The Beautiful Land of Nod.

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder dear—
Your head like the golden rod—
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful Land of Nod.
Away from life's worry and hurry and flurry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom,
We will float off together to a world of fair weather
Whose blossoms are always in bloom.
Just shut up your eyes and fold your hands—
Your hands like the leaves of a rose—
And we will go sailing to those fair lands
That never an atlas shows.
On the north and the west they are bounded by rest
On the south and the east by dreams.
'Tis the country ideal where nothing is real
But everything only seems.
Just drop down the curtain of your dear eyes—
Your eyes like the bright blue bell—
And we will sail out under star-lit skies
To the land where the fairies dwell.
Down the river of sleep our bark shall sweep
Till it reaches the magical isle
Which no man hath seen, but where all have been,
And there we will pause awhile.
I will croon you a song as we float along
To that shore that is blessed of God.
Then ho! for that fair land, we're off for that rare land,
To the beautiful Land of Nod.

TRUE TO TRUST.

OR

THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER XI.

None of the townspeople suspected that the little girl dressed in the plain costume of a tradesman's child was Lady Margaret's daughter. In fact, except those who resided close to the Manor-house, few were aware that the De Coureys had a daughter alive; for one having died of smallpox at the same time as their second son, most persons imagined that Austin was the only surviving child. Bridget thought it more prudent not to undeceive them; she therefore called Barbara her granddaughter, and changed her name to Mary, for still greater security. One thing, however, troubled the good woman, which was, that being obliged to attend all day to the shop, she was not able as she wished to look after the child; nor indeed was it a remedy that she spent the greater part of the day with Catherine, for the young girl too was frequently busy at some work, or had to go out on a message to the town; and so Barbara would at times wander away from the cottage, alone or in company with Dame Barnby's youngest child, Susan, who, accustomed herself to climb about the rocks, would lead her little friend into dangerous places, from which Catherine had to rescue her.

Widow O'Reilly thought over how this might be prevented; and a month after Lady Margaret's death, Bridget, Dame Barnby, and Catherine sat in consultation in the little panelled room behind the shop. Barbara's supposed grandmother then suggested that, as Ruth was now old enough to be of great assistance in the cottage, and her cousin's services were not therefore really required, Catherine should come and live with her and take charge of the little orphan.

Dame Barnby and Catherine asked for a day to consider before they returned an answer, though the former was very anxious that her niece should accept the situation.

"There is no better house in the town, Kate," she said. "You will be very comfortable there; she is a kind woman too, and says you shall be to her as her own daughter. Though we shall miss you much, 'tis well you should be so comfortably settled; you deserve it, dear child; you have brought great happiness into my cottage, and we all are in a fair way of doing well."

Catherine thanked her aunt for the kind interest she showed in her welfare, but the reasons which the latter urged to induce her to go to Widow O'Reilly's were not those which with herself were strongest.

To a mind like Catherine's the securing to herself a comfortable home was but of secondary importance, nor did it please her, except as it served to forward God's designs towards her, and enabled her to do good. She was naturally careless about her own interests, with such strong attachment to her friends, that these generous feelings might have led to disappointment and trouble had not her good mother, who understood her character, turned them to their right end, teaching her in all things to seek God's interest and that of his creatures, for the love of Him.

In this instance, then, as was her wont, it was by prayer she sought to learn the will of God. And soon she decided to accept Bridget's proposal; for her mission in her aunt's home was completed. Dame Barnby and her children were Catholics. Ruth had grown up an industrious girl, and was of great use to her mother, and the whole condition of the family was vastly improved; so that she might leave them with the happy feeling that she had been the means of promoting their spiritual and temporal welfare, and might without scruple devote herself to the care of Lady Margaret's daughter.

So she removed to Widow O'Reilly's house, and little Barbara was intrusted to her care.

"Teach her, above all," said Bridget, urging the sacredness of the duty, "to love God and her faith. I found I had not time enough to give the sweet little one the care I ought; therefore do I call ye to help me, for I promised her dying mother (God give rest to her soul!) that her child should want for nothing. I knew her dear ladyship loved you, and she would be well pleased to see that you were with her little daughter."

Catherine understood the important task which had been allotted to her, and she devoted herself to it with all the intense love and earnestness of her ardent and generous nature.

When little Mary, as she was now always called, awoke in the morning, the first face that smiled upon her was that of her young guardian; and of an evening until the child sank to sleep she saw the form of Catherine sitting by her bedside working, and often her sweet clear voice sang some holy hymn to lull the little one to rest. It was by her side Mary knelt morning and night to say the prayers her mother had taught her.

Time passed on, and, happy with her kind friends, Lady Margaret's daughter seemed to have quite forgotten her early home; but a slight incident soon proved that all recollection of the past was not obliterated from her memory.

Not long after their arrival, Sir Cuthbert and his lady were one day riding out accompanied by their attendants, and chanced to pass Widow O'Reilly's shop when little Mary was standing at the door. The child's attention was attracted, and no sooner had she seen Lady Adelina, whose figure and dress resembled that of her deceased mother, than she rushed forward, exclaiming: "mother, dear mother!" But her foot slipped, and she fell, and in a moment she would have been under the horse's feet, but a light figure darted from the house, and snatched her up in time.

"Is she hurt?" inquired Lady Adelina, addressing herself to Catherine, who, having just saved the little Mary, was holding her tightly clasped in her arms.

"No, my lady, I trust not," replied the girl.

"O, what a beautiful child!" said the lady, as the little thing turned her head round and looked timidly at her. "What is her name? Is she your sister."

"We call her Mary; she is not my sister."

Her parents—who are they?" continued Adelina, "and where does she live?"

O, they are dead, and she lives with her granddame in this house."

"Come," said Sir Cuthbert, "we have tarried long enough; if you want to see the child we can send for her to come to the Manor some day."

With these words the party rode on, to the great joy of Catherine, for the presence of the aunt and uncle of her little charge made her feel uncomfortable; and when they were gone she fondly embraced her, scarcely knowing why, except that the sight of Sir Cuthbert brought to her mind the wrongs which the family of his brother had suffered.

Bridget had been absent during this occurrence, and when she returned Catherine recounted what had happened.

"I am sorry the lady saw her at all," said Widow O'Reilly; "but the child shall not go to the Manor; it is sorry enough I would be to trust any one in the house of so unnatural a brother, let alone Lady Margaret's daughter.

Bridget's sentiments towards Sir Cuthbert were similar to those of most of the townspeople, who regarded with suspicion and dislike one who had been so ready to take the property and title of his brother, and who had evinced no sympathy for the misfortunes of his relatives.

For some time after Sir Reginald's arrest, nothing was spoken of in the town but the calamities which had befallen him and his family. It was rumored that he had been conveyed from Launceston to London, to be there tried before the King's Bench. The arrival of Sir Reginald's brother at Bron-Welli led to the conviction that the former owner of the Manor had been found guilty of the charges laid against him. Harkwright kept an ominous silence on the subject. People at last grew tired of conjecturing; other thoughts, and the daily occupations of life, absorbed their attention, and the little town, for a while excited by the events we have related, sank into its usual quiet routine.

CHAPTER XII.

Some days after little Mary's adventure, Widow O'Reilly was seated in her shop, her busy fingers engaged knitting, while her mind was occupied considering how she could prevent her young charge going to her aunt. Only a day before Lady Adelina had sent a servant to bring her to the Manor, and Bridget had managed by some means to avoid the application; but she feared that a constant refusal would at last excite suspicion.

The opening of the street-door attracted the good woman's attention.

"Why Larry!" she exclaimed, on raising her eyes, "is it you? Many a long day it is since I have seen ye!"

"Well-nigh six months, methinks; and sure 'tis sad troubles that have fallen on his honor and the whole family since then. I was not at the Mass; for it is laid up with the fever I have been, and his honor sent me to one of his farmhouses for change of air. Ah, sure, when I went it is little I thought that I would never see them again in the old Manor; and her dear kind ladyship dead; and the poor children turned adrift like birds out of their nest. I cried like a child myself when I heard of all the misfortunes that had withered their happiness in one night, and scattered them like the dead leaves in the autumn wind.

"Larry," said Bridget, after a few minutes' pause, "what are you going to do? I know that you would not be a servant at the Manor now, even if the gentleman would have you, which I doubt much; for they say it is not fond of a Catholic he is, although brought up in the Faith."

"Is it I pass the threshold of his house, which is not his house at all? No, that I would not," replied Larry, indignant at the very idea. "No; I came here to tell you that I am going to London."

"To London!" exclaimed Widow O'Reilly; "and sure how will you get there? The roads are invested with highwaymen; the party lately coming to the Manor were attacked, though armed and numerous as they were. O Larry, they would murther you at once!"

"Sure it is little enough they gain by it; and, with the help of God, I hope to reach the great town safe before winter. I have a brother there; maybe he would find me a place. But what I have most at heart is, perchance I might see my master and help him. The other day I met that traitor, Harkwright. 'Well,' says I to myself, 'I will make him tell me where Sir Reginald, Father Ralph and Master Austin are.' So I stopped him, nor let him go until he told me all about them, he trembling all the while, for he didn't like speaking about them. Good need he has to fear the vengeance of Heaven on him after so foul a deed."

"So you really think you will see them?" exclaimed Bridget.

"I hope it, though it is sad news I bear him. He will be more afflicted when he hears of good Lady Margaret's death," said Larry, sorrowfully. "And where is the little Lady Barbara? I have not heard speak of her."

"She is here, Larry; and her dear mother bade me let Sir Reginald know it. You, then must tell him."

"Glory be to God! I will tell the poor father she is safe, that I will."

"You shall see her too, that you may say to his honor that you saw her with your own eyes," said Bridget; and she opened the door and called to Mary, who ran joyously in.

"Poor little creature!" said Larry; "she don't know the misfortunes of her family, and she is happy, like them little birds that sing when the storm is brooding all around; sure it is as well she does not know. She is happy and comfortable with you. I wish his honor could see her."

"Are you going to London on foot?" inquired Widow O'Reilly.

"No; the good farmer I am stopping with, who is a kind man entirely, says he will give me a horse. And now farewell, Mother Bridget."

"God speed you, Larry, and His blessing be upon you all the days of your life!"

The man left the shop, and a few days later he might have been seen riding slowly along the road which leads to London; and as it is not our intention to follow him on his long and tedious journey, we shall for the present return to Lady Adelina.

From the day she had seen little Mary she had constantly wished to have her. Not that she had any definite idea what she would do with the child, her only thought being that she was very beautiful, and would be an amusement and help to enliven the dull old Manor-house. Adelina had been accustomed to think that those in an inferior position to herself ought to always yield to her fancies; she was therefore not a little astonished and mortified when Widow O'Reilly, under various pretexts, refused to let the child go to Bron-Welli; and still more when, on her proposing to adopt Mary, her supposed grandmother declared she would never consent.

This was a cause of great vexation to the lady, and she asked her husband to interfere, but he refused; yet still clinging to the hope of one day having the object of her desires, she spoke about it to a favorite waiting-woman.

"Truly, my lady must be angered at the obstinacy of that woman, than whom none can be more foolish and perverse, the more so that the little girl is not her grandchild."

"How know you that?" inquired Adelina.

"Why, my lady," said the maid hesitatingly, "I mean to say that she is some one else's child; and therefore the old woman need not be so loath to part with her."

"Whose child is she, then? Some neighbor's daughter, I suppose, whose parents are dead."

"Not exactly, my lady; but Harkwright, from whom I heard it, bade me not repeat it."

"But I command you to tell me," said her mistress imperiously.

"Perchance your ladyship would not be pleased were I to say what I heard."

"Tell me at once; I will know what it is."

Then, my lady, she is," said the servant hesitatingly—"she is—your niece."

"My niece!" exclaimed Lady Adelina; "impossible; that little peasant girl can be no relation of mine."

"But, my lady, she is in truth no peasant's child, but the daughter of Sir Reginald and Lady Margaret De Courcy," remarked the maid, who perceived by the flush of indignation on her mistress' cheek that she was not best pleased at the idea of having a poor child for her relation.

"O, is that it?" said Adelina, in a calmer tone. "She is Lady Margaret's daughter. Then why did not that woman give her up? But never mind, I shall have her now. How did you hear this, Lucy?"

The waiting-woman informed her mistress that Harkwright had seen the child and declared that, in spite of the complete change in her dress, there was no mistaking her—that she was Barbara de Courcy.

Delighted with what she had heard, Adelina sought Cuthbert, and communicated to him her discovery, and after much persuasion she prevailed upon him to demand his niece. This once determined, nothing could have deterred him from carrying out his will, although he cared very little about the child.

Bridget had timely warning of the danger now threatening the child.

The intelligence alarmed and saddened her, for from that moment she felt there was indeed no security for Mary.

"I would never give her to them, dear mother Bridget," said Catherine, to whom she expressed her fears; "ner dying parent bade us not do so."

"But, my child, how can we prevent it? Sir Cuthbert has many servants and waiting people whom he can send to take the poor little one, as the hawk does the young bird from its mother's wing."

"That is true," said Catherine, sadly; but she added, as a sudden thought flashed through her mind, "could we not leave this place, and take little Mary where her aunt and uncle will never mind us?"

"Sure that we could; and glory be to God the little one shall not go to her aunt's where she would lose the bright jewel of her faith. It was well thought of, Kate. But," continued the old woman, "what am I to do with my shop? and where are we to go? Young heads don't think of all that."

The two sat musing for some time.

"I have it!" cried Bridget. "You know Frank Pendle? Well he told me he wanted to set up a shop, now he has come in for that little fortune, after his old auntdying of the fever, or old age, or something of the kind; he hinted that my establishment would just suit him. Loath would I have been to have parted with it then, but now it is different, and he shall have it if he still be willing to purchase it.

The good woman could not suppress a sigh as she looked about her comfortable little room.

But it was resolved that they should leave Penzance. Widow O'Reilly offered her shop for sale to the wealthy neighbor who expressed a wish to possess it, and the business was settled.

The next difficulty was to determine where to go. Catherine said she thought Exeter would be the best place, as she had kind friends there, who would doubtless help them, and being easy of access by water, that town was accordingly fixed on. To no one except Dame Barnby, did they say where they were going; and to very few indeed did they make known their intention of leaving the town. Everything had been quietly settled for the journey, though the day had not been fixed on which to start, when the news was brought that Sir Cuthbert had resolved to claim his niece on the following day; so it was determined to start next morning early by a small vessel which was going to Exeter, the captain of which had agreed to convey them thither. That evening they bade farewell with many tears to Dame Barnby and her daughters; and the next morning at the hour of sunrise, when nothing was astir, Bridget O'Reilly and Catherine wended their way to the sea-shore, where the little vessel was moored. Lady Margaret's daughter walked between them, holding tightly Catherine's hand, and probably wondering where they were going at so early an hour, without a thought that she was the cause of their flight, and that it was to save her faith, and to keep their promise to her deceased mother, that her generous friends were leaving their home.

When the sun at last rose, and the busy inhabitants of Penzance were beginning the occupations of the day, it was noticed that no one was stirring in Widow O'Reilly's house, which was the more strange as she was generally an early riser. By nine o'clock a small knot of people had gathered outside, each giving his opinion as to what was the cause of an event so unusual.

"The good dame is sleeping late today," said one.

"Maybe she is dead," said another.

"I heard," remarked a third, "that she had sold her shop; but she kept it marvellously secret, so I scarce believed the news."

"There was a magpie perched upon her roof yesterday in the afternoon; 'tis an evil omen," said an old woman as she shook her head mysteriously.

At that moment the new owner of the shop appeared; he made his way to the door, and having given two or three vigorous knocks, which remained unanswered, he raised the latch and entered; all was in perfect order, but the inmates were gone.

"Well, my good friends," said the sturdy proprietor, coming out again, "Widow O'Reilly is gone. Some while ago she told me she desired to leave the town, but she bade me tell no one until after she had left. She has done it rather suddenly, I must say."

"The Lady Adelina was much offended, I heard folks say, because Widow O'Reilly would not let her have that little grandchild; but, poor woman, she did not like to part with the child; maybe that is the reason why she left."

"Well, from first to last, Widow O'Reilly was an upright, kind-hearted woman; there is no denying that."

All concurred in this statement made by the new owner of the shop, after which the good people dispersed each to his own business.

It was not until that afternoon that Sir Cuthbert and his lady heard the news of Bridget's departure. Two servants had been sent from the Manor to her house, with directions to claim Barbara de Courcy in the name of her uncle; one of the messengers being Harkwright, who was able, his master knew, to give evidence, that the little girl was Lady Margaret's daughter. The rage and indignation of Sir Cuthbert were great when the servants returned from their fruitless errand. He sent men to gather what information they could in the town; others he despatched in search of the fugitives, persuaded that they could not have gone far, and that they would soon be overtaken by men on horseback.

But Sir Cuthbert had little chance of finding the object of his researches, for she was many miles out at sea while his messengers were traversing the country in quest of her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Golden Medical Discovery"
for all scrofulous and virulent blood-poisons, is specific. By druggists.

"Best of all."
Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—My family has used your "Favorite Prescription" and it has done all that is claimed for it. It is the best of all preparations for female complaint. I recommend it to all my customers.
G. S. Waterman, Druggist, Baltimore, Md.

CARDINAL DONNET.

Cardinal Donnet, who has recently expired in France at the age of 87, was an excellent man, who won his way to the height he attained by activity, good works, a tolerant spirit, and a natural eloquence enlarged by careful study. He was 41 years old when, in 1839, Louis Phillippe's government made him Archbishop of Bordeaux; but he became a Cardinal in 1852, when Louis Napoleon needed respectabilities to fill his Senate. Alike under the elder Bourbons, the house of Orleans, and the third Bonaparte, Donnet was popular and beloved. He also deserves some remembrance on account of a singular adventure which befell him when a young man. During an illness his body assumed all the aspects of death. He was rigid, did not breathe, and his heart ceased to beat. The medical men affirmed that the youth was dead, and, according to French law, he was speedily placed in his coffin, and every preparation was made for his funeral. Yet all the time he was alive, heard what was said, knew the lay and clerical folks around him; but it was not until the very last moment, just as the lid was about to be screwed down on his narrow bed, that, by a desperate effort, he broke the spell and sat up, to the horror of all who were near. Thus was he saved from living entombment. It was in the Senate, when arguing against such rapid burial, that Cardinal Donnet related his own experience to astonished listeners. Few men have had a similar escape. How many have been literally buried alive?—London Telegraph.

Riches in Hop Farming.
At the present prices, ten acres in Hops will bring more money than five hundred acres in any other farming; and, if there is a consumer or dealer who thinks the price of Hop Bitters high, remember that Hops are $1.25 per lb., and the quantity and quality of Hops in Hop Bitters and the price remains the same as formerly. Don't buy or use worthless stuff or imitations because the price is less.

MISSIONS IN CHINA.

In the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith for November is published a very interesting letter from M. Pourias, a missionary in Yun-nan, in which he gives some details of the land of Tong-tchouan and its inhabitants:—

Tong-tchouan is situated on a plateau nearly 2,200 feet above the level of the sea. The climate is somewhat trying. The winter, though not very severe, is nevertheless cold; the thermometer often falling four or five degrees below zero, and never rising above 25 degs. centigrade. Summer is the rainy season here, as well as throughout upper Yun-nan: while the drought, during the other seasons, is less felt than in many places.

The character of the inhabitants bears some affinity to the climate. Our Tong-tchouan people are generally rough, hard, and even ferocious on occasions. Quarrels are of daily occurrence, and murders are frequent. A week never passes without our hearing of one or two assassinations. During the last eight days three crimes of this class were committed in the environs of the town. The day before yesterday a man plunged his knife into the breast of his brother, because the latter was caught in the act of stealing a piece of lard from his neighbor's house. He killed him, not because he had been guilty of the theft, but because he himself, being eldest brother, would be obliged to pay a sum of money in order to compromise the affair.

The men of Tong-tchouan are essentially a fighting race, even the women distinguish themselves by their belicose ardor. In passing through the streets, it is not uncommon to see a feminine battle; three or four furies tearing one another's hair and boxing with all their might. No one thinks of interfering; on the contrary, people move on so as to leave a fair field for the combatants; but as victory is always on the side of the powerful, those whose strength has not been equal to their courage fall to the ground, poor victims of fate, and pretend to be dead, while their adversaries retire with a high head, their eyes flashing fire, and their hands adjusting their disordered garments.

Meanwhile, the relatives of the vanquished rush to the pretorium and do what they call the *han-uen* that is to say, shout with all the power of their lungs for the mandarin, striking with redoubled blows the drum placed at the gate as a resource in desperate cases. Forthwith appears the mandarin. Sometimes he orders the "killed" as well as the survivors to be brought before him, that he may give one and all a good round of the rattan; but more frequently he contents himself with sending the whole party to his kitchen, addressing at the same time some words of consolation to the party. In all cases, the belligerents are left at full liberty to recommence hostilities as soon as they like.

Such incidents, you must know, are of daily occurrence. Very often they come and do the *han-uen* to myself, and then I am obliged to judge very curious cases. Yesterday evening, for example, just as we were at supper, a man arrived weeping and lamenting; throwing himself on his knees in the yard, he implored my assistance, declaring that people were going to murder him. I ran out as fast as I could. His wife, assisted by some willing neighbors of her own sex, had given him a sound thrashing, and it was against his better half that he sought my protection. I could not tell how often in the course of one year men and women, half dead from ill usage, have been brought to my house claiming my intervention and assistance. Whenever I was in a position to settle the difference easily I did so; in other cases I sent the parties to the mandarin.

You must not imagine for a moment that our catechumens, on embracing Christianity, suddenly become as gentle as lambs, practising humility and patience in the most natural manner possible. We do not get on quite so fast. Since my arrival here I cannot tell you all the suits we had to settle, all the differences we had to make up, all the animosities we had to soothe, especially in the beginning; and yet, progress has been made, and I can say that, at the present moment, I am quite easy in my mind.

Even from the pagans we have not anything to fear henceforth; at least this is my opinion, and I think I have good grounds for it. The *Kiang-fou*, a kind of freemasons very common in the country, have been much humbled by their defeat at Tchao-tong-fou, and dare not now raise their heads. You may remember that, about six months ago, they broke out in open revolt at Tchao-tong. Mustering to the number of 300 or 400, they took the north gate by assault, about three o'clock in the morning, and invaded pretoriums. Two of the military mandarins were killed, one of the civil mandarins was wounded, and the rest owed their safety to a precipitate retreat. The *Yamen* (pretoriums) were all pillaged and sacked. The brigands, drunk with wine, and dressed up in the spoils of the mandarins, were in the act of leaving the town when the *good* people who had quietly looked on while *their father and mother* were being massacred, were suddenly allured by the sight of the booty. They threw themselves at the *Kiang-fou* who, taken by surprise, offered hardly any resistance. Immediately afterwards the streets were strewed with a hundred dead bodies, and the rest fled away in every direction.

Whereupon, a pack of several thousand satellites and soldiers was dispatched in pursuit of the *Kiang-fou*. Hundreds of heads were cut off, and the town was occupied by the military. Our gallant freemasons, after showing some little spirit in tearing down the edicts issued against them by the mandarins, were thrown into consternation. Two of their principal chiefs have been seized and decapitated without the form of a trial. The most implicated and the best known have fled to other districts: and a considerable number have given up their card of admission to the sect, so that now the country appears to be pacified for some time. We are trying to take advantage of the situation to do as much proselytism as possible, for, as you know, these *Kiang-fou* are our natural enemies: all that we had to suffer in the beginning at Tong-tchouan was due to their contrivance, whether openly or secretly. On several occasions they threatened to fall on us and exterminate the Christians.

Thank God we are delivered from them for the present. On the other hand, I am on excellent terms with the authorities of the town. Our new sub-prefect is a great deal better than his predecessor, at least as far as we are concerned. Since his arrival, ten days ago, he has come twice to the mission in full state, and has promised to join me in making a *kao chy* (exhortation), inviting Christians and pagans to live in peace and concord, and threatening to proceed with rigor against anyone who shall disturb the peace.

Just now, therefore, we have every reason to look forward with confidence to the future. Moreover, my Christians having become very numerous, and quite too many for the oratory on Sundays and holidays, I began to look about for a house in the interior of the town, for here we are lodged outside, a very inconvenient arrangement for all concerned. Mgr. Fenouil, who was then Pro-Vicar, gave me the necessary authorization. After a long search, I found a house right in the middle of the town, and admirably situated in every respect. The bargain was concluded for 600 taels or £192. About thirty families were living on the premises. As the place was large, I intended to open a girl's school in a separate part of the building, which was in tolerable condition, and then to throw down the rest of the irregular structures, and build up with the materials a suitable oratory and a dwelling-house. My plans had been formed, and I thought I had nothing to do but begin the work. However, Mgr. Fenouil replied to my communication and showed me that he had no money to give me. What then is to be done? If the mission is poor, I certainly am not rich. There seems no course left but to give up the bargain, and be resigned to see the Christians assisting at Mass in my yard. Many of them will come no more, fearing to expose themselves to the inclemency of the seasons, and to the rain and snow.

However, the time seems to have arrived for showing ourselves in public and confronting the gaze of all. The people and the mandarins are well disposed. Let us then take advantage of the opportunity; or perhaps we may soon see closed against us the gates of a town which it would be so easy at this moment to win over to Jesus Christ.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR IN SPAIN.

(1811).

"Remember, I am an Irishman, and my name is O'Finn!"

Turning over the pages of an old file of the London Weekly Examiner lately, I came across an interesting incident of battle, which occurred during the war in Spain, campaign of 1811, and is narrated in a contemporary account published in the Examiner for that year (a file of that journal, 1810 to 1870, is now in my possession). The readers of Donahoe's Magazine will, I think, agree with me that the incident described deserves to be recovered from the time-worn and forgotten page on which I found it.

A squadron of British Cavalry, including also a regiment of infantry, during a forced march, fell in with and surrounded a troop of French Lancers, "*Lanciers du Berry*."

Being overwhelmingly outnumbered, and escape, as it appeared, impossible, the Frenchmen were called on to surrender. To the surprise of the British, the response was a scornful and contemptuous refusal. A fierce onslaught followed, the Lancers fighting with desperate valor and gallantry, cheered on by their heroic commander, who was conspicuous throughout by his daring and intrepidity to such a degree as to win the admiration of the English officers, who even sought to spare him.

Though the troop was rapidly decimated, the remnant fought on, animated by the wild and reckless valor of their chief, who, refusing the offer of quarter, was at last cut down. Falling from his horse desperately wounded, he struggled to his feet, and facing the British enemy, he shouted in English, "*I am satisfied. Remember I am an Irishman, and my name is O'Finn!*"—and fell dead in the midst of his amazed foemen. This incident is related by an officer who was a participant in the encounter, and its authenticity is vouched for in the journal from which it is taken.

In a subsequent issue of the Examiner, attention is editorially called to the *strange circumstance* that an Irishman should thus be found in command of and leading a body of French troops; and the curious fact is afterwards brought out that the heroic O'Finn was one of a number of Irishmen who were engaged, or sold by the British Government in 1798, to the King of Prussia, to recruit the armies of that monarch, but, escaping from Ireland before "delivery," O'Finn made his way to France, entered the French army, and fought his way to the command of the troop referred to. Well might the reigning monarch of England have repeated the exclamation attributed to his predecessor, when he heard of the disaster brought on his army by the headlong and triumphant charge of the Irish brigades in the French armies at Fontenoy—"Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects."

This is not the only *excerpt* from those old files of interest to Irish readers, but it will suffice for the present.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Don't die in the house. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes: "After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and tried many remedies, but of no avail, until I used this celebrated Dyspeptic Cure." For all Impurities of the Blood, Sick Headache, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Costiveness, etc., it is the best medicine known. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas st.

Alexis Cyr, of Grant Isle, Aroostook Co., Maine, writes: "Having used Northrop & Lyman's valuable Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and derived great benefit from it, I take the liberty of asking you for quotations, and also whether you would be willing to give me the agency for this place, and I am confident there would be a large sale for it in this vicinity when its merits were made known.

Two Loves.

Two loves came up a long wide aisle
And knelt at the low, white gate;
One—tender and true, with the shyest
One—strong, true and elate.

Two lips spoke in a firm, true way,
And two lips answered soft and low
In one true hand a little hand lay
Fluttering, frail as a flake of snow.

One stately head bent humbly there
Stilled were the throbbings of
love,
One head dropped down like a lily fa
Two prayers went wing to wing ab

God bless them both in the holy plac
A long, brief moment the rite was
On the human love fell the heavenly
Making two hearts forever one.

Between two lengthening rows of sm
One sweetly shy, one proud, elate,
Two loves passed down the long, wi
Will they ever forget the low, whi

SISTERS OF THE GOOD SHEP

Origin and Object.

Rejoice with me because I have fo sheep that was lost.—St. Luke, XV.

The life of man, says holy Job, with many miseries. This is a tr echoed by the testimony of all ag which cannot be gainsayed. The eries and sufferings, though th manifold, may, however, be classed a few heads; they can all or nearly included under the loss of friends, property, loss of health, loss of rep Christian charity comes gladly relief of those who suffer from more of those misfortunes. Th asylums for the orphan, for the poo or infirm, there are hospitals for t Yet apart from these asylums and als, private charity can do and doe for their relief. Christian familie adopt the child left, without fa mother, the poor sick man or wo frequently the object of the ca attention of a number of charitabl bors. But there is a suffering great that of the orphan or the sick pat is the agony of the bruised, though heart, that is some haunt of vice, ing for its deliverance from sin an ery. It alas! finds no charitable h raise it up, while it finds hosts to its regrets and agony, and false frie its own passions who try to keep i it is. To the relief of that poor h one can come; even the most ch persons dare not approach—the pious and charitable they are, the they will keep away, partly from t gust which virtue feels for vice through fear, lest by contact with so degraded, their own fair name tarnished and their good intentio construed by foul minds or calumn malicious tongues.

Where then can that poor d being flying from a life of sin, find No family however poor, if resp can run the risk of harbouring her. will the neighbours say if that fat mother allow such a person to cr door, nay even if they are but speaking to her? Perhaps her goo tions are only feigned and she se ruin of some of their own children have daughters of their own to tected. Yet is there no relief misery? Must she perforce stay Christ pardoned the woman found tery—He forgave the penitent M and even said "many sins are forg because she has loved much." I merciful Saviour no followers w walk in His footsteps and endea bring to Him these poor sinful c who are disowned even by the fat mother who weep over them, and and rejected by the very persons w compassed their ruin? Yes, C charity knows no sorrow or distr it may not relieve, and the highest ment of Christian charity is to b in those different communities, tho ious orders established in the b the Catholic Church, whose memb left all to follow Christ—parents, and pleasure, and have devoted th to the support and solace of the s and miserable of every class and co

Apart from those religious ord devote themselves to teaching, th Sisters who relieve the poor in thei and in asylums, who take care orphan, who attend the sick and there are others who receive that ing sheep, of whom Christ said with Me because I have found th that was lost," the poor outcast of —To her they give a shelter, that and the means of earning pur bread, thereby keeping her from tagion of the world and from th soned cup of vice of which alas! drunk so deeply, and teaching her all her affections from the world them on Jesus Christ, and hence to lead a life of penance in atoner the past.

Who will say there is a charity than this? No doubt, it is a r work of charity; for a pure maide up in the bosom of a pious famil cent of sin, not knowing even w means, to have to approach the d creature who has lived in wicked shame for years, to hear the fo she utters almost unconsciously, th been her language for so long words which sounds like an a tongue in the ears of that innocen of Christ,—to calm by her kin and deeds, those passionate long liberty, that terrible disguised ten which haunts the penitent fo What more revolting to a pure a cent heart? But the love of Ch comes these natural feelings of and the difficulty of the work is sated for by the floods of heav with which Christ inundates the those who have consecrated them this great work of charity.

Such a work of heroic devot the sole End of the Institute of O of Charity, better known as the S the Good Shepherd.

This religious congregation was by the Venerable Father John E Apostle of Normandy, in 1641.

A few words will not be out with regard to that wonderful m was the eldest of three brothers able for their talents and virtue. born November 14th, 1601, parents, in answer to a vow mad if He would bless them with offsp was baptized by the name of Jo his pure childhood, as in that of St de Sales and St. Jane Chantal, w in his time, were seen the germs