



JUBILEE BOOK, CONTAINING INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE, AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE STATION CHURCHES; To which is prefixed the Encyclical of His Holiness POPE PIUS IX.

- For the ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO, containing the PASTORAL of HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP LYNCH. For the DIOCESE OF LONDON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH. For the DIOCESE OF HAMILTON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP CRINNON. For the DIOCESE OF OTTAWA, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP DUBAMEL.

MEMORIES IN EXILE. Come, Eily, sing an Irish song, a dear old song of home. For oft my lonely spirit flies over the soething foam, Tho' fifteen weary years have sped since I last saw Ireland's hills.

MEMORIES IN EXILE. After which luminous synopsis of the origin and progress of the reformed faith under Henry VIII., and the effect of it upon his liege subjects, particularly in Ireland, Mrs. Dullard collapsed into a fit of the dysmala, which neither of her friends thought fit or necessary to disturb or interrupt.

RAPPAREES OF THE WOOD. A TRADITION IN IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII. By Dr. J. T. Campion. CHAPTER XXVI.—COMPARING NOTES.

of imported reformers spewed forth from the filthy purlieus of ever merry England. But what was to be said or done about Angela and her mother? Yes, that was the question. And Dermot resolved to take his wife into his counsels, and consider seriously and well what course to adopt; first with regard to the present horrible state of affairs, and next, what might be the most prudent course to pursue for the future.

pearance and semblance. It immediately restored peace and serenity in the whole town; the burgeses resumed their usual tranquil aspect and demeanour; young Dermot's guard on the house-top was brought to an abrupt termination, and mutual confidence, if ever it existed, was once more apparently established between the Saxon and the Celt. But what was the report that went up to Dublin Castle some time afterwards, and that sometime when a group of the principal witnesses, and all the coroner's jury, left the Marble City upon an occasion which we will have to advert to before we close our traditional story and let the scenes drop on the habits, people, and events that pervaded Ireland on the threshold of the Reformation, and the new sacrilegious confiscation that ushered in its purity and its morals?

until they should settle down in the new country. But we may as well inform our readers at once that the fair and easy Mother Lina never saw the Spanish shores; for, after a courtship, short, sharp, and decisive, she espoused a young countryman of her own, a German clock-maker, whose religious, political, and latitudinarian principles exactly coincided with her own, and with whom, no doubt, she was supremely blest.

THE BROKEN HEART.

(From Passages from the Diary of a late Physician) There was a large and gay party assembled one evening, in the memorable month of June, 1815, at a house in the remote suburbs of London. Thronged with handsome and well-dressed women—a large retinue of the leading men about town—the dazzling light of chandeliers blazing like three suns overhead—the charms of music and dancing—altogether with that tone of excitement then pervading society at large, owing to our successful continental campaigns, which maddened England into almost daily announcements of victory;—all these circumstances, I say, combined to supply spirit to every party. In fact, England was almost turned upside down with universal feting!

her could distinguish the words, "There!—thurs they are—with their lanterns.—Oh! they are looking out for the de—a-d!—They turn over the heaps—Ah!—now—no!—that little bill of slain—see, see!—they are turning them over, one by one.—There!—THUR! THUR! THUR!—Oh, horror! horror!—Rang THUR! THUR! THUR!—And with a long shuddering groan, she fell senseless into the arms of her horror-struck sister. Of course all were in confusion and dismay—not a face present, but was blanched with agitation and affright on hearing the extraordinary words she uttered. With true delicacy and propriety of feeling, all those whose carriages had happened to have already arrived, instantly took their departure, to prevent their presence embarrassing or interfering with the family, who were already sufficiently bewildered. The room was soon thinned of all, except those who were immediately engaged in rendering their services to the young lady; and a servant was instantly dispatched, with a horse, for me. On my arrival, I found her, in bed, (still at the house where the party was given, which was that of the young lady's sister-in-law.) She had fallen into a succession of swoons ever since she had been carried up from the drawing-room, and was perfectly senseless when I entered the bed-chamber where she lay. She had not spoken a syllable since uttering the singular words just related; and her whole frame was cold and rigid—in fact, she seemed to have received some strange shock, which had altogether paralyzed her. By the use, however, of strong stimulants, we succeeded in at length restoring her to something like consciousness, but I think it would have been better for her—judging from the event—never to have woken again from forgetfulness. She opened her eyes under the influence of the searching stimulants we applied, and stared vacantly for an instant on those standing round her bedside. Her countenance, on an ashy hue, was damp with clammy perspiration, and she lay perfectly motionless, except when her frame undulated with long deep-drawn sighs.