Written for CATHOLIC RECORD CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. MNEAS M'DONELL DAWSON,

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A strangely-assorted couple were hastening in the direction of Hoolahan's tavern
—a shambling, iil dressed, rough looking
man, and a plainly, but tastefully *rrayed,
and graceful female. A long, dark closk
covered her entire person, and her face
was concealed by a thick veil; but, though
so disguised, the queenly poise of her
elender form, and the grace of her modest
boaring, were in such singular and almost
pathful contrast to the ill favored being by
her side, that more than one paused to
look after the pair. As they turned into
the entrance of the inn she suddenly
grasped her companion's arm. FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

the entrance of the inn she suddenly grasped her companion's arm.
"Not here; surely, not here!" Her wolce quivered with pain and terror.
The man replied in a low, reassuring cone: "Only for an hour or so, Nora; I amust see the party who promised to find use a home, and I know of no place so fit to have you want to as the?

She was silent, seeming to resign herself She was silent, seeming to resign berself without further anxiety to his care. Many wondering looks were directed to her by the loungers in the room as she stood for a moment alone, while her companion went forward and spoke to some man at the counter. The result of the conference seemed to be satisfactory, for Rick returned with a pleased expression upon his face, and accompanied by the man to whom he had spoken.

"This is Mr. Hoolahan, Nora, and he will himself ree that you are made com-

"This is Mr. Hoolahan, Nors, and he will himself see that you are made comfectable until I come back."
"Right willingly, miss," responded the good-natured proprietor, who had not yet accovered from the amazament into which had been thrown by Rick's private are connected with the lady by whom he was convented was his dauphter; and was accompanied was his daughter; and socracting about her, though veiled, and socraced as she was, impelled him to put as great a deference in his manner as if he were addressing one of the first ladies of his native place. He continued: "I will show you to a room where you can rest after your journey—I understand you have come a little distance on the car and I shall see that some refreshment is

Nora bowed, and the gentle courteev Empressed Mr. Hoolahan more strangely guest-chamber in the house, and thither he invited Rick, in order to assure the latter that it contained every appurten ance for his daughter's comfort. It was a prattier room than the exterior of the oflding seemed to warrant, and its bright carpet and freshly done up muslin curtains looked inviting to the tired and

anxious young traveller.
"It will do," said Rick, quietly, his shrewaness prompting him to conceal his pleasure, for it was not often the poor creature's eyes rested on so pretty a sight but, by hiding his unusual satisfaction, he might cause Mr. Hoolahan to think that his guest had not always been the ill-Hooking, wretched-clad being that he now expected. "You do not mild, Nort-you are not very unhappy?" Rick furriedly whispered on the threshold, while Mr. Hoolshan, with instinctive

Nora raised her vell. "Father!" The effort which it still cost her to say the word was manifested by the fiery color that rushed to her face. "Are not our Fortunes to be henceforth together ; am I

not your own, your only child! why should I be unhappy?"

As if he would break from tones, and from a look that tortured him, he answered hastily, without suffering his eyes to meet here: "I shall be back in an hour, perhaps in less time good." hour; perhaps in less time—good bye."

He shambled through the hall, and Nora, who could not yet trust herself to look after him, turned quickly into her room, and closed and looked the door. With hurried gait Rick took his way

to Mr. Carter's longings: that gentleman was not in, however, and Rick hastened to every baunt that seemed to offer a pos was not in, however, and Rick hastened to every haunt that seemed to effer a possibility of his presence. He met him at Last, coming from the barracks, his smile and self complacent air showing his in-

half frightened look about him; "tell me mo more till we reach my room—there we chall be sife; and don't keep so close to me, lick; fall a little behind, so that geople won't know we're together."

Elck obeyed the injunction, but it was

with a dogged air and a muttered: "He's using med to be seen in my company; but see's not—and I—ob, God! that I was

Arrived in Carter's room, the door of which that gentleman locked securely, he turned to a violently excited manner to side compaction. "Do you mean that Nora BACCarthy is here—in Traice?"

"I do?" there was a fierce energy in the woice of the speaker; "I mean that she is bere now in a room at Hoolahan's. I mean that she acknowledged me, Father Meagher confirmed what I told her; she acknowledged me, and declared her intention to do ner duty by me in the fate of the priest's opposition, in the face of Miss O'Donoghue's tears and entreaties, and in the face of my own counsel to her the remain with the friends who had been more to her than father or been more to her than father or mother; she braved it all. And when Eather Mergher saw that nothing would know her from her duty, he took me alone to talk to me. He begged and to make a home there in Dhrommacoroldet of her friends. He might better have asked me to put my hand in the fire sand not take it out till it was burned to He asked me where I would the bone. He asked me where I would take her, and I was puzzled for an answer; for mark you, Carter, I was not prepared to have her fall into my arms as easy as the whole of the last sentence; it was not be did—I was not prepared to meet after Meagher as soon as I did, but I had to notice it, only pocketed the money, saying carelessly: 'You have no further ber quiet, firm way: 'Come home with me, and I will tell Father Meagher.' I affair of Carroll's is over.'' and I will tell Father Meagher. I all all of Caroll's is over."

The door closed upon the shambling galling repugnance, and bitter denials of sale in y statements; but I had not prepared pace the floor and to indulge in one of his faced Rick. "Let me say a word to you.

All all of Caroll's is over."

The door closed upon the shambling heart of the unhappy girl—and he had turned to hide his emotion. At length he faced Rick. "Let me say a word to you.

Minard's Liniment Cares Burns, etc. West, Toronto, Ont.

myself for the courage and sacrifice of noble Nors McCarthy?"

Carter was listening, so eager, so spell-bound, that the perspiration trickled unheeded down his face.

Rick continued: "I was puzzled, as I tell you, to know what to answer when Father Meagher asked me where I would take her, and at last I said Tralex—saying, further, that I had friends here who would help me at the least to make a decent home for her. And when I said that, oh! the hard way the priest looked at me as he said: 'Rick, it is your strange lot to possess in Nors, as your child, a gem of womanly virtue; and if you would take her from her present secure shelter to expose her in the victous haunts which you frequent, or if you would allow her pure eyes to be sullied by one glimpse of the low company with whom you associate, God will as surely blast you as that He exists!' I'll never forget his words, Carter, they were burned in my brain; and sometimes I have started with the ringing of them in my ears. I swore to him that he need have no fear: was she not my child? and let my own guilt be what it might, could the father's heart within me expose her to any harm? He seemed satisfied, and when I proposed that she should remain a week longer as she was, thinking in the meantime to see you and have you arrange matters for us, he seemed better pleased. But the next morning, when that decision was told to Nora, she would have none of it; she would come with me immediately; whether it was that the shame of being my child made her anxious to leave at once, or the dread of the parting being dread the content of the parting being would come the care was at once, or the dread of the parting being the care was the care was the care was an once, or the dread of the parting being the care was an once, or the dread of the parting being the care was an once, or the dread of the parting being the care was the care was the care was the care was an once, or the dread of the parting being the car

my child made her anxious to leave at ouce, or the dread of the parting being barder at the end of another week than it barder at the end of another week than it would be then, I know not, but she carried her way. Father Mesgher would have given me other clothes than these, and he would have put money in my pocket, but I refused both. They would have burned my soul had I taken them, so I came away as I am. I couldn't look at the parting—I couldn't look at the way the two girls clung to each other; the first sight of it was breaking my heart, and I stopped my care to shut out Miss O'Donoghue's screams, as we turned out of the little gate, Nora and me. I would have waiked before her, I would have waiked before her, I would have sent her ahead I would have done anything to spare her the pain of waiking beside me to the car. I might as well have

thing to spare her the pain of walking beside me to the car. I might as well have
told the sky to fail! I was her father,
and wretched, loathsome beggar as I was,
she would not abate one jot of what she
deemed to be her duty. She walked beside me, Carter, not a falter in her step,
and not a quaver in her tone when she
answered the greeting of the country
people that we met. They looked at her
—everybody looked at her—wondering
to see her with me, because the new
hadn't gone abroad, yet; but it is known to see her with me, because the news hadn't gone abroad yet; but it is known by this time. I myself told it at Hoolahan's, where she's waiting, and Andy Hoolahan was so struck with surprise when I told him that he could hardly answer me when I asked for a room where she could rest herself till my return. So now, Carter, my dependence is on you, to enable me to keep my word with Father Meagher; help me to make a decent home for her. The priest said he would not send her trunk till he should receive

a letter from her telling him where and Carter still only stared, mute and spell-

"Are you satisfied?" asked Rick, im patient for an answer to his lengthy story. Carter roused bimself and wiped his face. "I don't know whether to be or not," he replied, like one awakening from "I don't know whether to be or an unpleasant dream: "The affair has taken a different turn from what I expected—I thought you would have managed so as to offer the alternative I mentioned; instead, you have brought the whole to a climax so quickly that you positively leave me no alternative."

Rick burst out passionately: "Have you no regard, man, for my feelings in this transaction? I was barrowed to the soul over and over, till I could have fallen on my knees and asked God to kill me.

west, Mick; I am satisfied; and now I expect a piece of good fortune, which, should be travelling with the pen, will make your reward, Rick, nearer than evial I thought it to be."

"Yes, Tighe, for I am no longer North and the pen in the pen

"What is it?" the wretched creature was eager in an instant.

"it's this,"—Carter brought his mouth close to the ear of his listener. "I have managed a plan of escape for Carroll O'Donoghue, and to-morrow, an hour after midnight, some of the boys from Hurley's will walt for him outside the juil wall; he's to scale that by means of the ropes they'll throw him, and then they're to drive away with him."

"Well," responded Rick, "and whathen?"

then ?

then?"
"Can't you penetrate the rest?" de manded Carter: "it's too long to wait for his hanging, so I planned this."
A look of keen intelligence shot athwart Rick's features. "May be it's shot you'd have him in the attempt to escape?"
Carter nodded. Rick's head vibrated also with the full and rather startling comprehensing which had dawn'd prochain. prehension which had dawned upon him. "And once he's completely out of the way," Carter resumed, "the rest will be easy game. And now, Rick, here's money for your purpose"— he drew out a couple of banknotes; "Mrs. Murphy, at the end of — street, will let you have rooms in her house; it's comfortable and respectable, and I've no doubt but that you and your daughter will be very happy."

wonted passionate soliloquies:

"The courage and escrifice of noble Nora McCarthy!" he repeated; "yea, it is all very well now while her enthusiasm, and the opportunity she has for a heroic display of virtue, together with the novelty of the affair, sustain her; but I'll wait awhile—I'll wait till the constant deprivation of those comforts and luxuries to which she has been accustomed begin to till upon her; I'll wait tell absence from all congeniel society wears upon her; I'll wait till the dieregard, and worse than that, the diegrace which will attach to her as wait till the disregard, and worse than that, the disgrace which will attach to her as the daughter of that outcast, Rick of the Hills, eats into her soul, and then will be my time." His eyes kindled with vindictive triumph. "I shall not approach her before; Rick need not fear that I shall disturb their happy home"—he laughed in mockery—"nor intrude myself upon her leiaure hours; oh, no! I shall not cross her path till my time comes, and then, when Carroll O'Donoghue shall have been shot, or hung. I care not which, and been shot, or hung, I care not which, and she is herself stripped of everything to which her heart clung, perhaps then she will not so scornfully refuse to be come my wife. Oh, Heavens!" he con tinued, waiking with more rapid strides, and speaking through his clinched teeth; "that I could crush her till her very misery would force her to accept my aid—that I could see her lying in the dust, so that her very abjectness would leave her powerless to repel me! I care not what she be comes, so that she is humbled into becom

Ing my wife!"

And thus giving vent to the passions which ceaselessly gnawed his miserable heart, and striding as he talked, he continued till the fading sunlight warned him of the waning day, and roused him to a remembrance of other and more important business.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RICK'S DISCOVERY.

The hour which Rick had named to Nora as the extent of his absence had lengthened itself to two, and she had be gun to be somewhat anxious for his re turn. She felt so strange, so desolate, so forlorn, as if only then, when left for the first time quite alone in a strange place, that the full force of the sacrifice which she had made rushed upon her. She could hear the sound of voices, and the clink of glasses, and the tramping of feet below, and from the windows of the apart ment, did she choose to give more than her first passing glance, she might have witnessed the noisy confusion of street traffic; but all only served to remind her more bitterly of the quiet home, and lively country surroundings which she had lost. She threw herself upon the bed to endeavor to sleep, for her eyes had scarcely closed the night before; but the excited tenor of her thoughts drove all excited tenor of her thoughts drove all tendency to repose away, and at length, having forced herself to partake of the inviting little repast which kind Andy Hoolahan had dispatched to her room, she sat down and yielded herself to a crowd of wild and melancholy thoughts. She was aroused at lost by Rick's return and a faint amile somewhat hight

turn, and a faint emile somewhat bright turn, and a faint smile somewhat bright ened her features when he announced that he had secured theirhome. She departed with him, heavily velled as she had been on her entrance, and giving to Andy Hoolahan, as she passed out, the same gentle, well bred courtesy which had so charmed him before. They turned into one of the cross streets of the town and one of the cross streets of the town, and suddenly there sprung from an open door-way of one of the old houses they ere passing Shaun, who never for-ot a friend; he jumped about Nora with every sign of extravagant delight. Her heart bounded with joy; the sight of the sagacious animal so closely connected, through his faithful master, with him who held her dearest affections, was like a gleam of sunshine to one who had been kept long in the dark, and she put out both hands to caress the dog, feel ing that his master must be somewhere near. She was right. Tighe appeared in a moment, emerging from the hall of the house in which was situated Corny O'Toole's backelor apartment. He jumped back at least a pace with astonshment when he recognized Nora. She

ward good humor. His face darkened for a moment, however, as his eyes fell couldn't: hot if a dozen bayonets were at my back not if a dozen bayonet were at my back not if a dozen bayonet were at my back not if a dozen bayonet at my back the intervent up her veil, and now stood with hand extended to Tighe a Vohr. "I' couldn't: was you, Miss McCarthy!" he said half apologetically, and venturing to clasp her had thrown up her veil, and now stood with hand thrown up her veil, and now stood with hand thrown up her veil, and now stood with hand thrown up her with and thrown up her with hand thrown up her with han

it happen, will make your reward, Rick, nearer than evi I thought it to be."

"What is it?" the wretched creature was eager in an instant.

"It's this,"—Carter brought his mouth see med unwilling to respond to her effort to draw him to Tighe, while her sudden

color was the only sign of her emotion.

Tighe a Vohr's eyes became so large
that they seemed to have grown to twice their size; even his mouth was partially open to express his astonishment, and his whole face and attitude were so ludic rously indicative of terrified wonder, that under other circumstances Nora could not under other circumstances Nora could not have refrained from laughing; now, however, her heart was too full of sorrow. "Rick o' the Hills yer father!" he repeated; "faith the world must be turning up side down!" and he actually looked about him, as if expecting to see the sky coming downward, and the earth upheaving beneath his feet. "Does Father Meagher know?" he asked, after a moment's pause, during which he dublously viewed Rick; "an' does Miss O'Donoghue, an' the young masther—?"

oghue, an' the young masther—?"
"Ali," interrupted Nora, quickly, "al except Carroll." The sudden anguish in her voice, telling as it did how much it cost her to utter that name, caused even Rick to glance furtively at her, and somehow, inexplicable to himself, the expression in her face smote him to the heart perchance it revealed to him a fact which previously he had but imperfectly known or lightly considered. Nora continued "Father Meagher will tell him when he

sees him.' Tighe turned away for an instant ; with his wonted keen intuition he had divined the case—the bitter escrifice, the noble heart of the unhappy girl—and he had turned to hide his emotion. At length he

The world has niver given you much else than the could shoulsher—mebbe if it did different, you wouldn't be the poor cray. thur you are. I always thought an' said that there was good in you if it was only touched, an' I belave it shtill; how an 'iver God's been good to you to give you an angel lotke this, an' oh, Rick, be good to her, an' be careful o' her an' for her sake lave off yer hard ways, an' yer wandherin' way o'livin'!"

There was such true, homely sympathy in the tones, and such honest kindness in the clear, earnest eyes, so different from many of the tones and looks the poor wretch was wont to meet, that his heart was suddenly and mysteriously touched. He caught Tighe a Vobr's extended hand, bowel his head over it a moment, and when he released it and turned away, there gilstened upon it a large, warm tear. "And you, Tighe, what are you doing the re?" questioned Nora, kindly, as Tighe a Vohr was about to depart.

"At the ould thrade,—mesel' an' Shaun gittleman's sarvints to Captain Dennier in the barracks." And shaking hands with them both he departed, turning into a sectuded street that he m'ght have a chance to relieve his feelings by a few remarks to his faithful companion. "The lolke o' that, you, bates Bannagher, an' they say Bannagher bates the divil. Rick o' the Hills her father! sure it's enough to make a man shwear the moon was med

when the world is arrayed against her, and suffers patiently, after the example of her Master on His Cross.

Christian society cannot ignore her, for she framed and sustains it. Statesmen cannot overlook her, for her footprints are everywhere; her teachings are the foundation of ethics; her principles the preservation of law. Historians find her ever-prevailing influence binding together the threads of their science and reading to them the lessope of its philosophy.

Hills her father! sure it's enough to make a man shwear the moon was med o' grane chase, an' the world was hung on an illiphant's back, to belaye the loike

o' that ! faith. I can't reconcile mesel' to it at all—thim two, that are as onloike ache other as the grizzly bears that Tom

sisted of plainly furnished, but comfortable, apartments in Mrs. Murphy's neat little two-story house; and Mrs. Murphy

terself, stout and good-natured looking

was present to assure Nora that she should want for nothing in the way of

the same time kindly signifying her

"Do you like it?" asked Rick, in

despondent tone, as if he knew and feared what her answer would be. She

"Certainly I do ; it is quiet and plain
—just what I should choose; and I think
Father Meagher and Clare will be well
pleased when I describe it to them."

Already she had doffed her closk and

bonnet, and was moving in her graceful way through the apartments, altering

the stiff arrangement of the simple fur-niture, and giving fresh and pretty

touches to the few ornaments, consisting of a couple of vases containing artificial flowers, on the mantel, and a pair of

fancy baskets of shells pendent in the windows. There were three rooms-

two sleeping chambers, adjoining each

other, and opening into a large sitting room. The furniture in the sleeping

apartments was as plain as that in the outer room, but it was spotlessly clean,

and Nora returned from it quite satisfied

Rick sat gazing at her with a sort of stupid wonder; her beautiful presence,

his comfortable surroundings, the thought that they were all his, was like a dream, and he dreaded some rough

awakening; he would not disturb it by a motion, so he sat and gazed.

support, perhaps we shall have prettier

TO BE CONTINUED.

The New York Herald thinks that the

Miss Drexel perseveres in her determina

tion to become a nun she will certainly be practising self abnegation, but, except for the amount of the fortune which she

the world prizes, are continually surrendering all to enter Catholic

hope, away from the world's clamor and unaffected by its vicissitudes, is certainly the truer, higher, and even in a human

sense, the happier. Miss Drexel has chosen the better part.

gard.'

surprised him by her cheerful reply.

desire to be left alone with her father.

them the lessons of its philosophy.

Now, in the face of this great fact, Now, in the face or this great lact, should not reason acknowledge that there is something more than human in her—a power which rises above the forces of nature, a life which can only find its explanation in the divine interposition?

Why is it that kingdoms and sovereigns,

Connolly spakes o' havin' seen in Amerikay, sn'—" Tighe experienced his usual difficulty in finding a simile, but he thought of one at last: "an' a noightingale; thim two to be such close blood relations. Oh, but Providence must be given to playin' divartin' thricks whin He does the loike o' that! and even her adversaries, are forced to acknowledge her might, and fear her if they do not love her? Why is she the central point of attack toward which con-verge the arrows which fly from every An' the young masther—it'll break his heart complately; begorra, I'm glad I'm not the one that's to tell him, an' I hope not the one that's to tell him, an' I hope Father Meagher will have sinse enough not to tell him ayther. He has enough to bear without addin' insult to injury in that way." And feeling somewhat relieved, Tighe turned back into the more crowded thoroughfare, in order to pursue his way to the barracks.

Rick and Nora had arrived at the home of which the former spoke—it consisted of plainly furnished, but comfortverge the arrows which hy from every erroist? Why is her name on every one's lips, a power universally acknowledged, if not revered? We may theorize and struggle with visionaries, but we cannot argue sgainst facts. These are the lamin-aries which God has placed in the heavens to give light by day and night. can close his eyes to the beams which shed on the face of universal nature - Mgr.

FROM THE FAR NORTH.

A MISSIONARY WHO HAS NOT SEEN A TRAIN FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS. Calgary Herald. simple comfort. Nora responded to the assurance in her gentle, winning way, at

The Herald was favored yesterday with a pleasing call from the Rev. Father Bowes, of the Oblate order. The rev. gentleman was many years ago a resident of the city of Kingston, Oat, in the early days of his ministry, and remembers well Sir John A Macdonald as a slender young practitioner at the bar. Thirty-six years ago Mr. Bowes left the Limestone City to become a Christian missionary amongst the aborigines of what is still a very re-mote part of Canada, even from a Calgary standpoint, and he has never been at what may be called the front during these long years, until he arrived in Calgary from the north about two weeks ago. He had not seen a railway train during the whole time of his voluntary exile. At the time he made his long trip from Kingston to the scene of his mission work north of Edmonton, the only sys-tematic means there was of travelling was by the Hudson Bay Co's cance line, which made a voyage twice a year from Lachine, near Montreal, to Rupert's Land and the interior of British America, as this country of matchless resources was then called. During the thirty six was then called. During the thirty six years devoted to the service of his Divine Master, Father Bowes has preached the Gospel at the Isle Lucrosse, Lac la Biche, St. Albert, Lac Ste. Anne and Edmonton. He not only preached the Gospel to the natives but he helped and the county them to build school beyond. Gospel to the natives but he helped and taught them to build school houses. He taught school, built school houses and thurches at many different points and finally a convent at Edmonton, the trifinally a convent at Edmonton the trifinally a convent at Edmonton, the trifinally a convent at Edmonton the trifinally at the trifinal trifinally at the trifinal trifinally at the trifinal trifinally at the trifinal trifinal trifinally at the trifinal trifinal trifinally at the trifinal trifina "It will no nicely," she continued; "and after a little, when I have learned to earn more than will suffice for our The rude and sudden awakening had The lessons taught the Indians by this come. Her words sent a table listener. "For the form of the miserable listener. "For our support!" he repeated, rousing himself to an erect attitude; "do you mean to say that you would work to support our support in this part of the Territory, were industrious. Many of them own were industrious and numerous cattle, and wated farms and numerous cattle, and not only civilized but Christianized. are not only civilized but Christianized.
Father Bowes, has come to spend some
time in Calgary and its surroundings,
and as Father Leduc explained it, "Help
us to build our new church in Calgary." you are old and worn; you are too weak to labor; I told you I would repay your to labor; I told you I would repay your affection, and I shall keep my word. I am not to be outdone by your love for me through all those years, and if I am not permitted to give you affection for the length of time that you bestowed it upon me, at least I shall try to make up for it by the intensity of my filial regard."

WHO PRESERVED THE BIBLE.

The Bible has come to us through the Catholic Church. The Reformers were not the first to translate into English, for we have the high authority of Sir Thomas Moore for saying that before the days of Wychiff the whole Bible was translated entrance of Miss Kate Drexel, the wealthy Philadelphia heiress, into a convent is a startling instance of self abnegation. If into the English tongue. People are accustomed to think of it as a well-bound volume taken down from soms book-shelf by order of the Almighty and safely put in their hands. As a matter of fact it is made up of a great many books, written at different times and books, written at different times and by different persons, as occasion called for them. It was almost a reitaquishes, her case is not singular. Men and women, blessed with considerable for-tune, high position, and all the advantages thousand years after Moses had written the first four books of the Old Testament when the various parts were collected together in one volume. The Epistles and Gospels were written to particular convents and monasteries, where they may follow Christ in isolation from the world. The number of these churches or to particular persons. About elect spirits is larger than any one who does not take court of such matters would imagine. The Herald is wrong when it the latest that of St. Matthew, and the latest that of St. John, Towards says that the Protestant outlook, as opposed to Miss Drexel's life in the conthe close of the fourth century all the books of the Old Testament and of the New, were collected, and the Canon of vent, is equally logical, although, maybe, as the Herald states, far more alluring to most of us. The world is a rough battlescripture was drawn up precisely as it exists at the present day. It is no exag-geration to say that the Catholic Church field, and the combatant generally gets more buffets than honors, and more dis-appointments than medals. For those was the sole guardian of the Bible for nearly fifteen hundred years. who have the vocation, the conventual life of serene plety, contemplation and

AN AGREEABLE CHANGE.

Boston Republic.

In these days, when so many Protestant preachers delight in attacking and misrepesenting their Catholic fellow citizens, and in this city, where such attacks are so common, it is certainly an agreeable change to find one non-Catholic minister speaking honestly and fairly in regard to the Catholic Church, and the sermon, consequently which Rev. Dr. Potter of New York delivered last Sunday at a Roxbury Baptist church seems worthy of more than a passing allusion. Dr. Potter's text was "Self-denial," and after preaching thereon in a somewhat general manner, he had this to say of the way in which Catholics practice the virtue he was considering:

"Have you heard of Father Damien, the leper priest, who has just given up his life for the good of men; who turned his back upon friends and comfort that he might give comfort to others? He knew what he was about to go through, Boston Republic.

knew what he was about to go through and what the cost of the sacrifice would be. In all of our Baptist literature I fail to find an example parallel with his case. The other day I heard the dear brethren howling about the Church of Rome. You may how until you are black in the face, but you cannot affect it. They smile when the Protestants say, 'We will not have it.' You may save your breath until the Protestant Church matches them in self sacrifice, self denial and devotion, and then only will you do any good. Keep away from the Legislature. You can't do anything in that way. I am not so much afraid of the Church of R ms. It does not disguise its purpose. They have got the power. Why? Because the woman with the black dress and white cap goes about with a basket on her arm doing good. She is denying herself. She has lost her identity for her religion. They are strong where we are weak. We can find examples like that of Father Damlen all through their history. If you have got a servant in the until the Protestant Church matches them of range Damies at allough their dis-tory. If you have got a servant in the house, it is likely that she was on her knees in church praying for the good of her soul at five or six o'clock this morning, while you were at home enoring.

You may say, Yes, and using beads. I would be glad to provide you with beads if they would make you pray."

Here is not only sound sense, but also genuine Christianity, which is generous enough to recognize the good a Church, in whose doctrines the reverend orator does not believe, is accomplishing, and brave enough to stand up in defence of that Church at a time when it is the fashion in so many Protestant circles to decry and malign it. It would be well for the Baptist communion if all its preachers were as honest and courageous as Dr. Potter; but, unfortunately for that fold, this is not the case, and the ribald Fulton and many another minis-terial mountebank profess the same be-lief that this honest New York divine holds to, though, perhaps, the Baptist Church should be judged by the utterances of such men as Dr. Potter rather than by the rantings of individuals of the Fulton stripe.

NECK AND NECK. An exciting race occurred just west of Syossett Station on the Long Island Rul-

road of a recent morning.

About seven o'clock, as the Port Jeffer. son train pulled away from the Syossett Station, bound for Long Island City, the engineer had an adventure which he will not forget soor. As the throttle of the fron horse was turned loose an old gray nsg suddenly appeared on the track from

a neighboring pasture.

The engineer quickly whistled "down brakes," but the animal refused to leave the track, just keeping a respectable distance shead of the locomotive.

In vain did both the engineer and fireman endeavor to frighten the nag off the track. The whistle was blown and chunks of coal were fired from the cab window, but without effect. To say

fully three miles. The passengers by this time were aroused and much consternation prevailed in the cars. Only the passengers in the smoker were aware of the true state of affairs, and as the horse would not leave the track those passengers who had sporting proclivities bet from \$25 to \$75 per mile on the nag's staying powers. The track is crossed by many cow ditches, which were all safely cleared

by the horse.

Just east of Hicksville three farm hands, who witnessed the state of affairs, hustled the animal off the track. Then the engineer turned on full steam to make up for lost time. The old nag stood on the roadside for a moment, picked up his ears and again dashed after the locomotive. He caught up to the engine and it was neck and neck for two blocks, then he attempted again to get upon the track, shead of the engine, but the engineer foiled the attempt. The train gradually drew ahead of the horse after this point, but the latter, which appeared determined, kept run ning after the train until it was out of sight.

THEY NEVER FAIL, -Mr. S. M. Boughner, THEN NEVER FAIL.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmelee's Pills are anti-bilious and specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc. and will regulate the secretions and remove all biltons matter. move all bilious matter

In 10 Days Time. "Was troubled with healache, bad blood and loss of appetite, and tried all sorts of medicine without success. I then tried one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and found relief in 10 days." A. J. Meindle, Mattawa, Ont.

Nerve Tortured.

"I suffered with neuralgia and obtained no relief until I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Since then I have also found it an invaluable remedy for all painful burns and cuts, rheumatism and sore throat."

Meindle, Mattawa, Ont.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure,

LL. D., F. R. S. INSTANCES. France, stripped of its most brilliant conquests and driven back upon its bish frontiers, was threatened by a most formidable coalition. Great Britain, Germany, Russia, and even Turkey, provoked by the invasion of Egypt, made common cause with the rest of Europe, against France, and prepared to drive the French from Ancona. The people of Italy, disgusted by the implety of the French Republicans, their pillage of the Sanctuary of Loretto and the persecution of the Pope, welcomed the Austrians and Pope, welcomed the Austrians and Russians as liberators. The king of Naples had declared himself in favor of the coalition; and the king of Spain, if he had dared, would have done the same. Suwarroff, who, in 1794, had given the last fatal blow to Poland in order that it might be finally partitioned between Russia, Austria and Prussia, would not have been sorry to give a like fate to revolutionary France. The French Republic, thus threatened from without by Europe in arms, was seriously disturbed interiorly by conspiractes, by Vendeaus, interiorly by conspiracies, by Vendeaus, Chonans, etc., It was sick at heart, and sick to death. Its failure was a prelude

to the most despotic Monarchy. Napoleon Bonaparte arrived from his Egyptian extle; and the French Ravoiution, although it erjoyed for a little while the name, was no lorger the thing called a Republic. The 18th "Brumsire;" and Napoleon Bonaparte was the sole executive power with the army at his command. This unlooked for event took the world by surprise. A still more astonishing even was in store—the election of another even was in store—the election of nother Pope. After the deportation of Pius VI. and the occupation of Rome and Italy by the French, infidelity, heresy and schism held the opinion, even openly declared, that the Papacy was used up, and that Pius VI. would have no successor; and, indeed, what human aid could be counted. on? There was not a power that had not shown hostility. All the European powers, meanwhile, including Turkey, had formed a coalition against the re volutionary power of France. Hence, Europe in arms, commanded peace. The conclave assembled at Venice, in Austrian city. The armed powers, not excepting Russia and the sublime Porte kept watch at jits gates. Peace reigned supreme. Christendom, it is no exaggeration to say, held its breath in expectation of the coming spiritual chief. The Cardinals, undisturbed and without fear of disturb ance, proceeded with their usual slowness and deliberation to the election of a Sovereign Pontiff. Several Cardinals were named and well supported; but for want of the requisite number of votes want of the requisite number of votes and other causes, their candidature did not succeed. Curious'y enough, Gardinai Chiavamonti was not thought of till Secretary Consalol suggested that he should be declared a cancidate. To this no Cardinal objected but himself, and a whole fortnight etapsed before his opposition was overcome. This amiable and affectionate digoitary was well known to possess every quality essential to a Pope: affectionate digotary was well known to possess every quality essential to a Pope; and, accordingly, he at once obtained the necessary number of votes, two thirds of the whole. The rest acceding, he was unanimously elected. There was but one opponent, Chiavamonti himself. He could not, however resist the general with.

offended by the election of Chiavamonti.
They ungractously refused to let him be crowned in the Church of St. Mark. On the 21st of March the ceremony of crown ing took place in the Church of St. George, Cardinal Anthony Dorla, Dean of the Cardinals deacon, officiating. The Austrians spoke of retaining the Pope at Venice. They even thought of inducing him to take up his abode at Vienna When Bonsparte reached the plains of Italy, they no longer opposed the departure of the Pope. He took passage, accordingly, in an Austrian frigate, and landed a Pessy. Rome. He was received at Ancona amid salves of artifiery. The Russian ships stationed at the port, gave an imperial salute according to the orders of their Emperor, Paul I., six hundred Anconian oked the horses of his carrisge, and using ropes ornamented with ribbons of different colors, drew it to the palace of the Cardinal Bishop. About eight months before, the Neapolitans, assisted by some Austrian squadrons and two hundred British infantry, drove the French from Rome. They were now displeased at the arrival of the Pope, who entered Rome on the 3rd of June, 1800, the whole people making excessive demonstrations of joy The Naples Government was obliged to recall from Rome all its troops; but con tinued to occupy Benevent and Ponte Corvo, which were provinces of the Holy

The Court of Vienna appeared to be

over the deportation of Pius VI., so they now rejoiced on hearing of the advent to Rome of his successor. They hoped, through a continuance of Pius VII.'s prosperity, to derive some benefit from the Roman college, and to obtain the usual aid from Propaganda. Meanwhile, their financial difficulties were so far relieved by a timely bequest. Mr. Alexander Menzies, a religious benedictine of the Pitfodels family, died at Achintoul, where he had been for some time chaplain. He had formerly been a member of the com-munity at Ratisbon. He was much and generally regretted; but by none more than generally regretted ; out by none more than by Bishop Hay, who, having the greatest confidence in his judgment and sincerity, often consulted him. The brethren of Ratisbon were not always conspicuous for their liberality. It was otherwise, however, with Mr. Menzles and Abbut Ashuthert. Mr. Morales left a letter to Arbuthnet. Mr. Menzies left a letter to to be delivered by Bishop Hay to the Abbot, in which he requested that, at least, half of several hundred pounds which he left behind him, should be given to the fund of the secular mission. He also left a will in which Bishop Hay was named sole executor. The abbot was to have the offer of all his money. His poor were to have what the sale of his clothes might bring. His books and linen, he requested, might be given to his Brother Monk, Mr. Robertson. Abbot Arbuthnot,in compliance with the deceased

As the bishops of Scotland had grieved