THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

White Lilacs.

A year ago, a year ago Bhe stood beneath the lilac-tree, Her face with light and life aglow. And pulled the branches down for me.

2

The blossoms showed against her hair Like fairy feathers, crisp and white; She loozed so rationt and so fair. With flashing smile and glauces bright.

Now here the lliacs bloom acain : They crown the tail and branching stem Fragrant and pure in sun and rain, A stately, spotless diadem.

But where is she who stood below And bent the white plumes down to me? An, mournfal question ! Wall asd wee Come sighing through the illac-tree.

They closed e'er spring had breathed its That living smile that flashed before Is cold in death's eternal calm.

And now above her greening grave, With other flowers by mourners strewer The like feathers softly wave, And perfume all the solitade.

For life has gone and love has fied; And yet the year comes round again, Whatever futile tears are shed, Whatever hearts are broke with pain.

There is no grief in flower or field; No memory hath the illust tree; No hope nor help the rosses yield, Nor weeps the dew for loves that flee.

Yet these themselves shall one day die, When the wide beavens together roll; And all this beauteous earth and sky Shall perish like a flaming scroll.

But she who bent the lilas bough, Who sleeps to day beneath the sod, Shall live with glory on her brow, And met me when I go to God ! -Ellen Terry Cooke, in Harper's Bazar.

KNOCKNAGOW

OR, THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LI.

MAT DONOVAN IN TRAMORE --- MRS KEAR-NEY AND HER "OWN CAR."-THE "COULIN."

Tramore - the "Great Strand" - 1: household word in very many Tipperary homes. There the child gata the first sight of those waves, whose singing had been so often listened to in the sea shell on the parlour chimney plece; and there the grandaire, leaning upon his staff, gazes for the last time upon the same waves with wonder and delight more childleh than the dignation in his tone. child's. Fow married couples will you meet along the Golden Vein, and for many a mile to right and left of it, who have not wandered over that level, velvety strand, or reclined upon the sloping tur above the steep shore, while the bay flashed in the autumn sun, when life's journey seemed to them a very "path of rays." And when the corn is "drawn in," and the orchard "shook," and Octo drawn in," and the crentra " shows, ber frosts make it pleasant to come with in the glow of the farmer's fire, see if the mention of "Tramore" will not call a dreamy look into the eyes of stalwart youths and blushing maidens ! Yes, pleasant memories of the sea are

cherished in the homes of Tipperary. Yet who could ever look upon the sea without a sigh for the homes of Tipperary-and the homes of Ireland ?

Father Carroll and his two young friends were walking down the steep street towards the beach, when Edmund exclaimed : "Surely, that is Mat Donovan with the

spade in his hand. What on earth can have brought him here ?"

Mat was greeted as an old acquaintance by both Eimurd and Father Carroll, but Arthur O'Connor had never seen him be fore, and contented himself with admiring the broad shoulders and sinewy limbs of

the broad shoulders and sinewy limbs of the young pessant. "Miss Mary, an' Miss Ann, an' the mis-thress, sir," said Mat, in reply to a quee-tion from Father Carroli. "We're goin' home to morrow, an' the misthress wouldn't be satisfied to have any one dhrive 'cm but myse'f, an' shessent for the our the work before last so that I'm here car the week before last, so that I'm here now nearly a fortnight."

The fact was, Mrs. Kearney found that her neighbour, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, had her own car at the sea-side, and discovered mother's la watched the breakers leaping up to clasp the dusky cliffs in their white arms and then slide down and hide themselves in the bosom of the blue waves that rolled in as if to call back the truants to their "What do you mean ?" save Mrs. Kear.

box at the Knocknagow dhrum in id. "Twould be like the end uv the world! Mr. Richard fired a shot in id a few days sgo, an' id made the hair stand on my head. But I know a box uv the big dhrum would be a show intirely !" "So we have Richard here," said Ed-murd ; "that's fortunate." "No, sir ;" returned Mat, "he cut away home. All they could asy couldn't stop reply, and, buttoning up his "zephyr," he strode on towards the Bost-cove in ad-vance of his friends, looking as if he coneldered their observations quite beneath contempt. "This is really a nice bathing place," Arthur O'Connor remarked as he sat at the window of his room in the evening. "But is it not a wonder that the people

"But is it not a wonder that the people who build these handsome houses never plant a tree ?" "Come, brush yourself up and be ready to come out," said Edmund, who had run up to his friend's bed-room to protest against his shutting himself up for the evening. "The belles, you see, are just about to appear in all the colours of the rainbow, as Mat Donovan said." And Edmund pointed to a young lady at a door a little lower down the street, open-tyg and shutting her parasol. a. All they could say couldn't stop The minute he laid his eyes on that

bin. The minute he had his eyes on that bit up paper stuck on that windy above," continued Mat, pointing to a window they were just passing, "nothin' could keep him. You'd think that little scrap was a latitat, he was so frightened when he see

home. him.

Kathleen.

walk.

what here."

it." "Do you mean the label with 'Lodg-ings' on it ?" Father Carroll asked. "Yee, sir," replied Mat, "the Miss Hanlys wor lodgin' there; but their father came to bring 'em home unexpected." "Oh, I understand," said Edmund, laughing. "He is now rambling under the chadow of the old castle with the fair Kathleen "

tog and shutting her parasol. The evening was calm and sultry, and As they walked along the beach by the

As they walked along the beach by the "storm wall" they were obliged to cross to the other side of the road, as some hundred yards of the footway were en-closed by a high pallog with a gate at each end. This arrangement puzzled Arthur O'Connor a good deal, and he wondered what was the object of locking out the public from this portion of the walk is in the bow window just opposite !" "What are you talking about ?' re turned Arthur.

"The gates will be open by and-by "But I must warn you to take care of elr," Mat Donovan observed. your heart and vocation," Edward ran on, "for I am positively haunted by the thought that sooner or later you will That elr," Mat Donovan observed. "That palin' was put up to keep the men from speculation' on the ladies." "Speculating on the ladies?" Arthur repeated, inquiringly. "Yee, str." replied Mat seriously. "They're here from all parts-they're here from London," he added with empha-size as if London were at the other end of

are you talking about ?" "Look at that dazzling little being in als, as if London were at the other end of the bow window."

the world. "There's a Lady Elizabeth an' a Lady Mary, an' ladies the divil knows "I see her, but can see nothing won-derful about her."

derfnl about her." "But, my dear fellow, don't you see it is sweet little Minnie Delany." Here Elmund Ktely bowed and smiled, but the young lady seemed quite unconcious that the eyes of her admirer were on her. She had leant out of the window and looked up at the eige and Kidmund Wilr "How did you happen to learn the aames of those distinguished visitors, Mat ?" Father Carroll asked with a smile. "Well, sir," Mat asweed, with a smile, "Well, sir," Mat answered, with a very solemn expression of countenance, "Phil Morris is here, an' he's lodgin' at a manty-maker's up near the chapel, an' their memory do he in there. You might here looked up at the sky, and Edmund Kiely, following her example, saw that a heavy maker's up hear the chapel, an' their following her example, saw that a heavy women do be in there. You might as cloud was hanging like a pall above them. The bay, which an hour or two before to understand wan uv 'em," added Mat with a blending of astonishment and inbecome broader, and little eruptions of But about the speculating ?" asked foam were bursting up here and there far out between the Metal-man and the two

Arthur O'Counor, who was able to make nothing of Mat Donovan's explanation of white pillars on the opposite side of the bay, marking where those treacherous the paling along the storm wall. "He means that the paling is intended bay, marking where those treacherous rocks, so dangerous to the mariner, lifted

to keep the men from looking over the wall at the ladies bathlog," returned Edmund. "That's what he calls speculattheir fron foreheads almost to the surface of the heaving billows, which now seemed roused from sleep by some mysterious ing on the ladies. But, Mat, what are you going to do with the spade ?" "To bury Phil Morris, sir," Mat anagency ; for "There was not wind enough in the air To move away the ringist curl"

swered. " Is old Phil dead ? I'm very sorry to hear it. It was a treat to listen to him telling of his adventures when he was

out' in '98." "He's as stout as a buck," returned Mat. "I'm on'y goin' to bury him for the pains. If you walk down as far as the mast of the ship that was wracked last winther you'll see him burled in the sand, wad only his her a burned in the sand, Edmund observed ruefully. "I'll ask Father Carroll to step over to see Mrs. Delsny, and manage to have us all asked to tee. There will be no walking. There is Somerfield's carriage going back to the stable-yard, too. A splendid pair they are; Mat Donovan pointed them out to what only his head above ground, and the sweat runnin' down his face from the weight on him. He says wan buryin' is bether than twenty baths." "Was there a vessel lost in the bay last me as we were coming up, and I was honored by a nod of recognition from one

f the ladles. winter ?" "Who are they ?" Arthur asked. "There was, sir. Wanst they get in

"Sam Somerfield's daughters, of Wood-lands," returned Edmund. "It is he, or rather his father, keeps the harriers. Hugh Kearney and I have often had a good run with him." them apast two white pillars they're done for. Though the fishermen at the Boatcove tells me there's not an honester bay in Ireland, if the captain would on'y run Arthur O Connor gave very little atten-tion to what his friend was saying. He was listening with a look of surprise to the off-empty that a look of surprise to

"By the way, Mat," and Edmund, "has old Phil Morris his pretty grandaughter with him?" the soft sweet tones of a flute, w could hear distinctly through the hoarse chant of the breakers. The circumstance which excited his surprise was, that the

with him ?" "He has, sir," returned Mat; "he couldn't live wudout her, I b'lieve. An', begor, she'd surprise you. She's able to talk to the best uv 'em, an' to undher-stand what they'd say. An' she was able to show the dressmaker how to manage some turns an' twists in a new-fashloned ownd that she wasn't able to coma at her. music suddenly stopped almost as soon as it had commenced, and then began again, to cease as suddenly as before. This was repeated over and over till Arthur's sur-rely becan to share to convertible like at the same time that she hereelf was by no means well, and required " the sea sir " self, afther takin' id asundher. I was to bring her round. Mary pointed to the standin' by myse'; an' she might as well irritation : for the strain seemed femiliar often happen. window curtain, which was fanning her | thry to make a watch as put id together, Mat did not mind telling that he epent a good deal of his time picking shells with Bessy Morris—which shells, in after days, he could never catch the elightest glimp of, on the fire-board to which they were glued, in Bessy's own little room, without a sigh and a mental "God be with old

"I know the air," said Eimund. "It is the Coulin." For the poor musician had walked on to the next house without taking the flute

to the next house without taking the flute from his lips. "Hang her !" muttered Arthur, as Miss Minnie Delany, too, pulled down her window; though she did it so slowly and hesitatingly, that the old min istrel played on seemingly unconscious of this last repulse. Or it might be that he was borne away to other scene by the sweet melody watched her climbing, or rather bounding, up the steep pathway, with a step as light as the wild goat's. The path led up close to the rock behind which he was standing, and as abe came nearer her slivery tones

"The home loving Coulin, That's sobbing, like Eire, with Sorrow and Love"

and that poverty and sorrow and humilia-tion were all forgotten. This, indeed, must have been the case, for the two friends observed, as he turned his mild, melancholy face side ways, towards the sea, that his eyes were closed. Edmund Kiely reddened, and bit his

The evening was caim and sultry, and as Elimund ran bis eye along the row of houses opposite, he remarked that all the windows were thrown open and pretty faces were visible at more than one; but for some reason or other none of them as yet emerged into the open air. "What are they waiting for?" the young gentlemen thought to himself, as t the parakols at the doors became more numerous. "By Jove, Arthur, I'm in numerous. "By Jove, Arthur, I'm in I have written ; for he never failed me

When the Misses Somerfield, of Wood-lards, would not listen to the "Coulin"— for the splendid pair of bays champing their bits before the Miss Somerfields' door, induced the old musician to begin with them—bow could those who had no carriages and pairs at all venture to listen to it? But if the Somerfield, of Wood-lards bad the firstest constitue of who handsome ! and she so exquisitely lovely Did you notice them ?" "No. I noticed nothing," he replied. "My debut as an itinerent musician ha lands, had the faintest suspicion of who

"My debut as an itinerent musician has not been encouraging." "I asked the name of those ladies for whom you first played," returned his daughter. "I thought it very unkind of them to close their window as they did, and they such stylish people. I was told their name is Somerfield." "Somerfield," repeated the old man, musingly. "I am acquainted with that name." thought that sooner or later you will come to look upon me as the destroyer of your happlaces." "In the name of common sense what are you talking about?" Is the point of the laintest suspicion of who that poor flate player was, they would have been charmed with the "Coulin," or any other tune he might choose to play, even though it were as Irish as "Garryowen" itself.

Haplayed on now with his face towards the "melancholy ccean," as if he were playing in a dream :

"Though the last glimpse of E:in with sor-row I ee, Yet wherever thon art will seem Erin to me. In axile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam."

Edmund had murmuzed the words softly to the air, and was commencing the next verse, when the sweet tones of the flute were drowned by the shrill volces of a couple of ragged urchins, who accom-panied themselves with a most unmusical rattling of bones as they sang, or rather velled-

The window was thrown up sgain by Miss Delaney's mamma, who seemed quite charmed by the hideous din; and even Minnie stopped twisting her curls, and beat time to it with her little rosy fingers upon her shoulder. But still the old musician played on, with his pale face turned towards the sea.

A hand-an exquisitely fair and delicate from Minnie Delany's cheek, as, with her hand-was laid upon his arm, and a pair of large, dark lustrious eyes were raised chin resting on her gloved hand, she leant out of the bow-window and glanced up at the great black cloud hanging in the sky, "I fear the evening is likely to be wet," of large, dark lustrious eyes were raised to his. It could be seen at a glance that she was his daughter. The old man started as bis eyes met hers; and after casting a bewildered look around, a pain-ful smile passed over his pale face, as he hid his flute hurriedly in the folds of his clock. The girl was tall, and in spite of her worn and faded apparel, singularly graceful. Her lips trembled and her eyes filled with tears as she drew her father away from the crowd of idlers that began to collect around the boys, who "yah, yahed," and rattled their "castanets," till Mrs. Delaney seemed to he getting quite

Mrs. Delaney seemed to he getting quite faint from the excess of her delight. They had not moved many steps from the

the young girl's side and pressed a piece of, silver into her hand. She blushed To enumerate the magnificent services of the Church in the cause of civilization eeply; and before she could recover would involve little less than an abridge deeply; and before she could recover from her surprise, a second piece was placed in the same hand, and on looking round, the fairest face and the heavenliest blue eyes, she thought, she had ever beheld, met her gzz. For a moment all three seemed spell bound. The musician's daughter locked from one to the other of ment of the acts of her innumeral ment of the acts of her innumerable councils, and an epitome of the works and policy of her Pontiffs, hierarchy and clergy. The influence of the Church in the strifes and politics of the Middle Ages is the constant theme for unfriendly seemed spell bound. In the other of daughter locked from one to the other of her benefactors, while they looked at each other. Arthur O'Connor thought, too, that the young girl who, like himself, had run after the poor flute-player, was the loveliest creature he had over seen. She was the first to recover presence of mind, ence exercised on European politics by and turning quickly round hurried past the grinning vocalists, who were becom. the grinning vocalists, who were becom-ing alarmingly black in the face from the vigor of their exertions, and entered a house within a few doors of Mrs. Delaney's. The musician's daughter ests as well as the rights of the people in opposition to arbitrary and tyrannical overeigas. gazed after her with eyes brimful of admiration and gratitude ; but, observing It was a Pope who first denounced the infamy of human slavery, and successive Pontiffs demanded its suppression or sought to ameliorate the condition of the that her father had walked on without ppearing to miss her from his side, she hanked the student with a smile, and captive and the slave. Long before Wiberforce had raised his voice in the halls of Westminster, and branded the hastened after him. Edmund Kiely was a spectator of all nais of Westminster, and branded the "crime against civilization," the Church had encouraged the promotion of societies for the redemption of the captive and the slave; and thousands of her sons, inspired by heroic zoal, voyaged to barbarous lands to become themselves substitute for the Christian captives. General and pro-vincial equivalent the Middle Acce barbarous this; but he saw nothing distinctly but the musician's dark-eyed daughter. He watched her till she was out of sight, and then seizing his hat he started off in pur-Half an hour after Edmund Kiely found himself looking down a steep, almost perpendicular wall of rock, into a vincial councils in the Middle Ages little cove, where the white surf was swaying backward and forward over the time and egain pronounced upon the rights and immunities of the people,

AUGUST 9, 1890.

After standing upon the rock for a minute or two, she waited till the reced-ing wave allowed her to leap upon the strand, and in another moment Edmund watched her climbing, or rather bounding, on the steep netheray with a steep as light Protestant writers, like Guisot, Hallam and Dean Milman, sometimes do justice to the beneficent labors of the Church in the past, and are forced to admit that but for her fostering care, letters, science and civilization would have altogether disappeared. Montalembert has made us familiar in

Alontaiemoer has made us summar in his beautiful prose epic, "The Monks of the West," how the monks cultivated desert tracts, cleared, laid the foundations of cities, nursed industry, parfected legis-lation and reduced customs to codes; and Digby, in his inimitable "Mores Catholici," has beautifully pictured the widespread fell upon his ear. "And that's the place where you first eaw my dear mother ?" said she, stopping a little below where he stood.

a little below where he stood. "Yes," returned the old man, who sat upon a ledge of the eliff, concealed from Edmund's view. "When controlousness returned, she and the good old priest were standing over me by the side of that rock." bigor, in his himitable index of the widespread diffusion of charity and benevolence, the heavenly graces and Christian faith which even in the sges misnamed dark abounded

where we are staying. I'm so glad you have brought me to see the place !" an era when poorhouses were unknown, and before poverty was stigmatized as a crime.

But in the judgment of latter day critics there was no civilization before It is strange I have got no reply to my letter before now. I very much fear some accident of which I have not heard must have occurred to the friend to whom

paper so called scientists of our day to scoff at the efforts of the Church in the cause of civilization. Every student of bistory knows that its annals and pages give the lie to the unjust reproach. In a word, the progress of the Church has been the march of civilization.—Notre Dame Scholastic.

THE QUESTION OF AUTHORITY IN RELIGION,

New York Catholic Review.

Our esteemed contemporary the Bap. tist Watchman, in a recent issue has the following :

"Either a doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures making them a final authority, or a doctrine of 'the inspiration of the primitive Christian Church' must The Somerfields of Woodlands," she

be asserted to secure a basis of dogmatic belief. The fundamental distinction between Romanism and Protestantism is not justification by faitb, but the answer "The same," returned her father. "It

is a strange coincidence," "How is that ?" she asked. "I'll tell you another time," he an-swered. "Let us go now. The fisherman promised to inquire for a letter in Waterto the question whether the Sorlptures alone or the tradition in the Ohurch and the Scriptures are the final authority for belief. In proportion as belief in the inspiration of Scriptures is weakened, we find that serious-minded men, in search for a authoritative basis for dogmatic bellef, are betaking themselves to a bellef in the inspiration of the Church as an organization-a position that is but a step removed from Rome."

This is a loose and imperfect attempt at stating an important truth. It is not true that the only alternative is between the inspiration of the Scriptures and "My dear father," she returned, "don't be so anxious about me. Thanks to the Divine and authentic inspiration cased with the writers of the New Testament. As far as authority is concerned, the primitive Church possessed no advantage over the Church in succeeding ages. The appeal to the primitive Church, or, which is the same thirg, to the Fathers of the primitive Church, labors under the same difficulty as the appeal to the Scriptures. There is a difference of opinion as to what the Fathers taught, just as there is a difference of opinion as to what the Scriptures teach. Both are appealed to by Protestants to establish different and contradictory opinions. In both cases the source of authority is simply each one's private judgment. Both need an authoritative interpreter, ab extra. Nor's it strictly correct to say that "the fun-damental difference between Romanism and Protestantism Is in the answer to the question whether the Scriptures alone, or the tradition in the Church and the

Scriptures are the final authority for belief." It is surprising how slow our Protestant friends are to comprehend the real teach-ing of the Church on this important subject. They fall to realize that the Church is a living organism with a principle of unfailing continuity and vitality, that the revelation was made in, and to the Church ; and that the Courch is the depositary, as well as the supreme source were asimistores more uniformed depositary, as well at the supreme source and unjust. The conspicious example of her great Pope, innocent III. and ground of the truth." The Church is Gregory Vil., illustrates in a striking manner the efficacy and beneficial infir. Spirit dwells in her in His falness, not to reveal new truth but simply to uarantee her against the no

AUGUST 9, 1890.

Happiness.

BY ALEXANDER POPE. Know, all the good that individuals find, Or God or Nature meant to mere mankind, Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, Lie in three words-Health, Peace, and Competence. But Health consists with temperance alone : And Peace, O Virtue! Peace is all thing own. The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain ; But these less taste them as they worse obtain.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO CAN. TERBURY.

THE BATTLE OF THE FUTURE -SER MON BY FATHER MORRIS, S. J.

London Universe, July 12. The love of Catholics for the sacred

abrines at which their forefathers wor. shipped was fully shown by the number of those who journeyed from parts of the country, far and near, to take part in the pilgrimage to Canterbury on Monday. The quiet old city presented a scene of unusual activity from shortly before nocn, for the pilgrims from London were landed at Canterbury just a little past half past eleven, and were soon joined by others from Tunbridge Wells and many adjacent towns, while not a few came from places as distant af Cornwall. The pilgrimage began with the celebration of Mass in the Church of St. Etheldreda, Ely Place, at which the mejority of those who started from Holborn Viaduct attended. Arrived at Canterbury the London pilgrims at at California to the Church of St. Thomas. There they were joined by their fellow pilgrius, the crowd of faithful worshippers swelling to an extent which made it difficult to find accommodation for all in the sacred edifice.

FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS THE

FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS THE FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS THE PILGRIMS MARCHED to the cathedral, accompanied by Father Morris, S. J. Entering by the pictur-esque if dilapidated old gateway—the most recent piece of Gothic architecture about the cathedral, by the way—all soon found themselves in the Chapter House, where the many Catholic associations of the city, which, since the martyrdom of St. which, since the maryroom of St. Thomas, has become one of the famous spots of Christendom, were thoroughly explained by Father Morris. The Nor-man Crypt, which contained the tomb of the saint, the beautiful chair built by William of Sens to replace Laufranc's, which was destroyed by the fire which reduced a large portion of the cathedral to ashes shortly after the martyrdom, the naves and towers, the monastery of St, Augus tine, the Church of St. Martin, wherein was celebrated the first Mass in England in the Saxon period, and the chapel of St. Anselm, with its beautiful fresco inside; the starways, which still bear the marks of the pilgrims of ar cient days-upon all these Father Morris dilated. The inspection of the cathedral was followed by another service at the Church of St. Thomas when Father Morris delivered a few words to the pilgrims on the fature battle in which the Catholics of England would have to take part. What, he asked, were their feelings on such a day ? He knew what his feelings were. He felt inclined to say, "DEAR OLD ENGLAND, GOD BLESS HER."

He felt inclined more then he felt inclined before to pray for the conversion of Eng. land. Yet it would never do for them to make a mistake about it. It would never do for them to make a mistake about it. It would never do for them to imagine that because they could come to Canterbury as they did, and be received with extreme kindness, and have their own way about that dear old church, it would never do, he said, to think that they were approaching the day when they would see the conversion of England. The conversion of England was not easy. So far from that being the case it was exceedingly difficult, and that seemed to him to be the distinctest and ecemed to him to be the distinctest and strongest of all reasons why they should pray for the conversion of England. They were as helpless as babies to convert Eng-land; it was entirely beyond their reach. But God could do it, and they could ask Him to do it. They had that day banded themselves together to pray. If England were to be redeemed, it would be by the force of prayer. They had begun at the right end. There was much more hope for the conversion of England from the fact that a certain number of them had united themselves together and resolved to approach the throne of God. There to approach the throne of God. There was far more hope from that than there was from all the kindness they had been shown that day. The kindness was a per-sonal thing, and they returned their heartist thanks to these who had shown it to them. He wished to say a few wor on the conversion of England-as to what might be reasonably hoped for. The dif ficulties were enormous, and he did not think the religious movement amonge those outside the pale of the Catholi Church was as favorable to the conversion of England now as it was a while ago. THERE WAS SOMETHING IN THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT that brought men to the Church, and that brought much to be denote. Now that spirit of obedience did not exist. Men were throwing aside the idea of obedience and the idea of authority. People could look like Catholics and have their Protestant priests, as the phrase went, for that was what really existed in the Established Church of our time. That was not a hopeful sign. Taken as it stood, it was anything but a hopeful sign. Yet on account of that, he thought, there were elements of hope. Let them think of the effect which was produced on the people by that which they saw and that which they heard. St. Paul had said that even if it were in a spirit of contradiction he hoped the spirit of the Gospel would be taught His (the preacher's) feeling was that though it was in a spirit of contradiction in which the Gospel was being preached by those to whom he was referring, yet the Catholic religion was being brought the Catholic religion was being brought forward. Consequently people were being familiarized with the teaching of the Catholic Church. This was im-mensely important. In the old time people had no idea of what Catholics were. He did not mean to say that that ignorance had been swept away. There was plenty of it and an immens amount of misrepresentation still. Bu the religious movement of which he had spoken was clearing out an immense amount of that nonsense. It was make ing people accustomed to the look o Catholic things and to the hearing of Catholic

ford, and I am not without hopes that he may have one for us when he comes back. I scarcely expected your uncle would write, but it will surprise me much if the friend to whom I have written do not "Out of the way, old Dan Tucker, You're too late to get your sapper." send the small sum I asked of him. I am determined to put my case in the hands of a lawyer at last, and see whether I cannot compel my unkind brother to do me jastice. It is a duty I owe to you, my child." "My dear father," she returned, "don't care you have bestowed on my education

added.

is a strange coincidence."

I feel I can earn my bread respectably whenever it is necessary." "I trust it will not come to that," re-plied the old man. "You do not know how blitter a thing it is to be dependent

bore.

crowd when Arthur O'Connor stood by

upon strangers. But see, those heavy clouds are about to burst, and we must hasten back or we shall get well drenched before we can reach the cottage." They retraced teeir steps for some dis-

tance along the path over the cliffs, and Edmund, climbling to the top of the rock against which he had been leaning, saw them turn to the left up a steep, Larrow road and entered a small thatched cottage couple of hundred yards from the

TO BE CONTINUED. OUR CIVILIZATION.

"And they took you to the same house in the hearts and homes of Catholic peasant and Catholic prince. This was in

"But I fear I have acted imprudently.

our days ! It remained for the age of the news.

"Oh, I am sure you will have a letter to morrow; and this money the beautiful girl and the young abbe have so kindly given to me will be quite enough for us until then. I only with I could keep it as a souvenir of them. He is so very

ney with severity, on observing the laugh in Mary's blue eyes.

"Is there not sea air enough here?" returned Mary. "And sure you can sit on the rocks, or on one of the seats on the Donoratie Walk. You have the sea air wherever you go."

Mrs. Kearney had made up her mind that the sea air could only be taken in its purity while driving in "her own car" down to the Rabitt-barrow and back And so the car and the old mare again. and Mat Donovan were sent for ; and every day after their arrival Mrs. Kearney might be seen, with her plump hands folded over her stomacher, jogging slowly by the tide-which ever and anon glided under the old mare's feet and startled the two young ladies on the other side of the car, whose exclamations were utterly ignored by their mamma, as she gave her whole mind to the "sea air;" with Mat Donovan "in an *cad*" — to borrow his own expression—on the driver's seat. For Mat's legs were long and the driver's seat was low, and he always descended from his throne after a long drive, vowing that he was metamorphosed into the last letter of the alphabet

This j ggrog by the tide was a severe penause to Mary Kcarney and her eister, who often turned round to gaze with penau longing looks at the promenaders on the "Doneratie Walk;" and we fear Miss wished that the wheel Anne sometimes wished that the wheel would fall ff, or that the old mare would obstigately refuse to walk or trot upon Bea sand for love or money. But really, young ladies, you must have

patience The moon will be bright to-night; and-don't you see the O'Shaughg behind you !

be worth your while, sir," D wan "to go out in a boat to Bain M "'s Cave, an' fire a shot in "I hope you will introduce me to your Such an at cho you never heard in Ally Blaster," said Arthur. In id. your life ! I'd give a crown to get wan

The bathers were now flocking up from the strand, and Edmund Ktely, recogniz the strand, and Edmund Ately, recogniz-ing a light footed nymph among them, with her siky treases hanging down her back, was about giving instant ct are, when A thur caught him by the arm, and requested that he would take the worl

"It is Minuie Delany," exclaimed El mund, keeping his eyes on the shining tresses. "Just let me see where she is stopping."

"I'll show you the house," said Mat Donovan, who seemed to be a walking edition of that interesting weekly sheet The Tramore Visitor.

"She's too damp yet," Arthur observed; "and possibly her ness is blue, for the water must be rather cold to day. Let us get a boat and go to the cave, and you can see your friends in the evening " "They'll be out in all the colours uv

the rainbow, by-and-by," Mat Donovan observed. "But I can't see wan uv 'em to equal Miss Marv."

running after does not come up to Miss Kearney, in your opinion ?" asked Arthur, who was great'y amused by Mat's free

and essy remarks on things in general. "Not at all !" returned Mat indig-nantly. "She's a nice, lively little girl, an' she has so many bows, an' feathers, an' goold chains, an' things uv that soart, that people take notice uv her. But she's on'y an Ally Blasther near Miss Mary. But I see Phil Morris waltin' for

Mary. But I see Phil Morris watthe lot me, an' I must be off to bury him." "But who is Ally Blaster ?" Arthur

"Ha'penny dolls are called Ally Blas-ters," repiled Father Carroll. "I suspect it is a corruption of 'alabaster."

"Should som In days of boyhood, meet our ear "Can you recognize the air ?" he added

the began to change to something like

to him, and affected, him strongly, as will

urning to Elmand, who was pensively contemplating the movements of Miss Minnie Delaney's fingers, as she twisted up her rioglets after taking off her bonnet-and it would be no violent stretch of the imagination to suppose that Miss Delaney had at least a slight suspicion that Mr. Elmund Kiely was so engaged. "Yes," he replied, after listening for s

noment, "'tis an Irish air." But it topped again before he could be sure what particular Irish air it was. Those snatches of melody were becom-ing fainter and fainter, as if the performer were moving farther away from them ; but they soon noticed them becoming

more distinct sgain, till every note of the few oft-repeated bars could be plainly heard "I see how it is," said Arthur. "He

egan to play at this side of the street, and now he is coming back at the other

"Yes, there he is," returned Edmund; and a most picturesque-looking figure he s, with his cloak and long white hair. He must be a foreigner. I should say."

before which he stood was pulled down and he let his flute drop into the hollow observed. "But I can't see wan uv em before which he stood was pulled down, to equal Miss Mary." "Then this lady Mr. Kiely was about of his arm, and hesitating for a moment

tion. He tried again and again with no better success, till he came within a door or two of the house at the window of which Miss Delany stood toying with her

curls. "He must be new to the business," " or it would not be so easy to shut him up. Did you remark the way his hands trembled when that window was pulled

down with such unnecessary violence? And, by the way, what thin, delicate hands they are. At there is something striking in his pale, melancholy face, too. He certainly must have seen better days."

"'Tis a shame !" exclaimed Arthur "I hope you will introduce me to your Ally Blaster," stid Arthur. E imund Kiely was too disgusted to people must these be?"

that pieced through the deep rolling of the waves like the ratile of muskery and promulgated constitutions and de-crees as broad and as liberal as any known to us in modern times. mid the roar of cannon upon the battle

field. To his surprise the old man and his daughter burried on, and on, keeping lose to the shore for more than a m He suddenly lost sight of them at this He suddenly lost sight of them at this point, and on coming up to the place, he looked over the cliff with a curlosity not unmingled with alarm, for the thought occurred to him that they might have missed their footing and been precipitated into the seething waters below. His heart beat quick as he looked in vain for some trace of them; and a cry almost escaped from him, on seeing some dark object from him, on seeing some dark object rising and falling with some fifty yards or

so from the shore. He soon, however, saw that the dark object was a mass of ments made centuries ago by Jatholic Bishops, Catholic kings and Catholic seawoed, and his eyes wandered again in every direction in search of the old mustnobles ian and his daughter.

"Sarely," he thought, "It was just here I saw them last; and where can they have gone? So old a man would scarcely fore Harvard, near Bostor, a Catholic Bishop had consecrated to education Laval College in Quebec, and fifty years before, the Catholic College of Mexico have ventured down that narrow path

was in existence. It is, of course, impossible b compress to the necessary brevity of an outline sketch even a tithe of thi works by way, where a goat might run the risk of breaking its neck. By Jove!" he ex-claimed with a start, "there she is on the top of that black cliff, with the waves sketch even a tith tumbling and twisting around its base. which the Church sou What a corsair's bride she would make!" ization and its fruits. which the Church sought to pread civil-

falling into error in interpreting the revelation which has been committed to her keeping. There is the same necessity for divine guidance in interpreting the revelation as there was in giving it at first through inspired men

through inspired men. The Church was before the Scriptures. She is "the witness and keeper of Holy Wrlt," She put her imprimatur upon the genuine while she rejected the spurlous books. She appeals to them as contemporary documents in confirmation of her traditional teaching, but does or each them into a co-ordinate author-inot each them into a co-ordinate author-liy to be appealed to independently of hereeff. The authority of the Catholie Church is not dual but single. She has what is essential to all organized bodies has what is essential to all organized bodies and established governments—a supreme judge and final Court of Appeal to decido questions of law and to end disputes. Her formal, *ex Cathedra* decisions on faith and morals, uttered through her head and mouthplece, the successor of St.

Peter in Rome, are guaranteed to us as inertable and are bluding on the con-We owe to the Church the origin and the foundation of the parliamettary asciences of all the Catholic people. This semblies, such as the Diets in Germany, is the graud feature of superiority which distinguishes the old historic Church from the States Generals of France, and the Parliaments of England. And in educaall other bodies calling themselves churches. Without such an infallible tion what has the Church left undone ? What sacrifices has she not everywhere tribunal of appeal there can be no unity, made in its behalf! Witness the magni- no harmony of teaching on a will no harmony of teaching, no solid ground of faith, but we are necessarily and inevitably driven forth on a wild sea of ficent crowing monuments which still ficent crowing monuments which still exist in the clules of Europe; or in the ruins of the "monkish" schools that doubt and uncertainty on the most important and deeply interesting queso'er-spread every European land, at-testing what the Church has done for tions that can engage the attention of man. There is no use in blinking the question, there never can be real Chriseducation. The boasted univesities of Oxford and Cambridge ar still sustained by the fruits of the adowtian unity among the various conflicting sects until they return to the bosom of that "Mother and mistress of all Caurches," from whom their forefathers so blindly, and foolishly, and causelessly wandered. now, alas ! lamentablyperverted to Protestant purposes. Tea years be-

A Child Saved.

A Child Saved. My little boy was taken very bad with diarrhoea, he was very delicate and got so low we had no hope of his life, but a lady friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and although he could only bear a few drops at a time he got well. It saved my child. MRS. WM. STEWART, Gamballwille of Campbellville, Ont.