the second, at the cupboard, concealed in the thickness of the wall, from which she furnished the widgeon and wine to her young friend before setting out on his perilous journey to Arranmore. Both, however, had escaped discovery; at least, there was no visible mark of their having been supported or examined. having been suspected or examined. Satisfied, apparently, with these observations, Else drew over her creepiestool, and sat down to build a fire for the night. Hardly had she touched the tongs, however, for that purpose, when a piece of closely folded paper fell from them on the ashes.
"Humph!" ejaculated the old woman,

picking it up; "what can this be From Lanty, I'll warrind; it's like his contrivin, to put it in the joint o' the tongs;" and hitching over the creepie nearer to the wheel, she brought the piece of crumpled paper close to the dim light, and read as follows:—

'Och, thin, sweet, bad luck to ye my ould darlint; isn't this the purty pickle ye got me into? The hole country's out afther me, and here I am waitin for ye this half hour, with Miss Hardwrinkle sighin and sobbin on the pillion at yer doore. Upon my conbung ye ought to be, to thrate me this way afther all promises ye made to stay at home. But naboklish, I'll be even with ye yit, Else, if I only live to get over the amplush I'm in. Of coorse I'm expectin to be shot every other minit, for the polis is afther me in all direcshins. As for the damsel herself, O hierna! mortial ears niver heerd the bate of her. Her schreechin brought out iverp livin soul atween here and Ballymagahey. She'd listen naither to rime or raison. I tried to soother her, but ye might as well try to soother a weasel. Bad scran to the haporth, she did but sequeal and spit at me all the time. Thin I tried to raison with her. I tould her I hadn't the laste bad intintion in life, it bein only the loan of her I was takin in a dacent way, till a friend of mine got over his throuble. That made her worse. She wudn't even stop to listen to me. Bad luck to me, Else, if iver I met so onraisonable a female since the met so onraisonable a female since the hour I was born. Atween scripthur and schreechin, she has nearly driven me out of my senses. Hould! whisht! there, by all that's bad, she's at it again as hard as iver. O, Heaven forgive ye, Else Curley, for the throuble I'm in on your account this blissed day. But I can't stay another minit. I'm of seain, over the mountain; and remim-But I can't stay and again over the mountain; and remumber if any thing happens me, ye'll find her ladyship at Molshin Kelly's of Carlinmore. No more at present, but remain your obedient,

LANTY HANLON.

"Note bene. As ye valie yer life, keep close to Mary."

" Hegh !" ejaculated Else, throwing the paper on the ashes again. "Hegh! but I'm sorry I didn't get a hoult of ye, ye spawn of the sarpint. Hah, I'd tache ye a lesson ye'd remimber till the clay covered ye. Little ye thought who was waichin ye this mornin, when ye went to Ballymagahey with yer tracts. Little ye thought who the ould woman was that passed for the widow with the three twins—the poor, desarted crathur that's dyin with the curse of herself and her dead husband on yer back. Hah! hah! Randall Barry, ye'll not have so many constables to guard ye the mor-row, while such a high-bred dame as Rebecca Hardwrinkle's to be sought and found. Ay, Robert, ye'll want more peelers than ye can spare, to guard your prisoner, or I'm far out of my reckonin. Devil as ye are, ye have yer match for wunst. And now do yer best, ye black-hearted villain ; do ye best, and niver fear, ivery time you play the Knave I'll strike with the Five fingers.

Else was here interrupted in her soli loguy by the approach of footsteps, and turning on her creepie, seemed some-what surprised to see the tall but stooping form of Roger O'Shaughnessy en

tering the cabin.
"Hump! what now?" she demanded;

"any thing wrong at the lighthouse, that yer here so soon?" "No, nothin to speak of;" replied Roger, familiarly taking a seat, and stroking down the few gray hairs that remained, with the palms of his hands. "No, nothing in particular. Only the constables are there after Mr. Lee," responded Roger.

Humph I so they're come at last.

And so," continued Roger, "I thought, as they cudn't do much harm in the master's absence, I'd step up at my leisure to Mr. Guirkie's, and see if he'd buy this picthur. If it brings only a couple of pounds atself you know, w might lay in a dozen or two of chape wine—Cape Madeira or so, to keep up

the credit of the place."

As the old man spoke, he drew from beneath his coat a small oil painting and laid it on the table beside him.
"What is this?" exclaimed Else,
locking at it for a moment. "Roger,
it is her mother's portrait. You shan't

"I know; but, ahem! it's only

copy."
"Copy or not, ye can't sell it." can't starve, either," said

Roger, apologetically.

"Of course, when there's nothing left.

Hoot! nonsense! yer always com-

Bedad, then, may be I've raison enough to complain, when the bacon's all gone, and not as much as the smell of wine or whiskey within the walls of the house. It's aisy for you to talk, Else; but if ye had the credit o' the

their bones. Surely three poor, weath, wethers is a small dependence through the long winter. As for the bit of piethurs, the poor child could do nothing at them since that weary cabin oy came; and, in troth, it went hard enough on me, Else, to see the young creature workin away, from mornin till night, unbeknown to her uncle, tryin to earn with her brush what'd bay little recessaries for the house when to earn with her brush what'd bay little necessaries for the house, when she ought to be roulin in her conch, with her footman behind her. Och hoch! Else, it's a poor day whin I'm driven to make lyin excuses to sich gentry as the Johnsons and Whatelys, in regard to the house. God be good us, it's little I thought, forty years ago, when I ust to announce to Lady Lambton, and Lord Hammersly, and Marquis—" Marquis

Stop, Roger Shaughnessy-stop yer "Stop, Roger Shaughnessy—stop yer claverin," interrupted Else, liguting her pipe; "yer niver done braggin about yer lords and ladies."

"Ahem! braggin—bedad, it's no braggin, Else, but the truth, and not the whole o' that same aither, let me

tell ye. Ahem! may be, when I use to get seventeen pipes o' the best

wine—"
"Hoot! hould yer tongue. Here,
take a draw o' this till I scrape up some
supper. I have a journey afore me,
and I can't delay a minute longer." "Well, ye may think as ye plaze, Else," said Roger, taking the pipe from Else," said Roger, taking the pipe from his venerable companion, "but they're changed times with us may way, when them that wunst thought a castle too small to resalve their company must now starve in a dissoliding the house. Ochone! cohone! the good ould times, when we ust to think nothing fifth acceptage of a constraint into the constraint of the company was the company of the company when we use to think nothing the company of the company was the company of the co of fifty coaches of an evenin, drivin into the courtyard."
"Hoot! man, make it a hundher at

wunst," said Else; "what signifes a score or two, in or over?" "Well, may I niver do harm,

Else-" Whist, bedhahusht, I say, I'm in no humor now to listen to such foolery. I ought to be on the road by this time;" and advancing to the cuploard, she drew down an oaten bannock from a shelf, and breaking 't into several pieces, consigned it to her recket. Then bringing the silver-mounted pistel she was in the habit of carrying on her journeys, close to the light, she examined the priming, and finding it satisfactory, thrust it into her bosom. "There," she ejaculated, "yer aisy carried any way; and who knows but ye may be of sarvice afore Randall ye may be of sarvice afore Randall Barry gets clear of his blood-hounds?"

"Where are ye bound or Else," in-quired Roger, "with that waipon about

That's my business." Yer not bent on murdher, I hope.

"Not if I can help it."
"Bedad, then," said Roger, "I wudn't trust ye if ye go into one of yer tantrums. Ahem! yer a dangerous woman, Else, when yer vexed, or, as woman, Else, when yer vexed, or, as the ould say in is, yer a good friend, but a bad mimy. But. Else, cudn't ye lend us a thrifle o' that money ye got from the Yankee! Ahem! I'd pay it back at the end o' the quarter.''

that for another purpose. Well, it's not much I'm askin,' said Roger; "only just the price of

dozen o wine, and a cheese or two, for the credit o' the house."
"Let the house take care of itself," responded Else, throwing the gray cloak again upon her emaciated shoul ders. "I'll have good use for the

money afore long, Roger. As to buy cheese with it, or wine aither, I'm afeerd it'd be more likely to buy a rope to hang me for passin it. Ay, ay, Roger, ye'll hear news about that aoney yet, or I'm greatly mistaken."

"Ahem! yer in a mighty hurry, Else; wait till I get the picthur under my coat. Ahem! as for a dhrop of any thing, I suppose it's not convanient.

"Humph! a dhrop of any thing. I thought it'd come to that at last;" and again opening the cupboard, she drew forth a bottle, and held it for an instant between her and the light. "Ay, there's some left," she added laying it on the table. "Drink it she added. and let me go.'

Roger raised the bottle also, and seeing it nearly full, laid it down again. "Ahem! ahem!" said he, stroking down his long gray hairs, and looking wistfully at his companion. "Ahem! it's a liberty I take, Else, but if ye have no objection, I'll carry it hom

with me.' " Carry it home ?"

"Yes, Ahem! Captain Petersham and the Johnsons'll be down to morrow, and there's not a dhrop to offer them. Take it, then-take it, and away with ye. I ought to be in Crohan by this time."

'Ye might had company," observed Roger, carefully corking the bottle and dropping it into his capacious pocket. "Ye might had company if ye

only left sooner. I want none; the dark night's all the company I seek."
"Well, that blackamore came down

with a constable, just afore I left the lighthouse, and took away the boy."
What, took the boy away in the state he's in ?' Troth did they, and without a

much as sayin by yer lave atself. The constable had a writ with him signed by

Mr. Hardwriukle."

"Hah, the villain," exclaimed Else;
"that's more of his plottin. Was the boy willin to go?"

"Willin—ye might well say that. The minute he saw the blackamore, he all but jumped out o' bed with joy, and the poor blackamore himself kissed and hugged the little fellow till I thought he'd niver let him go. Bedad, I never thought them migges had so much good nature in them alone." nature in them alone."

Else; but if ye had the credit o' the family to maintain, and nothin to maintain it with—"

"Yer not so bad off as that, Roger altogther, ch? Have yer nothin at all left after the bacon?"

"Nothin to speak of. There's some chickens, to be sure, but—"

"Some chickens. Is there in sheep?"

"Ahem! sheep; well, ay, the may be he thought the hey'd tell tales when he recovered his senses. Hab, hah, Robert! I'm en yer twick again. So the boy's gone." So the boy's gone."
"Ay, is he; and mighty well plazed

Ay, is no; and mighty well plazed
I am at that same, in regard to Miss
Mary, for the crathur cudn't do a
hand's turn while he staid—but hould," hand's turn while he staid—but hould,"
said I ager, suddenly checking himself,
"hould; I'll wager what ye plaze he
tuck the resary with him."
"What resary?" demanded Eise.
"Why, Mary's mother's—Mrs. Talbet's; and I declare I niver thought of
it till this minute."
"The one with the jewels?"
"Ay. She forgot all about it, I suppose."

pose."
" Forgot what?"

"That she lent it to him." "She never lent it; she hadn't it to lend since the day the Yankee first come to the lighthouse. She mislaid it somewhere that day, and niver could find hilt or hare of it since. Hoot! ve're dhramin, Roger.

"Dramin — bedad, then, it was a mighty quare drame, when I saw it with my own eyes, and handled it with my own fingers."
"Her mother's rosary?"

"To be sure. How could I mistake it? Didn't I see it a hundred times, when we—ahem! when we lived at the castle? Bedad, Else, it's not a thing to be alsy mistaken about, for there's not the like of it in the whole world. but one, and that same's many a thousand mile from here—if it's in bein at

"Ye name Mr. Talbot's ?" "Ye hame Mr. Tanbots?
"Of course. They were both as like as two eggs, and presents from the Duchess of Orleans to Edward's father and mother, when they went to France

long ago."
Ay," said Else, resuming her seat, and looking up sharply in Roger's face, as if she leared his mind was wandering,—"ay, 'as like as two eggs.
And where did the boykeep the rosary for it's strange I never could see it about him, though with him late and

early."
"Well, ahem!" said Roger, "I must well, anem? said Roger, 'I must tell ye that, Else, since ye ask me. Ahem! one day last week, as Lanty was going to Rosnakill, I wanted him to bring me a bottle o' wine; for feen a dhrop was in the house, and we exceted company that evenin. Well, it happened life. Lee had no money con-varient; and naither had Lanty himself, nor Mary; and I didn't know what in the world to do in the amplush I was in, for as luck'd have it, the brandy was out as well as the wine, and not a taste of any thing in the house but a thrifle o' whiskey in the bottom o' the decanter. So, thinks I ahem! I'll try—may be the cabin boy might happen to have some change in his pockets, and I'll borrow it till he gets well."

gets well.

"So ye searched his pockets?"

"I did," replied Roger; "ahem!

It wasn't right, I suppose; but seein
the pinch I was in, I couldn't very well

And found the rosary ?" "Yes; sewed in the linins of his waistcoat pocket. I thought first from the hard feel it might be gold pieces,

and I ripped it open."

"Sewed in the linins of his waistvords slowly, and gazing vacantly at

her companion as she spoke.

"Ay, she sewed it in herself, I suppose; thinkin the blissed crucifix might

help him in his sickness."
"Roger Shaughnessy," said the old woman, suddenly rising, after a long pause, which she kept her eyes uncon-sciously fixed on him,—" Roger Shaughnessy, can you swear on the holy evangelist, you seen that rosary in the boy's possession?"
"Swear! Of coorse I can. Why, is

there any thing strange in that? seem to be all of a flutther about it. "No matter—I have my own mainin for it. Now go you back to the lighthouse, and stay with Mary; she's all alone, and needs yer company. I must hurry as fast as I can to Castle Gre-

gory, and then back to Crohan."
The Lord be about us!" exclaimed Roger, as he stood looking at the recoding form of the old woman descending the hill. "What does she name now? There, she's off to Castle Gregory this of it than a girl would of sixteen.

Ahem!" he added, buttoning his coat over the picture, and moving off to-wards the lighthouse; "she's a wond-

TO BE CONTINUED.

June Indulgences.

By a decree dated May 30, 1902, the Holy See has increased the Indulgences ecorded to devotions of the Sacred Heart in June. An Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines may be gained each day by all who with a con-trite heart offer any special devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart, whether in public or private. A special Plen-ary Indulgence may be gained during the month of June, or in the first eight days of July by all who will have been present ten times at public devotion honor of the Sacred Heart. isual conditions are prescribed resident conditions are prescribed — Confession, holy Communion, and a visit to a church or public oratory in order to pray for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff. — Messenger of the Sacred

WHO CAN FILL HER PLACE?

STORY OF PRESENT-DAY PERSECUTION

It had been decreed that the Sisters It had been decreed that the Sisters were to leave that day, but some of them, particularly the teacher of the youngest children, still hoped agianst hope. She was little more than a girl herself, but she had early given her young life to God, and had been at the head of the primary department in the school for six years. Out of the class. school for six years. Out of the class-room, as in it, she was a veritable little mother to the orphin children who were now to be doubly orphaned by the departure of the Sisters who had cared for some of them from their earliest intancy. Sister Marie's thoughts were From time to time she would glance a at the window, wondering if a passer-by might not be the messenger of good news. It did not seem possible to her that she must go and leave those dear children in whose lives her own was enbound up, that she must say to that peaceful and beloved tirely home where for ten years the days had

flowed like the rivers of paradise.

"B...a, Ba. B...i, Bi, B...

o, Bo," proclaimed a small voice in a tone of infantile triumph. It was that of a very little girl, not quite four years of age, with an angelic face crowned by masses of soft blonde hair that would curl reguishly about her temples, in spite of the scissors so often brought to bear against the refactory

locks that seemed almost an aureole about her childish head.
"Very well done, Madeleine," said Sister Marie, patting her on the shoulder. "Once more, now, so that the others may hear how well you are learning to spell."

The feat was represted the Sister

The feat was repeated, the Sister The feat was repeated, the Sister smiled approvingly, the older girls looked on with a generous air, not unmixed with condescension, while the others, of Madeleine's age and younger, gazed in wonder at their clever little companion. They had not yet master ed their "A. B. C.'s"

Returning down the line, Sister Marie found the child close to her side, fingering her Rosary.

'What is it, Lena?' she inquired, looking kindly down at the little one.

Was I good ?' "Very good; I am pleased with my little Lena."
"May I have that pretty rose then?"

"The rose that stands in the glas before Our Lady?"

"Yes, Sister, that one."
"You would take it away from the Blessed Virgin?"
"No, Sister; I want to leave it there. But I want it when it is with-

ered, to tear the leaves apart, and put them in my book to mark the place. It smells so sweet, a withered rose, and when you open my books to hear my lesson, you will think how sweet that Sister Marie nodded. "Yes, you

may have the rose when it is withered, Lena," she said sadly, oh, so sadly, as she realized that when the fragrant petals had grown brown between the ros of the little primer, she would

The eyes of the child sought those of her teacher and friend. Standing on tip toe, she pulled the face of Sister Marie to her own level, and kissed her on both cheeks. The children titte ed. ena gazed around unabashed. Siste: Marie made a gesture which me ut silence. Madeleine went back to he seat and the lesson proceeded.

And now it was the hour for recrea tion. Sister Marie sat under a tree in the garden, surrounded by her pupils. To her came a trio slowly limping and

crying.
"What is the matter, children? "We were running too fast and fell down. I hurt my head—"

And I scratched my arm."
My knee is black and blue, Sister. "That is too bad. Come, sit here

from the Manger to the Cross. And the children listened, taking the lesson to their innocent hearts, glad to be able to unite the sorrows of their little Calvarys to the grand Calvary of Our Lord. Such slight sorrows as the were, besides—sorrows alleviated by the tenderness of their beloved guides, who knew how to show them where the could find the perfume of flowers ami the thorns of suffering and disappoint

The five minute bell sounded.

"It is time for us to go in," said Sister Marie as she rose, followed by the group, ranging themselves in couples as they marched into the school-room, quiet as little mice, where a moment before all had been frolic and laughter. The teacher made a sign they all fell on their knees for the cus tomary prayer before resuming their studio

Silent, with her eyes cast down, her hands folded, she was beautiful! What a pale, pure complexion, faintly tinted with pink, like the blush at the heart of a rose. How dark and finely pencilled the delicate eyebrow, how long the lashes that swept the girlish cheek

The children were all kneeling, their feet in a straight row behind them, according to rule; their hands lightly folded on the benches in front of them, their eyes uplifted to the image of Christ and His Mother in the niche above Sister Marie's table. Slowly, in reverent tones, well modulated and dis

tinct, they began :"Our Father Who art in Heaven." A knock at the door. The children id not turn their heads; such inter ruptions were not infrequent. But it was an unusually loud knock, and some of the older ones noticed that Sister

Marie grew pale.

"Hallowed be Thy name."

A second knock. "Open the door."

A look of alarm on the faces of the

table. She had been accustomed to stand during the prayer the better to overlook her young charges. The little girls, reassured, went on with

heir prayer. Give us this day our daily bread." "Give us this day our daily bread." A thundering blow and it was thrown wide. A gaping crowd stood without, close to the spotless threshold.

"Forgive us our treapasses as we forgive those who trespass against na..."

The crowd su ges inward, filling the The crowd su gos inward, filling the spaces between the benches, advancing to the very table beside which Sister Marie is still kneeling. She rises to her feet. So do the children, trembling and clinging close to each other, sur-rounding her, a human wall, gazing fearfully at the gendarmes, who glare flercely upon them. Madeline, alone undismayed, clasps Sister Marie's arm with her little hands, as though to profiercely

"What do you teach the little duck-lings, Sister," inquires the mayor who, with his clerk, had led the invad-

ers.
"B...a Ba. B...o Bo." ans
wers Madeleine, before Sister Marie can reply.
" And what else?"

"And what else?"
Emboldened by the courage of her companion, another orphan responds:
"To love God."
"To love God? And what beside?"
"To love France, our country."
The rough men look at each other.
They are emissiries of the government, but they are fathers also. They seem

but they are fathers also. They seem to fall back.

But the mayor has no children. He

is a bachelor, and a rough one at that.

"Thunder of thunders!" he shouts.
Leave this! Go! Just vacate the premises. You have had enoughing. Get out—it is the law! You have had enough warn Sister Marie rises to her full height.

"And these children, Monsieur?" she inquires with dignity. "What is to ecome of them?"
"The government is not responsible

to you, Sister, for what it will do with them," answers the mayor. "Yester day this house belonged to nuns; to day it is the property of the State. You have nothing more to say. Come here, ducklings ; get in line.

At these words the children began to cry. Then one of the men stepped forward. Seizing a little girl by the shoulder he pushed her to one side. She fell to the floor. This was the signal. The children were forcibly removed from the vicinity of their teach-er, till at length, save for little Madeleine who still clung to her with all the strength of her childish arms, they were all ranged in line, weeping and moaning.
"Here now, child," said a gendarme,

you must stand with the others. You can't stay with the Sister. She is going away. Her companions are waiting for her in the chapel. We have had more fuss and trouble here than in the whole

He drew the child away from the Sister who gently unloosed her clasp. Sobbing, little Lena was placed close to one of the larger girls, who put her arm around the unhappy child.

"Now why don't you go a" cried the Now, why don't you go ?" cried the

nayor, turning once more to the nun.
Decamp! Stir yourself rome!!ate-The Sister remained motionless. Her gaze, sorrowful and almost uncom-prehending, wandered for the last time about the school-room, where for six years she had lavished her soul and her

heart upon the poor, abandoned chil-dren from whom she was now to part. A ruffian stepped forward from the throng, laying a brutal hand on her shoulder. "Be off with you," he said, while the sweet, clear voice of Madeleine fell on Sister Marie's ear like a

voice in a dream.
"Do not push my Sister Marie,"
pleaded the weeping child.
The color rushed to the face of the
nun; with a blazing glance she shook "That is too bad. Come, sit here beside me, with the others, and I will tell you all a story.

That is the way Sister Marie always did. Every childish grievance she cured with a story. When things did not adjust themselves at once, she took the opportunity of telling them that in this world we all must have our share of suffering. She told them how the dear Lord Jesus suffered for them from the Manger to the Cross. And

against us. But deliver us from evil," answered the children through their sobs. Then the crowd encompassed her and the little ones saw her no more.-Rosary

Magazine.

MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

"If you do not believe My words," said Our Divine Lord, "believe M works." "Go tell what you have seen, said He, to the disciples sent to Him by John. "The blind see, the deaf by John. "The blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk, the poor have the Gospel preached to them." So argued Our Lord with a cold and unbelieving world. The then all-known world had heard of His miracles, and from every quarter they came with their ills and their woes, to throw themselves at His feet and implore His mcrcy. Countless were the numbers He healed and sent back glad and joyful to their homes.
"Their faith had made them whole."
Only a few of His miracles are recorded. We know they must have been as numerous as the stars of Heaven, since virtue was going out of Him at every step, and St. John says, if all the miracles He did were to be told this earth could not hold the books

it would take to relate them. He was the Son of God, and as such had equal power with the Father and the Holy Ghost. As a man he was poor and helpless and had not "whereon to lay His head," but as God He was alnighty, and was enshrined in the glory power of the Blessed Trinity As man He was good, tender and com-passionate toward His fellowmen, and sympathized with them in their sorrows, and felt for them in their woes, and as God He was merciful to them and lifted them up and made their hearts light and their spirits cheerful by the lessings He bestowed. The miracles of Christ were performed for the con-firmation of His word; that was the children, and surprise, that their all true, all consoling, and honor and adorest teacher knelt down by the side of the all saving word as made known Blessed Trinity.

in His doctrines and the principles He enunciated. He could talk of divine mercy and divine love, but He would exemplify them by he mercy and human love. Thus He mercy and human love. Thus He would reach the soul by means of the body, and thus He would prepare men for and thus He would prepare men for eternal peace and happiness by giving them earthly peace and happiness through the miracles He wrought in their behalf. His divine power has triumphed, and is perpetuated as we see through the Church which He established, and which He clothed with the present to preach and teach in His page. established, and which He clothed with power to preach and teach in His name, and to heal the sick and sore of heart

souls.

would be hoaled, which promise has been verified by the numberless cases of illness which the priests of God have cured in response to certain ing them, according to their faith, this not a reputation of the miracular this not a reputation of the miraculous power of Christ, and does it not prove that the priest and Christ are one, or as the Fathers say that the "priest is smother Christ?" How the people then should welcome and reverence these chosen men whom Christ has called and set apart, as He says, from the rest of men, and bow the rest of men. called and set apart, as He says, from the rest of men, and how all in the spirit of true and heartfelt faith should avail themselves of their wonderful powers. In the days of Christ His look, as in the case of Peter, was the cause of repentance, and His word entraced and held spell-bound the multiple who followed Him So after entraced and held spell-bound the multitudes who followed Him. So after Our Lord's ascension, the apostles exercised like powers and swayed thousands by their convincing words and by the miracles they wrought in confirmation of them. Faith—strong, heartfelt, sincere, earnest faith—was the required condition. required condition made by Our Lord for the exercise of such power and with this faith even mountains could be moved. We see this faith ex could be moved. We see this faith ex-emplified and exercised by the people and the apostles after Our Lord's ascension and the coming of the Holy Ghost, for numbers, we read, flocked around the apostles beseeching them to relieve them of their maladies and miseries, and the sick were even laid along the wayside, that the shadow of the apostles might fall on them and bring them the desired cure. and gold we have not," said Peter to the crippled beggar imploring an alms at the temple, "silver and gold we have not, but what we have we give to thee, and so, in the name of Christ arise and walk!" and the man arose and darced for joy, and went into the temple to pray. The miracles of Christ are renewed and repeated in His Church, and thousands every day are healed or helped by her faithfu

are healed or helped by her faithful ministers.

Let us, like the thousands in our Lord's time, and like the millions and millions since, believe in Christ, in His word and in His works, and with like faith let us believe in His Church and acknowledge the divine light in her words and the divine power in her works. Christ is in the Church and the Church is in Christ, and as long as time lasts this union will continue and time lasts this union will continue and Christafil be a Saviour and a consoler to His people. He will show them mercy and love, and shall heal their every infirmity. Thus He will prepare them by His goodness to them here for that union with Him hereafter, where darkness, sorrow and death will not be known, but all will be light, and joy, and life in the possession of the Beating Vision of God forever in Heaven.— Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and

PRECEPTS OF THE CHURCH.

Having briefly reviewed the commands which God gave to man as a rule for his life and actions, we next come to a consideration of the laws of His Church, which are of equal binding. tions, but rather extenuations of the decalogue, for they are founded upon the ten commandments. Their spirit, therefore, is not to make the fundamental law more onerous, but rather easier of fulfillment.

Previous to His ascension into heaven our Lord thoroughly familiarized His apostles with the doctrines which He had taught. Furthermore He founded a Church which was to the repository of these truths for the benefit of unborn generations—a Church which was to teach without error until the end of time. Finally He selected for that Church a to whom, with His successors, was confided the power to teach and govern. Temporal power He assigned to individuals. In them was vested the authority to make laws for a temporal end. But to His Church He committed the spiritual power to frame laws for the spiritual welfare of man. And that there might be no mistake concerning the enforcement of these latter laws He has affixed a dreadful penalty being cut off from communion with His Church: "If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican."

By the teaching Church, therefore, e are to understand St. Peter and the Apostles and their successors, the Pope and the Bishops of the Church. To these has He committed the authority to decide in matters of faith and the power to frame laws for the guidance of the faithful.

As we learned in childhood, these laws or precepts binding upon all the faithful, are six in number. As we then also learned, these are holy practices and immemorial customs received by tradition of the apostolic times mostly, at length reduced into precepts by the Church, with an injunction upon all Christians to observe them as highly conducing to their salvation. We shall consider them separately.

-Church Progress. The Holy Ghost is the author of all grace. To Him we owe our sanctifica-tion. We should therefore formally honor and adore the Third Person of the

and bring peace and joy to troubled Our Lord said He would be with His Church all days, and that His Apostles (and their successors therefore) would lay their hands upon the sick and they

> When a man knows His Church, and will can well afford to facause will always con These thoughts have by the knowledge of tion in England in called Reformation : been imposed upon brethren, whether by of Martyrs," or Burn mation," or Froude mation," or Froude romances, that passe the honored name of l lobbett, Maitland, have delved, with a despite its consequently annals of the times men are learning nov lies believing it, as it, and as, all the w knew it. Concerning lic historians one is the noble lines, wri memorial of Charles Memorial Hall, Cam "He followed Truth, a With Darger's swee So loved her that he

TINE 4 1904.

TURNING OF T

TRUTH'S RESURBECTION REGARD TO THE SO-

TION. Sacred Heart

Within the heart

Within the heart funch there exists a sense of the justice of strength of her posi-of her ultimate trium may go against her tongue of calumny im

may go against her tongue of calumny im the pen of nistorian at dipped in gall when the her affairs. Things m

t may become true

has been systematic

drove the necessity from Rome." The ol all this, still bides h

it to be God's time.

This perfect fearlestion of trust made Let the historical treasur to friend and foe ali tell fearlessly what it

To Dr. James G W. Maitland, to Mr. to Mr. Bass Mullin

entrusted of writing that on "The Refor Cambridge (Eng.) planned by the l What have they to Pollard: The Reformation mainly a domestic a test against nationa towards doctrinal ated in political ex not universal in in

work of kings and minds were absorbe blems, rather than faces were set towa of the Church. * to make the Chur Church of England, recognizing as its King. * * Fr submission of the cl there has been no i lish Church succe the supreme author

Writes the Angl he was to have his Church must be eit Christendom was mine what was r England the Chu royal supremacy. first time in histo great prince del himself and his su

the severest penal of Papal authority.
As to Dr. Maitla
the word "contin the Anglican Chur hat proprietar; had been preserve is, the continuity vation of the Cat erty of patrimony the State religion ger writes with mo the reign of that

feminine monster. prey. So the tide tw ward the sunlight with its oncoming land will yet be again, the Land ment, the Patrin hope and belief prayers rise fery grace to the thro

Preacher Sig Rev. Dr. Mark don addressed a and religious wor week. "The Pr

follows: "Speaking of to of the People, helpers in the said: "Oh use t tact and skill a call our helpers 'brings them ne Deaconess' "Doctor of Divi means sisterhood. "Do not some formists object sounds so much

practice ?"
"Object ? Wh But I never he The Roman Cath splendid idols (where it comes f

At the end of wife-murder rec Star, we find the was partially u liquor."—Antig