To John Boyle O'Reilly. BY JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

As when a man along plano keys Trails a slow hand, and then with touch Trails a slow hand, and then with touch grown bold Strikes pealing chords, by some great mas-ter old woven into a gem of melodies All full of summer and the shout of seas,— So do thy rhythmic songs my soul enfold.

First some sweet love-note, full as it can hold intiness, comes like the hum of bees; , rising grandly, thou dost sound That rings and clamors in the hearts

hearts,
And dying as receding waves, departs
Leaving us richer by a lusty hoard
Of noble thoughts,
O poet! would that we
Might strike one note like thine—but just fo

TRUE TO TRUST. THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER V.

Some days after St. John's eve, Bridget O'Reilly received word from Lady Margaret de Courcy that there would be Mass at the Manor-house on the following Sunday, and that she and the other Catholics in the term were invited to attend. in the town were invited to attend. This message was quickly spread among the little congregation.

The good widow kept one of the largest

and most respectable shops in Penzance, and had by her upright dealing, her charity to her neighbors, and her exemplary life, gained the esteem and affection of all wnsfolk. She never went to their church, it is true, nor mentioned the sub-ject of religion; but this they either attrib uted to a total indifference concerning it, or, if they suspected her adherence to the ent faith, the time was not so far re moved when all England had been Catho-lic that they should entertain any great dislike to so excellent a woman on that

Penzance had, indeed, suffered le from religious persecution than most other parts of the country. The hatred of the government was directed with far greater bitterness against the missionary priests who had been educated abroad than against those ordained before the Refor-mation; and many of the latter were suffered to exercise their functions unmolested, especially in Cornwall; but as these became extinct, which was the case towards the middle of the reign of Queen Eliza-beth, the people in that part of England were left without any spiritual teachers; and thus, about the time of our story, the which contains such high mysteries, and is yet adapted to the understanding of a child. Her cousins listened with eager at tention, and so rapidly did the time seem to pass that they were all quite astonished who were possessed of a fanatical zeal, and of this, declamations against Catholics were a chief sign.

which contains such high mysteries, and is yet adapted to the understanding of a child. Her cousins listened with eager at tention, and so rapidly did the time seem to pass that they were all quite astonished who were possessed of a fanatical zeal, and of this, declamations against Catholics were a chief sign.

which contains such high mysteries, and is yet adapted to the understanding of a child. Her cousins listened with eager at tention, and so rapidly did the time seem to pass that they were all quite astonished witnessed; and thus news from the busy world without came to them like echoes from a distain land.

"Now, Kate," she said to her niece when they came in, "Widow O'Reilly has just been telling me that Lady Margaret wants been telling me that Lady Margaret wants you to go up to the Manor-house yonder.

were a chief sign.

After having been thus left to itself for

His friend, the commissioner, had been sent to Penzance with the view of putting down the snuggling and wrecking that prevailed on the coast in that direction.

But this he found less easy than he had Prevailed on the coast in that direction.

But this he found less easy than he had expected; for he soon saw he was sur rounded by an uncivilized and lawless set of men, who had have come the soon of the soon o

He decided, therefore, though with some reluctance, that it would be more prudent not to meddle with their concerns till he should have established his influence more thereas he was a some concerns till he should have established his influence more thereas he was a some content of the conte thoroughly over the inhabitants, who might, in time, be induced to act with him against the wreckers. But Mr. Higgins was not a man to acquire influence; he was one of those dry harsh natures who are served and obeyed through fear, but never conciliate the affections of any one; never concurate the anections of any one; and he was not therefore likely to succeed with people who felt that he had not power to enforce his commands. His pride was deeply wounded on find-

His pride was deeply wounded of minding that his authority was set at defiance. To compensate himself for his humiliation, and to throw some glory on his stay at Penzance, he determined to institute a large secret. Having rigorous search after priests. Having heard that a Catholic gentleman resided at the Manor-house, he gave orders to his attendants to be constantly tendants to be constantly on the watch to detect if missionary priests were ever

harbored there.

From the peace which Sir Reginald and his family had hitherto enjoyed, they had little apprehension of danger. On Sunday, therefore, as had been arranged, while

most of the worshippers had left, Bridget and her young friend still remained in prayer before the altar, when a waiting woman came, and told Catherine that her ladyship desired to speak to her. She accordingly followed the maid to what was lightly followed the maid to what was stories in which the people greatly delighted.

called the "Ladies' Bower."

In an old-fashioned arm-chair at the while she inspired respect, she also won the affection of all who approached her. Catherine felt rather shy on first entering, but Lady Margaret's kind words gave her

"My child," said the lady, "Father Ralph has spoken to me concerning you. He said that for many years he has known you; that you have been well brought up and fully instructed in our holy relig up, and fully instructed in our noly rengion; but that those with whom you now reside have fallen away from the true faith. Full well do I know, dear child, how sad a thing it is that at so tender an which none of the earthly honors he is that at so tender an which none of the earthly honors he is column and pompous tone, "I presume is the like."

age, you should have none to council you in difficulties or correct and in difficulties, or console and comfort you in tirouble. Widow O'Reilly told me that Dame Barnby was your aunt, and that with her you live, who, though she is doubtless a worthy woman, can give you no spiritual assistance; nay, perhaps she would rather hinder you in that respect. Wherefore, seeing to how many and great dangers you are exposed, I'feel much interest in you, and I desire that you should come here occasionally to assist at the come here occasionally to assist at the prayers and receive religious instruction. Your mother doubtless taught you to use your mother doubtless tadgin you to be your needle; if so, I can give you plenty of employment; and my waiting woman shall teach you any skilful work of which you are ignorant. And thus, dear child, you will find friends here, and assistance

in the way of salvation."

Catherine, who had listened with joy to Catherine, who had listened with joy to these propositions, now expressed her warmest gratitude to lady Margaret, who, charmed with the respectful bearing and sweet simplicity of the young girl, was astonished to find in one of her station of

life so much refinement of manner. life so much refinement of manner.

Catherine then returned home with
Bridget, to whom she imparted the glad bridget, to whom she imparted the gain tidings. The good woman was already acquainted with Lady Margaret's inten-tions, and had been commissioned by her to ask Dame Barnby's consent. Catherine was glad of this, as she did not know whether her aunt would be pleased or not

with these arrangements.

When they reached the cottage, Bridget entered, Catherine going down to the beach with her cousins. Eager were the inquir ies of the children as to what she had done

self."
Catherine willingly assented; and the children having seated themselves on the rocks, she explained to them the first part of the Catechism—that wonderful book, which contains such high mysteries, and is yet adapted to the understanding of a

you to go up to the Manor-house yonder of an afternoon to work with her waiting-After having been thus left to itself for many years, Penzance was at length supplied with a Protestant minister and a commissioner, who both took up their abode in the town a few weeks before Catherine's arrival.

The minister of the gospel occupied himself very little about his flock, spending most of his time in hawking and other field-sports.

His friend, the commissioner, had been at the provence with the view of putting the product of the provence with the view of putting the product of the provence with the view of putting the product of the provence with the view of putting the product of the provence with the view of putting the product of the provence with the view of putting the product of the provence with the view of putting the product of the provence with the view of putting the product of the provence with the view of putting the product of the provence with the view of putting the product of the provence with the view of putting the product of the provence with the view of putting the product of the provence with the view of putting the product of the provence with the view of putting the product of the product

take care, Kate."
Without waiting for an answer, Dame

odious trade with impunity, and who would doubtless have scrupled very little to put an end to his life, had he interfered with them.

He was far removed from military aid, and had with him only a small body of attendants on whom he could rely.

He decided, therefore though with some and peace pervade the atmosphere. Surely on such a home the eye of the

Surely on such a home the eye of the Almighty must rest with pleasure; and to the angels who gaze with sad wonderment on the wickedness of man, it is doubtless a refreshing sight, like that of an oasis to the weary traveller in the sandy desert.

It was a family such as this that inhabited the ancient Manor-house to which Catherine and Maw had guided Father Ralph, and to which the former was hence forward to resort for religious instruction forward to resort for religious instruction

The gentry of Cornwall at that period were not distinguished either by a love of literary pursuits or by refinement of manner; and if Sir Reginald de Courcy difner; and if Sir Regmaid de Courcy dif-fered from them in these respects it was principally owing to the superior educa-tion he had received from a priest of great learning and piety, who had been chaplain to his father. In the library were to be found many rare old books, illuminated manuscripts, quaint legends illuminated manuscripts, quaint legends of the middle ages, and lives of holy men —works the perusal of which cheered the

From the peace which Sir Reginald and his family had hitherto enjoyed, they had little apprehension of danger. On Sunday, therefore, as had been arranged, while the commissioner was attending service in the parish church of Madron, a consider able number, including the family and servants, and many tenants and laborers on the estate, with a few townspeople, among whom of course were Bridget and Catherine, assembled in the beautiful church of the Manor and heard Mass.

The adorable Sacrifice had been offered, most of the worshippers had left, Bridget relations of devotic pignins who had a tited renowned sanctuaries, or stories of the chivalrous knights of King Arthur. Sometimes one of the party would recount, for the amusement of the rest, one of the old Cornish tales, or 'drolls' as they

In the more holy seasons, as in Lent of In an old-fashioned arm-chair at the further end of the apartment sat the lady, dressed in that peculiar style with which the portraits of that period have made us familiar. There was in her manner a great dignity, but no haughtiness; so that while she inspired respect, she also won the affection of all who approached her. his side, and of whom his own mischie-vous laughing Hubert forcibly reminded yous laughing Hubert forcibly reminded him. It was not that death had robbed him of the companion of his early years; no, a separation far more painful now existed between them, for Cuthbert de Courcy had abandoned the faith of his

fathers.
Sir Reginald had vainly written to him.

To her the needy came for relief, the unhappy for consolation, the sick for remedies, and those in trouble for advice. In the midst of her numerous occupations she was ever seen to be cheerful and happy, promoting the comfort of all around her. Her husband found in her a devoted wife and product consolidors who are needed.

Mr. Higging considered that he had a her. Her husband found in her a devoted wife and prudent counciller, who encouraged and supported him in all good works; and to her children she was an affectionate and watchful mother, not foolishly indulgent; for both she and Sir Reginald considered it as the first duty of Christian parents to bring up their children in the fear and love of God, and to such a them useful members of society.

make them useful members of society.

Lady Margaret had received a solid education, which enabled her to instruct her children herself and guide them in their various studies; she was also very skilful in all kinds of needle work. But there was one especial art with which she was acquainted, which is little known to the ladies of the present day. In a sunny spot behind the dwelling was a piece of ies of the children as to what she had done at the Manor house, and whether she had seen the priest.

Catherine's answers were prudent; for she feared that by an over-hasty confidence in her little friends she might bring trouble on the De Courcys, and therefore she avoided saying anything concerning Mass, or how many and who the persons were who had assisted at it; she satisfied Maw by telling him that she had seen Father Ralph, and that, moreover, the good priest had enquired after him; which greatly pleased the boy.

"O," said Maw, "that makes me think I wish you would tell Ruth and me about God, as you did that evening when we led the gentleman to the manor. I tried to repeat it to her, but I could not make her understand, for I did not know it well myself."

Catherine willingly assented; and the children having seated themselves on the rocks, she explained to them the first part of the Catechism—that wonderful book, which contains such high mysteries, and is per life in happy retirement. There were no newspapers to convey to the good people of Penzance the events of the day. Occasionally a wandering pedler, or a benighted traveller, who sought hospitality at the Manor, recounted the tales he

Hubert and a younger sister, had faller victims to that very fatal, and then pre valent disease, small pox. Only two shildren now remained; the eldest son, Austin, who was about thirteen, and Barbara, a little girl scarcely three years of

One thing had been a source of deep re gret to Sir Reginald and his pious wife and this was the difficulty which Catholic experienced from not having priests to minister to their spiritual wants; one par-ticularly felt by themselves at the death of their children when no priest was present to repeat the prayers for the dying, and to

give the last blessing.
Father Ralph was therefore received into this devout household with great joy, especially as, unlike the other priests who had visited them and only remained a short time, he had directions from his superior to establish a mission in Corn wall, and had consented to make the Manor his head quarters.

Such was the house and family to which Cathering hour frameworks.

Catherine now frequently where she soon became a great favorite with Lady Margaret, her waiting-women, and especially little Barbara, on whom she frequently attended.

Those were pleasant afternoons for the

young girls when she was able to go to Bron Welli. Lady Margaret and het maids would assemble in a large room to work together, as was then the homely custom. The lady during that time gave custom. The lady during that time go them religious instruction, and allow each one to question her freely; or recounted some edifying tale, and to th Catherine listened with great pleasur repeating, on her return home, to he little cousins what she had just learnt.

All were surprised to see how beautifully she could embroider; and as Lady Margaret paid her well for her work Dame Barnby was the last person to be lissatisfied.

dissatisfied.

Two months had clapsed since Cather ine's first interview with Lady Margaret, when one day she arrived at Bron-Welli hot and breathless.

"Why have you come with such great speed, my Kate?" inquired her; kind ben-

"I have made great haste to come an warn you; for on my way thither I met the commissioner, and with him persons from the town, coming to search the house for priests. I overheard them say

Consternation was visible in the faces of the waiting-women, and they whispered their mutual fears as they stood expect-ing the orders of their mistress, who, des-patching some in search of Father Ralph and Austin, herself went to Sir Reginald, taking with her Catherine to give all necessary details. Sir Reginald deemed it prudent to conceal the priest, fearing he commissioner might discover him to be

Not far from the chapel was a hiding place, which was entered by taking up the floor near the fire-place. Father Ralph descended by this means into a small dark closet, and those without carefully closed up the entrance. The altar furniture was stowed away, and all

ornaments taken from the chapel. Scarcely had these arrangements been ompleted, when the commissioner and nis party drew up in the court-yard, and having dismounted, entered, announcing to the dismayed servant who gave admittance to the unwelcome visitors, that they intended "forthwith to search the house with much diligence for Popish priests and

hoped to obtain by this change of religion could ever compensate. His remonstrances had been received at first with coldness, and then with anger. Years had since passed by, but the dispositions of Cuth bert were unchanged; and though his borther had lost sight of him, the memory of him never faded from his mind.

Lady Margaret was the light and soul of the house. Firm as well as gentle, she was well fitted to preside. Her day was divided between prayer, the duties of her household, which in those days occupied a large share of the attention of even ladies of rank, and of the care of her children and of the poor.

To her the needy came for relief, the unhappy for consolation, the sick for remedies and those in trouble for advice.

Mr. Higgins considered that he had a Mr. Higgins considered that he had a great talent for speaking, and never lost an opportunity of displaying his oratorical powers. He now fixed his penetrating gaze on Sir Reginald, anxious to discover what effect his discourse had produced. But he was disappointed, as no fear was portrayed in the calm, almost stern, look But he was disappointed, as horter portrayed in the calm, almost stern, look that met his own; nor were there any signs of agitation in the manly voice that addressed him thus:

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE REV. JAMES McDONALD.

The First Highland Priest in America.

BY VERY REV. DR. MCDONALD.

In September we reprinted an interesting paper on the first Highland emigration to Prince Edward's Island, by Miss Pope,—in writing which she was largely indebted to a lecture delivered last year in Charlottetown by very Very Rev. Dr. McDonald, of Georgetown, P. E. I. From this lecture we propose giving, from time to time, interesting extracts. The sub-

pernaps other names not known to me at present. Of all the passengers I would suppose that the Rev. Mr. McDonald is deserving of a passing notice. The Company of the present of the passengers deserving of a passing notice. The Scotonard is deserving of a passing notice in the succession of the succe

the opportunity of knowing respecting this devoted missionary,—with the exception of oral family traditions handed down from one generation to another until they have all but died out. In the first place we find that during eleven years, from the year 1754 till 1765, he

of Quebec are written in an elegant and easy style of Latin; some subsequent letters are written, some in French and with their kindred dust, and now, after a some in French and with their kindred dust, and now, after a perfect familiarity with those languages; and we may rest assured that his know-ledge of either Italian or his comment to preserve his memory is to be seen than a stunted spruce tree, that has sprung ledge of either Italian or his own native up in the course of ages, and kindly Gaelic was not wanting. In the next place we find that he died in 1735, thirresting place of a self-sacrificing, saintly, place we find that he died in 1735, thirteen years after his arrival here, at the premature age of 49. Now, when we consider the condition of the Colony at the time, and the hardships, trials, and privations he must have undergone here, we need not feel surprised that he wore himself out in so short a time. His man, whose memory, if enlightened himself out in so short a time. His brothers, shortly after their arrival here, finding the country in such a backward state, and everything so discouraging, expressed a desire to go to Canada with a view to settle there, and on submitting the matter to him, and advising him to accompany them, he did not discourage them from carrying out their project so far as they were concerned, but, for his own part, so devoted was he to the people entrusted to his spiritual charge, especially the French Acadian, that he could not for a moment entertain the could not for a moment entertain the idea of abandoning them, and thus the idea was abandoned on the part of his brothers, who very naturally did not like to leave him. Besides attending to the Catholics of the Colony, who, few as they were, particularly the French Acadians, were scattered over a great part of the were, particularly the French Acadians, were scattered over a great part of the Island, he gave regular missions from time to time to the Acadians along the coast of New Brunswick and the Island of Cape Breton. From the late Mrs. Irving I learned, what she had often heard her good mother fondly dwell upon, that his company was eagerly sought for by the few aristocratic families in the Colony, THE ARRIVAL OF FATHER MCDONALD'S

CANOE IN CHARLOTTETOWN
was always a cheering news among the
highest, as well as the humblest circles in the community. But from none did Father McDonald receive a warmer or more cordial welcome, when-ever he happened to come to town, than from the excellent young clergyman of the Church of England, the late Rev. Theophilus Desbrisay, who came to this island from gallant Tipperary, Ireland, only three years later than Father McDonald himself. This good son of Tipperary survived the hardships and trials of the characteristics.

Priest and the Minister, meaning, of course, Patterson, Stewart, McDonald, and Debrisay. Even in my own early days, I often heard the old Guelic people speak of those distinguished individuals, but they would never take the trouble of giving their names individually, taking for grated that you knew whom they meant, when they spoke of—"un Governear, un Judeh, agus Sagarth, agus un Minister." We may well suppose that Father McDonald felt perfectly at ease in the young parson's company, when we call to mind that his own beloved in the call to mind that his own beloved in the call to mind that his own beloved in the Catholic lady, was the daughter of the Rev. Alexander became a strict and model Catholic lady, was the daughter of the Rev. Alexander McDonald, Church of England Minister of Ardnamurchan, and was always spoken of among the old people as "nian Mhestir Alister," and the talented, learned and fiery, Gaelic poet and patriot of the 1745-6 epoch, Alexander McDonald Esq., "Alister Mac Mhestir Alister," was her brother. The worthy incumbent of Ardnamurchan must have prayed fervently and earnestly to Almighty God to guide his children in the paths of truth, for they all, without a single exception—andthey were as remarkable for their talent as they were for energy of character—ended by becoming zealous

able for their talent as they were for energy of character—ended by becoming zealous and devoted Catholics. Indeed when I think of the genuine, warm feelings, and brotherly love, that mutually existed bebrotherly love, that mutually existed bebrotherly love, the many Uncleaned the young the conditions of the condition of the conditions of the condition brotherly love, that mutually existed between my dear Grand Uncle and the young parson, my heart warms at the name of a Desbrisay. The direct descendants, through sons and daughters, of the late Parson Desbrisay are to-day among the most esteemed and respected citizens in our good city of Charlottetown. I remember that in more than one of his letters Father McDonald requested the Bishop of Quebec to send him a portable altar stone of small size, as the one Bishop of Quebec to send him a portable altar stone of small size, as the one which he had, owing to its large size, was found very heavy and cumbersome to carry in his knapsack. It does not appear from his correspondence that the modest request was ever complied with, at least during his life-time. There were several other little matters of detail, both from his correspondence and

detail, both from his correspondence and from a byegone age, which however interesting they might be to a few, I "Among the emigrants of 1772, besides the McDonalds, who formed by far the greater number, were to be found McEacherns, McRaes, Gillises, McKenzies, McIntoshes, McPhees, McKinnons, and perhaps other names not known to me at present. Of all the control of the co spicuous position in a community more advanced than St. John's Island was at the time; but from continual exposure Abbe McPherson:
"Rev. James McDonald, from the Dio-"Rev. James McDonald, from the Diocese of the Isles; born 1736; went to Scots College, Rome, 1745; left and returned priest to Scotland, 1755. He was stationed first at Drummond, but went with the first emigrants from the Highlands to America in 1773. He died in St. John's Island, in 1785. He was a pious and a good missionary." The foregoing notice, together with his correspondence with the Diocese of Quebec, which are preserved in the Archiepiscopal Archives of that city, and with the perusal of which I was favored a few years ago, is about all that I ever had the opportunity of knowing respecting the last sacred rites of religion before again.' He no fellow clergyman either to administer story says: "Igo to Rome to be crucified the last sacred rites of religion before again.' He who had already been cruci-

death, or TO SING HIS REQUIEM
after his blessed soul had winged its flight to its Sovereign Judge and Master. Amidst the prayers and tears of weeping with the Bishop of Quebec proves him to have been

A GENTLEMAN OF NO ORDINARY EDUCATION
and piety. His first letters to the Bishop of Quebec are written in an elegant and easy style of Latin: some subscriptions.

A CENTURY HAS ELAPSED

to. So that it is clear that our Saviour's expression is but similar to many occurring in the Gospels, and to the well-known verse of Dante: "Nel Vicario suo Cristo esser catto" (in the person of His Vicar Christ led captive).—Rev. T. F. Mahar, D.D., in the Catholic Universe.

man whose memory, if enlightened Christian zeal and self-sacrifice possessed any charm for them, should ever remain enshrined in their fondest recollections.— Antigonish Aurora.

Let Her Go To--; A society journal publishes the following as an evidence of how a certain class regarded mixed marriages in the seven-teenth century. At the wedding of Count Sulz, a Catholic, when taking Aga-Count Sulz, a Catholic, when taking Agatha, Countess of Hanau, a Protestant, as his lawful wife, he solemnly swore to respect his future wife's religious views, and signed, sealed and delivered a deed to that effect. It was couched in the following terms:—"I Rudolph, Count of Sulz, hereby promise, on my honor as a nobleman—or may the d——I take me—that I will allow my future wife to remain in her religion provail Loffer her any income. her religion, nor will I offer her any inducement in the slightest to abandon it. I have at home two Bibles; if that is not enough for her, I will get her two more. Let her read in them bravely and industriously. Moreover, it is her body, not her soul that I take. I shall remain in my religion in which I have been brought up from youth. I know that I am on the right read. If she wen't go to heaven the right road. If she won't go to heaven let her go to _____, Signed, Budolph, Count of Sulz." Rudolph, Count of Sulz, was rather easy going in his views of the hereafter.

Throat, Bronchial, and Lung Disease a specialty. Send two stamps for large treatise giving self treatment. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIA-

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

Two Versions of it-Which; is the Correct One?

A short distance from Rome on the A short distance from Rome on the Appian way there is a little church built over a spot on which we are told our Saviour appeared to St. Peter. The apostle was leaving Rome because of the animosity which his preaching had aroused and intended to return shortly to his labors. Our Saviour met him and the Apostle recognizing his Divine Master said: "Lord, whither goest thou?" and our Saviour answered: "I go to Rome to be crucified again."

Many persons misunderstand this story.

crucified again."

Many persons misunderstand this story.

They think that our Saviour meant TO REPROACH THE APOSTLE AS IF WANTING

second crucifixion of Himself to repair the (supposed) scandal caused by the flight of Peter. Not long ago we found this erroneous interpretation of Christ's words in a little piece of poetry published in the Catholic World.

Christ's words supposes.

Finally the oldest (written) witnesses of this story give without the least hesitation our interpretation, and as if no other were

thought of.
St. Ambrose, after telling how Peter suffice to say, for the present, that he came to this country a young man in the prime and vigor of life, blessed with a good physical constitution, and with education and varied accomplishments the of suffering, yet he yielded to the prayers of the people: for he was asked to preserve himself for the instruction and confirmation of the faithful. What use of many words? he started to go from out the walls at night: and beholding Christ coming towards him at the gate and entering the

city, he said: 'Lord, whither goest thou?''
"Christ answered: 'I go to be crucified
again.' Peter understood the Divine answer to refer to his own cross. For Christ could not be crucified again, who by death had put off the flesh: ied, He died once, that He lives, He lives to God.' (Scripture). Peter therefore understood that Christ was to be crucified again in his servant. Therefore

HE PROMPTLY AND WILLINGLY RETURNED rounded his death bed at his last moments, to the Christians questioning him made and that he received all the tender care known the answer he had received; and seized at once, honored by his cross the St. Gregory the Great in telling the

again.' He who had already been crucified in his own person said that he was to be crucified again in the person of Peter. There are also other ancient testimonies, and in none of them is to be found the offensive interpretation we have alluded to. So that it is clear that our Saviour's

A Chicago lady writes that she will give a premium to any person who will invent omething to prevent a man's snoring.

She says: "Some time ago I read an article about a patent bed slat that would not fall down at night, no matter what the racket was. Now that is all right, but what I want is a ped slat that will fly up at night and hit a man on the nose whenever he snores. I don't want to hit so hard as to mar his probocis, but just to remind him that he can't play Vesuvius in the bed room,

with me for first base.
"Now, my husband is a darling when awake (most men are darlings when asleep). He is as tender as a spring chicken when he is on his pegs, but when he's on his back he's a boomer and don't you forget it. I won't.
"Now I am not a nervous woman.

"Now, I am not a nervous woman. I can stand a decent snore, but when it comes to throwing shot and shell around the room you can't blame me if I get behind something, if it's only the bootjack. Why, old Napoleon or Wellington would have done the same thing.

"If I awaken him herises up looking like." Exercises a revised edition.

an Egyptian mummy or a revised edition of Hamlet's ghost, freighting the atmosphere with fragmentary anatomy and dead men's eyeballs and making my pit-a-pat, and sending a Manitoba wave up my spinal column six feet in diameter.
"I can't stand it. Invent the bed slat and I will immortalize your name.

A REMEDY.

A Western editor, and he ought to know, gives this receipt to cure snoring:

"Take a wire that is a little longer than the "Take a wire that is a little longer than the mouth of the sleeper is wide, and paste some pieces of paper on the wire, so it will act as a wind mill. On one of the pieces of paper pin a feather. The wind that comes with the snore will cause the paper mill to revolve, and the feather will tickle his nose. He will wake up mad at first, and throw the windmill away, but another should be provided and inserted in the mouth. After four trials he will quit snoring forever. This is the way we cured it, and it is ten years since we snored a single solo."

Donald himself. This good son of Tipperary survived the hardships and trials of early colonal life. He lived to a venerable old age, deservedly loved and esteemed by all classes in the community, and died in March, 1823. The late Dr. McGregor records of him, that "his kindness ended not but with his life."

In those primitive times the people would say, the Governor, the Judge, the Lord Byron, in reference to a beautiful

For The Pilot.

For "The Last Time. BY J. E. U. NEALIS.

It is all over, and the lights are out, The Missal closed—the Mass is done, And the dear Nuns, like shadows one by or Have left the chapel, and we are alone. My God and I; my God, whose will is done

Whose will is done. So be it evermore, But we, my soul, must pile the sods up hi Upon this corpse, that was so dear to y and me, This last poor "human consolation" the doth lie, With white dumb lips sealed for eternity

Fill in the grave, and heap the stones It must not "rise again." It is dead for aye
We have done with it, my soul and I, to-d.
We have sinned, we have trusted in ear
and clay,
And it has failed us. Let us kneel and pre

Pray in the silence, by this new-made gra Pray that God only from henceforth may Our refuge in the storm, that none but He May ever comfort us, And O, my soul, ti May kiss the Hand that wounds us so morselessly.

Yet we may weep, poor sonl—that is no s We cannot help it—God will not deny Us this, our last poor solace. Like a Lita Each sait tear pleads, "Be merciful to m It is the last, "last time!" "Beati mortus! It is all over, and the lights are out, The Missal closed—the Mass is said, And we go out into the empty world to tre New paths, and learn new lessons, and Another way! "Beati mortui!"

St. John, N. B. Dec. 2, 1882. THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

By Father Abram J. Ryan.

Religion, of itself, is never the sole of ative cause of any nation's greatness the secular order, nor is religion alone cause of any people's political decli To national creeds there cannot be at buted the varying degrees of power feebleness in worldly influences, of peoples who profess them. We have stanced as the causes of national greatn -age, climate, geographical position at temperament of race. This latter ca especially attracts argument, perhaps the reason of the mysterious obscur that surrounds it; and yet, for the v same reason, it is difficult to discuss. A dangerous too, for when reason moves shadows in which there is but little lig and that little only dimly seen, imagi tion is apt to dream. Dreams are unr Clear argument is averse to wearing glamour of imagination.

In regard to temperaments of race the is much that baffles reason in her keer researches. But much is known and plai

proven by facts. Like individuals, re ffer from one another in temperame Who cannot distinguish a Celt from Saxon? And nations, like races, are differently endowed. Some are more nerve some are more muscular: some are quand sensitive; some are slow and cold. some imagination rules; in others reason. Some have swift, clear per reason. Some have swift, creat per-tion; some are dull of penetration. So are proud, courageous, full of audac iron-wrought, destined to rule; we others are meek, timid, easy-going, for of pleasure, and disinclined to toil, fra reeds, and doomed to serve the stron Some are slow to plan, but obstinate persevering in purpose; while others quick to design, but weak and inconst quick to design, but weak and inclus in execution. Some are ruled by generosities of rich impulse; ot by the calculations of self-inte It is certain and sure that the better dowed race or nation will gain precede over the less-gifted. It is unnecessary

enumerate in detail all Protestant Catholic nations in this matter of temperament. Two races as opposite in temper blood as in tenets of belief—the An Saxon and the French—will be suffice to illustrate our thought. The An Sexon is tenacious and positive. By tenacity there is sequence and constrain his designs. Nothing disconcerts hothing disconcerts hothing discourages him. He breaks d betacles counts his cost and gives it; obstacles, counts his cost and gives it; never, or seldom, yields in his purp By the positive character of his min looks to some useful end, and empthe most practical means in reaching He is no dreamer. He indulges in purposeless reveries. He is matter-of and eatnest. Justice, honor, philanthr

find a response from him to their of but in these things he is cool, self-colle and self-interested. To this temperament England owes greater part of her past successes and p

ent power.

The very reverse of all this is the Fr temperament. Quick, nervous, generimpetuous, hot-blooded, are adject that qualify the son of France. But also light and inconstant. He begins does not finish. His success is less

his action lacks persistency.

In the long run, forces being ed owing her wordly success to her temperature of a manual constitution of a mais the principle of its secular life. Fi it spring unity, security, internal pe and the regular out-working of all various forces possessed by its people.
We do not mean paper constitut

We do not mean paper constituted those ephemeral compacts created yed day, changed to day and destroyed morrow. To many of such constitutes perishable as the paper they are ten on, have lived their little day died their sudden death in this cen We mean those true, strong, real constitutions which are to a nation what his circle constitution is to the individual constitution in the constitution is to the individual constitution in the constitution is to the individual constitution in the constitution in the constitution is to the constitution in the constitution constitution in the constitution is the constitution in the constitution in the constitution is to the individual constitution in the constitution in the constitution is the constitution in the constitution in the constitution in the constitution is the constitution in the constitution in the constitution in the constitution is the constitution in the co sical constitution is to the individ having its roots in the very hearts minds and temperaments of peo Constitutions like that of England

our United States.
Since more than a century ago Cat nations had labored under the disad tages and political disasters of changed changeful constitutions. Catholic r changeful constitutions. Cathole I archies became real despositisms absort the franchises possessed by the peop presciptive right in the past. The trarinesse of favoritism, and we mustit, of royal depravities, ruled, or misruled discontented subjects. And a while these Catholic governments sullenly definant of religion, though made pretence of protecting it, and tically regarded the Church as a relig wheel to help to keep in motion the I ical machinery of the State. The de of those constitutions and the danger them, and the disasters that rose of them are not to be charged to the acc of the Church of those nations, bu their own governments, which, the