THE TRUE WITNESS AND OATHOLIC CHRONICLE

URIE

6

r, the Chapel of the Holy Angela.

By Sister Mary Raphael (Miss Dranc.)

CHAPTER IX.

JEALOUSY.

It was somewhat of a silent walk home, for 15 was consume of a stress wat hous, for each member of the litle party found matter in his own relactions to absorb him, agree-able or the reverse. Parton had received some new ideas, and was working them out in his own fashion. Geoffrey's coglistions may be imagined by any who can draw from their own experience a remembrance of the anguish, the falsebood, the injustice, and the bitter self-reproach which accompanies a fit of that passion which of all the passions to which our poor nature is subject, most surely carries its own punishment with it. surely carries its own punishment with it. Julian guessed nothing of his companions' feelings. He was in a fairyland of enchant-ment. The castle, and chapel, the beautiful Aurelia, visions of angels, and legends of the eld British kings, were jumbled together in his imagination like some stange arabesque design ; and as they took their way through the woods, they were bleakness and desolation of the wintry iandscape only harmonized with his frame of mind. It was a new "Idyll

of the King." On reaching home Geoffrey escaped to his own study on pretence of business, whilst the other two found their way to thedrawing. 700m.

Julian wanted some one to whom he could neur out his impressions, and found a willing listener in Mary.

"And how about the chapel ?" she asked. "Oh, nothing decided-but I have a plan in my mind. I haven't dared propose it yet, hnt-

"But what !" said Mary, with surprise, as she saw by the fissh of his eye that something a little out of the common was in contemplation.

the hands of Binemantle. I'll make the plans, } and Gules shall work them out. I can nall him to what I want done, and no more. And then of a homely restorative? Geoffrey felt then the paintings-they must be carefully it so, and though he was not so compliant as then the paintings-they must be carefully restored. I see it all," he continued, thrust ing his hands through his hair in the intensity of his excitement, "and seven angels-it will be glorious."

Mary said there were books which describion. Paxton threw himself with a good humor the

"Golden tiar of beaming sunny rays Oircling his head,"

Mary started. "Surely you are putting something in, are you not?" she said; "you do not mean to say these words are Mil-adicu. Mary could not help telling him how eorry she was he was going. "Not more eorry than I am Miss Houghton," he said, "They certainly are," said Paxton ; "where

is the wonder ?" "Only," replied Mary, "that it sounds

like the portrait of another Uriel-the last of

Father Segrave stopped so suddenly when he came to those lines, and why Miss Pendragon looked as though the would rather nor our famous conference yesterday afternot listen."

just vanity-that's what it is, and jealousy-a fit of cursed jealensy." And having reached this final and just analysis, he rese from his chair and paced about the spart-ment. At last he stopped short: "There shall be no mere of this," he said; "I am a simpleton, that everyone knows; but I will not be a contemptible one. What a base lie it all is 1 Jealeus, and jealeus of Julian Wyvern, because, forseoth, he is a handsomer fellow than I am ! Ne, by the soul of my grandiather, there shall be ne more of it. It's nothing but cursed jealousy." He respondent at dinner, and during the

repast was more than usually silent, and

carved vindictively. "What can be the matter with Geoffrey ?" said Mrs. Houghten, to her daughters, when they were alone together ; " he seems out of sorts.

"Only out of temper, dear mamma," said Gertrude; "something has happened to ruffle him, I suppose : distemper among the pigs, or the turnip disease."

"How can you, Gertrude ?" said her mether, "you know he is never out of temper. I'm afraid he must have got a chill in that dreadful chapel ; if he had only had something warm when he came in !" Then as the object of har motherly selicitade happened to enter the room, with brows still clouded, and discemfort in every line of his countenance she carried on her attack. " My dear boy, I'm convinced you've taken a chill ; you look all colors-and no wonder, after standing about in that damp chapel. You should have taken semething warm when you came home, you really should. It's a rheumatic cold, I am certain."

"Rheumatic fiddlesticks," growled Geo-

firey; "I'm right enough." "You're all wrong, Geoffrey; I'm sure of it," persisted his mother. "Now, do take something to night... I should say ginger."

There was something in the notion of administering a does of ginger to oure a fit of the spicen so intensely ludiorous that Geo-firey laughed in spite of himself, and the laugh did him good. He ast down by his mother's side, and felt a gleam of returning good-humor as he did so. After all, to a heart with "I must de it myself," he said ; "I could all its honest home affections still untarnishnot leave that old man and his daughter in ed, what is there so medicinal as the look and word of a mother, even if she has nothing more exalted to propose than the administrato accept her prescription, yet his angry spirit was "healed and harmonized" by the benignant influence of his mother's love. Whether he slept much that night is not on record, but he arose with a great light in his ed what the paintings had been a century or | mind. The discovery that his malady of the two ago, and the atternoon was spent in con- | previous day had only been "a fit of oursed sulting a dozen or two of volumes, scattered jealousy" had brought the light with it. about the tables and sofas in delightful confus- | There is but one known panaces for that discase, which moralists would express by difinto the interest of his companions, and had a ferent terms, but which Geoffrey, in his una-happy way of opening the books at just the dorned style, was pleased to call "flying in right places, and finding the right passages to the face of it." And so, when he appeared read aloud. St. Uriel was not forgotten; and at breakfast next moring, with his complexion Milton's lines were read over again to the two still "all colors," and his hair on end (for aisters, who sat in a kind of rapture, listen- there is no part of our outer man which so ing to the tones which once heard were sympathizes with the inward mood as our not easily forgotten. But when he came to hair), there was yet in his great, brave heart the strength of a firm resolve, which he pre-

pared to carry out unflinchingly. The first event of that morning was the departure of Paxton, and he took his leave re-

serry than I am, Miss Houghton," he said, only regrets of this sort are like snow-balls they would increase in bulk by every addit-iened day I spent here. But I am delighted I came-delighted to have known that good the 'Golden-haired' brothers." ''Now, fanzy my not having thought of that !'' said Julian. ''I understand now why I shall not easily forget my two days at Laventer, nor the Pendragens, nor the angels, neon. If the foelish world did but know t listen." "But it is all Greek to me," said Paxton, how little goes to make a winter's Who is the other Urial of whom you day captivating — and, by the bye, if

in a mirror, and was ashamed of it? It's things are more selfish than some kinds of before the luckless vessel would have beater

CHAPTER X. A SHIPWBECE.

It is not our purpose to give the reader a circumstantial journal of Mr. Julian Wyvern's residence at Laventor, which Geoffrey persuaded him to make his headquarters ; nor minutely to follow the progress of his plans for the restoration of Merylin Chapel, Suffice it to say that the plans were made and approved, not without many visite to the Castle and prolonged consulations with Sir Michael and his daughter. Mr. Gules came down from Londen, and was glad enough to accept Julian's orders and carry out his designs. The paintings the young man was resolved personally to superintend, and he had already conceived the idea of restoring the wall paintings of the seven angels, and executing them bimself in freeco. It was an ambitious thought, but he prepared for carrying it out by first making carboons of the angelic figures, with their appropriate emblems. In this he was not a little helped by Father Segrave, who supplied him with information, and was a frequent visitor at Laventor whilst the work was in progress. Six of the cartoons were already roughly aketched, but over that of Uriel, Julian, could not satisfy himself. Perhaps the as-sociations attached to the name gave him a special desire to succeed in the dalineation of the angel, whose appearance as the "Light of God" had so fired his imagination. "The Light of God !" he said ; "what a wonderful ! name, and how to depict it !"

"I should have thought these lines of Milton's would have shown you how," said Mary ; "to me they are a ploture in themsalves.

"Ah yes, a word-picture ; and if I could dip my brush into one of those sunbeams I could perhaps represent what he has sung ; but how paint sunbeams with these gross material pigments ? 'The Light of God,' is something beyond the range of yellow ochre."

There is another title applied to St. Uriel," said Father Adrain ; "he is some-times called 'the Strong Champion ;' his emblam, you know, is a sword." "That is a different idea of him," said

Julian; "I can see no connection between the two."

"Not so very different," said the chaplain. "I can see a sort of connection. The sword, you see, which is the symbol of strength, is likewise the shining brand of fisme. I take it to mean that the Light to know, must be united to the Strength to do."

"A magnificent thought," said Julian "and worthy of its subject. 'To know the best and choose the weaker part' is just the misery of us mortals ; but to an angel, stand-ing in the Light of God, the Light to know the Truth cannot be disjoined from the Etrength to do the Right. To paint that idea would used the hand of Michael Angelo. Anyhow we must set to work on the two elements of Light and Strength." But do what we would, he pronounced his attempts to be wretches fallurers, and one after another committed his sketches to the flames.

Still he worked on, and the days sped mer rily by : and many a morning as Julian painted and Mary lent her ald, Aurelia would look in to praise and encourage, and Gertrude to criticise and make fun; whilst Geeffrey would stand by, lost in wonder how people could be found in the world so amzingly clever—a feeling in which his excellent mother heartily shared.

But it must not be supposed that Julian's interest in the chapel of the angent when a condition of the church and of the statue in the life-beats out of his mind. His was a condition of the church and of the statue in the head that could carry many ideas in it at the mediately after the subsiding of the deluge. Their accounts varied somewhat as to when the statue was tion he undertook during the winter menths ther the white robe in which the statue was to various stations on the Cornish coast in clothed was entirely unsolled and untouched hopes of inducing the autherities to adopt by the water, or about one foot of the lower his improved model. At some he was suc-cessful, at others he failed. He was specially mainder along with the statue itself were un-

happiness, and none more ennobling then a to pieces upon the rocks. The one thought battle with one's own nature. was how to bring relief to the distressed orew --but what ordinary best could live in that frightful surf !-- and thanks to the economists, the much-needed new lifeboat was wanting. "We must telegraph to Pan-more at once," said Julian, " and meanwhile see what can be done with our Tremadoc resourcer." The old boat was dragged out and launched, and at Julian's call ten brave fishermen were found ready to man it. He was standing, directing its equipment, when he was startled by a voice beside him. "A reward of fifty pounds if the ship is reached, Michael Harris," said Aurelia Pendragen, speaking to one of the men who acted as coxswain. A cheer from his companions was the only reply, whilet Julian felt a sort of consternation at beholding the young girl at such a scene, and exposed to such a tempest. "You here, Miss Pendragon !" he said, "in such awful weather, and in view of so awful a spectacle ; surely it is hardly pradent."

Aurelia turned towards him her pale, calm face, in the lofty strength of which there was not a shadow either of haughtiness or severity : "You came here to do your duty, Mr. Wyvern," she said, " and I must de mine. care nothing for the weather."

"Let her be," said Geoffrey ; "its her way. She waits to take charge of the drewning. I've known her do it dozens of times."

And, in fact, Aurelia had come down from the castle, bringing everything requisite for the restoration of the sufferers who might be rescued, and their conveyance to proper shelter. She looked and acted as one perfectly accustomed to such critical scenes, and with a presence of mind entrely devoid of excitement.

The boat was ready, and the ten men leaped in ; but an eleventh was wanted. Michael Harris had taken the helm, and one of the ten cars therefore was left unmanned. Without a moment's hesitation Julian sprang in, and desired them to shove off. "For the love of heaven," exclaimed Aurelia, fearing "For the for another when she did not fear for herself "yet why should I stop him ?" she added. "All good angels protect him this night ?"

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A MIRACULOUS STATUE.

How it was That the Statue of The Blessed Virgin in the Church at Johnstown was so Marvellously Preserved.

There is an earnest desire on the part of many devout Catholics that the exact facts should be ascertained respecting the alleged preservation of the statue of the Blessed Virgin from soiling or defilement by the surging floed which poured into the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Jehnstown. The atatements respecting this, it will be borne in mind, were all made by reporters for the daily newspaper press, and those reports bore plain ear-marks in the language employed of having come from non-Catholics. The reperters evidently wrote from the impressions made on their minds by what they saw, or what they heard from those who saw the

who so greatly misunderstand the attitude of Catholics and of the Catholic Church on the subject of mirscles, we add that the Church is slow, exceedingly slow, it might seem, to decide that an occurrence is a real miracle, however wonderful the courrence may be. And, until the Church does so decide, Catholice are at perfect liberty to form their own opinions as to its miraculous or non-miraculoue character. It is seldom, too, that the Oburch formally

and authoritatively pronounces her decision upon the reality of alleged miracles. Most frequently she leaves it to the prudence of her faithful children te belleve, or not to believe, particular alleged miraculous occurren-005. When the Church does investigate a specified care with a view to arriving at a definite decision upon it, the investigation far exceeds in its thoroughness and exhaus-tiveness all ordinary judicial inquiries or procedures.

In the first place the inquiry as to the actual facts is of the mest searching character ; and the facts must be conclusively preved, beyond all possibility of doubt, and by entirely reliable and incontestible evidence. In the second place, every explanation of the ascertained facts on natural er preternatural grounds must be proved to be insufficient. Only when, after such examination even the possibility of accounting for the occurrence, in any other way, but that of miraculous in-terposition has been conclusively proved will the Church decide that a real miracle has been wrought.

We have made these remarks as preliminary to an argument in favor of the view that the preservation of the statue of the Biessed Virgin at Johnstown was miraculous. The argument forms part of a letter received from very highly esteemed correspondent of the

"From the public prints I learn the confirmation of these facts, and, further, that the plat-form of the altar had floated away. If so, is it not miraculous ? The waters must have rushed in with violence. If the altar didn't float up with the flood, way was it that the statue and the equipments were all lefs unstained, since the water rose higher than the altar? Whether the platform did or did not flust off again these

* If the platform stuck to the altar, what kept the altar and statue perpendicular ? It is improbable that the altar was in the centre of the platform ; more likely on the rear edge, and that the statue was on the rear edge of the altar. How could these rise with the waters not flowing in gently, but surging in violently? Owing to the oscillations of the current they must necessarily have toppled over. The leverage of the sacrificial stone of the altar, particularly that of the statue on the rear edge, and the height from the base necessarily would have

made the altar and statue topple over. "This becomes still more certain, if the platform had floated away. Throw an open dry-goods box into a violent current and the box would Heat, the open part upwards. The altar without a platform would have been even much more unweildy, and from the effect of the cur-rent, would have righted itself by floating, the statue and the stone having fallen to the bot-tom, the altar side downwards. Yet the altar was untouched, its equipments unstained. These

facts may not be true, but if true, to me they

appear most miraculous." The argument of our esteemed correspondent appears to us a very strong one. In the absence of fully accertained facts we do not commit ourselves to it. But none of the attempted explanations of the statements made in the non-Oatholic newspapers by their own reporters, sufficiently account for the occurrence on natural grounds. These statements all agree that the waters surged into the church with extreme violence that they rose in it to a height (as marked by their stains upon the walls) much exceeding that of the top of the statue above the floor. How, then, from natural causes (whether the platform or pedestal fleated or not) any part of the statue, its lace veil and its pure white robe, could have remained unsplashed, unstained and unspotted, is more than we can possibly explain.—Catholic Standard.

CATHOLIO MARRIAGE



JULY 31, 1889.

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CURED AFTER SIX YEARS. MANLARO, MINN. Sept. 30th. '87. To whom it may concern: -1 hereby certify that I have tried many great physicians ("by reputation") in the large cities in the west, and or six years I sought for one skilliful enough to the west of a nervous disease, but without success I was then induced to try the reputation of Fort Wayne, Ind., who was reported as being very successful in treating diseases of this character, and I am please to a short time completely cured, and he refused to accept any complexity for daughter without success I was the induced to try the refused to accept any complexity our daughter refused to accept any complexity for daughter was needing his services. My daughter and may all ever hold the reverend genitered in the accept and the reverend genitered parties needing his services. My daughter and myself will ever hold the reverend genitered in the start of the services and the services and services and myself will ever hold the reverend genitered and the services and the services and services and the services and services and myself will ever hold the reverend genitered and myself will ever hold the reverend genitered and myself will ever hold the reverend genitered and myself will ever hold the services and services are and services are and services are and services and services and services and services are and services and services and services and services are and

myself will ever nold the reverend gentleman in grateful rememberance. JOHN SCHWEITZER. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of September, A. D. 1887. W. B. DAVIS, Clerk of Municipal Court, Mankato, Minn.

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Standard, He says :

(To be Continued.)

speak? And why should not Miss Pendragon listen ?" "Who is the 'other Uriel' of whom you In brief words Mary gave him the outline | me know."

of the same sad tale she had already related to Julian.

Paxten listened with interest. "Ah," he said, " here, then, we have the second line of the old prophecy fulfilled,

"Till fall'n it's heir by fell disgrace."

As he spoke, he took out his pocket-book te refer to the lines which he had coribbled down at Swineburne from Lindesay's lips, and it was his turn to start as he read them. "Are we really living in enchantment ?" he said. "Just listen to this-I declare I had not noticed till now that there was an allusion to the angels," and he read aloud the words already quoted :

" Fortune shall fail the Dragon's race Till, fall'n its heir by fell disgrace, Angel by name, with angel face, A peasant born shall fill his place."

They all agreed that the coincidence was extraordinary. Only one pointseemed obscure: was he who was to bear the angel's name and the angel's face to be the heir, or the peavant who should fill the place of the heir ?"

"Like all prepheoles," said Paxon, "it will be clear only when accomplianed." "Probably," said Julian; "and now, I

don't know whether you will think me into - it so well as Julian ; no one would undestand ful or 'realistic,' if I say how stro igit is it all as he did, no one had such taste, no one borne in upon ms, that if the ' fortuns of the dragon's rate' is ever restored, the angels will have something to do with it. Was knows even if the restoration of their obspil, which we are now busy over, may not be the first atep?"

And so the hours of that winter's afternoon wore away. They were pleasant nours to all the party, and to one, perhaps, more than to the rest. A F cash writer has declared that there is a portai in every life when "the beans are in blossom," and the stmesphere of our existence is perfumed by a new and enarming exhilaration. The beans of Mary Houghton's life were beginning so to bloom. She was tasting the new and unspeakable delight of converse with companions whose intelligence, if vastly superior to, was yet sympathetic with her own. That winter's afternoon was marked in her calendar with a very bright red letter; and for the first time in her whole life, perhaps, she forget to ask herself, "Where is Geoffrey ?"

own feelings in his own way. Our readers must not think the worse of him on account of this wholly unexpected fit of rebellious nature. The sen of Adam has not yet been found, we presume, in whom there does not lark a poisenous root of self-love, which only comes to light under the assaults of tempta. tion. And to do Geoffrey justice, he battled bravely with his unknown foe, "What is it to me," he asked himself, "how many hows Mr. Julian Wyvern makes to Miss Aurelia Pendragon ? What is it to me if the descendant of King Arthur thinks the presumptive heir to the Earldom of Snowden a pleasanter. companion than plain Geoffrey Houghton ! Did I ever go in for being pleasant and grace-ful T. Have I not served them out of love,

As soon as he had driven from the door. Julian took possession of his friend, to make known to him that he had matured his plans about the chapel, and to ask his aid in carry-ing them out. He would offer his own services to Sir Michael, making out a rough plan of what to was be done, and employing Gules in carrying them out. But would this he acceptable ?

Geoffrey listened, and as he did so the future seemed to unroll itself before his eyes like some prophetic vision. If Julian undertook the work he would remain here to do it. He would, probably even, take up his resi-dence at the castle, and become as one of the family. And in the charm of his society, in the sunny influence of his conversation, his gifted mind, his graceful intercourse, the old man would find a new tie to life, and who could say how it might end with Aurelia? He saw it all : Julian would bring the healing sunshine to that desoluteh eart. Julian would do what he could never have done. He could be useful, and faitnful, and devoted ; 'Ab, yes," though : Geoffrey, "but I coulnever be observing." Just one moment of bitteraces, and it was over, and the resolution of the malaing came back strong and vigoroas. He listened and nodded, and said the idea was an excellent one. No one colud de na i such judgement. Of osurer, he must go up to the cas is again without delay, and propose his rl.n. "And you'd best go alone this time," he added : " you'll get on better with-out me, and I have business at the mill."

To the mill he went ; and if it were rever ont to make such speculations, we should be disposed to guess that some of these strong, sweet angels, of whom they had been so late ly conversing, went with him, and kept company with him that day, as he fought with the bitterness of his own heart, and conquered. They were surely there, helping him to drive away the falsehoods which selflove kept whispering, and to bear the dreary discomfort of his feelings ; and when he came discomfort of his feelings; and when he came fury. Julian was debating within himself back at the close of the day, is was with a the advisability of his betaking himself to heart at peace with bimself, and with all the Penmore with the view of being on the spot world beside.

When Mary paid him her usual visit before dinner, she found him looking pale and tired, indeed, but the cloud was gone. What has been the matter, with you, old fellow ?" she said. "Mamma would have it it was a cold ; Gertrude said it was temper ; Geoffrey was sitting in his study over a it was a cold; Gertrade said it was temper; bleak, obseriess fire, trying to analyse his and it looked to me very like a fit of the damos.

"Geoffrey drew his sister to him and kissed her. "Gertrade was right," he said ; "something happened which put me out. The a kind of reef, exceedingly dangerous devil, I suppose, was seeking something to de in stormy whether. On this reef your, and he tried to lay hold of my heart; a vessel of considerable size had but I think I've been even with him."

Mary looked at him affectionately. His gray eyes were weary and faded, but there excitement from the fact that such vessels of was, or she faucied there was, a look on his such a size and character were rarely seen off face also had never seen there before; the that particular part of the ceast. Geoffrey beauty of the soul was streaming and Julian did not wait to hear more, but beauty of the soul was streaming through the chinks of its rough mortal covering. "Dear old Geff," she thought to berself, "to think of my

mortified in the rejection by the Chelston and Tremadoc authorities of his proposal for im-proving the appointments of the lifeboat took to explain the occurrence by stating station at the latter place. Mr. Marmaduke that the platform on which the altar and Pendragon's influence prevailed with the Chelston Corporation, and he was an advocate for "economizing the public money." There was a station at Penmore, a village within seven miles of Tremadoc, admirably supplied ; and to spend money on fitting out another so close, was thought to be superfluous. Besides, argued the enconomists, Tremadoc possessed a boat of the old construction, which answered every purpose. What more could all the wise men of Chelaton desire ? Rodolph Beresford lent his wit in ridicule of the notion that Mr. Wyvern should be indulged in his whim for making lifeboats as common as blackberries -though he had not suggested the means of making them as cheap; and so the plan was negatived. All that Julian could obtain was the acceptance of his reforms by the authorities at Penmore, where he had the satisfaction of seeing one of his new boats manned oy a brave and skilfel crew.

Those who know the Cornish const do not need to be informed that, more perhaps than any other part of England, it is the scene of pitiless storms and terrible shipwrecks. The early part of the winter had been comparatively calm, but shortly after Ohristmas tempestuous season set in. Julian had the consolution of learning that on various occastoos his boats had worked well; and more than once he had been on the spot when their services were called ar, and had taken part in some of their expeditions, in order the more thoroughly to satisfy himself as to their real powers and requirements. This, in fact, was no new thing with him. During the years he had devoted to the study of this particular subject he had frequently acquired a considerable amount of skill and practical knowledge. One day towards cerned, that God should work miracles either the end of January the heavy sky gave to confirm the faith of balievers or to dispe unmistakeable warning of an approaching hurricane, and before the close of the day it fell on the coast with wild and terrible sheuld occasion call for the launching of his new boat, the "Speranza," when word was brought to the Laventor household that mischiel was at work much nearer home. The rock, on the summit of which Merylin Castle etcod, formed a bold premontory, which on one side protected Tremadoo Bay, often sought as a harbor of refuge by small fishing vessels in distress. The sharp rocks which terminated this promentory were continued at intervals far into the ocean, and formed struck, having become utterly disabled in the storm; and the event created all the more | under what circumstances God does and will hurried to Tremadoc, where they found the intelligence too true. It was a large steamer, French, as it appeared by its build, and Did I ever go in for being pleasant and grace. having been erjeying myself while he was everything betokened that its condition was and the purposes and objects it may enhance of a served them out of love, suffering ! How selfish I have been, and utterly hopeless. Guns of distress were being become clear, though previous to it they may and pity, and compassion ; and shall I cease hew generous he is !" to do it new because I saw my own reflection. And Mary was not far wrong, for few certainty that many hours could not elapse. For the sake of our non-Cathelic friends,

stained and untouched. Then, too, one of statue were placed was raised up by the water and floated upon its surface.

The Catholic newspapers, so far as we have noticed, simply repeated the reports of the daily newspapers without any special comments upon them, or any discussion of the alleged occurrence. The Catholic clergy expressed no opinion about the matter, All bis is perfectly in accord with usual Catholic habits of thought and action in such cases. Lay Catholics are supposed by Protestants to be credulous and superstitious, readily ac-cepting every unusual or strange occurrence as miraculous; and Catholic clergymen are commonly accused by Protestants of encour-aging this alleged inclination of the laity. Yet nothing is more contrary to the real truth than this supposition. The Catholic laity believe with full assurance that God can and does work miracles now as He did in days of old. They know also that He does not work them at random ar whenever a multitude, whether skeptics challenging His power or devout believers, think it proper for Him to work them, but only at His own good pleasure and in His own chosen time and place and circumstances. Therefore, when a statement is made to them about some unusual occurrence, which may be and which again may not be miraculous, they are neither credulous nor incredulous. They simply regard the alleged occurrence as one which is open to inquiry and investigation; first as regards the actual facts, and secondly as to how those facts were brought about, whether by a natural, a preternatural, or a supernatural cause.

Neither the Elerarchy of the Church nor its members feel that there is any need, so far as the Catholic Church and religion are conto confirm the faith of balievers or to dispel the doubts or disbelief of unbelievers. Those who already believe have solid and all-suffi cient reasons for believing, and these who do not believe are already confronted with all-sufficient reasons for throwing saide their doubts and abandoning their unbelief or disbelief. If God, in order to furnish either of these classes of persons with additional evidence or, for various other reasons or pur poses, works a miracle, it is because in His inscrutable wisdom and His infinite merey He sees fit to do so.

Catholics are fully assured that God in His infinite wisdom and goodness does work miracles, sometimes in mercy to a single individual, sometimes in favor of whole communities or nations, sometimes to encourage the faithful and devout in well doing, sometimes to specially warn or punish wrong-deers, and for other countless good and sufficient reasons in the divine mind. But when, and how, and work miracles is unknown to man ; for " His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts." Yet after a miracle has been wrought it is not difficult to see the reasons for working it, and the divine goodness and mercy as well as power displayed in it. After the event itself the reasons for it

Strong Exhortation from Archbishop Janssens.

The Most Rev. F. Janesens, Archbishop of New Orleans, has, just en the eve of his de-parture to lay his homage at the feet of the Holy Father, addressed a pastoral letter to the Rev. Clergy and laity of his diocese, from which we extract the following :

The Council of Trent requires a marriage between Catholics to be celebrated before the pastor of either of the contracting parties and before at least two witnesses, and declares a marriage invalid and null if otherwise celebrated. Marriages of Catholics contracted before the civil judges are both invalid and grievously sinful. Should Catholics so far forget their hely religion as to marry before a Protestant preacher, they thereby make themselves guilty, as it were, of apostacy from the faith and incur the excommunic ation of the Church. Parents, relatives and friends should not assist at such a marriage. for by so doing they uphold the scandalous conduct of a Catholic and by their presence silently approved of a sin on which the Church has placed the sovere penalty of ex-communication. They who are unbappily divorced by civil law should remember that they incur excommunication should they attempt to contract marriage. Marriage, as already remarked, should be celebrated before the paster of either of the contracting parties, and Catholics should cheerfally con ply with the command of the Church and n ceck to be married outside of their parish. Laws are made for the general good, unit a true Caristian, who in falt", humility and simplicity desires to serve G id, never seeks a dispense ation from the law, and his obedien will bring him merat and bleesing." - Catholic Advocate.

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Courage is needed in daily life. A man must bave courage to follow the pole-star of prin-ciple in all things. It needs a brave spirit sometimes to call things by their right names. We are not to condone covetousness by calling it frugality, nor cowardice by calling it prud-ence, nor wastefulness by calling it goodheartness

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Prayer is the only novrishment which gives joy and strength to the soul.—St. Oatherine of Siena.

| S10; Quarters 30; Tenths 32; Twentieths S1. |
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