For the Catholic Record. In Memoriam

O! heavenly Muse! your inspiration send, Kind sympathy and glowing feryor lend, To paint the virtues of the true, the brave, To sing a requiem o'er distant grave! The priceless treasure of a father fond— The golden promise and the one bright bond Of many dear ones has departed now,— See! Death's cold seal is on the noble brow.

Ah! deep the grieving of a sister fair, Secluded in her calm retreat of prayer— The Vesper hymn falls sadily on her car, The night-tird's song to her conveys cheer!

cheer!
But borne upon the Ocean's surging foam,
Her sighs of sorrow unto true friends roar
Her name, in beauteous prayers, each day
Ascends, as fragrance on a sunbeam's ray

A father in his dreary, lonely grief Bewalls the limit of a life so brief, And weeps to ponder that so brave a son Was called away. But Heaven has won The soul immortal and the kind heart free—His bliss measur'd for eternity!

O! father is siter; in Celestial Sphere You'll greet the absent, the belov'd, the dear!!!

The vanished pleasure of his presence here Bedims our eyes with sadiy failing trar, The bright, bright smiles, like to dawn o May, Autumn's glory, so they died away! O! sigh, ye witlows, o'er his silent tomb, And Erin's turf yield forth your glad per-

For ev'ry manly grace round him entwin'd, With virtue, honor and truth combined! Bloom ye flowers, that wear the sweetest

grace, ur beauties shed around his resting place; tue, shine, ye stars, with tender, loving light, O! chant your soothing lays, ye winds of night,
And softly o'er him rest, ye moonbeams pale,
On your silvery rays bear our sad wail.
To Mercy's Throne beyond the sapphire skies
Ardent prayers for his repose arise!
Canada.
Androsia.

TALBOT. THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

CHAPTER II.

O'Connell lost no time in preparing himself to attend the meeting. His faith-ful little pony, which had been stabled at Carriekbeg, soon raised a cloud of dust near the gate that led down to Coolnamuck House. The moon was full, clear and high; its cheery light fell pleasantly on river, field and hill. The stillness of the scene and the beauty of the sky had a the scene and the beauty of the sky had a good effect upon Richard's spirits; as he turned up a by-road leading into the wood he began to indulge in sweet fan-cies; the future blazed before his mental eye. As he slowly passed a huge oak, an extremely tall individual sprang forth

and seized his pony by the mane.
"Are you our friend or foe?" asked a rather good-natured voice. "Your friend, I hope, Larry," said chard, as he recognized the voice and

form of his interrogator.
"Oh, Mister O'Connell, forgive my

boldness; I didn't know it was you," and the poor fellow removed his hands from the pony's mane.
"All right, Larry, you acted nobly; but what would you do if I happened to be an

Begor, Mister Richard, I'd run like

deer.
"What, would you be afraid?" asked O'Connell, in a tone of feigned surprise.
"Oh, no, Mister O'Connell, oh, no,"

question.
"But why would you run, then?"
"To tell the boys to run, sir, to be

"Good night, Larry, be faithful to your "Good night, Mr. Richard ; may the

good angels protect you. Sure, 'tis proud the boys will be to see you amongst

The tall sentinel stole again behind the tree, and muttered some fervent prayers for his young master.

Richard proceeded slowly on his route; when he had reached the entrance to the

wood he dismounted and fastened his pony's bridle to the branch of a tree. Once more a feeling of uneasiness crep

over him. He knew not why. "Mother of God," he exclaimed, as he plunged into the woods. Though the night was clear, as we have already said, still, owing to the tangled brushes along his path, and the thick foliage of the trees, it was with great difficulty that Richard made his way to the place assigned for the meeting. After about a quarter of an hour's struggle he heard the low hum of human voices; a hundred paces mor placed him in the midst of the boys. Hi presence was welcomed by all. After the presence was welcomed by all. After the first salutations had been exchanged, the muffled stranger, who had given him the note on the bridge, took him by the armand led him aside from the crowd. They both took a seat on the trunk of a fallen tree, and entered into earnest conversation.

The place where the boys were assembled had been well chosen for a secret meeting. It was a considerable distance from the public road, and altogether surrounded by trees and dense undergrowth. In case of danger it afforded great facilities for makdanger it afforded great facilities for making an escape. The ground was covered with moss, tall rank grass, and a few stumps of trees. Notwithstanding the dim shade of the pine and fir, the place was rendered perfectly bright by means of a huge bonfire that blazed and cracked in the middle of the circle. A goodly number of the boys stood near the fire whispering and nodding in a most mysterious manner.

mysterious manner.
"So you have brought good news from the North Riding," said O'Con ell in a low tone, as he moved nearer his com-

"Capital news," said the stranger. "Gallant Tipperary has lost none of its spirit.
The cruelty of the landlords, who are clearing their demesnes of the peasantry, has produced its wonted effect. The people openly declare that they would rather die fighting for their hearths than perish mis erably on the wayside; they avow that revolution is preferable to starvation or

They are right," cried O'Connell. "Yes, they are right," continued the stranger. "It is a glorious thing to fall in open battle for one's liberties, but it is a mean, a horrible thing, to sit on the road-

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side day after day, and wrestle with hun-ger and want. Ah, it is a sad thing to pine away for want of food—to perish for want of a few potatoes, or a few grains of

"And yet such things exist at present," said the stranger. "At this moment hundreds of families are being cast upon the road to perish from hunger. Woodcock

The present violent state of affairs cannot last in Ireland. Oppression is ever the father of revolt. There is a limit to human patience. The patience of Irishmen has been too much tried; the heroic endurhas been too much tried; the nerois endur-ance of the saints cannot be expected from a whole nation. The day for the practice of Christian forbearance is gone, the hour for vengeance has come. Engthe hour for vengeance has come. Eng-land may blame herself if she sees our hands red with the best blood of her sons."

The speaker's voice trembled as he spoke.

O'Connell looked vacantly towards the fire.
"Eleven hundred families have received notice to quit," said O'Connell, after a few minutes of silence and burning thought. "What is the state of Templemore?" he

"Mr. O'Connell," said the stranger in a low whisper, "I'll give you a secret; Templemore—wild Templemore—is ours. The evening before I left it, I disguised my self as a peddler of penknives, and entered the barracks, which has about eight hundred the barracks, which has about eight hundred men at present. One of the officers, who is a Head Centre among the soldiers, gave me a free pass to the different quarters I wished to visit. To my great satisfaction I found the Circle in a most flourishing condition. 'Toss up the ball! Give us the signal,' they said to me, 'and the barrack is yours.' As I walked into the mess-room I heard about fifty of them mess-room I heard about fifty of them singing the following stanzas from the wellknown song of Davis-'The Vow of Tip-

"'Too long we've fought for Britain's cause, And of our blood were never chary; They paid us back with tyrant laws, And thinned the homes of Tipperary,

But never more we'll win such thanks,

"That's enough, that's enough," said Richard, interrupting the stranger just before he pronounced the sacred name of God. "I do not like wholesale swearing."
"Do you really believe in the final triumph of our cause, Mr. O'Connell," asked the stranger in a doubtful tone.
"I do," answered O'Connell with

"Do you believe in the justice of our

"I believe our cause is just and holy."
"Why, then, do you object to wholesale swearing among the soldiers?"

"I object to any class of men, in such a place as a mess-room, calling lightly upon the name of God. An oath is a solemn thing, and not to be sung over a pot of ale. I object to English soldiers, on the ground that they have no permission to perjure themselves. We must remem-ber that they have taken an oath of allegiance to the British Crown. Besides, if they prove false to their first oath, how can we trust their fidelity to their second

"I suppose, Mr. O'Connell, you cannot see anything wrong in retail swearing, on the part of one who has taken no oath of allegiance to our country's foes. To speak plainly, I hope you have no objection to take an oath to mean implicit

Richard was startled by the proposal.

His lips quivered, and his whole frame shook. He gazed fixedly on the half-con-

"I see you are ready," said the latter coolly, as he took a small, disfigured Bible

"We are—we are."

"No, sir, no," cried Richard as he drew away from his designing companion.

"What! you are not ready," stammered the strength in the strengt

the stranger in surprise. "No, sir, no," again cried Richard, almost loud enough for those near the fire to hear him.

"May I ask your objections?"
"My hatred of evil," said the young man proudly.

"But there is nothing wrong in the proposed oath.

"I must differ from you on this point. To take such an oath as you propose would be wrong in itself. You wish me to swear implicit obedience to superiors who are altogether unknown to me, and whose intentions, perhaps, are evil. This is wrong in itself."

wrong in itself."
"Have you any other objections?"
asked the stranger with a sneer.
"Yes, my love of liberty and independence. Ithink too highly of my freedom of action to surrender it wholly to the whim of unknown and irresponsible men; I may also add, that I prize my peace of conscience too dearly to play with it. conscience too dearly to play with it.
While I seek to throw off the tyranny of

England, I do not wish to become the slave of Irishmen. Slavery of every kind is hateful to me." "No other objection?"
"Yes, the Church forbids such oaths under pain of excommunication. I have no desire to be lopped off as a rotten branch. I tremble at the thought of living

without the sacraments, and, after death, of being flung like a dog into unhallowed "O'Connell," hissed the stranger, as he arose and walked towards the fire, "you are still a boy, a child. You have not the remotest qualification of a revolutionist. The Head Centre will hear of all

O'Connell remained seated; he did not eem to hear these cruel taunts.
All eyes turned towards the stranger,

he advanced towards the middle of the circle. Every tongue grew still; the crackling of the green wood alone was heard. As if to produce an effect, he

EASILY PROVEN .- It is easily prover Easily Proven.—It is easily proven that malarial fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness, and neuralgic ailments yield readily to this great disease conquerer, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always.

slowly unfolded his cloak, and dropped it behind him on the ground; then, casting rant of a few potatoes, or a few grains of orn."

"And yet, such things have been seen a Ireland," muttered O'Connell sorrow-illy.

"And yet and water of the potatoes of th

"Captain Slasher himself," muttered lo

voices.

When silence was again restored,
Slasher placed his right hand inside his
belt, threw forward his chest, and spoke as

dreds of families are being cast upon the road to perish from hunger. Woodcock Carden, at the foot of Devil's Bit, has given notice to eleven hundred families to quit the homes of their infaney."
"Can this be true?"
"It is unfortunately too true. But be assured Mr. O'Connell, Carden will never see the fulfilment of his wicked desires.
The present violent state of affairs cannot the present violent state of affairs cannot involve the flinty heart of England to do us institute. But for us,—give us war, fierce justice. But for us,—give us war, fierce and bloody war. With swords and pikes in our hands we shall demand liberty as a right. We burn to try the temper of our steel. England may well tremble; Ireland has risen to her feet, and cries for ven-geance. We'll no longer flock to the emigeance. We'll no longer flock to the em-grant ship; we'll no longer lie down and perish by the road-side; we'll no longer kiss the red scourge of our Saxon lords. tear the red rag of England in shreds we'll trample on the Crown and Throne we'll hurl the British lion into our Irish Let no one prate about peace and moderation. Let no one lift his voice against a war that will be blessed by the God of battles.

"'Pity, no, no, you dare not. Priest— Not you, our father, dare Preach to us now that godless creed— The murderer's blood to spare.'"

"We are in earnest, we mean fight. Here, beneath an Irish sky, on Irish soil we'll kneel and swear before high heaven—"

Here the orator knelt on the ground and drew his hand from his belt.
"Kneel," he said in a commanding

The audience blindly obeyed. A chill passed over many there as they gazed upon the Captain's hard, determined face. The light of the bonfire gave an unpleasant glow to his dark eyes. Few had time to reflect upon what they were about to do. Of those few some resolved not to pronounce the words of their leader, some

resolved to pronounce them, but without any intention of binding themselves while others firmly resolved "to be sworn The Captain drew a pistol from his belt

and held it tightly in his hand.

"Point your right hands towards heaven," he said. All hands were lifted.
"Almighty and Eternal God," he be

gan. "Almighty and Eternal God," murmured the crowd.
"We solemnly swear." "We solemnly-"Hold, hold, deluded people. You have no right to take that oath," cried

O'Connell, starting to his feet.
"O'Connell, stand back, or I swear-"Arise, arise, deluded men," shouted O'Connell, as he rushed to the spot where

The charm of the orator was gone. The crowd sprang to their feet, and felt

The Captain was too cool and prudent not to see that his chance had passed away. He knew also that it would be dangerous to hurta hair of O'Connell's head, so he replaced the pistol in his belt,

and said very calmly:
"Perhaps we were going too far. Mr.
O'Connell is right."

"He's right. He's right. God bless him, sure 'tis he who saved us from a wicked

crime," shouted the crowd.
"You are all ready to fight for Ireland, are you not, boys?" said the Captain con fidently.
"We're ready—we're ready."

"You are ready to die for Ireland, poo old Ireland, are you not?" We are-we are."

'Slievenamon!" shouted the Car

as if anxious to divert the minds of all from the late unpleasant scene.
"Aye, aye, Captain," said a small fat

man, stepping out from the throng. "Duffhill!"

"Duffhil!"

"Aye, aye, Captain," answered a deep voice hidden away in the crowd.

"Remember, boys, that the pikes should be together by the rising of the moon."

"Aye, aye, Captain."

The two disappeared almost instantly in the woods. While they were away a wit present ventured to whisper to his neighbor that he did not like much those allu-

bor that he did not like much those allu-sions about the rising of the moon in connection with their meeting. "It is to be sincerely hoped," he said, "that the gentle queen of night has no influence over us. "On such occasions as this," said his poetic neighbor, "I always think of the peautiful words of the ballad:

"'Arrah, meet me by moonlight alone, And I'll give you a lick of a fiail, Or a rap of a lump of a stone, That will soften your head, I go bail."

By this time the two returned, bearing about a dozen rusty old pikes.
"With these," whispered the wit to his neighbor, "we intend to deal England a mortal blow."

"Hold your tongue, man, and don't be always fooling," said an old fellow who overheard the whisper.

"Attention!" cried the Captain, with a voice that would do honor to a French

marshal. A dead silence followed. As it is not our intention to show forth the blunders of those raw recruits, we will leave them under the instruction of their able drill-master. For their honor, be it said, that their patience and docility were great. Both O'Connell and the Captain expressed their entire satisfaction with the progress made by all.

TO BE CONTINUED. "Fair Girl Graduates,"

whose sedentary lives increase troubles peculiar to women, should use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which is an unfailing remedy. Sold by druggists.

"Had sour stomach and miserable appetite for months, and grew thin every day. I used Burdock Blood Bitters with the most marvelous results; feel splendid."

MRS. JOSEPH JOHNSON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

REIGN OF TERROR. Christian Prisoners in Alexandria.

The Catholic Missions—a periodical the first number of which appeared in March—gives an account, by Father Dianous, S. J., of a tragic episode in the Days of Ter-

ror at Alexandria. We extract some passages from his vivid and highly interesting narrative. The Father and his companions were arrested on a false accusation of signalling to the English fleet:— "An object of jeering to all the natives, we were driven through the streets by the soldiers. The cannons went on thundering, and the balls doing their work of destruction. On our way of sorrows we saw every now and then shells close to the wall in which they had made enormous rents. What was our let to be? What might be

going on in our house, in which we had left only women and children with the

Arabian workmen who had betrayed us? These thoughts filled us with anguish and mbittered our chalice of sorrow. WHERE THE PRISONERS WERE KEPT.
"In twenty or thirty minutes we reached the Zapthie. We there met about fifteen Europeans, covered with blood as we were, and all taken up on the same grounds as ourselves. We had to go through another examination, after which we were interest. ourselves. We had to go through another examination, after which we were imprisoned in very truth in the Prefecture of Police. Did they mean to make us serve as hostages to the English, and would our fate be that of the victims of the Paris Commune? It was impossible for us to know, and the fierce looks of our watchers did not certainly inspire us with much confidence. Vainly we asked for water to bathe our wounds; we were obliged to let the blood dry as it was. Our faces were further disfigured by sweat and dirt. From time to time new victims were brought in, all of them wounded and disfigured as we were. They had all been taken up in their houses on the same ridiculous

their houses on the same ridiculous pre-text as ourselves, viz., that they had made signs to the English. In the evening we numbered twenty-seven, and on the fol-lowing day we were forty-nine through fresh arrivals. DESCRIPTION OF THE PRISON.

"The Zapthie is a building near the har-

or enclosed by four streets. In front of bor enclosed by four streets. In front of the chief entrance there is a hall, on the left wide stairs leading to the upper stories. Quite outside there is a gate in a square court yard from which eight doors open on to as many prisons. This dungeon was full of the refuge of the town, thieves and nurderers, who had been taken up during murderers, who had been taken up during the preceding anarchical time. Probably many of them had taken part in the murderous deeds of the 11th of June. As the cell system is something quite unknown in Egypt, these highwaymen and throatcutters were huddled together. The thunder of the cannon and the sight of the carts laden with wounded together. carts laden with wounded men and fearfully disfigured corpses, which passed be-fore their barred windows, worked them ore their barred windows, worked them up to the most intense pitch of excitement. They raised a shout of anger so fearful that it made us fear the worst. To keep them in order the soldiers every now and then took the wildest of the number and administered forty stripes on the soles of the feet. Many of them bore this without maying a number with this without moving a muscle, whilst others, who were not so stolid, set up a howl. Luckily the authorities had suffici

ent sense of propriety not to lock up the Europeans with these rogues, they were put at first in a dirty little passage on the first floor, where they were crowded together like herrings. HOW THE PRISONERS WERE DISPOSED AND "On our arrival we marched through

this corridor; we were put into a room which served the Prefect of Police and his men when they were on duty; it had two tables and a divan. After the examination respect for our calling prevented the guards from driving us out of this room, and we hastened to have the privilege extended to our follows afforces. At nicht and we hastened to have the privilege ex-tended to our fellow-sufferers. At night-fall an old bear of a soldier brought a single bit of black Arabian bread for each prisoner; that was our only meal for that and the following day. As for the bed, everyone managed as best they could; we had not as much as the bundle of straw, without which, as we used to read in story books, it is impossible to imagine a prison. we made our bed on the cold stone floor, for what are a divan, two tables, and a for what are a divan, two tables, and a few chairs for twenty-seven persons? A soldier with drawn bayonet stood on watch; as often as there was a change of men, we were counted one by one. A dim lamp shed an uncertain half light in the corridor, it made everything look dark and weird; horrid imaginings and heavy dreams filled our light and oft-disturbed slumbers. I had succeeded in keeping a watch from the theiving rogues, and my watch from the theiving rogues, and my companious kept on asking me the time; they were all longing for the first streaks of the red morning light. We indeed were quite ignorant of what the morrow might bring us, but hope, which is not easily quenched in mortal heart, made us wish for it, for the light itself brings a certain confidence with it which is encouraging, and which makes us more hopeful at facing danger.

"Day came at last; bright sunshine filled the room. We tried our best to put our cramped limbs in working order after the fatigues of the night. But our tone had grown much more depressed than on the previous evening. In the stillness of the night we had all realized our dangerthe night we had all realized our danger-ous position. Little was said, and every one was looking grave. Still there was nothing new; the thunder of the cannon stopped, and that was a good sign for us. As the English have left off firing, the peace must be concluded, we said one to another; in the contrary event we should have everything to fear. Then we discovered that a steam-engine was being heated, and we were told that it was going to the Khedive's palace, Dras-el tin, which was on fire. As a matter of fact we saw a crowd of people and soldiers hurrying in that direction. Then at about ten o'clock in the morning there were ten cannon reports one after another. We looked

feets came to take down the names of the new comers. He answered our questions with angry exclamations. 'Is this the way to make war?' he cried; 'when a fire we have to thank the prayers of our Fathers for the inward peace which never left us, and which was so necessary for us in order to keep up the fortitude of our fellow-prisoners. It was a most special and precious grace, for which we can never sufficiently thank God.'

"Towards mid-day there was great excitement in the prison. Cartridges were given to the guards and they prepared their weapons. 'You will be taken away at once,' said a soldier harshly to us, 'but wait for a moment; don't budge an inch till I come back and tell you.' A minute later we heard a great cry from the prison underneath; it was the thieves and murderres who had been set free and were now hurrying away to the town after now hurrying away to the town after plunder. For an instant I feared that they would turn them on to us. Then I tried to think what had been in the minds of our guards; they wanted to let us out at the same time as the criminals; that is, they wanted the rabble to fall upon the mount we set up feet in the us the moment we set our feet in street, and to massacre us, thus clearing themselves of the responsibility of our murder. The thought of the Paris hostages came into my mind like a flash of light-ning. 'Quick,' I called out at once,' don't let us lose a moment. Let every one that can, put their shoulder to the wheel. We

must barricade ourselves!'

BARRICADING FOR DEFENCE. "No sooner said than done. In the twinkling of an eye, the divan, table and chairs were jammed up against the door, and we all stood up to guard our impro-vised fortification. 'Let us persevere till the Frail the English come and we are saved,' I said. The report, indeed, that the English had landed had confounded our sol-diers. Unfortunately, it was a false one. If the English had landed that evening the town would have been saved from burning and plundering. I had to listen to much abuse of the English for this delay of several days.

PREPARING TO MEET THE TERRIBLE OR

"We had scarcely been a quarter of an hour barricaded before the soldiers came back, to find the doors firmly wedged from within. They hammered against the door, but we uttered not a word. 'Open!' they cried. 'Hold firm,' we said softly to each other. After prolonged thumps and blows the door was on the point of going to pieces. 'We will do you no harm,' exclaimed the soldiers. What could we do? claimed the soldiers. What could we do? We were obliged to open to them. We had scarcely done so than there came a shot into our densely packed mass: the ball struck an unfortunate Pole in the back; he sank down bathed in blood. back; he sank down bathed in blood. The panic was now at its height; one of our fellow-prisoners lost his senses, sprang out of the window and was killed on the spot. We afterwards saw his corpse in the middle of the street. The soldiers drove us out and took us down the long steps leading to the ante hell. The wisdle steps leading to the ante hall. The whole number of more than forty prisoners were crowded together on the steps. were crowded together on the steps. Armed soldiers went before us and guards in our rear, who let us hear the clink of their drawn sweets. their drawn swords over our heads; they pressed us onwards, and we could hardly keep up with them. They had perhaps, meant to drive us into the street, but something seems to have prevented this plan. When we reached the bottom, the guards called out, 'Where are we to take them?' 'To the inner court,' answered tne leaders. 'From the windows of the first floor two men can easily shoot them down if need be.'

WISHING TO DIE AS CHRISTIANS "As we heard this, Father Mechin and I ave each other absolution. Then I exclaimed in a loud tone, 'If we are to die, we wish to die as Christians; make an act of contrition, and we will give you holy absolution.' All the prisoners fell on their knees, and received with recollection the pardon which we spoke aloud over them in the face of the followers of the false Prophet."

How To Detect Classical Music.

I can give you a simple rule by which the most ignorant may know whether any given piece of music should or should not admired. If you know at once what t is all about ; if it seems to be saying, 1, 2, 3, hop, hop, hop, or 1, 2, 3, bang, bang, bang, you may conclude at once that you are listening to something of a very low order, which it is your duty to despise. order, which it is your duty to despise. But when you hear something that sounds as if an assorted lot of notes had been put into a barrel and were being persistently stirred up, like a kind of harmonious strict up, like a kind of narmonious gruel, you may know it's a fugue, and safely assume an expression of profound interest. If the notes appear to have been dropped by accident, and are being fished up at irregular intervals in a sort of placid or drowned condition, it is likely to be a nocturne; and nocturnes, you know, are quite too utterly lovely for anything. If the notes seem to come in car-loads, each load of a different kind from the last, and if the train seems to be an unreasonably long time in passing a given point, it will turn out most likely to be a symphony; and symphonies are just the grandest things that ever were. If the notes appear to be dumped out in masses, and shovelled vigorously into heaps, and then blown widely into the air by explosions of dynamite, that's rhapsody; and rhapsodies are among the latest things in

WHERE ARE THE CONVERTS.

The "Irish Church Missions" are still in existence. The ostensible object of this association is to spread the light of the Gospel among the benighted Papists way to make war? he cried; 'when a fire breaks out and a compact mass of people have gathered together to put it out, they shoot them down. We have more dead to-day than yesterday.' And, in fact, we saw bloody carts full of corpses rolling by our windows, and we heard an angry mob shouting for vengeance. Each thought his own thoughts the while, and they were certainly not very pleasant ones. We felt that our fate would soon be decided. 'God may dispose of us as He wills; we have Belfast and its vicinity—to require to have their souls looked after. It is only the children of those who, in the past, when Britain was peopled by barbarians painted with wood, acquired the reputa-tion for their Island of being one sanctorum et doctorum ("of the saints and learned" who stand in need of the ministrations of the modern evangelists. There is this distinction between the white-chokered worthies who go to the banks of the Congo and those who descend upon Connemara—that the former are generally provided with the rum-bottle, and sometimes beat the slave-girls they have converted, while the slave-girls they have converted, while the latter are more usually armed with the soup-ladle, and are sometimes drum-med out of the quiet parishes they infest by the offended free matrons thereof. Both, however, belong to the same generic order, and are as like each other as the order, and are as like each other as the order, and are as like each other as the crocodile is to the alligator, or the attorney to the solicitor. And both keep as keen an eye on the exchequer as "General" Booth himself.

Well, this "Irish Church Missions" bur-

lesque company has been holding its thirty-fourth annual pow-wow in St. James' Hall with that solemn-as-an-owl old lawyer, Earl Cairns, in the chair. The lawyer, Earl Cairns, in the chair. The speeches of the minor members of the company are considered of too little importance by the London papers to be given in full; but there is enough in the sole reported discourse, that of the "heavy man," to supply material for reflection. His Lordship said that, by the Providence of God, the society had done a great deal of work in Ireland, but that still there was a greater work to be done. To the latter statement we cordially assent to was a greater we cordially assent; to the former we offer direct challenge. What work has this shallow corporation of ecclesiastical free-lances done, except to spend the money contributed by fools and fanatics in England? Where are the "converts" it has made, and where is the proof of the sincerity of their so-styled conversion? Do not the mean and hypocritical Mick M'Quaids, who take off their hats to their "raverinces" with one hand and hold out an itching palm in the and hold out an itening paint in the other, put their tongues in their cheeks as the tub-thumbers turn their backs? defy the Earl Cairns to produce one sample of an honest man character, who has changed his religion through disinterested motives, among his ragged battalion of oatmeal apostates. If such there be, he is a rare enough specimen to be catalogued with the mummies in the British Museum, or sent for exhibition side by side with Krao in the Westminster ade by side with Krao in the Westminster Aquarium. We tell his Lordship that the moment the Irish Catholic, like his Spanish brother, ceases to be a Catholic he lapses into latitudinarism—until the deathbed approaches. When he loses his faith, he loses all reverence for sacred matters. As for the notion of his abandoning the Church of his fathers to embrace the wretched schism adopted by the dominant race—except he should make dominant race—except he should make the pretence of doing it for the sake of filthy lucre—it is the most outrageous

folly.

But Earl Cairns cleverly confines himself to generalities, which, seeing that he is a law lord, and should know that vague is a law-lord, and should know that vague assertion carries no weight, is not to his credit. He asserts that these "Irish Church Missions" are making gigantic strides, and silently sapping the foundations of Catholicity in Dublin and many parts of the provinces. And his authority for this, forsooth, is a priest! We deny it, and, as he ought to be aware, on the man who makes an affirmation, not on him who makes an affirmation, not on him who makes an affirmation, not on him who questions it, rest the onus probandi. ask him for his proofs.

ask him for his proofs.

The most amusing portion of his Lordship's speech is its peroration. England, he unctuously declares, had done many things for the Irish people. And, then, first among her benefactions, he artlessly mentions, she had conquered them! This is fact. This law-lord actually has the coolines to speak of the imposition of sealons. coolness to speak of the imposition of a foreign yoke upon Ireland as if it were an How ungrateful of Irishmen not to recognize it in that light. The ruthless invaders, who came upon the land with torch and sword—the Norman adventurers and and sword—the Norman adventurers and Saxon churls—the heroes of the massacre of Drogheda and the treaty-breakers of Limerick, were really, if one could only see through the spectacles of Earl Cairns, meek as the modern band of pilgrims who

We are the Salvation sisters, We've come to do you good.

England, having conquered Ireland, added to her kindness by giving to that petted little isle her English laws and English habits. English laws, inaph! We know what they are in Ireland. As for English habits, thank God, that of telling lies under the mask of religion on a public platform is not one of them, my Lord! But. adds the noble Earl. in sorrowful But, adds the noble Earl, in sorrowful But, adds the noble Earl, in sorrowful tones, "England has neglected to give Ireland the Gospel of Christ." This is unjust, my Lord, not to say ungenerous. How could England bestow what she did not possess? And, besides, the bestowal would be no gift to the dear land which had been sanctified by the presence of Patrick, Bridget and Columbkille, and hosts of exemplary men and holy women.-London Universe.

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non reports one after another. We looked at each other, and many a face grew pale. 'It's all over,' cried some; 'we shall not leave this prison alive.'

STARED IN THE FACE BY THE PROSPECT OF STARED IN THE FACE BY THE PROSPECT OF Courage and cheer others when the heart itself is still. The example is never lost. Do not overburden a faithful and will about and one of them had his skull halfmashed. The secretary of the police pre-

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