

Watching by the Sea.

BY MRS. EMILY THORNTON.
When the tide is seaward flowing,
And wet sands in moonlight glowing,
And white sails are flapping, flapping, on the
good ships far at sea;

From the dim caves of the ocean,
Steals the weird and odd commotion,
To my rap soul sadly saying: "You will
never see him more."

All my little ones are sleeping,
Never weeping, never weeping,
For their father's glad home coming! That
is only my sad part.

I am weary of this waiting!
Years have gone, yet no abating,
Hush! I thought I heard a footfall. It was
only a better breeze.

How it mingled with the chorus
Of the sea-wind blowing o'er us,
Oh, my darling, will you ever bring me
this light?

But I'll watch a little longer!
Sobbing sea—I would be stronger,
Could you cease this endless mourning, which
is harrowing to me.

Tell me, moon, in white clouds sailing,
Are all watching mourning,
Hark! I hear my children calling—mother,
come! Good night, sad sea!

FOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLETON.

"I won't go there till I have seen the
Comte de Saxe. So it is no use asking me,
Antoine. Come with me, and we will
go and find out where he lives."

Antoine was so accustomed to do what-
ever Mademoiselle Mina wished, and so
agitated with the scene he had witnessed,
that he was really more in need of guid-
ance than she was. So he passively sub-
mitted; and when she had put on her hat
and shawl he followed her into the street.

"She is in prison, and my father also,"
cried Mina, wringing her hands.
"Is prison. Good God! Why? Where?
For what?"

"No," answered Mina, her cheeks as
red as fire and her lips quivering. "For
stealing diamonds! They steal!"
"Diamonds!" said the count.

"Yes, diamonds mamma had had a long
time, as long as I can remember. She
sold them when papa was so ill, and she
wanted money. They were found a pic-
ture of a gentleman in uniform, which
she sometimes showed me when I was
little. The men who took papa and
mamma to prison found this picture, and
said it was the proof they wanted."

"Ah! I think I understand," ejacu-
lated the count. "Did your father know
of this picture?"
"Of course he did not know till to-day,
just before these men came, that mamma
had sold the diamonds. He seemed sorry
when she told him. Oh, M. de Saxe, you
and I, Anselm, want to meet there some
day."

"I think you are very good," answered
the boy, in an aggrieved tone, "you gave
me everything I want."

"At that moment, the lady heard Mina
ask the shopman if he could tell her
where the Comte de Saxe lived. She
turned round and their eyes met. Mad-
emoiselle Gaudier, who was sitting with
her back to the entrance door, and a pretty
little boy of six or seven years of age
standing by her. She was choosing a
book for him.

"I don't want a book," said the child;
"I want you to stay with me."
"Why, my good child," answered the
lady, in a voice Mina remembered to have
heard before, "I can't stay where I am
and be good, and if people are not good
they don't go to heaven, and you and
I, Anselm, want to meet there some
day."

"Excuse me," she said, in a kind man-
ner, to the young girl, "but do you want
to see the Comte de Saxe?"
"O, yes, very, very much," answered
Mina. "I must see him as soon as possi-
ble."

"Why must you see him?" said Mad-
emoiselle Gaudier, in a good-humored
off-hand manner.
"Because he is the only person who can
help me."

Mademoiselle Gaudier felt in her
pocket for her purse. "Excuse me, my
dear, but is it anything about which money
can be of use?"
"Of course not, my dear, it would not do
any good." Mina turned away and was
hurrying out of the shop.

"Stop a moment," cried Mademoiselle
Gaudier, struck with the expression of
her beautiful face. "If it is indeed im-
portant that you should see the Comte de
Saxe without delay, I can take you to my
house, where he resides to-day. By the
time you get to his hotel he will have
left it."

"She pointed to her carriage and said,
"Get in."
Mina looked at Antoine, who was
standing by her. "I must see the Comte
de Saxe, Antoine."

"Then get in," repeated Mademoiselle
Gaudier.
"Without me," said the old man,
resolutely.
"Well, sit on the box then, and tell the
coachman to drive to the Rue de la Mich-
audiere."

The little boy got in also, and they
drove off. The child began to cry bit-
terly.
"Come, come, Anselm. This will never
do. Men do not cry."
"But little boys do, and I must cry if
you go away."

"Nonsense, I never told you I was
going away. But you must go home to
your father, and he will send you to a
good school, where you will have plenty
of little boys to play with."

"No, what could a person who never
prayed himself say to a child like that?"
"Do you not pray? I am sure you
did the day Ontario was baptized. Do not
you thank God for having made you so
beautiful, and so strong too?" Mina
added, remembering the scene in the
Tuileries Gardens.

It had never yet occurred to Mademoi-
selle Gaudier to thank God for her
strength, but some years afterwards, she
remembered Mina's words whilst carrying
an aged woman out of a house that was
on fire. She looked fixedly at her now,
and then murmured, "The rest of my
life will be too short to thank Him, if..."

There she stopped, and turning away, did
not speak again till they reached her house
in the Rue St. Maur.

Nothing could exceed the luxury dis-
played in this abode. Lovely pictures
covered the walls, knick-knacks of every
sort adorned every corner of it. Flowers
in profusion, and little mimic fountains
throwing up scented waters, perfumed
the hall, and gave each room an air de fetes.

Mademoiselle Gaudier conducted Mina
into a small boudoir within a dining-
room, ornamented with a
gilded plate and magnificent bouquet,
was laid for twenty guests. In an ad-
joining drawing-room several gentlemen
and ladies were already assembled, who
greeted its mistress in the gayest manner.

One of these guests was the Comte de
Saxe. When Mina entered, he turned to
Mina at that moment. She guessed there
was a struggle between right and wrong
in that woman's heart. Without know-
ing what she was leaving, or where she
was going, she seized her hand, and
cried—

"Come, come; Oh, do come away!"
"There are moments—when even their
eternal destiny—seems to hang on a nap-
per-circumstance; when good
and bad angels are watching the upshot,
Mina's own heart was overcharged with
sorrow, and she longed to get away from
the sound of voices and laughter which
reached them where they sat. She clung
to Mlle. Gaudier, and again said: "Come
now, are you will never come." She did
not know the strength of her own words.

They fell on the actress's ear with pro-
prietary eagerness. Mademoiselle Gaudier
said, the most mournful and forcible expression
in our language is "no more." Perhaps
the words "now or never" have a still
more thrilling power. They have been
the war-cry of many a struggle—the signal
of many a victory.

Once again Mlle. Gaudier got into
the carriage with Mina, and they drove
to the Rue des Saints Peres. She wept
bitterly. It was odd, perhaps, that she
should give thus a free vent to her feel-
ings before a child and stranger, but she
was a very singular person; a great im-
pulsive, and a great frankness—had al-
ways marked her character.

"I am very glad I met you my dear,"
she said to her young companion, who
was trying to thank her. "You have
done more for me to-day than you can
tell me, or than you will perhaps ever un-
derstand. It was just what I wanted to
help me through the operation I am under-
going."

"What operation, dear lady?"
"An operation you may have read of
in the Gospel, my dear. Cutting off the
right hand, and plucking out the right
eye, rather than walking into hell with
one hand and one eye." "What a wretch
little innocent felt never need plucking
out or cutting off! It hurts, I can tell
you!"

"I would cut off my hand, and have
my eyes burnt out, if that would make
all my own people Christians," Mina an-
swered. "Do you know who are your peo-
ple, little one; but I have heard of innocent
souls, angels in human form, glad to suffer
for the guilty and the perishing, and I
think you may be one of them. . . . I
too, had such thoughts when I was your
age. . . ."

"I felt sure you were good the first
day I saw you."

"What could make you think so, dear
child?"
"You looked good, though you did push
the German lady into the mud."

The mention of this incident caused a
revision in Mademoiselle Gaudier's
nervous system. She burst into an
historical fit of laughter. "What a wretch
I have been," she exclaimed; and then,
after a pause, said, "I ought to have been
good, but I was not suffered to be so. An
orphan and a dependent, I prayed for a
bare pittance to keep me off the stage.
But my relatives would not hearken to
my pleadings. They said I had beauty
and wit, and must shift for myself. I have
done so, God knows how!"

"But you can, you will be good now?"
The carriage stopped at the door of
Mina's lodgings. She threw her arms
round Mademoiselle Gaudier's neck, and
said again, as she pressed her lips to her
cheeks, "You will be good now?" It
was like the whisper of an angel. Another
voice had been urging, "Return to your
pleasant home—to young friends—your
luxurious life. You never can fast, obey,
and pray for the rest of your life. It
was the decisive hour—on the order then
giving to drive to one place or the other—
on these few words the future content
of the Antilles. In after years, when she
could afford to look back and write, with
the gaiety of a grateful hand, an account
of that terrible struggle, she spoke of the
rude pallet on which she slept that night,
and the bits of cold steved car she ate for
supper, and said it was the sweetest sleep
and the best meal, she had enjoyed for
many a long year.

Two years later, the Parisian world
flocked to the Carmelite convent of the
Rue St. Jacques—the same where Louise
de la Valliere had fled half a century be-
fore—to see one of the first actresses of
the French stage, the witty, the hand-
some Mademoiselle Gaudier, put on St.
Theresa's habit, and renounce for ever the
world which had so long burnt un-
holyly in her heart. She retained in the
cloister the eager spirit, the indomitable
gaiety, the intellectual gifts, with which
she had been so rarely endowed. She
spoke from behind the grate, with the
eloquence of former days, only the sub-
ject-matter was changed. "Wonders will
never cease!" the world said, at the news
of Mademoiselle Gaudier's conversion,
and the world was right. As long as it

lasts, miracles of grace will take it by sur-
prise.
TO BE CONTINUED.

LETTER FROM FRANCE.

IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS.

Written for the Record.

My last letter, I believe, closed with a
eulogy on English manners and fare, and
a brief mention of my impressions at Char-
cross Station. Our next stopping
place was Dover, where we again experi-
enced the delights of English railroad
travel, preparatory to our embarkation for
Calais. After securing my baggage I en-
tered the boat and took my seat with the
other passengers who were going to cross
the channel. I heard ever so many per-
sons say that we were going to have quite
a rough passage. At this direful news my
heart sank within me. However, I made
up my mind, were it possible, not to be sea-
sick, for I thought I had not my share of
it on the ocean. To assist my determina-
tion, however, I was obliged to close my
eyes and stop my ears—for the noise that
my neighbors made was terrible, and the
temptation that made them glide so grace-
fully to the side of the vessel to pay tri-
bute to Neptune was irresistible. First of
all I said my beads, then I thought of
everything save the English Channel: I
thought of what you were doing at
home, and of the delightful time I had on
the Ocean steamer. Once I ventured to
open my eyes to see how I was situated.
But alas! the sight that presented itself
compelled me to close them again in pre-
cipitate haste. After being tossed about
for two hours and a half, we were landed
at Calais, and oh! how delighted I was to
stand on firm earth once more; and how
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At seven p. m., we arrived at the French
capital, Paris is grand! Words cannot
describe its magnificence, especially among
the streets crowded like those in Washing-
ton, and now at last, this latter city of beautiful
streets has met an equal, and I fear a super-
ior. The buildings are seven—some eight or
more stories high, and are built of white or
grey stone, (no cast-iron red bricks). The
stores are the most beautiful, large and
beautiful, and the shops are the most beau-
tiful of one solid piece of glass, and their
goods are there displayed to the best ad-
vantage. The depot is at one end of
Paris, and the convent—my journey's end
—almost at the other. I had a grand
opportunity of seeing Paris in all its
beauty, and seeing it illuminated. It was
at night. Besides the innumerable
gas-jets that flooded the city with soft radi-
ance everywhere, there were many elec-
tric lights scattered along the route, which
of course, gave additional beauty to the
already perfect picture. Whilst crossing
the Seine, we saw numbers of barges,
carrying various colored lights darting up
and down and across the river. This
beautiful sight, together with all the other
loveliness that we saw, gave the scene
rather the appearance of Fairy-land than
of a real city! I am in perfect ecstasies
over the gorgeousness of the buildings.

In due time we arrived at the convent
in the Rue de Varennes. This I found to
consist of three houses joined by garden-
ies. One is called "Maison Mere," and is for
gentlemen only; the other is the "Maison des
Angeles," which is for day scholars; and
the third is the "Maison des Bordiers."
This latter is built on the site of the old
Hotel de Biron, which stands in the centre of
the magnificent structure, and still preserves
some of its former grandeur. I feel very
little on its large, wide stairs, and among
its immense marble columns and spacious
corridors. Indeed the whole building is
so enormous that I always lose my way in
it. The chapel—or church rather—is
joined to the convent by a large and
beautiful corridor, the altar is a little gem,
and the walls are frescoed.

But I am not yet immersed. The next
day, the breakfast table was then pre-
pared to go out into the city, in company
with a lady who very kindly consented to
show me something of Paris by daylight.
Our first visit was to the Champs Elysee.
We would call it our principal drive. All
the fashionable of Paris turn out there.
I never in my life saw so many carriages
driven together; you would think surely
there would be lots of accidents, but I
suppose they are so accustomed to fast
driving and "close shaves" that there is
little or no danger. The street is very
wide, and paved with a soft material, and
made of loose earth for a few feet on either
side. The carriages move on the concrete
part; the loose earth is for those on horse-
back. After the latter comes the pave-
ment, then the terraces, gardens and resi-
dences, which are very beautiful.

At one end of the Champs Elysee is the
"Tuilleries," the palace of the Emperor.
It is dreadfully sad to see such a magnifi-
cent building, partly in ruins. It is still
immense however, and retains much of its
former grandeur. The front and interior
are nearly all burnt. I saw the Emperor's,

Empress and prince's apartments, also
the chapel and reception rooms. In front
of the palace are the gardens, some parts
still very pretty, but most all are destruy-
ed.

We next went to the Palais Royale, a
very large store of jewels, flowers, china
and all kinds of ornaments. I never saw
so many jewels together in my life before.
It almost took my breath to see all those
precious stones glistening and sparkling in
the sunlight. We spent more than an
hour in looking at them. We then went
over to the "Museum du Louvre," an es-
tablishment on the plan of Stewarts in
New York, or Wannamakers in Philadel-
phia, only much larger. O! gracious!
such a rush and crowd of people, and such
a beautiful assortment of goods. The
"Louvre" is a little world in itself. You
meet every one there, and see everything.
Our next visit was to the "Petit St.
Thomas," which, though on the same
principle, is not so large as the "Louvre."

What a delightful time the ladies of Paris
must have, with all this magnificent field
for shopping open before them!

I will now tell you of the military mass,
I had the good fortune to assist at. It was
celebrated at the "Hotel des Invalides."
This building itself, so immense and old,
is worthy of a description, but I will skip
only of the mass. Just as we entered the
church the bells were ringing for the be-
ginning of the service. Shortly after tak-
ing our seats, the priest entered, and the
soldiers sounded the drums. The military
marched in, and on reaching the middle,
halted and separated into two files,
one on either side of the aisle, while the
officers advanced to the sanctuary, where
they took their places of honor. At the
concertation and elevation the drums and
trumpets were sounded. It is very noisy,
but still I like it. The church is hung
with the flags of the different countries
that Napoleon conquered. The whole
place is *tout a fait militaire*.

A correspondent of the *Roscommon Mes-
senger* writes:

"On Sunday night there were very few
in the chapel-yard, but I may mention an
incident which struck me very forcibly.
While going round the chapel in the
beginning of the night, reciting the
Rosary, I thought I heard a child's voice
repeating very frequently the 'Hail Mary.'
I looked round, and saw a child of tender
years leaning on a blind man's shoulder
in the chapel; one of them was her father,
I never felt so humbled in my life. I
thought how dearly the Blessed Virgin
must love that child, so obedient, so docile,
so ready to sacrifice her ease and repose
through her love and filial affection for
her poor father. During the night very
many people suffer, especially among the
poor class, and many of them badly die,
remain out praying fervently to the
Blessed Virgin to obtain for them a cure
of their maladies. As regards cures, I
heard of one instance on my way to
Knock of a lady from Scotland who re-
sided in the city, the use of her speech
there. I had forgotten all about the cure,
when, on going into a house near Knock,
on Sunday, after first Mass, to take
breakfast, a very respectable person who
happened to be at the table told us that
some time previous she was walking one
morning with this lady, and that she
could scarcely utter a sound; that in the
evening of the same day the same lady
came over to her smiling, and to her great
surprise began to speak as well as ever.
She then narrated how she had lost the
use of her speech; and after consulting
many doctors she went to one celebrated
doctor, who told her she would never
recover. She told him in return
that she would go to Knock, and regain
the use of her speech. He rejoined—
'If you recover the use of your speech at
Knock, I will become a Catholic!'

and she intended on her return to remind
him of his promise. I was sitting with
one man near me after Mass on Sunday
when he had a bad leg. We were conversing
for a good while outside the chapel-yard;
he had a crutch and a stick; he told me
he was from the Bay, near Athlone; that
he had been to Dublin with the most eminent
doctors, and he said that he considered
that he would never benefit from them.
This was his second visit to Knock; he was
there a week before I met him on Sunday,
or near it; I asked him on Sunday why
he had not been, but he told me he was
up every night during the time, and that
he intended to go back by the train on Mon-
day. I left him then, and on Monday
morning, as the chapel was open,
about five o'clock or so, we were all in—
at least all those who had remained up
during the night. After saying some
prayers I sat down for a while under the
altar rails, and I immediately saw quite
close to me the same man. I asked him
how he felt. He said, smiling, that he
felt much better, that he left his crutch
after him, and that he could now walk
with only a stick, and that he could rub
down his leg now, which he previously
could not attempt to touch; and he suited
the action to the word. I believe there
are hundreds of cures that no one will
ever know anything about. I know of
one case myself that very likely will never
come to the knowledge of the general
public.

THE PROCEEDS OF THE PASSION
PLAY.

The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play had
its last representation on the 27th ult., and
the accounts have since been made up.
The representations, of which there were
forty, produced no less a sum than
£104,000 in receipts, and were attended by
172,000 persons, including many of distin-
guished names. The proceeds have been
divided into four parts, one-quarter being
paid for the expenses of the construction
of the theatre, a second being allotted to
such inhabitants of the village as are
householders, a third quarter to the actors
and a fourth to the public schools, espe-
cially the schools of carving and drawing.
Joseph Mayer, who filled the role of Christ
received the sum of £31,105. This seems a
small amount for the principal performer,
but it must not be forgotten that six hun-
dred persons were engaged in the play,
and shared in the profits. The chief actors
have now gone to pass some weeks in Italy,
to recruit themselves after the labours.
During this time they will be partially
occupied in renovating the numerous

articles, representative of sacred objects
which appeared upon the stage, and which
will be put by for use in 1890.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

MINUTES are the golden sands of time.
One may ruin himself by frankness, but
one surely dishonors himself by duplicity.
A man's character is like a fence—your
cannot strengthen it by whitewash.

The mind of youth cannot remain
empty; if you do not put into it that
which is good, it will gather elsewhere
that which is evil.

All our faculties when too highly de-
veloped become of necessity self-involved
if they are not absorbed in the infinite.
They must either rescue us from ourselves,
or lay waste all that is within us.

Childhood is like a mirror catching and
reflecting images all around it. Re-
member that an impious or profane
thought uttered by a parent's lips may
operate on a young heart like a colored
spray of water thrown upon a polished
steel, staining it with rust which no
after-scouring can efface.

The virtues which, when nothing ob-
structs an unprejudiced decision, the
world at large stamps with its approbation,
are just those which religion inculcates—
active industry, considerate prudence, un-
ostentatious charity, amiable temper, in-
flexible integrity, high honor, unaffected
purity.

One day as St. Germaine was carrying
in her apron pieces of bread, which she
had denied herself to give to the poor, her
stepmother perceived her and began laud-
ing her with insults; she even raised her
hand to strike her, when Germaine open-
ed her apron and an abundance of fragrant
flowers fell to the ground.

Life is beautifully compared to a foun-
tain fed by a thousand streams, that perish
if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted
with a thousand strings, that parts asunder
if one be broken. Faint and thought-
less mortals are surrounded by in-
numerable dangers which make it much
more strange that they escape as long as
they almost all perish suddenly at last.
We are encompassed with accidents every
day to crush the mouldering tenements we
inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted
in our constitutions by nature. The earth
and atmosphere whence we draw the
breath of life are impregnated with death;
health is made to suffer from destruc-
tion; the food that nourishes contains the
elements of decay; the soul that animates
it, by vivifying first, tends to wear it out
by its own action; death lurks in ambush
along the paths. Notwithstanding this is
the truth so palpably confirmed by the
daily example before our eyes, how little
do we lay it to heart! We see our friends
and neighbors die among us, but how sel-
dom does it occur to our thoughts that
our knell shall perhaps give the next fruit-
less warning to the world!

HOW HE GOT STARTED.

He came to our reporter this morning—
a fine, bluff, well-dressed young fellow,
evidently in good circumstances.

"I read in your paper last night," said
he, "that Police Magistrate Dennis had
arrested a little vagrant with sufficient
money to start him on the streets as a
news boy, and that a city reporter accus-
ted the pike. Is that true?"

"Certainly."
"Will, then, God bless them both, say I.
That's the way I got started in life. The
policeman picked me up on the streets of
New York one night when I was about
ten years of age. I had no parents, no
home, no friends, no money. I was
brought before Mr. Merrill at the Tombs
court the next morning. I remember it
well, and I can't get it out of my mind.
I hungrier, dearer, made me eloquent, and I
told my story. Well, sir, a tear came into
his eye, and he went down into his pockets
and brought out a shilling and handed it
to me. There was a few lawyers and
reporters there and they passed around
the hat, and raised two dollars and added
to it, and then I turned out into the
street. I went straight out into the
thing to eat, then I bought a boot black's
outfit, and from that I rose through the
grades of messenger boy, clerk, book-
keeper, and junior partner to have a busi-
ness of my own. If it had not been for those
kindhearted gentlemen in the Tombs that
morning I might have been dead now—or
worse—a thief. God bless the merciful
judge, say I again."

See what the Clergy say.

Rev. R. H. CRAIG, Princeton, N. J.,
says: Last summer when I was in Can-
ada, I caught a bad cold in my throat. It
became so bad that often in the middle of
my sermon my throat and tongue would
become so dry I could hardly speak. My
tongue was covered with a white parched
crust, and my throat was entirely inflamed.
An old lady of my congregation advised
me to use the Shoshonee Remedy, which
she was using. The first dose relieved me,
and in a few days my throat was nearly
well, and I discontinued the use of it, but
my throat not being entirely well became
worse again. I procured another supply,
and an hour to say that my throat is en-
tirely well, and the white crust has entirely
disappeared. I wish that every minister
who suffers from sore throat would try the
Great Shoshonee Remedy.

Rev. GEO. W. GROUT, Stirling, Aft., says.
Mac. George Francis was severely afflicted
with Kidney disease, and had been under
the care of three physicians without any
beneficial result. She has since taken
four bottles of the Shoshonee Remedy,
and now enjoys the best of health.

Rev. T. C. CROW, Brooklyn, Ont., says:
My wife was very low with Lung disease,
and given up by her physician. I bought
a bottle of the Shoshonee Remedy, and
at the end of two days she was much
better. By continuing the Remedy she
was perfectly restored. Price of the Remedy
in pint bottles, 82; pills 25 cents
a box. Sold by all medicinal dealers.

Travellers and tourists should always
be provided with Dr. Fowler's Extract of
Wild Strawberry, the best remedy in the
world for curing suffering brought on
from eating unripe or sour fruits, bad
milk, impure water, change of water and
climate. The great remedy for all summer
complaints.

FRIDAY, NOV. 5.

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