Cripple

mercy upon its victims. This demon of the blood is often not satisfied with causing dreadful sores, but racks the body with the pains of rheumatism until Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

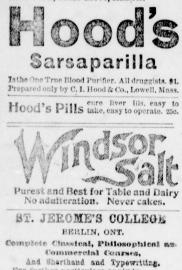
"Nearly four years ago I became af-flicted with scrofula and rheumatism.



Pieces of bone came out and an operation was contemplated. I had rheumatism in my legs, drawn up out of shape. I lost appetite, could not sleep. I was a perfect wreck. I continued to grow worse and finally gave up the doctor's treatment to



take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw Away my crutches. I am now stout and bearty and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly rec-ommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." URBAN HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois. URBAN



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MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER XXII. IN THE DOCK.

Autumn, so bewitching in Ireland, with the rare violets of morning and evening mists, the dewy brilliance of all its foliage under heavens of tender grey, and its late bird-songs, had disappeared behind the verge of winter, and the shortening and darkening days had brought the gentry of Dublin back to squares and streets, out of the neighboring country. The approach-ing trials of the men in prison for the murder of Mr. Ffont were looked forward to as something sensational in the way of trials, by such people (who are to be found in every community) as take a morbid pleasure in events of the kind. In this case the fact that a gentleman was one of the accused en-hanced the general interest in the matter, and genteel Dublin had something to talk about while it cleaned its windows, a happy feat, in general too rarely accomplished, and hung up its ace curtains, and did not arrange its

window flower boxes, because genteel Dublin despises the graceful custom cherished elsewhere as one of the fair-est signs of civilized living, that of clothing the grim stone work of its window-sills with a little fringe of bloom. The reason is difficult to seek, in a sentimental and beauty-loving population. Poverty has been pleaded as an apology for the dark gaunt ex terior t our dwellings, yet how easily a few shillings or pounds are spent on some tawdry delight. In poorer homes on the outskirts of the city, sometimes even in wretched lanes, one sees windowsful of flowers, but the mansions of he upper ten remain guiltless of such frivolity. An exception here and there proves the rule, and one blesses the individual who breaks the grim law which says, "Thy dwelling, if re-spectable must be dingy and unlove

ly," and flings out a handful of beauty to gladden the eye of the passer by. The long interval of weeks between

the autumn day when Bryan had striven with the madness in her, and conquered, and the time appointed for the trial, had been in great part spent by Marcella on a bed of fever, from which she had risen stronger and calmer in mind, if shattered in body As soon as the crisis of the illness was past and she was delivered from delir-ium her evidence had been given from her sick-bed, that damning evi lence against Kilmartin which sh had hoped death might have enabled her to withhold. She had not died, however, and now that the worst she could do had been done, the next best thing to dying with her cruel tale untold, was to grow strong, and help him to fight out his battle to the bitter end. This she set herself to accomplish in as far as was possible, that she might not, through faltering and weakness, disgrace him and herself by a seeming consciousness of guilt in him.

Early in December the trials opened in the old court house in Green street, flowering hedge-rows ! situated among the slums on the north side of the city. Before Kilmartin's "But the secret society whose oath he had taken, to obey whose orders he had pledged himself, is not satisfied turn arrived, two men, Fenians, were with any one particular service from tried, also for the murder of Mr. Ffont. were convicted without difficulty and its votaries, but must have all it demands, and at the moment when it sentenced to death. Two others of the chooses to make its demand. It was same band had saved their lives by decreed by the iniquitous councils of such a society that Mr. Gerald Ffrench offering to inform on Kilmartin, and were to be produced on his trial as Ffont was to die, and the lot to personchief evidence against him. And one rainy, miserable morning, an immense ally conduct. if I may use a modern phrase, this atrocious murder, fell upon crowd, fashionable and unfashionable, Mr. Bryan Kilmartin. That he did not attempt to shirk this awful renen and women, thronged the dingy court house to suffocation, for the sponsibility I think we shall be able pleasure, pain or curiosity of seeing Bryan Kilmartin take his stand in the to prove. That he cunningly took every precaution to hide his guilty dock There were two judges on the part in the transaction will also be bench; one small, keen, grey fea-tured, unpopular, with a reputation made plain in this court. The deed was not done in the country where Kilmartin was known by appearance for inhuman eagerness to convict, the to every one, but in the crowded slums other large, placid, deprecating, with f the city of Dublin, where his escape an indescribable expression in his eyebrow, which somehow conveyed the from detection was more likely to be assured. On a dark winter's night dea to the wretches who hung upon Mr. Ffont's steps were dogged, and he his looks and words that he would always be willing to save a prisoner was cruelly done to death by a band of ssassins, four of whom were seized. when he could, and that to pronounce while one, the ringleader, was known a hard sentence almost gave him his death blow. To Marcella, sitting veiled in black in a corner of the o have mysteriously escaped." Counsel then went on to describe the court, they both looked, in their long light of Kilmartin and the search made gray wigs and ermines, simply wolves in sheep's clothing, and nothing more. for him by the police in a house where he had taken refuge, a search which proved fruitless, in consequence, as it Miss O'Donovan sat beside Marcella exchanged greetings with her would be seen, of the circumstance that and and exchanged greetings with he fashionable friends whose eye-glasses were often levelled at the pale face of the heiress of Distresna. It was dea secret closet existed in that house, and also thanks to the skill and devotion of friends of the fugitive who were the heiress of Distresna. cided that Miss O'Kelly made an unthen dwelling in that house. necessary display of her interest in the " But the sword of justice, parried prisoner, unless, indeed, she was en-gaged to him as had been rumored, though it may be for a time by thethe spasmodic efforts of treachery and only that seemed too absurd to be true. guilt, will in time, providentially, find No girl would engage herself to a man its way home at last," continued the learned sergeant. "Some one has on his trial for murder, at least no girl learned sergeant. like this, with the world at her feet. aptly said, 'though the mills of God However, sitting there, with her drooped eyelids, raised only at times grind slowly yet they grind exceeding drooped eyelids, raised only at times in the direction of the prisoner, or for a swift proud, wide eyed glance dence against this unhappy young in the direction of the prisoner, of the dence against this unnappy source a swift proud, wide eyed glance dence against this unnappy source round the crowded court, she made a man is complete. Evidence to corro-borate the story which the informers borate the story which the informers not at all clearly understood. ing, and proof the most conclusive of The prisoner stood in the dock, his guilt is about to be laid before this leaning forward, with his court and the world.' slightly arms folded and resting on the bench The above slight sketch gives but a faint front of him. Except for traces of faint idea of the length, force and con-The above slight sketch gives but a mental suffering in the dark shadows clusiveness of the story by Sergeant about his eyes, he looked well, with Fitzgerald in opening the case for the the air of a man who knew how to be prosecution. His words were listened brave in adversity. to with breathless interest, and the Sergeant Fitzgerald opened the case general feeling in the court when he for the prosecution with a grave re-ference to the position of the prisoner other side could do away with the effect at the bar as a gentleman and a land- of such an indictment. The voice of tin. owner, and spoke of his late father as the accuser, raised as much in sor-one whom many remembered and row as in anger, broken with esteemed for his genial and social emotion or swelling with righte- the majority, and there was a mo-

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

qualities. He himself (Sergeant Fitzgerald) had known the late Mr. Kil-martin, and was thankful that his old friend was not alive to see this melan-choly day. After hasty but effective use of a white pocket handkerchief, the learned counsel proceeded to state the circumstances against Bryan Kilmar tia, showing him to be guilty of the murder of his fellow man, and tsill worse, his fellow landlord. It was not in a day that this young man had quitted honest ways and wandered into paths of abysmal darkness and crime. Though the son of a father who had been content to live peacefully on his estate and take things as he found them, Bryan Kilmartin had early shown proclivitives leading him to evi companionship and disreputable prac-tices. While still a mere youth he had joined the Fenian Society, and had stolen from his father's house at night to learn the use of firearms for wicked purposes, drilling with some of the lowest of the population in secret recesses of his native mountains.

"His evil courses being discovered by his father, he was sent to the University of Cambridge, thus getting a chance to put himself straight, a chance which does not come in the way of all youthful wrong doers. However, though it must be acknowledged that while at collegeKilmartin distinguished himself and won good opinions, socially as well as intellectually, yet so deeply did the dark stain which had early appeared in him run through all his actions, that, on his return to Ireland after a lapse of some years, we find him renewing his connection with Fenian sm, and identifying with so-called Nationalists in politics. Yet he had learned caution, and so carefully did he proceed that but little evidence ex-ists of the communication which since that time he has undoubtedly carried on with the leaders of Communism and Socialism. One, however, will pres ently appear in the witness box who will make startling revelations on this point.

"After his respected and lamented father's death Bryan Kilmartin quitted the respectable roof under which he had been reared, and, leaving it to ruin and decay, withdrew himself from all the pleasant social ways of his neighbors and old friends, and bur-rowed, if 1 may be permitted to use the expression, in a rude dwelling among the barren rocks of a small island, mysteriously placed, as if intended by nature for the home of a pirate or conspirator, in the waters of a lonely lake among the mountains of Connemara. Why he deserted the open highways of the world and pre-ferred to hide himself in this savage dwelling, will presently be seen. His father's wealth disappeard ; it was not spent upon himself, nor upon that un happy lady his mother, who had fol-lowed him with a mother's devotion to his unnatural lurking place. It had disappeared into the coffers of the secret societies, to encourage the manufacture of dynamite, to purchase the secret gun for the skulking murderer, to fee the wretch who lies in wait for his victim behind the - the - the aromo of the

ous wrath, was in itself a powerful engine of the outraged law. | of the prisoner. That the old friend of the prisoner's father should find himself obliged to arraign and condemn the erring son seemed in itself overwhelming testimony of the guilt of the accused

A considerable number of witnesses were called for the prosecution, besides the Fenian informers, who gave evidence to prove the truth of some of Sergeant Fitzgerald's statements. It was true that young Kilmartin had become a Fenian at sixteen years of age, true-that his father had done all in his power to break the dangerous connection his son had formed, equally true that the late Mr. Kilmartin had been quite unable to accomplish this object. and in consequence died of a broken heart. All this was triumphantly proved by Fenian as well as other testimony, and who should know better than the Fenians themselves? The The counsel for the defence did not make any attempt to shake the evidence of the prisoner's early Fenianism, though a few telling points were

elicited in cross examination as to the habits of Mr. Kilmartin, senior, and the cause of his death ; but the informer who witnessed to the prisoner's intercourse with the heads of secret societies, and the renewal of his allegi-ance to Fenianism in its more modern and deadly form, after the father's death and the arrival of the younger man at years of maturity, was somewhat roughly shaken by the prisoner's counsel

And then, towards the close of the first day's proceedings, the plot thickened, and the witnesses for the pros-ecution who could tell the tale of what occurred on the night of the murder of Gerald Ffrench Ffont, having been oncerned in the affair themselves, and gained their pardon by turning Queen's evidence, were put in the witless box, one after the other, and their examination and cross examination had not come to an end when the court was under necessity of raising for that evening.

According to their story Mr. Ffont, who had been a hard man as well as a bad landlord, having fairly earned by his inhuman conduct the detestation of the people living at his mercy, had been tried, found guilty, and sent-enced to death by the society which sits in judgment on such tyrants. The lot to conduct the murder, and see that it was properly carried out, had fallen upon Mr. Bryan Kilmartin, and he was bound by his oath to obey orders. On the night of the murder he was on the spot, and gave the signal to fire on Mr. Ffont. The police coming quickly upon them, the band of assassing separated and fied. They, the informers, who had been of the band, did not know, of their own knowledge, where Mr. Kilmartin had taken refuge, but they believed he had friends in the neighborhood prepared to receive and hide him. This was the evidence of the two informers, given with abund-ance of detail, and sifted and searched in cross examination by the counsel for the defence, without any noteworthy appearance of breaking down.

Marcella kept her eyes fixed on the faces of the informers all the time of their examination, and one of them especially excited her horror. He was a pallid, consumptive-looking creature, with narrow, sharp-featured face, and shifting eyes that never seemed to look straight at anything. He gave his evidence with a certain dogged air of determination, a great deal of meaning in a few words, which carried force with it for the moment and impressed court and jury with a belief in the truth of his story. He appeared to re-sent his position as an informer, and made his statements with a hitterness

mentary revulsion of feeling in favor

The girl, the heiress, this wayward heroine, had got in her powerful little hand some telling piece of evidence in favor of her friend, perhaps her lover. She was going to prove an alibi, attempt to prove one. A wave of sym-

pathy went towards her as she took her stand in the witness box and threw back her black gauze veil which made an inky framework for her deadly white features.

With her large dark eyes wide open and fixed on some distant point before her, she looked like one in a trance. "She will faint," was whispered among the younger barristers, and a glass of water was placed beside her ; which, however, she did not see. "Why does she look so terribly, if she is going to help him?" asked one woman of anther. No one noticed for the moment that it was as a witness for the pros ecution she had been called. Mr Shine, junior counsel for the prosecu-tion, raised his face towards that spot in the court from where the soft eyes of Miss Evre were gazing down, full of sympathy at the witness, and got in return a glance which seemed to say that things were beginning to take a good turn, good at least in the estimation of this young lady whose interest in Marcella had beguiled her into becoming a spectator of the scene.

At the sound of the counsel's voice directing his first question towards Miss O'Kelly an absolute hush fell on the audience, and intense and breath less silence reigned in the court.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SEEMS MIRACULOUS.

Mrs. Quinn Kissed the Relie of St. Anne and Her Paralyzed Leg at Once Tingled With Life.

(From the New York World.) When the neighbors saw a carriage stop at the door of No. 213 East 120th street yesterday morning and saw Thomas Quinn and the coachman carry Mrs. Quinn very tenderly from the house, place her in the carriage and drive slowly away they said "Poor Mrs. Quinn. They've taken her to the

have enough goodness to float their not always impeccable husbands into a safe hospital at last.' For seven weeks the neighbors had sympatized with Mrs. Quinn-ever heavenly port. They are the salt of since the day when she came limping this sad earth, and when they die they go straight to glory. "Home in all the meaning of that home complaining of a dull pain in her right leg. Since that day Mrs. Quinn had not walked a step. word Mexicans have, and they owe it to women brought up in the ancient Church, models of piety and kindness,

"Paralysis," the doctor said, and advised her to go to the hospital. Twice they had rung for an ambulance and twice had the three Quint children cried that they never would let their mother be taken away from them, and so each time the ambulance was sent back.

But Mrs. Quinn grew steadily worse She had to stay in bed, save when her children or her husband, who is a machinist, would carry her to a big chain by the window, taking care to rest the lifeless leg upon a big, soft stool. The woman was absolutely helpless, and her physician said her cure would take a long time to come—if it would ever be effected. Mrs. Quinn all this time

was thinking of the cures that had taken place at the shrine of the sacred relic of St. Anne in the church of St. Jean Baptiste, in East 76th street. " Tom," she said, on Tuesday, "you must take me to St. Anne's relic to norrow."

So yesterday morning they carried the helpless woman into the carriage and drove to 76th street, and then they carried her into the church up to the altar, where the bone of St. Anne lies in a little case.

"I kissed the bone twice," Mrs Quinn explained later, "and as I did so I felt a tingling in my right foot-

OCTOBER 17, 18

Centrasted with a Bigot - Brownson's When My Dreams

OCTOBER 17. 1896

AN HONEST PROTESTANT.

Astute Prophecy.

Catholie Columbian.

Much is said, in these days, of Mex-ico, and the Mexican dollar is held be-

fore the public as a visible argument

of the Mexican people. A writer some years ago well put it : '' The impres.

sions received during a rapid excur-

sion of pure amusement, without mak.

towns than the time required to re-

pack their valise and continue on a

ourney of useless results, are not suf.

ficient to obtain a complete knowledge

of any class of people and much less to

authorize such impressions through the

medium of the press. But this is just

what is done concerning Mexico for

most American newspaper readers. A

flying trip is made, an account is

written, and the awful condition of

poor Mexico is believed by readers. It

is a pleasure, however, to find now and then a writer who disabuses the minds

of his readers of much of the silly

twaddle about Mexico and her people.

Frederick Guernsey is the resident cor-

respondent at Mexico's capitol of the

Boston Herald. He has lived there for

a dozen years and surely ought to know the Mexican by this time. He

is a New England yankee and a Pro-

'A non-Catholic looking on can not

but admire the Christian zeal of the

best of the clergy, who lead ascetic

lives, are really poor, dependent on

the aid of wealthy people of their faith,

and are animated by a sincere desire

to minister to the spiritual welfare of

the masses. I know priests who have

gone into the most savage parts of the

ountry as full of zeal as the early

Franciscans, and others who live

among the poorest populations of cities

He has this to say of Mexican women

"Sweet, generous, and altogether lovable women of Mexico! They are

examples of wifely and motherly qual

ities, uncomplaining and having the

unstinted reverence of their husbands

and sons. They haven't a blessed idea on the 16 to 1 ratio ; they have

neard of the Roentgen ray, and may

mildly discuss it with you ; they read

the latest books from the publishers of

Madrid and Barcelone, and they can

sit you down to a table laden with com-

fortable things, and put you into a clean white bed, and let your mind

any better in the way of a high civil-

"And all over this fair and sunny

and of Mexico are tens of thousands of

adopt and bring up the orphan, they cherish and bring back to health and

strength the sick ; they pray to God

daily in all sincerity ; they are active

in good works, and they make no noise or fuss about it all. They have no

clubs, and aren't solicitous about cul-

ture. But all the ripest fruits of the

the Galatians, he says : "From hence-

of St. Francis of Assisi, and believing

kewise marked with the wounds of

Our Lord, though in her case invisible,

generally interpreted this text of St.

Paul as denoting that he was marked

with the wounds of Christ--"I bear

the marks of the Lord Jesus in my

There can be no objection, however,

to any Catholic who should accept the

very interesting interpretation

most perfect culture are theirs.

such homes and such women.

If the critics of Mexico can do

models of womanly virtues.

sharing the same humble fare as their

He says in a recent letter :

testant.

flocks

rest.

body.'

ization, let them try

and their homes :

He

They

ing any longer stay in the various

BY JAMES WHITC When my dreams come tru

When my dreams come true come true— Shall I lean from out the c light and the dew. To listen—smile and listen strings Of the sweet guitar my love he sings? And as the nucle moon slow into view Shall I vanish from his dreams come true?

When my dreams come true gown I wear Be changed to softest sat braided hair Be raveled into flossy mis gold. To be minted into kisses, n gold. Or " the summer of my tre hiken to " The fervor of his passion come true ?

When my dreams come among the sheaves of happy harvest meado-and the leaves Shall I lift and lean betwe dor of the sun Till the moon swoons into ers' work is done— Save that yet an arm shall reapers do The meanest sheaf of harv come true !

When my dreams come tru True love in all simplicity dew-The blossom in the black to the eye Than any lity born of prid the sky. And so it is I know my h My lowliest of lovers-w

RADICAL TESTIM OLIC PROGRE LAN

Reynolds' Newspa the most advanced r a recent issue, a ne titled "Rome via E not love Rome, an would be a bad day adopted the Catholic tirety. But this is how the

scape looks to it :

The struggle whic for so many years in State Church in Eng various High Chur and Broad Church the direction of p early in the coming Church's doctrines the Acts of a secula can be no permanen most natural thing, members of such a into helpless confusi overtook the Presb Scotland, which nov separate bodies who merly only one. The in the Church of En. Ritualistic section visiting Scotland to to the discordant Knox ; and, on the o izes those touring of frequent the Cathol than patronize the England conventi parts ! Who would full extent of the cl ing in the Statuto read the Ritualist occasionally, not the advertisements from the pages of that this High Chur period of some so, has captured most influential con and country, and cream of society in lief in the Real Pre of the Mass, and th in ordination. Not

STIGMATA. Prof. Mahaffy's Interpret

nent. Full particulars in new circular-send r a copy. PRINGLE & MCCREA, 199-12 Peterboro. Ont. Raffalsam cards with name far 12 or more names of inter-ed parsons ment. Full pa for a copy, 929-12

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that seemed to wish them unsaid. All this, which told strongly with his audi-ence, roused in Marcella a sense of amazed loathing which almost suffocated her, and her fascinated gaze re mained riveted to his evil countenance so long that it became imprinted on her brain with a vividness not likely to be effaced while she lived.

When he ceased speaking and wa removed, a faintness seized her, and it required all her strength of will to stave off the swoon which would have made her an object of curiosity to the court.

When she had mastered the weak ness so far so to be able to raise her eyes and emerge from her corner she found that Bryan had vanished from the dock, that the court had risen, and that people were pressing out of the court-house, and she followed in the wake of the crowd, to pass the dreadful night as best she might.

The next morning she was in her place again, listening to the final examination and cross-examination of the informer Barrett, whose foul, false testimony she was now to be com-manded to corroborate. When her name was called there was a sudden dead silence in court, then a flutter of whispers and pressing forward of faces as everyone asked his neighbor if he had heard aright. The sensation was so great that for a few moments every thing was at a standstill. Marcella heard the sound of the smothered excitement of numbers like the hissing of a great wave about to overwhelm her, and then was conscious of nothing but

Bryan's smile of encouragement straining towards her from his isolated standing-place in the dock.

So well had the secret been kept that when Miss O'Kelly arose and left her seat to take her place in the witness-box, the crowd was at a loss to know whether she was going to give testimony against or in favor of Kilmar

the first feeling I had there in weeks. Then I said my prayers and kissed the relic again, and as I did so I felt a sort of pain in my right knee.

forth let no man be troublesome to me " 'Rise !' said Sister Mary to me. for I bear the marks of the Lord Jesus in my body." The mediæval Catholic And I rose from my knees as though I had never been ill a day, and I walked commentators familiar with the story down the aisle and out to the carriage with never a halt.' also that St. Catherine of Siena was

They drove her home in triumph and the neighbors were agreeably as tonished when Mrs. Quinn alighted from the carriage and ran nimbly up the two flights of stairs to her rooms The news spread rapidly and all day long visitors filled the little rooms and watched the erst while ' lame one marching proudly up and down as she recounted her wondesful experiencse.

Fortitude.

Professor Mahaffy of Trinity College, Dublin, gives to it. Stigmata was the Greek word St. Paul used. Now stigmata means brand, while Kurios, What shall I say of fortitude, without which neither wisdom nor justice is of any worth? Fortitude is not of the body, but is a constancy of soul; or Lord, means master of a slave Now around the Temple of Delphi, and at other shrines in Greece, there wherewith we are conquerors in rightare found many records of the manueousness, patently bear all adversities, mission of slaves. To be freed, a slave and in prosperity are not puffed up. must be brought to the temple. To This fortitude he lacks who is over the priests he paid the money, who come by pride, anger, greed, drunk-enness, and the like. Neither have bought him from his master and bought him for their god. He was henceforth they fortitude who when in adversity a slave of the god, which practically meant freedom. What voucher, howmade shift to escape at their souls' expence; wherefore the Lord saith, "Fear ever, had he for the transaction? Here not those who kill the body, but can not kill the soul." In like manner those who are puffed up in prosperity the documents fail, but Professor Mahaffy believes that such persons, to witness for their freedom, bore a temple brand upon them. St. Paul, blinded and abandon themselves to excessive joviality can not be called strong. with the ophthalmia typifying the For how can they be called strong who blindness of faith, yet showing like a can not hide and repress the heart's scar, might have thus spoken of himemotion? Fortitude is never conquerself as bearing the mark of his Master in his body.

Women who are weak and nervous, who have no appetite and cannot sleep, find strength and vigor in Hood's Sarsaparilla. *Tell the Deal*.-Mr. J. F. Kellock, Drug-gist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of DR. THOMAS'ECLECTRIC OIL, wrote to Ire-land, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week." Are You Tired All the time? This condition is a sure indi-cation that your blood is not rich and nourish-ing as it ought to be and as it may be if you will take a few bottles of the great blood puri-tier, Hood's Sarsaparilla, Thousands write that itHood's Sarsaparilla has cured them of that tired feeling by giving them rich, red blood.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily and promptly cn. the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

Are You Tired

Marks of the Lord. A the close of St. Paul's Epistle to

which

They

any one of such d Ritualist holds al truths, and in add in the sacrament of auricular confessio dead involving a and the invocati angels. Yet the A hitherto been rega tials of honest Prot all such things eith deceits" or "vain vented." But the complished even m length succeeded h coercing their Bish if they will not sau development in th -that is, the servi "Low Mass" and the first of the panied by the tal the thickest clouds most gorgeous ves in any church o with the great manufactured by mer and Elizabe

a Bishop of Londo

date for holy order

ago. It is a revolution

rage, but its rage various Protestant a resolute face, bu one and the other fact all the sam party scorn the v testant," and hab fellow-members of Evangelical party ant mob which secuting "Catholi now call themsel and the Protestant with perfect p Established Chur now, as it alw Protestant Church tion of its mem themselves from of crazy and They may pretend tion " Protestant they certainly do privately—but su Church in the Cor Bill of Rights, an ment. "Will ye

ed, for if conquered, is not fortitude. -St. Bruno.