CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XXX-CATINUED

Carter continued, placing at the same moment a pound note before his guest:
"No, Rick, it's better for your own in terests every way to trust me and to serve me. This affair, which will be one serve me. This affair, which will be one of my last strokes, will end the business, and I again swear to you that you shall see Cathleen, and see her well and happy. Come, drink to your future joy." He filled the glass to overflowing, and prof-

fered it to his visitor.
That last struggling remnant of good In the poor wretch's nature urged him to repel the temptation; he had already sufficient liquor within him, and more would, he knew, make him the degraded and unresisting tool of Carter's most foul machinations; but the bait was too allering; he drew back once in angry protess, but the part instant he seized

alkning: he drew back once in angry
wefusal, but the next instant he seized
the glass and quaffed its contents.

Carter was satisfied, and he resumed
his seat: Rick dropped heavily into his.
"How soon will you—" there was a
sudden pause on the part of Carter, as if
he were undecided how to frame his
evention.

Question.

Rick looked up. "You mean to ask, I suppose, how soon I'll be ready to work up this last foul plot of yours?"

Carter nodded.

"Now—at once!" He srose from his

"Now-at once!" He srose from his chair, and pocketing the money which had been placed before him, began buttoning his ragged ccat and planting firmly on his head a dirty, well worn hat. At the door, with his hand on the knob, she turned to say: "Mind you, Carter, this is the last devil's work I'll do for you; and if, when it's done, you fail in your promise to me, I'll wash my hands in your blood; aye, if I have to come out of my grave to murder you!" There was a wild, desperate lock in the large black eyes that made Carter draw a relieved breath when the door was fairly shut be-

ath when the door was fairly shut behind his visitor.

A dull, constant rain poured abroad, but beyond a slight shiver, and a closer featuring of his old cost about his person, Rick paid little heed to the storm. In-

deed, it would seem from the glitter in his eyes, and the unwonted flush still on as pinched cheeks, that some emotion comfortable atmosphere without. He could take the carnow to his destination, thanks to Carter's recent gift, and not be compelled to make the journey, as he bad done when coming up to Tralee, by begging lifts on passing vehicles, and failing that, by trudging till his feet were core and blistered. The effect of his weary tramp was visible now in his pertially limping gait, and some kind hearted people looked after the poor weech as if they would have gladly daied him an alms, but he asked none. the was nightfall when he reached Dhrom anacohol, and the storm, which had also neged there, had abated. The stars were beginning to twinkle in the dull sky, and the air had all that refreshing in duence upon the spirit which is some times so cheeringly felt after a s'orm Something of such a feeling stole on the miserable man, who, walking slowly by the country lanes, of on cast his eyes up to the now star studded vault above him. A strange asseination impelled his glance in that direction, while the scent of the wild field flowers came to him, and the gentle waving of the trees in the soft evening wind seemed to salute the soft evening wind seemed to salute him—all conspiring to harrow his soul with memories at once sweet and heart-breaking. The big tears relied from his eyes, but were wildly dashed away. What is unmanning me?" he said; "why do I give way now, when I know I must doit?" He had involuntarily paused, and his eyes were again fixed on the sky." "Where where I shall never be and oh.

low and discordant. He walked on quickly to Father Meagher's residence, abaddering as he approached the little chapel, and burrying by it. Moire, in the kitchen lightening her evening work by pleasant thoughts of Nighe a Vohr, opened to Rick's knock. Why, Rick!" she exclaimed, "where do ne from? it's so long since you've

if Cathleen is there, and if she's looking

at me—may be, wretched sinner as I am, she'd give me one pitying lock!" He three himself on his knees by the coun

started up wildly: "What am I doing—
ens praying!—u'll make the devils in
bell laugh to hear the like of me pray.

family He strove to laugu ministration of the strange, softening influences which were at work about them; but his mirth sounded tol-

"I know it," he responded; "and now ME I am here, and tired and hungry in the bargain, will you give me a meal?" be sure, and welcome ! just sit down before the fire—the rain has made at so chilly—and I'll have a supper for you in no time." And the kind hearted girl cheerfully bustled about the pre-

"Don't be troubling yourself so," re monstrated Rick ; "a crust and a cup of

But Moira, in the goodness of her meart, would make the poor fellow, whose plight was well calculated to win sympathy, as comfortable as she could nd she set before him the best that the

Rick ate, asking careless questions the while about the household, ascertaining, white soont the household, ascertaining, so his private satisfaction, that Nora McCarthy had gone alone some distance as see a dying creature, and that she would probably not return very soon.

My further adroit questions he won from simple Moira the precise location of the sumple Moira the precise location of the footset to which Nora had gone on her charitable errand; and when he had distible hostess, he set out in the direction which he knew Nora must take on her status and the sum of the parish gossip.

But a slight smile, that was scarcely sumple that sumple that

The moon was shining, and everything out the lonely country road could be seen the plainly as in the noonday sun. Not soul crossed Rick's path until he was writhin sight of the house into which Nora had gone. It was one of the very whole exterior proclaimed the want which might be within. He gezed at it

with bitter feeling; too well he knew the poverty which existed in such places, and his becom swelled as he thought of that government to whose oppression was due such want and woe; but in the same instant his cheeks tingled with the flush of self accusation and shame, for was not he the traitor who had betrayed to the authorities the hiding place of Carroll O Donoghue? He turned away as if in his bitterness he would depart from himself; but there was the sound of a light step on the road, and he from himself; but there was the sound of a light step on the road, and he turned back. It was Nora McCarthy; well he knew the agile grace of that slight form, and he continued to watch her as she approached him. The moon-light revealing her fully; a dark cloak enveloped her person, its hood covering her head, and the little basket in which she had carried some pour hampel for her head, and the little basket in which she had carried some nourishment for the sick creature pending from her hand. On she came, fearless and apparently thoughtful, and only slightly starting when Rick sprung before her in the road. "I would speak to you, Miss McCarthy—I have been watching for any."

"Certainly, Rick; anything I can do for you? do not heatate to tell me,"
"Do you mind the last time we met, when you asked me if I was in trouble, and I told you the secret of my heart—the sorrowiul secret that's been eating

my life away for many a year?" His voice was husky and trembling. "I do, Rick, I remember it all," she

for you ferently every day since."

He bent his head forward, and

He bent his head forward, and whispered, as if his growing huskiness prevented his speaking aloud: "Do you mind the advice you gave me then; and would you give me the same now?" "The same, Rick—the very same; it would be the worst of sins to change it." "But listen once more,"—still in a trembling whisper; "it may breek my child's heart to know what she doesn't at present guess;—think, M's McCarthy—if it was your own case, what would you do?" He raised his clasped hands to her in wild entreaty.

her in wild entreaty.

All her soul spoke in her beautiful eyer.

She answered, with thrilling earnest ness: "Were it my case, I should know no pause between this knowledge com. ing to me and my acknowledgment of my father. No wealth, no home, no friends should stand between us; were he an outcast from mankind he would be still my father, and I, thinking alone of the love which had never lost sight o me during all his desolate, wandering years, would bound to him, and repay him with burning affection!"

"Nora McCarthy, the case is your own
—you are my child, and I am your
father!" He stood there white and
trembling—the blood had flown even from his lips-with outstretched arm

and humid eyes.

Her father! she heard like one in dream; it was so sudden, so unexpected so dreadful, that she could not compre-hend it; and she stood there so motion less that the gentle swell and fall of her bosom as she breathed could be plainly discerned, while her face was as white

discerned, while her face was as white as Rick's own. Her eyes were fixed with a wild, frightened look upon his face.
"I should not have told you," he said mournfully; "the advice you gave me for another is too hard for yourself to follow!" He let his hands drop and was implied away.

was turning away.
"Wait a moment!" She was clasping his arm with her trembling hands. "Let me think !"

Faster than the lightning's flash came a train of thoughts to her terror stricken mind—thoughts that brought her back to the time when, on the eve of her First Communion, she learned from Father Communion, she learned from Father Meagher's own lips how she was a waif who had been adopted by the O'Donoghue family; that her parents were gone—gone, and not dead, had been the word used by the priest, though the impression that both her father and mother had died was somehow given to the little girl; and when she had sought to know more of her origin she had been to know more of her origin, she had been told simply that she was the child of threw himself on his knees by the country hedge. "Blessed mother of God, you that have a tender heart for the poor that have a tender heart for the poor and the distressed—pray for me!" He be so, then; this man, this intemperate beggar, this outcast from all respectable society, this wild-looking being, from relationship with whom, and such rela-tionship, her whole soul recoiled, must tionship, her whole soul recoiled, must be her father! But no answering instinct responded to his appeal; no strangely affectionate impulse had sprung into being at his cry—nothing but the horrible consciousness that she was the child of a man from whom she recoiled with aversion and terror. In her agony—sn agony which was causing her frame to work convulsively, and sending pallor and crimson successively into her face,—her heart turned to one friend—Father Meagher: he would knew; he would Meagher; he would knew; he would help her to understand this wretched

mystery.
'Come home with me!" she said hoarsely, still clasping Rick's arm. Come home, and I will tell Father Meagher." Rick neither objected nor remonstrated, but walked on quietly by her side

CHAPTER XXXI. NORA M'CARTHY'S SACRIFICE. Father Mesgher was in his pleasant little study, coming a Latin work which lay before him, at intervals raising his head to address Clare O'Donoghue, who, at the opposite end of the table, was pretending to do some needlework. fingers plied the shining implement it is true, while the clergyman's eyes were upon her, but the moment she was un-observed her fingers coased to move, and Sturn.

But a slight smile, that was scarcely such, it was so faint, was her only

The priest continued: "Tom Murphy at the kilns, was telling me:—it seems he has been up to Tralee for the race that took place there a couple of days ago, and some other business kept him so that he did not get home until shortly before I was speaking to him. Ned Maloney, down here, had his horse entered for that race, with some noted jockey to ride him; and Tighe a Vohr, by one of his tricks, actually got possession of the horse, rode the animal himself, and won the race, doing Maloney and everybody concerned with the old man in the aflair out of all their expectations. It sent poor Maloney nearly crezy—so much so, that he has done for him, a most unprecedented action—closed his place, and gone up to Tralee himself. But this is not the whole of the story: Tighe was arrested for what he did, the charge being preferred by Morty Carty; but he so badgered or befooled the efficer who had him in charge that he escaped, and afterward he actually found means to boodwink or that he escaped, and afterward he actually found means to boodwink or cajole Carter into withdrawing the warrant; and I believe in my heart now, since I have heard this narrative of Tighe's doings, that he was the instigator of all that rabble and uproar in front of Malcney's place last week."

"And it he was, uncle, surely you ought to forgive him for the good turns

he does every boody."

It was Moira who spoke; she was entering with the cup of tea which the priest sometimes took in his study, and so everheard sufficient of the last remark

to enable her to know well to whom it

to enable her to know well to whom it had reference.

'You forget yourself, Moira!" said the priest a little sternly, though he was somewhat amused at the pertinacity with which his niece insisted on defending Tighe upon every occasion.

Having set down the tea, she left the room with an appealing look to Clare, as if she would have said: "You speak in his behalf!" But Clare was too sad to

his behalf!" But Clare was too sad to respond to the lock by even a smile.

There was the noise of some one entering by the back way, and an instant after, the sound of hurried steps on the stair and in the little passage which led to the study. Father Meagher opened the door, and beheld Nora so deathly pale, so wild and frightened-looking that he started in diemes.

e started in dismay.
"My child! what has happened?" His exclamation brought Clare to the

Nora did not speak; as if her voice had left her, she caught the soutene of the clergyman, and tremblingly brought bim to the little parlor, at the same time wav ing back Clare, who attempted to follow. The parlor was but dimly lighted, but it was sufficiently so to show Nora's terror stricken face as she threw berself on her knees at the priest's feet.
"Father, for the love of Heaven, answer
me one question—is Rick of the Hills
my father?"

The priest started, and so violent was his emotion that great beads of perspiration came out upon his forehead. He did

"For the love of God, I beg you to answer! one little word, and end my horrible suspense!"

"Why do you ask?" The clergyman's

voice was as quivering as her own.
"Because Rick has told me so; he claims me as his child. Oh, father, answer me—I must know!"

She was in no condition to be evaded,

or to be calmed by anything save a direct reply, and Father Meagher gasped, rather than said : "He is !" "Then go to him-he is down stairs

Hardly with volition of his own, so mystified, and bewildered, and pain-stricken was he, the priest obe;ed. Clere met him in the hall, but he could not answer her; he pointed to the room in which he had left Nora. She rushed in. Nora was still kneeling, her face bowed on the crucifix she had drawn from her bosom, and which was the fac simile of that worn by her betrothed With one hand she waved Clare back.

"Leave me—let me be alone for a little while with this!" indicating the crucifix by a motion of her head; "I am not myself now—by and by, some one will tell you, but go away now—please go away!" as Clare still hesitated, ready herself to burst into passionate weeping at this mystery, which, for aught she knew, might mean some dreadful occurrence to her brother. She obeyed the rence to her brother. She obeyed the earnest entreaty, however, and paced the little hall in an agony of suspense. In a few moments Father Mesguer, flushed and excited, accompanied by an ill-formed, shambling man whom she recognized as Rick of the Hills, passed her, on their way to the study. The door was shut tiple upon them, still as recognized as Rick of the Hills, passed her, on their way to the study. The door was shut tight upon them; still, as she wildly walked, she could hear their excited voices, and the more harrowing sound of Nora's sobbing. "My God! my God!" moaned Nora, deluging the crucifix with her tears; "I accept it all—I unite my will with that of Taine. I begged of Thee once to inflict upon me any suffering so that Carroll would be spared—I repeat my prayer, and I accept this trial from Thy loving hands. On, Thou who drank to the dregs Thy Oh, Thou who drank to the dregs Thy cup of sorrow and shame... Thou whose heart broke in its agony, have pity upor me! give me strength, give me courage for my duty. Biessed mother of God, whose tender heart is never closed to

the cry of the distressed, pray for me!" and scapular and crucifix were together pressed to her fevered lips.
Within the study, Father Meagher was saying to the cowering man before him: 'Did you not solemnly promise when Mrs. O'Donoghue took the in'ant from its dying mother's arms that you would never claim it—that you would never assert your title to it in any way? And by what right did you dare to make yourself known to her now, when you yourself known to her how, when you did not do it before? you have not even the claim which a decent, sober life might have given you. Had you been such, Rick, instead of a worthless scamp, I myself would have revealed the secret to her before this; but to tell her, she, who is a beauty and in its part to the secret to her before the secret the secret to her before the secret who is almost angelic in goodness, that you—you as you know yourself to be,

present home, nor shall you be permitted to molest her in any way."

Rick snswered doggedly: "She is my child, and she is of age to judge for herself; she told me when I put the case before her as if it was another, and not herself, that were she the child I spoke of nothing should part her from her father—that she would acknowledge him before the world, though he was a villain and an outcast." villain and an outcast.

The priest's expression changed to one

The priest's expression changed to one of sadness and perplexity.

Rick continued, in a tone that became more full of 'emotion with every word:

"You ask me why.! claim her now, when I didn't before? I made the sacrifice long enough to let her have the home, and the education, and the friends she has, while I wandered the world with the heart within me crying for my child; may be if I'd had her all these years I wouldn't be whet I am; may be it I could feel the little arms arour d my neck, as I once felt them, they would have kept me from many a crime! I endured it all, Father Meagher, as long as I could: I from many a crime! I endured it all, Father Meagher, as long as I could: I held out against their against the impulse that was maddening me, the impulse to reveal to her who she was—till the heart within me was melting for my child. I battled with myself, and then, to satisfy my wild longing, I teated her cnce a few evenings ago when I mether alone. She answered as I told you; and what heart could withstand that? You are a priest of God," he continued, "and you have heard before this the story of wretched and broken hearts;—my heart is such, and you may blame me, aye spurn me, if you will, but think while you're doing it, Father Meagher, how it's the wild, racking burning love for my

the wild, racking burning love for my child that has done it all!" He fell on his knees, sobbing aloud. The clergyman was deeply touched; he made two or three turns of the little study before he could subdue his emotion. "What will satisfy you, Rick?" he study before he could subdue his emo-tion. "What will satisfy you, Rick?" he said at last, pausing before the kneeling man. "You surely would not wish her to leave those with whom she had been reared since her infancy—you could not, you would not dream of asking her to live with you?"

Rick arose. "I'll leave it to herself;

I'll abide by what she wants: if it's to wander forth again without her, I'll go; returning to look upon her without ever returning to look upon her face, I'll obey, because it will be her wish." He folded his arms and let his head drop forward

on his breast, Father Meagher looked at him, and for an instant he sickened as he thought of that wild, half cleanly, sinful man being closely allied to pure, lovely Nora Carthy. 'Remain here," he said; and he left the room, encountering the well-nigh frantic Clare.
"What is it, father?" I shall go mad if

"What is it, lather?" I shall go mad if you do not tell me! perhaps my brother has been already executed?"

"No, no, my poor child; it is nothing about Carroll—it only concerns our poor Nora; and now go to your room and be patient; in a little while you shall know all?"

Somewhat relieved, though still a prey

to keen anxiety, she obeyed, and the pricat returned to Nora.

She was still on her knees, but no longer weeping; her whole attitude was strangely calm, and the face which she lifted on the clergyman's entrance—save for its pallor, which was deepened by the dark rings around her eyes, indicating severe mental suffering—bore no trace of her late emotion. She rose, and with her hand still clasping the crucifix she said quietly and slowly, but with an accent of touching sadness: "Father, I

accent of touching sathless: "Father, i understand it all now, and my duty has become plain. He is my father, my poor, wretched father, it is true, but still my father; his heart has been breaking for me ail these years, and it must be my task to comfort him for the future." have reared and protected you—who have been more to you than this miser-able parent ever pretended to be? Is

this your gratitude, Nora?"

"Oh, father, you are harrowing my soul! I know, I feel all that you would say, but listen to me. Could you hear him, as I have heard him, depict his broken heart, his blighted life; and could you feel, as I have felt, that neither might have been had I, his child, whom he so loved, been with him, you would only repeat the counsel my own heart is of the nations of Europe than that which whispering. He is now a drunkard, a wanderer, an outcast; if I, by patient, unwearied affection can win him back, can reclaim his soul, is it not my instant duty to fly to him? Which, father, would you have me do—spare the dear ones, who have been more than father or mother to me, and which after all will be the occasion of only a little earthly pain, or seek to reclaim an immortal soul—you, whose life is devoted to souls, answer me?"

The priest turned away : he was too deeply affected by the holy enthusiasm the spirit of self-immolation which spok in her earnest eyes, to answer her i

"Speak, father!" she entreated.

He slowly faced her. "My child, have you counted all the costs? where will be your home with this poor wretch; wha your means of support; how will you endure the hard, painful, perhaps igno minious life to watch you may be sub-jected? Think well before you decide, And there are other ways by which you may discharge your duty to this miser-able being. God does not require such an utter sacrifice of yourself as you desire to make."

"Nay, father;" a mournful smile broke over her features for a moment—"any thing less than living with him, doing for him, comforting him, would not be fulfilling the duty which I owe him as his child—and it is for this affection that his heart has been crying all these years. You ask me where will be our home, and what will be our means of support:—a

vulsive throes of her form. "You, father, will bresk it gently to him, and you will tell him to forget me. I could not, I would not, hold him to his troth now, when I know myself to be the cfispring

of such a parent!"
"I shall do nothing of the kind!" broke out the priest bluntly—all the more bluntly, and indignantly as well, that he might hide his own emotion; "tell him that," he continued, "to break his heart! and Carroll O'Donoghue is not the man to resign you because of what has occurred; because, he is already aware that you were a little waif adopted

into his family, and that your true name is Nora Sullivan." As if she longed to end the distressing As if she longed to end the distressing interview, she turned towards the door, saying: "Come with ms. father, and I shall tell him that I am ready to scknowledge him before the world." Without, however, waiting for the priest, she hurried to the study; but at the door of the little room, with her hand upon the knob, she remained standing till Father Meagher, who had followed, reached her. Perchance she deemed his reached her. Perchance she deemed his presence would help her to ward off the feeling of death-like faintness which seized her at the thought of what she was about to do. By a desperate effort she recovered herself and with a mental prayer for strength she entered, the priest, who was unable to prevent, or

priest, who was unable to prevent, or remonstrate further, following.
Rick of the Hills was in the same position in which Father Meagher had left him—standing with his arms folded, and his bowed head so deeply forward that his chin rested upon his breast. The light from the study lamp fully revealed him—his coarse, abundant black hair hanging in disordered masses, his high shoulders, and his whole ungainly form. nanging in disordered masses, his high aboulders, and his whole ungainly form. He did not look up at the entrance; he did not make a motion; and Nora, not suffering herself to pause for an instant, not suffering herself to contemplate for a moment that unkempt, miserable figure, flew to him, folded her arms about him, and cried, while her tears burst forth:
"Father! I am here to acknowledg

you, to wander o'er the world with you o pay you back love for love !'

TO BE CONTINUED.

JESUITICAL.

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD There is one phase of the present agita-tion which is worthy of remark, and which, it seems, more than any other ought to convict the leading actors of, want of bonesty and good faith. In the double-column editorials, the correspondence and the public utterances of the champions of tte anti-Jesuit compaign, the work of the early Jesuit missionaries, and the record of the society in this country for upwards of two hundred and thirty years, not only count for nothing, but are entirely ignored. That their opponents should ignored. That their opponents should object to the Jesuits or endeavor to combat them is not very surprising, but if they possess any faith in their own cause they ought to have honesty and maril ness enough to give honor where honor is due. Many of those who figure in the daily press, or join in whereast g and resolving at the public meetings are from their positions supposed to have received a liberal education and to know something of the history of their own country, yet a liberal education and to know something of the history of their own country, yet we do not find any of them generous enough to admit that the early Jesuit missionaries did anything worthy of commendation. The fanatics of Ontario close their eyes to the fact that many of the members of the much-abused society have lived the lives and died the deaths of saints and herces in Canada—they prefer saints and herces in Causda—they prefer to retail the stale calumnies of crazy Pascal or infidel Paul Bert. But the fact, nevertheless, remains, and is admitted by all who have honestly written on our early history, and, morcover, the record covers some of their brightest pages. Extracts from some of the principal writers have from time to time appeared in your columns, but there is one whom I have not seen carted and whose variables. columns, but there is one whom I have not seen quoted, and whose remarks are cer tainly worthy of reproduction. In the "History of the Church of England in the Columes," published in 1856, and recognized as the standard work on the subject,

son, chaplain to the Queen, etc., etc., refers to the early Jesult mesionaries as follows: "There is no darker page in the history of the nations of Europe than that which relates their oppression of the aboriginal inhabitants of countries which they have colonized. The tide of native life has been beaten back in well nigh every quarter into which the stream of her population has poured itself; and the swarthy than the stream of the stre saveges of the West, of the East, of the South, have alike withered, or are withering away, at the approach of the white man. The treatment of the Icdian tribes man. The treatment of the Irdlan tribes of North America by the English settlers upon their lands presents no exception to this humiliating story. The solitary exception, indeed, of Eliot's example, who, throughout a period of more than fifty years, labored to bring the l'ght of truth and peace to those who were siving in the darkness of savage ignorance, and thereby won for himself the honored title of 'Apostle of the Indians,' is one to which I have already borne willing and grateful

have already borne willing and grateful testimony.
"Others there were, also,—to their honor be it freely acknowledged !-who, before and during the time of Elic's ministry, evinced, in their constant efforts to preach evinced, in their constant efforts to preach the Gospel of Christ to the Indians of the North and of the West, a zeal and courage and devotion which have never been surpassed. They were not, indeed, of our country or of our communion. Nay, more; they belonged to an order of men in whom neither the Church nor State of England can place any trust, nor with whom they can hold any fellowship. . Notwithstanding these facts, it is impossible to deny to the French Jesuit mission that the country, the exercise of an ardent, steadfast, self-denying faith. I have aiready noticed their first introduction into that country, under the of the seventeeth century, the exercise of what will be our means of support:—
a very little, humble home will suffice for us; and for our support, I can earn that — my needlework has already brought the no inconsiderable sum, and God will take care of us."

"Have you given a thought to what "Have you given a thought to what "Charoll will say of this?"

On, the anguish that shone in her dry, burning eyes! the emotion that became wisible in her trembling lip! for an instant it threatened to overwhelm her, and she swayed to and fro with the con-

bring the children of the howling wilderbring the children of the howling wilderness to the knowledge and service of
Christ Jesu. From the waters of Nisgara
to Like Superior, among the Huron
tribes, the Mohawk', the Onandagas, the
Wyandots, the Senrekas, and the Algonquins of Like Niplesing; to the South and
South-east, as far as the river Kennebec;

South east, as far as the river Kennebec; and thence to the mouth of the Penobsot; rgsin, to the far west, through Michigan, Wiscousio, and Illinois, even to the vatley and down the river of the Miesissippi, at every season, and in every place, the unwearled French missionary was seen, winning his way to the red man's home—sometimes lost amidst the trackless snow or forests, at other times hurried in his light canoe down some fearful rapid, he perished, and was never heard of more Of some, the tidings came home to their brethren, that they had met with death more terrible even than this; having been tortured by every art of savage cruelty; compelled to run the gauntlet through lines of murderers; or burnt, or scalped, or starved, or run the gauntlet through lines of murderers; or burnt, or scalped, or starved, or mutilated in every limb with axe and tomahawk. Yet none qualled or faltered. New men instantly pressed on with bold and cheerful heart, to fill up the places of the fallen; and, again, the intrepid soldiers of the cross went forward. Achievements and sufferings such as these make up for the most part the history of the Jesuit missionaries of Canada, whilst that country was under the dominion of the French. And as we read the pages which record them, and mark the steadfastness of that faith which animated the hearts of Goupil and Daniel in their martyrdom, or the strength of that heroic perseverance which sustained Allonez and Dablon and Marquette in their perilcus wanderings; we feel that we read the procedure was maderings; which sustained Allone z and Dablon and Marquette in their perilous wanderings; we feel that we should violate the truth, and stifle those purest emotions of the beart in which truth rejoices, did we either altogether withhold, or only with niggard and reluctant spirit acknowledge the praise which is their due."

In the appendix to his history the Rev.
Mr. Anderson gives a copy of the first
report presented by the Society for the
Propagation of the Gapel in Foreign
Parts; and this report contains the following speech addressed by an Indian
sachem to the Earl of Beliamont, Governor of New York, on the 28th June,
1700. He commends the cander of the 1700. He commends the candor of the S.ciety in making so emphasic an acknowledgment of the zeal of the French Jesuit missionaries: "We are now come Jesuit missionaries: "we are now come to trade, and not to speak of religion; only thus much I must say, all the while I was nere, before I went to Canada, I never heard anything talked of religion, or the least mention made of converting us to the Caristian faith; and we shall us to the Coristian faith; and we shall be glad to hear it at last you are so piously inclined to take some pains to instruct your Indians in the Christian religion; I will not say but it may induce some to return to their native country. I wish it had been done sooner, that you had had ministers to instruct your Indians in the Christian faith. I doubt whether any of the haddenstating whether any of us had deserted our native country, but I must sty, I am sorely beholden to the French of O mada, for the light I received to know there was a Saviour born for mankind, and now we are taught God is everywhere, and we can be instructed at Canada, Dowagenhac, or the uttermost parts of the earth as well as here.

ALGONKIN.

TO MY FATHER, THE LATE P. P LYNCH, OF BELLEVILLE, WHO DIED MAY 6, 1889.

Once more the silent messenger Into our midst did sorrow bring; For deep 1a midnight's solemn gloom, A soul he bore upon his wing. Yes! like a thief, far in the night, Death entered where our father lay Last eve in sweetest peace he slept, Next morn we found a form of clay.

Our angel mother's soul took flight From that sad chamber where he lay; And from that time we leaned upon Our dear old father as our stay.

Thy life on earth, oh! father dead. Had run its span, God willed it so! And fathful to the Master's call, "Thy will be done," you answered low.

Ah! Jesus dear, with looks of love Gaze on his sorrowing children here; Be Thou a Father to us all Till death dotn bring us to him near.

Grant him rest, our aged father, Eternal rest and light above, May he join our angel mother in the home of God's pure love.

Miserere, oh! dear Jesus! Grant them both eternal rest; May their children when life's ended. Meet them in Heaven 'mid the blest. THE JESUITS IN AFRICA.

"The Jesuit," said Lord Macaulay in "The Jesuit," said Lord Macaulay in the wonderful piece of word painting in which he describes the labors of the Society of Jesus, "was to be found, spade in haud, teaching the rudiments of agriculture to the savages of Paraguay." The Jesuit Fathers in the Zumbezi Mission are renewing the wonders of the famous Reductions. They are engaged in the same task as their brethren in Old Paraguay, and endeavoring to induce the natives to relirquich the pickare for Paraguay, and endeavoring to induce the natives to relirquish the pickaxe for the plough. But this is the least part of their work: perfecting themselves in the language, translating books, earing for the sick and instructing children, are the principal duties which occupy their attention. With the native children they achieved wonders: the queet the attention. With the native children they achieved wonders; to quote the words of one of the missionaries, "Many almost know by heart in their own language the Pater, the Ave, and the Creed. They sing also a native version of the Ave Maria Stella and the Litany of Loretto very well." The Jesuits have always been the pioneers of civilization and Christianity. In their foreign missions they first make the savages men, and then make the men Christians.

A Confectioner's Confidence.

"I can plainly state that I can find nothing better than Hagyard's Yellow Oil. I

CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND. BY THE REV. ENEAS M'DONELL DAWSON, LL. D., F. R. S. Forbes of Caileden, President of the

Written for CATHOLIC RECORD

reach

Court of Session, while employed incheck. ing some of the Highland chiefs from join ing the prince, was cast by contrary winds into one of the small western isles. He went, as he landed, to a gentleman's house, who had a enug, elegant dinner prepared for him and his company on their arrival. "Sir," said the president, astonished at the eight of the entertainment, and under- at the standing the gentleman's fortune could to Hi standing the gentleman's fortune could not be great, "Misy I beg leave to ask if you always live in this style," "No, my lord," says the landlord, "that I cannot afford," "And how," replies the president, "did you happen to have such a dinner to day?" "I knew," says the Lelender, that your Lordship was to be here to day." "Impossible," answers the president," we only landed just now, and, a little before, we knew nothing about it ourselves." "Why, my lord, a man who lives by me announced your arrival by describing your traits." naced your arrival by describing your announced your arrival by describing your Lord hip's person, your company, dress, figure and etc., informing me of the time

Lordship's person, your company, dress, figure and etc, informing me of the time you would be here to-day, which made me prepare the dinner you see."

A connection of mine, Major Chisholm, son to Chisholm of Chisholm, was one day, as he told me, welking with his father before the door of the latter's castle, when from the castle, a woman, famous for the second sight, rushed out and cried aloud: "God preserve your son Roderick, I see him all covered over with blood." In a short time who appeared on an eminence coming home but Roderick, supported by two men, and all covered with blood, after a dangerous fell, which was only a prejude to the blood be spilt soon after, under the prince, while he commanded his father's men at Culloden. After receiving a mortal wound, my unche who was next in command to him, wanted to remove him from the field, and made a motion to follow him. 'No," said he, "command the men lest any of them should leave the ranks."

Bishop Hugh McDonald's servant fairted, one day, at table. When he recovered he was asked the cause: "Why," eadd he," I saw a dead child on the table before me." Within a little space the dead body of a child was stretched on that very table. The bishop told the story.

Bishop John McDonald's nephew, who

body of a child was stretched on that very table. The bishop told the story.

Bishop John McDonald's nephew, who was bred in England, came to see his friends in the flightsuds. While in Morar, among some of his relations, he was, sil at ote; struck. When asked about it, "I ree," answered he, "a person drowned, taken out of the water;" and he dweathed his appearance. In a short the described his appearance. In a short time sft r, the accounts of such a man as he described being drowned and taken out of the water, were received. I knew

A short time before you (Mr. Paul Mc

A short time before you (Mr. Paul Mc Pherson) went to Rome (1793), in my vicinity while in Strathglass, a child saw his father, Baille Hector McKerzi, steward to McKerzie of Seaforth, in the winding sheets. His father called him his little prophet, and, soon after, did.
You have now the second sight brought down to our time from Culloden. I could, for the information of their Lordahips, give you my own opinion relative to the cause of it; I do not mean a natural cause; but, as this has not been asked, I reter it to another time. Some, in very pompous expressions, have atin very pompous expressions, have at-tempted to explain the second sight in a natural way; but their accounts appeared to me most unsatisfactory and absurd. I ever am, my dear eir. unalterab'y yours,

JOHN CHISHOLM The question of second eight appears to have been a good deal studied a: Rome.
One of the Cardinals wrote a treatise on it; and while engaged in collecting facts and materials for this work, Bishop Hay took great pains in supplying him with cases that had occurred, chiefly in the High lands; and such only as were well authenticated. The Cardinal's object was to show that the faculty of second sight originated with the evil spirit blehop held the same opinion as the Car dinal as to the origin of the faculty Ra-garding the fact of its existence, there could be no question. There were two instances, particularly, of which he was instances, particularly, of which he was wont to relate giving the proof, the names of the parties, places, witnesses, etc. The first of these was that of a man, possessing the faculty of second sight, who declared that he saw a child, at the time in apparent health, running about the house, dressed in the grave clothes. In the other case was do

cribed circumstantially, the eccidenta death of a man, at the time of the vision

Period health.
The Rev. Donald Carmichael combated the bishop's opinion which ascribed the faculty to the agency of the evil one. How could the devil know such and such future contingencies? The bisnop's reply was that atthough the devil has no abso-lute knowledge of the future, he might have seen in the case of the child some indications of internal and mortal disease not yet apparent to human perception. In the case of the man, the devil might have prepared the scaldent and made pretty sure guess as to the event, even though it was no more than a guess or a conjecture. It would be interesting to know what the bishop thought of the lord president's case, related above in Bishop Chishoim's letter. Nothing short of absolute know edge of the future which he denies, and which we must all deny to the evil one, could have enabled him through a seer, to give notice of the president's arrival at the house of the gentie men where he direct so well. If the arrival was brought about by the power of the devil, he must have once, at least, mistaken his vocation when he re frained from wrecking the boat and drowning the learned juoge and excellent man, together with his whole company. This would have been more in keeping with the character which scripture gives to the fiend, who "goes about like a raging lion seeking whom he may de-(Sicut les rugies, quoreus quem

It was arranged that the newly ap-pointed coadjutor should be consecrated in Spain. The first news which he had