If I had known, O loyal heart,
When hand to hand we said farewell,
How for all time, our paths would part,
What shedow 'Fer our friendship fell!
I should have clasped your hand so clos
In the warm pressure of my own.
That memory still would keep its grasp
If I had known!

Faded Flowers.

Faded flowers! stern reminder Of the days that are no in the Of the early loved and lost on Wandering on the far off she

aded flowers! priceless treasures, How ye whisper of the past, The bitssful, Joyous moments All too sweet and bright to last.

aded flowers! ah, I remember Hands that culled them long ago, ngel hands that now are weaving Wreaths to deca the Saviour's bro

aded flowers! withered leaflets, Precious to my heart ye are noe in bright resplendent beauty, Shone ye like yon golden star.

aded lilies! withered roses, Viqlet, forget-me-not, Ige the loved and lost remain ye, Fresh in memory, ne'er forget.

nds and roses, dead and withered, Lifeless as the silent day, nee the casket of fair spirits, Dwelling, now, in endless day.

Waxen lilies! ye remind me Of a loved one fast asleep, Marble browed and snowy shrouded: Hidden 'neath the willow's aweep.

When our earthly toils are ended, May wedwell in God'abright bower, Bloom in everlasting beauty, Every plant, a faded flower, Boston Pilot in 18:2.

A MODERN PILGRIMAGE. THOUSANDS JOURNEY TO LINDISFARNE.

A pilgrimage to Holy Island, in commemoration of the twelfth centenary of St. Cuthbert, took place, as we have already briefly announced, on the Thursday of last week, many thousands of Catholics from Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, Yorkshire, and all parts of England taking part in the impressive eremony. It will be remembered that the actual date of the centenary fell upon March 20, the four h Sunday in Lent, and the patron saint of the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle was on that day made the subject of sermons in the churches of the North. The late lamented Mgr. Consitt, who wrote a life of St. Cuthbert, spoke lovingly upon his favorite theme in Newcastle Cathedral, and his graphic and picturesque description of the life and labors of the saint was listened to with rapt attention by a crowded congregation. It was arranged that the centenary of the saint should then be celebrated by High Mass in all the churches of the diocese, wherever practicable, and that a pilgrimage to Lindisfarne should be undertaken later in the year, when the weather was more propitious for out-of door gatherpilgrims had arrived at the railway terminus, and were on their way over the
sands to the island. The vast majority of
the pilgrims waiked the whole of the way
—five miles in all—from the tation to the
island; but for ladies and others who were
not able to do so, vehicles of all kinds
were called into requisition, and this
enabled many to be present at the festival who would otherwise have been
denied the privilege.

denied the privilege.

We take the following description from

a sympathetic report published in the Newcastle Daily Chronicle: On arriving at the sands Father Fortin, On arriving at the sands Father Fortin, of Waterhouses, assisted by Rev. John O'Brien, of St Mary's, Newcastle, mar shalled the pilgrims into divisional processions under separate religious banners, many of which were very beautiful and represented saints in full canonicals. A priest or a good loud voiced layman was selected to lead each procession, and give out the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, which, in every case, were devoutly recited. As the prayors were finished, the pilgrims alternated them with the singing of such old favorite hymns as "Faith of our Fathers," and "Hail Queen of Heaven," that many of them have sung since of such old favorite hymns as "Fath of our Fathera," and "Hail Queen of Heaven," that many of them have sung since they were taught the sign of the cross. The water being almost a foot deep in some places, nearly every one walked barefooted, except those who were in carts and other conveyances, of which there were a good number. Priests and people, however, young, middle-aged, and old, male and female, doffed their boots and stockings, and the weather being warm and fine—the beautiful blue sky being tinged only here and there with fleecy clouds—the walk was thoroughly enjoyed. The pilgrims were in the happiest of spirits and were well fortified against the possible rigors of a long and latiguing day. Knapsacks, bags, baskets, and other light luggage were in almost every one's hand, and great must have been the sacrifices of some who had determined from the first to participate in the mined from the first to participate in the pilgrimage. All classes were represented. There were English, Irish, Scotch and foreign Catholics; the poor, the well to do, and the wealthy—and all were the same

badge (the cross of St. Cuthbert) of their devotion to the patron saint of their beloved diocese. The detachment from East Corneay was headed by a Papal Zouave in full uniform, and he attracted general attention. There was a contingent of pilgrims from Glenmagna, near Leicester, the old church there being dedicated to St. Cuthbert, who is said to have visited it in his lifetime. Leaving the station, the proportions of the procession were to a considerable extent hidden from wiew in the winding country lanes leading to the

to St. Cuthbert, who is said to have visited it in his lifetime. Leaving the station, the proportions of the procession were to a considerable extent hidden from view in the winding country lanes leading to the sands, but once upon the fine three mile stretch of beach to Holy Island the imposing force of devout worshippers were revealed in full. Rossry beads, prayer books, and other books of devotion were reverently cerried, and the piety of one and all was a marked feature of the pilgrimage, and also a sigu, if one were needed, of the hold which Catholicism has upon her children. At the end of the three miles the dry hose and shoes were again resorted to, and as soon as the bulk of the pilgrims had reached the island one monster procession to the ruins was organized. Headed by croesbearer and acolytes, the clergy, regular and secular, led the way, followed by the pilgrims—all intoning the Litany of the Sainta, and then singing "Faith of our Fathers."

The pilgrims had resched the island one monster procession to the ruins was surging the Litany of the Sainta, and then singing "Faith of our Fathers."

The pilgrims having at length reached the ruined priory, High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Canon Wilkinson, Vicar Capitular of Hexham and Newcastle, assisted by Rev. Fathers Forster and Philipps as deacon and subdeacon. The music was well rendered by the choir of St. Dominic's Church, Newcastle, under the able direction of Mr. E. B. Harding. "The scene in the priory during the ceremony," says the Neucastle Leader, "was most impressive. The rugged walls of the dismantled abbey stood out against a clear blue sky, and gave a solemnity and additional awe to what is always an impressive sacrifice. Every inch of ground between the bare walls, whose only coping was the arch of heaven, was occupied by a devout and silent multitude. High up in the embrasurers and window niches of the building adventurous worshippers had climbed, while upon the scene, and took an earneet part in the ceptance of the bulk of the places were spe

made nim isy aside once and torever the things of his childhood; and, whereas up to that time he had thought as a child, spoken as a child, and acted as a child, from that day forward he put away all childish things, and gave himself up with all the fervor of a manly heart to serve and fear God and his neighbors in the things of God, with a view to make all things of God, with a view to make all men with whom he came in contact love and worship their Creator. This he did, first of all by his example, and then by his powerful preaching of the Word of God, and the miracles which ensued according to the promise of our Lord and Baviour to those who preach the God who made them and who redeemed them Saviour to those who preach the God who made them and who redeemed them and sanctified them. And so it came to pass after years of holy training in the great monasteries and at Lindisfarne, Cuthbert went about preaching in highways and byways the knowledge of the true God and of Jesus Christ. The saint had perceived that the conversion of souls to God must be effected by means adequate to the great end which he proposed to himself—that if he was to recall those who in that northern king dom of Northumbria had lapsed from the faith which had once been preached to their forefathers, and if he was to bring back to the fold of Christ those who were still in the wickedness of idolatry and of disbelief, then it must be only by the power of God and by God's own means that he could accomplish that great work. What then were the means which he employed? First of all he went about seeking the sheep that were lost and astray in the wilderness. He lived among them, and he loved them

truth was held up to men there was awakened in their consciences and hearts some echo at least of the mighty truths which concerned their eternal salvation. To those means he added others which God had given him. He could wield the power of fervent and continual prayer, which, as they knew from the Scriptures, was always availing. Not only did he continually pass whole nights in prayer in that island, and in watching and fasting, and in mortification by duscipline and scourgings, but he subdued to the obedience of the Spirit of God the rebellion of the flesh, and brought it into subjection to God. And so they read of him going down there to the seashore after the dead of night, when the immetes of the monastery were asleep, walking forth into the sea, and standing up to his armylis in the ocean, with his hands extending to God, and his thoughts raised to Him, the Father of Light, imploring that light from above which alone could make men free—free from the domination of the world, of the flesh, and of the devil, the three hereditary enemies of man. In good time, through his continual fervent prayer, God caused his footsteps to be followed with aston shing miracles and manifestations of power. The atmosphere of miracle glittered in every page of Holy Writ from Apostice of the Apostles of the truth of God, who never could and who never did deceive or err. When our divine Lord sent forth the first appation band to convert the world, He declared greater works would they do, because they would have, with them the Holy Spirit of God, the Author of all Good, the Possessor of all truth. This, in a few words, was a feeble but indequate sketch of the life of St. Cuthbert, hat great light which shone upon them wen now at that distance of time through the long valley of 1,200 years. That was

the long, valley of 1,200 years. That was the cause of their coming together there that day in such numbers to praise and to glorify God in His saints, and to raise up their prayers in union with that of the great apostle of their country whose holy remains lay so long in that adjacent Island of Farne, and thence by the wonderful providence of God were conveyed from place to place, until well now nigh 900 years ago they had found their final resting-place beneath that stately Cathedral of Durham. Their presence there that day was an evident proof that like their forefathers in the faith—that faith for which so many had shed their life's blood—they had not changed nor wased with the lapse of ages. And the question that presented itself to their minds, and cried for an answer in that place and at that hour, was, what was that religion

was to lose the precious git of religious unity, and to lapse, more or less, into error, and into a spirit of schism and of heresy. It was that religion which venerated the lives of the saints, and which brought into the fold of Christ, the fiercest nation of the unredeemed hea-

then, and made its people sit down together in the fold of Christ meek and humble of heart, becoming even like little children in order that they would enter into the kingdom of God. It was

enter into the kingdom of God. It was that religion which had covered the land with the glorious temples of God, and made the whole nation one in faith. It was that religion which set forth now as of old the counsels of Christian perfection in the persons of holy monks and holy nuns who practiced the precepts of the Lord, and who gave up all things that they might follow Him. By their vows of poverty, of chastity, and obedience, they sancufied themselves to God's service and became the leaders of others in the way of salvation, thus being the

in the way of salvation, thus being the very salt of God's earth. Then what should they do here that day? Many of them like himself had come from aiar to kneel in that shattered shrine, and to invoke the mercy of the Lord through the prayers of St. Cuthbert. Let them glance

prayers of St. Cuthbert. Let them glance back through the vale of centuries and let them rejoice to think that his powerful intercession was with them that day. Let them implore him to join himself with them in their suppliant invocations to God, who would descend upon that alter; that the Father, Son and Holy Ghoat, who was surely present in the

went about seeking the sheep that were lost and astray in the wilderness. He lived among them, and he loved them with a tender and fatherly love. He taught them to see in his beautiful example all the bright and happy fruits of true religion and piety. He taught them first by example, and then according to the words of his Saviour, that he who did the will of the Father should know His doctrine. And thus whenever by example and by the word of God the

them. Lord Hartington, on a famous occasion, drew attention to the fact that Arthur O'Connor had made fifty five speeches and asked only two questions when prolonging the debates. It is this delicacy and breadth which have made him the reputation of being the first man of affairs in the Irish party. When he rises to speak on his perch in the Parnellite row nearest the wall, the lazy, the rude and the impatient leave the House as stealthily as possible—the lazy, House as stealthily as possible—the lazy, because they know he will compel their because they know he will compel their attention; the rude, because they know he will elude their insolence; and the impatient, because they have been taught to feel that they cannot hasten his pace. But the studious listen with eagerness, for they are sure to acquire new knowledge; the courteous, because he is a pattern of courtesy; the belig-erant, because they are cartain that he he is a pattern of courtesy; the belligerant, because they are certain that he
is going to discharge a park of small
artillery with slight resonance, but with
deadly effect; and the sharply partisan,
because experience has taught them that
when Arthur O'Connor has taken up a
subject he will inevitably damage the
side to which he is opposed. This
manner in speaking is precisely like his
mind—calm, simple, tranquil, firm and
toroible. He is of medium figure, slender and trim, dresses with unostentious
propriety and bears himself with the
gentle unaggressiveness of a scholar and
a well-bred man. His head is growing
bald, but what hair he has is dark; his
face is pale, his features are regular and

face is pale, his features are regular and and fine, his eyes the deep blue which, IN SO MANY IRISH FACES, seem black, and a dark beard, carefully but not foppishly barbered, lends a hint of age greater than his own to Arthur O'Connor, who is 43. He stands erect and composed before the House, sometimes letting his head droop slightly toward his breast as memory wanders off for some distant argosy of facts and speedily brings her craft into harbor, her arrival being signalled in the rising of his head and the fishing of the clear daylight in his eyes. IN SO MANY IRISH FACES.

Generally he has a handful of notes in the closed left hand; he rarely uses them except to read columns of statistics or to calculate percentages or to touch off some new fuse that will lead to a concealed mine of data with which a ministor's peach and a department's estimate will be thrown out of debate. Men consider him a perfect pattern of the parliamentary speaker. The standard, therefore, is the one of rigidity and composure, excluding gesture, elocation, imagery, fire. It is true that the great parliamentary speakers have east this standard to the wind. Pitt gesticulated. Grattan was theatrical, like Pitt, Diaraeli was given to wild elocutionary orgies. Gladstone is as dramatic as Garrick would have been with the same subject matter. Sexton indulges in poetic conceits, and John Redmond flashes like a moving planet when the House is in his of statistics or to debate. Men consider him a perfect parliamentary speaker. The standard to the wind. Pitt gesticulated. Grattan was theatrical, like Pitt, he will not have to plead the in the House is the state of the House is the great parliamentary speaker. The standard to the wind. Pitt gesticulated. Grattan was theatrical, like Pitt, he will not have to plead the in the House, and spoken only modest in the House, and spoken only in the House, and spoken only in the House, and spoken only pleaker. The standard of perfect parliamentary speaker. It is for time to tell. Thus far he has found memory a safer friend than inventionary orgies. Classing the provided that the provided the provided that we have get the provided that the house is in his or time to tell. Thus far he has found memory a safer friend

The tide or with the New York ARHOUT O'CONDOT and Sir Thomas Henry Gratten East have not been withing the year of totally different character issue. The time has not merely from the House of Commons, but from the positions they respectively hold in the House of Commons, but from the positions they respectively hold in the House of Commons, but from the positions they respectively hold in the House of Commons, but from the positions they respectively hold in the House of Commons, but from the positions they respectively hold in the House of Commons, but from the positions they respectively hold in the House of Commons, but from the positions they respectively hold in the House of Commons, but from the positions they respectively hold in the House of Commons, but from the positions they respectively hold in the House of Commons, but from the positions they respectively hold in the House of Commons, but from the positions they respectively hold in the House of Commons, but from th

so germane to the topic. He is unquestionably the best man Mr. Parnell

CARDINAL MANNING AT KINGS. LAND.

London Universe, Aug. 29.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster preached at High Mass at the Church of Our Ludy and St. Joseph, Kingsland, on Sunday. Taking his textfrom the Epistle of the day, "By the Grace of God I am what I am," His Eminence said these words were as true of each one of us as they were of St. Paul, who when he wrote them, had in his mind the day when he held the clothes of those who stoned Stephen, and the other day, also, when on the way to Damascus he was struck to the ground and smitten with blindness by a bright light from heaven above all the splendour of the sun. Every sin we have ever done has been by the will of God. Not a soul will be lost except by its own will. Every soul that goes down into the pit will go down there because it defeated the will of God and laid violent hands on itself. Every sinner is a self-murderer, and his destruction is an act of iou own will and destruction is an act of iou own will. serviced speed of the control of the and the rivers shall not overflow thee.
And if thou walkest through fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame burn within thee." Everything we do and everything we leave undone is an act of our own will; these free acts of our will form what are called our habits, and these habits in turn form our character. A man makes his own character. There, we stop Arthur O'Connor as long as he chooses to talk, because his discourse is o germane to the topic. He is unquestionably the best man Mr. Parnell has eyer sent to the United States to give general and exact information upon overy practical phase of

THE HOME RULE QUESTION.
He will not set audiences wild with flashing generalities, but he will give every honest mind well digested arguments for home rule. His young companion will seem a miniature of old Henry Grattan to those familiar with the great patriot's face. There is the same genial, smilling, boyish mouth; the same low forehead, with the hair failing carelessly upon it. Sir Thomas is of slight figure, rather handsome, extremely polite and deferential among his elders and ladies, is the product of a Catholic college, and, therefore, after their manner in the old countries, well up in old learning. He is frank and cordial, gay but manly; would never be charged with arrogance, but has that something which, like it as men may, distinguishes the luckity born hair of breeding and culture from the ordinary youth who acquires both in spite of hard fortune. He has some slight musical accomplishments, is a fair athlete, a genial rather than an entertaining man in conversation, and is an exquisite dancer. If there were nothing more to say of him Parnel would not send Sir Thomas to the United States. Invitations poured in for high from all over the States from the time of his first election to Parliament; for there was eclat in the reappearance of the old uame in the in the lists of Irish patriots and there was a touch of revolutionary paths in the papearance of the old uame in the in the lists of Irish patriots and there was a touch of revolutionary patriots in the papearance of the old uame in the party whose fundamental pilningles is opposition to the traditions of If I had known wher far and wide
We loitered thro' the summer land
What presence wandered by our side
And o'er you, stretched its awful hand,
should have hushed my careless speech
To listen, dear, to every tone.
That from your lips fell low and sweet
If I had known! If I had known when your kind eyes
Met mine, in parting, true and sad,
Eyes, gravely tender, gently wise,
And sarnest, rather more than glad,
I should have treasured every glance,
If I had known!

If I had known what strange plan
What mystic, distant, silent, shore
You calmip turned your steadfast face,
That time your footsteps left our door
I should have forged a golden link
To bind the heart so constant grown,
And keep it constant ever there,
If I had known! If I had known that until death
Shall with his fingers touch my brow,
And still the quickening of the breath
That stirs with life's full meaning now,
Bo long, my feet must tread the way,
Of your accustomed paths alone
I should have prized your presence now
If I had known!

AN INDIAN MISSION.

Fruit of Father De Emet's Labors.

THE PROSPERITY AND CIVILIZATION INDIANS WHO ARE LEFT TO CATHOL INFLUENCE—TWENTY FOUR INDIA MAIDENS CONFIRMED—MRS. THOM FRANCIS MEAGHER THEIR SPONSOR. From the New York World.

On the flathead Indian reservation. Northwestern Montana, August 1.—came here to see the modernized red matransformed by civilizing ir fluences from the warlike savage of the forest to the peaceable tiller of the soil. The America Indian, though still proud of his paint at feathers, his prismatic blankets and vacolored strings of beads, is fast robing his self in the habiliments of the white mand soon the curling smoke that rices from the self in self in the habiliments of the white me and soon the curling smoke that rices from the cone-chaped wigwams along the ban of the mountain streams will ascend from the mantel-breated chimneys where tred man, no longer untutored and ignant, shall sit around the winter's hear and read to his children the legends of and read to his children the legends of forefathers in the long ago. Or may the young brave, from whose breast assaying instinct of old shall have been tirpated by the pleasures of the min shall recount by public acclaim the histo accenes through which his people pass and the dawn of faith and Christian among them. Is the picture romantic improbable! I saw it yesterday through the lens of thought, as I beheld the oper-hued young Indians declaim we grace and spirit, unravel mathemat problems that to me were full of gord knots, and breatheinto sounding brasapirit-stirring creations of our patricular composers.

spirit-stirring creations of our patric national composers.

Yesterday from far and wide over great Northwest reservation the Indi-came in files and bands to celebrate least of St. Ignatius, which, since the vent of the mission fathers, more thirty years ago, has been observed v pomp and ceremony, feasting and

The mission proper is twenty miles fr the home of Mr.j. Ronan, the Indagent, and thither we started on the mo-ing of the 30th. The ride over ing of the 30th. The ride over through the most pictureeque cany and valleys of the Rocky Mounts along the banks of the Jocko Ri which was bridg-less, and the treerous currents of which to forded by our bronches with cuty. Towards the erd of our jour we mounted the winding, rocky ascer a huge gorge, and after following aro country for a few miles again mounts great, large hill, and there before straight across a beautiful valley steep-descending, atretched beneath steep-descending, stretched beneath feet, we saw the cluster of buildings, the stars and stripes unfurled over Long rows of trees and shrub stretched out on either side, and in background McDonald's Peek rose, T like, above the surrounding ranges was high noon, yet the gray mists of morning still hung heavily over mountains. We could see the evid of the busy preparation and the mofigures of the awarthy natives flitti figures of the swartby natives fitti and fro, as the arrival of some new of Indians betokened the reunion of rior friends. Our own arrival prod no discernible impression, the lou Indians being wrapped seemingly in own contemplations. We put up a house of Mr. Alexander Demers, the trader, and during the evening pair respects to the missionary fathers at trader, and during the evening pairespects to the missionary fathers at the Bishop of Montans, who came or administer the sacrament of Confirm to the Indian children. Here was the of some of the fearless and untiring lof the great Father de Smet, whose tary teachings among the tribes of Northwest, and whose unquenchable tion to the amelioration of the Insavage state are held in deathless ve tion among all English reading peop

tion among all English reading peop The entire settlement was astir The entire settlement was astir the earliest gleams of the sun played the tinselled crown of the flegets f, s o'clock the church, which held u of 800 people, was filled to the dowith kneeling postulants, praying in a kind of chatter peculiar to the pel dialect, and which, to the ind must have been ear racking. The pfinally ceased in unison, and the cition of the Mass began. The altar tastfully decorated with flower plants as any of the altars of the and the music by the choir of Indian maidens was rendered with ion and melody. The sermon was ion and melody. The sermon was ered in English by Bishop Bronde below the dais on which he stood, the fathers listened attentively and, end of every ninth or tenth senten Bishop paused to allow the interpr Bishop paused to allow the interpretranslate his utterences. At the sion of the Mass, sixteen boys and the four girls were confirmed by the Mass. Gen. Thomas Francis Meghrelist of the lamented Irish patriciter of Mrs. S. L. M. Barlow of York, who is travelling through Mand who was present, stood sponsor twenty-four young girls. The manufacture of Mrs. S. L. M. Barlow of York, who is travelling through Mand who was present, stood sponsor twenty-four young girls. The manufacture of Mrs. S. L. M. Barlow of York, who is travelling through Mrs. S. L. M. Barlow of York, who is travelling t