A friend I loved in childhood's rosy morn,
A dear one treasured'in youth's golden dawn,
A fair young rosebud to heaven has flown
And left us in our deep, deep grief alone;
Alone—Ah! no, for the breath of that fragrant flower
Is e'er wafting back perfume to its native
bower,

For well we know the odor of virtues fair Is transmitted to us from high heaven's par-And oft we think of the lithe young form Who loved with rare and beauteous flowers

who loved with a dorn adorn the home of His love,
The altar of her God—the home of His love,
As she prayed she might dwell in His bright courts above. And shall we weep that the loved is gone to

her rest.
That she dwells with her God in the realms of the blest,
That she's left this sad world with its trials and tears To dwell where the light of His glory appears; Ah! no, but with the angels exultantly sing As a sister-spirit to heaven they bring; Oh! may we when life's task is o'er Meet with thee loved one, to part nevermore.

And this devotee of Mary our Queen
At vesper hour in fervent prayer was seen,
She asked our dear Mother, ere her own
month would close
The sweet month of May, she no more on
earth might repose,
But with angelic choirs sing our dear Lady's
praises.

And Mary our Queen has heard her child's prayer, And greets her fond child in heaven's par-Where roses bloom radiantly, peerlessly fair.

## THE LITTLE CHAPEL AT MONAMULLIN.

Situated in the wildest portion of the county of Mayo, Monamullin, at the date upon which this story opens, mustered about forty mud-cabins erected here and there, and in such a position as were deemed most suitable, having regard to the cruel winds from the ocean, and the "bit o' ground" for the cultivation of the

potatoes.

A cottage covered with a crisp amber thatch, and whitewashed to the color of the driven snow, held the post of honor in the village. It boasted a flower-garden in front and a vegetable patch in the rear. Moreover, it was guarded by a neatly-cropped privet hedge, while a little green gate admitted to a red-bricked pathway realings to a practice ports adorned with potatoes gate admitted to a red-bricked pathway leading to a rustic porch adorned with roses that seemingly bloomed the whole year round, and a Virginia creeper whose

In the front garden, his head bared, the rays of the setting sun surrounding it as with an aureole, stalked a man attired in the black flowing soutane of a Catholic

clergyman. Father Maurice O'Donnell, the parish priest, was engaged in reading his office from a tattered and dog's-eared breviary. Tall and thin almost to emaciation, there was yet a wiry swing in his gaunt frame that spoke of unfaded vigor, whilst the glowing fire in the dark blue eye told its own tale

own tale.
"Father Maurice" was loved and cher ished by his little flock. His every want—and his wants were few enough—was anxiously anticipated. His patch of oats was tilled, weeded, cut, and stacked, his cottage thatched and whitewashed, his cottage thatched and whitewashed, his potatoes planted, his pony treated as common property in so far as fodder was concerned, while upon fast-days the "finest lump av a salmin" or the "illigantest" turbot, ever found its way to the back door of "The House," as his humble abode was somewhat grandilearnethy

styled.

Maurice O'Donnell was wrapped up in his flock. In good sooth he was their shepherd. Night, noon, and morning found him ever watchful at "the gate in the vineyard wall." He was the depositions of the control tary of all their griefs, the sharer in all their joys—their guide, philosopher, and friend. In worldly matters he was simple as a child. Living, as he did, out of the world, he was perfectly contented to learn what was whirling round within it from the pages of the Nation, from the columns of which it was his practice to read aloud on Sunday afternoon to a very large muster, if not to the entire adult populaof Monamullin-in summer seated in a coign of vantage by the sad sea wave, in winter opposite a rousing turf fire laid on especially for the impor-tant occasion, and with a great display of ceremony by his housekeeper, "an ould widdy wumman" rejoicing in the name of Clancy, whose husband had been lost

sea in the night of "the great storm." Father Maurice never asked for money -he had no occasion for it. His solitary extravagance was snuff, and the most sedulous care was taken by the "boys" returning from Castlebar or Westport to fetch back a supply of "high toast," in order that his "riverince's box" might

tand constantly replenished.

Upon this particular August evening
Father Maurice was hurrying through his office with as much rapidity as the solemn nature of the duty would permit, as a no less than seven honest Irish miles lay between him and his dinner.

The even tenor of his life had been

broken in upon by an invitation to dine and sleep at the palatial residence of Mr. Jocelyn Jyvecote, a Yorkshire squire, who had purchased the old acres of the Blakes of Ballinacor, and who had recently expended a fabulous sum in erecting a castle upon the edge of a gloomy lake in the desolate valley of Glendhanarrahsheen. In his letter of invitation Mr. Jyvecote "I am extremely desirous of introducing my youngest daughter to you, as she has taken it into her head to go over to your church; and, since you are so devoted to her interests, I beg of you to accept this invitation as you would under-

take a little extra duty To decline would be worse than ungracious, especially under the peculiar circumstances of the case, and it was with a heavy heart, and not without a keen dea neavy nearr, and not without a keen de-bate with Mr. Lawrence Muldoon, the "warm" man of the village, in which the pros and cons were duly and gravely weighed, that the worthy priest replied in the affirmative. While Father Maurice was engaged in pacing his little garden, Mrs. Clancy, his housekeeper, was calmly preparing for a steady but copious enjoy-ment of her evening meal in the kitchen, which from floor to ceiling, from fire-place to dresser—shining again with crockery of the willow pattern—was, to use her own Clancy:"

expression, "as nate as a new biled egg."
A large brown earthenware teapot had
just been promoted from the hob to a
table "convayment" to the window. A huge platter of stirabout, with a lump of butter oiling itself in the middle, stood within easy reach of her right hand, while a square of griddlebread occupied a like osition upon her left, and a wooden owl full of jacket-bursted potatoes formed

the near background.

Mrs. Clancy was strong upon tea, and
in the village her opinion upon this as upon
in the village her opinion upon this as upon most other subjects was unwritten law. She was particularly fond of a dash of green through a full-flavored Pekoe, pre-paring the mixture with her own fair paring the mixture with her own fair hands with a solemn gravity befitting so serious an undertaking. She was now about to try a sample of Souchong which had just arrived from Westport, and her condition of mind was akin to that of an analytical chemist upon the eve of some exceedingly important result. exceedingly important result.

Mrs. Clancy had seated heaself in that

cosy attitude peculiar to elderly females about to enjoy, to them, that most inviting of all meals, and had already ascertained, upon anxious reference to the tea its contents had been sufficiently drawn, when the door was thrust some-what violently open, and Murty Mulligan, the "priest's boy," uncermoniously en-

the "priest's boy," uncermoniously entered the sanctum.

Murty was handy-man and factorum. He "swep out" the chapel, rang the bell, attended Mass, groomed the pony, dug the potatoes, landed the cabbage, and made himself generally useful.

Although designated a "boy," he had allowed—not that he could claim any particular option in the matter—some forty-five summers to roll over his head, every one of which, in addition to their

every one of which, in addition to their attendant winters, had been passed in the peceful little village of Monamullin. His travels had never extended further than Westport, which he regarded as a vast commercial scaport—a Liverpool, in fact—and it was his habit to place it in comparison with any city of note that might come upon the tapis, extolling its dimensions and dilating upon its unlimited importance. peceful little village of Monamullin.

portance.

Murty's appearance savored much of the stage Irishman's. His eyes sparkled comically, his nose was tip-tilted—Mr. Tennyson will excuse the application of the simile—while his mouth was large and the control of the same of t always open. His forehead was rather low, and his ears stood out upon either side of his head like the orifices of airshafts. He was now arrayed in his brav est attire, as he had been told off to drive his reverence to Moynalty Castle. His brognes were as highly greased as his hair, and his Sunday—last Mass—clothes, consisting of a survey of and his Sunday—last Mass—clothes, consisting of a gray frieze body-coat with brass buttons, a flowered silk waistcoat, cordurey knee-breeches, and blue worsted stockings, looked as fresh as if they had been donned for the first time.

Not a little vain of the importance of his office, combined with the general effect of his appearance, he swaggered into the kitchen in a manner totally at variance with his usual custom, as Mrs. Claney was

with his usual custom, as Mrs. Clancy was every inch queen of this realm, and a potentate who exercised her prerogative

with right royal despotism.

The "consait" was considerably taken The "consait" was considerably taken out of Murty by being met with an angry, out of Murty by being met with an angry, contemptuous stare and "What ails ye, Murty Mulligan?"
"It's time for to bring round the yoke, ma'am," replied Murty in an abashed and

respectful tone, eveing the teapot with a who was now appoaching the cottage was nestful glance, as he was particularly partial to a cup of the beverage it distilled, especially when brewed by Mrs. Clancy.

"Well, av it is, bring it round," was the "Arrah! what wud bring a gintleman and was tick in his hand," said Murty. tant rejoinder

dunna how far he's upon his office said Murty. "Ye'd betther ax, Murty Mulligan."

"I dar'n't disturb him, Mrs. Clancy, an'y ye know that as well as I do meself,

"Well, don't bother me, anyhow," oberved the lady, proceeding to pour out a

cup of tea.
"Is that the tay I brought ye from Westport, ma'am?" demanded Murty, upon whom the sight of the rich brown fluid and its pungent aroma were produc-ing longing effects.

Mrs. Claney took a preliminary sip with

Mrs. Clancy took a perinning sp with the sound of a person endeavoring to suck a coy oyster from a clinging shell.

"Sorra worse tay I ever petted," she retorted. "There's no more substance in it nor in chopped sthraw. I'll never take

grain o' tay out o' Westport agin-sorra "I done me best for ye, anyhow, ma'am.

I axed Misther Foley himself for the shupariorest tay in the town, an' he gim what's in that pot; an', faix, it smells an' well." And Murty sniffed, as if he would drive the aroma up through his nostrils out to the top of his head.

Mrs. Clancy turned to Murty with a

frowning and ominous aspect, the glare of an intense irritation blazing in her face.

"Do ye know what I think ye done, Murry Mulligan? It's me belief ye done, it, an' if ye tuk the buke to the conthrairy I wudn't credit ye." placing ber

It with the title black to the continuary of windn't credit ye," placing her arms akimbo and fixing bim with her eye.

"What is it I done, Mrs. Clancy?" demanded Murty boldly, flinging his caubeen upon the floor and assuming a defiant attitude. "What is it I done, ma'am?"

The housekeeper regarded him steadily, while she said in a slow and solemn tone of impeachment :
"Ye got me int

got me infayrior tay, an' ye tuk a pint out av the change. It was Murty's turn to become indig-

"I'd scorn for to do the likes of so mane an action, Mrs. Clancy. There's them that wud do the like, but I'd have know, ma'am, that me father's son wud rather be as dhry as a cuckoo, ma'am, nor

demane himself in that way. Yer sentiments, ma'am, is very hurtful to me feelin's, an' I'd as lieve ye'd call me a thief at wanst, ma'am, as for to run down me karakter in that a-way

"I don't want for to call ye nothin', but I repate that—"

"Don't repate nothin', ma'am. Av ye wur a man I'd give ye a crack in the gob for daarin' to asperge me karakter, more betokin all for the sake av the filthy lucre av a pint of porther. Porther, indeed!" added Murty. "I'm goin' to-day, ma'am, where I'll get me fill av pert wine, an' sherry wine, and Madayrial wine, ma'am; an' dickins resave the word I'll tell ye av the goin's-on at the castle beyant for yer thratemint av me this blessed evenin', Mrs.

This threat upon the part of Murty threw the housekeeper into the uttermost consternation. The proceedings at Moy-nalty Castle were fraught with the deepest interest to her; for in addition to her personal curiosity, which was rampart, it was necessary that she should become acquainted with everything that took place, in order to retail her special knowledge to her cronies in the village, who awaited the housekeeper's report in eager and hopeful

Had she burnt her boats? Had she cut

Had she burnt her boats? Had she cut down the bridge behind her? Murty Mulligan's tone was resolute. "Murty, Murty avic! shure it's only jokin' I was—sorra a more," she said in a

Murty grunted. "Shure yer welkim to yer pint av—"
Murty confronted her:
"I tell ye, Missis Clancy, that I tuk

"I tell ye, Missis Claney, that I tuk nothin', nayther bit, bite, nor sup, from the time I et me brekquest till I met Misther Fogarty's own boy, and he thrated me. Av I tuk a pint out av yer lucre, ma'am, I'd say it at wanst, wudout batin' about the bush."

"Thet's mount, Musty, say no more

"That's enough, Murty; say no more about the tay. They gev ye a bad material, Murty, an' shure that's none o' you're fault. Here," she added, pouring out a sauct. Here," sne added, pouring out a saucerful—the saucer being about the dimensions of a large soup-plate—and presenting it to him; "put that to yer mouth an's say is it worth three hapence are concerned." an ounce?" Sorra a care I care," growled Murty,

but in a much softer tone.
"Thry it, anyhow," urged the house

heeper.
"I don't care a thraneen for tay, Mrs. Clancy," said Murty, throwing a glance full of profund meaning towards a small press in which Mrs. Clancy kept a supply

cordials.
"Ah!" exclaimed that lady, "I see be the twist in yer eye that ye want some-thin' to put betune yer shammy an' the cowld. Ye have a long road to thravel, Murty, so a little sup o'ginger cordial will warm it for ye, avic." And while the Murty, so a little sup o' ginger cordial win warm it for ye, avic." And while the now thoroughly pacified Murty gently re-monstrated, Mrs. Claney proceeded to the cupboard, and, pouring a gollioque of the grateful compound into a tea-cup, handed it to Murty, who tossed it off with a smack that would have started a coach and four. "So ye'll stop the night at the castle?' observed the housekeeper in a careles

"Yis, ma'm."
"It's a fine billet, Murty."
"Sorra a finer. Shure it bates Lord
Sligo's an' Mitchell Hinry's beyant at
Kylemore; an' as for atin' an' dhrinkin',
be me song they say that lamb-chops is as

be me song they say that lamb-chops is as plentiful as cabbages is here, an' that there's as much sperrits in it as wud float ould Mickey Killeher's lugger."

"It's a quare thing for Misther Jyve-cote for to be axin' Father Maurice to a form," cunthry like that, Murty."

[gaun ?]

"Troth, thin, it is quare, ma'am; but, shure, mebbe he wants for to be converted." That must do it; an' he'd be bet in-

"That must do it; an' he'd be bet in-tirely, av Father Maurice wasn't there for to back his tack. His sermon last Sunda' was fit for the Pope o' Room."

"I never heerd the like av it. It flog-ged Europe. Whisht!" suddenly cried Murty, "who's this comin' up the shore?"

"It's a forring?" explaimed the house.

"It's a forriner," exclaimed the house-keeper, after a prolon zed scrutiny—mean-ing by the term foreigner that the person who was now appoaching the cottage was not an inhabitant of the village. "A fine,

"Arrah! what wud bring a gintleman here, ye omadhawn?" observed Mrs. Clancy

"A thraveller, thin," suggested her empanion. "He's a bag on his back."
"Troth,it's badly off he'd be for thravellin', if he come here for to do the like.

"He's makin' for the gate."
"He's riz the latch."

"I'll run out, Mrs. Clancy, and bring ye the hard word, while ye'd be axin' for the lind av a sack."

"Ay, do, Murty avic; an' I'll have a cup av Dimpsy's tay wet be the time yer

Father Maurice had just finished the perusal of his office, and was in the act of returning to the house, when the stranger approached him.

"Father Morris!" said the newcomer,

lifting his hat.

"Maurice O'Donnell, at your service "replied the priest.
"I should apologize for addressing you

so familiarly, reverend sir, but three or four persons of whom I asked my way told me that Father Morris was Monamullin, and that Monamullin was Father Morris." "My people invariably address me by

my Christian name, and I beg, sir, as you are now within my Bailiwick, that you will

"As I am within your bailiwick, I must needs do your bidding, Father Maurice." Such a genial, happy voice! Such frank, kind blue eyes! Such a well-knit, strong-

The priest gazed at a young man of about five-and-twenty, six feet high, with crisp brown curly hair, beard *en Henri Quatre*, broad forehead, and manly, sun-

burnt neck and face, attired in a suit of light homespun tweed, a blue flannel shirt light homespun tweed, a blue fiannel surft very open at the throat, a scarlet silk tie knotted sailor fashion, and heavy shoes, broad-toed and thick-soled.

"My name is Brown," he said. "I am an artist. I have walked over from Castlebar. I am doing picturesque bits of

this lovely country—not your confounded beaten tracks, but the nooks which must be sought like the violet. I have very little money, and needs must rough it. This stick and knapsack constitute my impedimenta, and, like Cæsar, I have carried my Commentaries before now in my teeth while bridging a river by swimming it. I asked for the inn, and I was referred

to Father Maurice."
"I can answer for it, Mr. Brown, that you will find every house in Monamullin willing to shelter you; and, further, that you will find this to be possibly the best. I am unfortunately compelled to travel seven miles along the coast to-night, but will be back, please God, to-morrow; in the meantime my housekeeper will try what some broiled fish and a dish of ham and eggs can do towards appeasing what ought to be a giant's appetite. And I can answer for the sheets being well aired, valley of Glendhanarrahsheen.

having pulled the lavender myself in which they are periodically enshrined.

Father Maurice ushered his guest into

handsome mouth.

the cottage with a welcome so genuine that Mr. Brown felt at his ease almost ere the greeting had died upon the priest's lps, and proceeded to hang up his hat and knapsack with the air of a man who was completely at home. The neat little parlor was cosily fur-The neat little parlor was cosny lur-nished. A genuine bit of Domingo mahogany stood in the centre of the room, and round it half a dozen plump horse-haired, brass-nailed chairs, with a "Come haired, brass-nailed chairs, with a "Come and sit on us, we are not for show." air about them peculiarly inviting. A venerable bureau, black as ebony from age, and brass-mounted, ornamented one corner, and opposite to it a plaster-of-paris bust of Pius IX. upon a fluted pedestal, while the recesses at either side of the paris bust of Plus 1A. upon a nured pedestal, while the recesses at either side of the fireplace were furnished with antique book-cases containing a well-thumbed library of ecclesiastical literature, the works of St. Augustine being prominently conspicuous. Over the mantel-piece hung a portrait of Daniel O'Connell, with the autograph of the Liberator in a small frame beneath, and at his right and left engravings, and of no mean order either, of Henry Grattan and John Philpot Cur-

of Henry Grattan and John Philpot Curran. The walls were adorned with copies of the cartoons of Raphael, a view of Croagh Patrick from Clew Bay, a bird's-eye glance at St. Peter's, and an illuminated address from the inhabitants of Monamullin to their beloved pastor upon the carnelesing of his thrighty agon mission completion of his thirtieth year on mission -an address the composition of which conferred undying renown upon Tim Rafy, the schoolmaster, and begat for the who wrote it a fame only second to "You are delightedly snug here, Father Maurice," observed his guest, seating him-

self and glancing admiringly round the apartment. "What a treasure of an antique bureau! Why, the brokers in London are giving any amount of money for such articles; we are all running mad over them. If you could get it whispered that Dean Swift or Joe Addison worked at that desk, it would be worth itt weight in gold. It's Queen Anne now or noth-

"You are an Englishman?" "A base, bloody, and brutal Saxon?"
"We have one of your countrymen residing in this part of the country—a Mr.

The stranger started. "Any of the The stranger started. "Any of the Jyvecotes of Marston Moor, in Yorkshire?" "The Jyvecote, I believe. He came over here about ten years ago to shoot, taking poor Mr. Bodkin Blake's Lodge in the valley of Glendhanarrahsheen, and—" "Oh! do say that word again, it is so Aslichtfully soft—a cross between Italian delightfully soft—a cross between Italian and Japanese," burst in the artist. "Glendhanarrahsheen," repeated Father

Maurice. "We have some softer that. What think you of Tharramae softer than gaun? But, as I was saving, Mr. 'yvecote liked the valley so much that he brought his family over in the following year. Mr. Jyvecote was delighted with the place, and he bought the Lodge, ex-tended it, and at length determined upon building a castle. This castle—Moynalty Castle he calls it—was completed about three years ago, the bare walls alone costing seventy thousand pounds. Excepthe Viceregal Lodge in Dublin," added the priest, "there is nothing so grand in all Ireland."

fifty miles."
"Then I forgive Mr. Jyvecote. I take off my hat to him. I congratulate him. O my dear Father Maurize!" exclaimed the artist enthusiastically, "you who live in such tender tranquility, with the moan of the sea for a lullaby, can know nothing of the ecstatic feeling attendant upon leaving steam fifty miles behind one. It is simply a new, a beatific existence Jocelyn Jyvecote is within ten

person engaged in thinking aloud than by Are you acquainted with him ?" asked,

the priest.
"Oh! yes—that is, very slightly." There was a decided shade of embarrassment in manner that would have struck an ordinary observer, but the simple-minded

clergyman failed to notice it.
"The yoke's at the doore, yer riverince, an' if we don't start at wanst we'll be bet

an' if we don't start at wans we not be the hill beyant Thronig na Coppagh," shouted Murty Mulligan, thrusting his shock head into the apartment.

"How unfortunately this happens!" exclaimed the priest. "I have not slept ut of this cottage for nearly thirty years and the very night I could have wished to be here I am compelled to go elsewhere. However, Mr. Brown, I shall leave you in good hands, and before I start I must

nake you acquainted with my house-Murty had returned to the kitchen conderably baffled.

"He's goin' for to stop the night, Mrs. Claney," he reported to the expectant

"Where is he goin' for to stop the night?"
"The strange gintleman above."
"Where is he goin' for to stop, I'd like for to know? Mrs. Dooly's childre is down wud maysles. The guager is billeted at Mooney's—" "He's goin' to stop here in this house.

heerd his riverince axin' him. "Arrah, baithersyin!" exclaimed Mrs. Clancy incredulously. "It's truth I'm tellin' ye, ma'am." "Well, may-"

At this moment the voice of Father At this moment the voice of Father Maurice was heard calling, "Mrs. Claney."

"Yer wanted, ma'am," cried Murty.

"I'm not fit to be seen. Slip up an' disposorse him, Murty avic, till I put on a glane sen an' awar." clane cap an' apron.

"Mrs. Clancy, you will take good care of this gentleman, Mr. Brown, till I come Show your skill in frying eggs and bacon, and in turning out a platter of stirabout. Don't let the hens cheat him of his fresh egg in the morning, and see that his bed is as comfortable as my own." And seating himself upon one side of the low-backed jauntingear, with Murty Mulligan upon the other, and with a courteous farewell to his guest, Father Maurice rapidly disappeared in the direction of the

Mr. Brown stood in the middle of the road gazing after the car, his hands plunged into his breeches pockets, and a weet little bit of meerschaum stuck in his

"What a turn of the wheel is this?" he said to himself. "I wander here into the most out-of-the-way place in out-of-the-way Ireland, and I find myself treading on the kibes of the very man whom of all others I would least care to meet. I always thought that Jyvecote was in Kerry, near Valentia, where the wire dives fo America. However, seven miles mean utter isolation here, and, by Jove! I'm too much charmed with this genial old clergyman and his genuine hospitality to think of shifting my quarters; besides, I'll paint him a holy picture, perhaps a Virgin and Child, which will in some small measure repay him. Nowhere in the world would one neet with such a reception, save in Ireland. Here I am taken upon trust, and believed to be an honest fellow until I am found out, completely reversing the social code. He places his house, his all, at my disposal, believing me to be a poor devil of an artist on tramp and ready to paint anything for bread and butter. Hang it all! it makes me feel low and mean to sail under the false colors of an assumed name, and yet it is better as it is

—much better. Suppose I meet Mr.

Jyvecote? He'd scarcely recognize me. I've not seen him since our stormy interview at Marseilles. Had I my beard then?

nim. Per Bacco! I suppose he was making for this place."

Mr. Brown strolled over to the bench, and, seating himself upon a granite boulder, smoked on and on, buried in thought. The sea was as still as a sea in a dream, and gray, and mystic, and silent. The hush that Eve whispers as Night lets fall her mantle was coming upon the earth, and the twinkling stars began to throb in the blue-black sky; not a speck was visible on the billowy plain save a solitary fishing-boat, which now loomed out of the darkness like a weird and thought. The sea was as still as a sea in a spectral bark.

No; it was on my way out to Egypt, and that's exactly three years ago this very month. He had a lot of womankind with

TO BE CONTINUED.

## HOW MASS WAS OFFERED IN THE SUPPER CHAMBER.

In the Annales de la Mission de N. D. de Sion for March, the Rev. F. Ratisbonne relates the following incident:

"An episode, hitherto unpublished, of Mgr. Spaccapietra's sojourn at Jerusalem in 1790, will be of interest, now that the churches of the East are mourning for thi

Archbishop of Smyrna. Mgr. Spaceapietra had spent some onths in the Holy Land, edifying Jerusalem by his charity and piety, when, to-wards Holy Week, there arrived the most illustrious Princess of Hohenzollern, of the Catholic branch of the Prussian royal family; accompanied by some religious of St. Paul of Rome, of which congregation

she is the august protectress.

"The princess had set her heart on an impossibility, to wit, the having Mass said in the Supper Chamber on Holy Thursday. It was represented to her that the Supper Chamber had been turned into a mosque ages ago, and that neither the pasha nor the cadi, nor the Sultan himself, could "Ireland."

"I must walk over there some day. Which way does it lie?"

"It's between us and Westport, along the coast, almost out upon a rock."

"What a strange idea to put such a lot of money into such a corner!"

"Is it not? It's completely out of the world. The nearest railway station is fifty miles."

"It's between us and Westport, along the was used as the first open its door. She sent for the offendi, the keeper of the mosque, offered in a fabulous sum, promised him that all states in a fabulous sum, promised him that all states is a fabulous sum, promised him that all states is a sum or completely out of the mane of Celestial by their rapt devotion at the early rite.

Then in Thibet, there is the missionary who distributes the Bread of Life to a croud of hungry souls.

At 6 the altars of Hindostan, where him a fabulous sum, promised him that all would be over in two hours, that the arrangements should be made with the strictest prudence, and that only a few persons

should be admitted. "The princess was not far wrong. In the East money is the only and most powerful argument under every circumstance. The offendi struck the bargain. the eve of Holy Thursday, at nightfall, a small portable altar and all the necessary accessories for offering the holy sacrifice vere brought in a well-closed box. the outlets were prudently closed, and the watchful keeper himself guarded the only available entrance left. Mgr. Spaccapietra was invited by the princess to renew the mystery of the holy supper in the same spot and the same day on which our Lord Jesus Christ accompanied it in the midst of His apostles.
"In memory of this divine action, twelve

priests were chosen by Mgr. Spaccapietra to be present at this new meeting in the Supper Chamber, and to partake of the body and blood of the New and Everlast-

ing Covenant.
"The fortunate guests presented themselves at the mosque door either singly or in couples at a prudent distance from one another, and the door was opened and shut immediately. When all were present, the wily Mussulman's conscience felt fresh twings. Knowing who it was with whom ne had to deal, he positively refused to let the altar be arranged. A fresh soothed the over-timorous offendi. He

coined mints of money that day.

"Mgr. Spaccapietra bestowed on me a
favor on the occasion which covered me with confusion and seemed to me over whelming; he appointed me one of the servers at the divine banquet. "It would be impossible for me to de-

scribe the emotion of those present, and the tears of the celebrant; at times I thought the holy Archbishop would never be able to consummate the sacrifice begun, and I held myself in readiness to catch him

"Two hours were not too long for the accomplishment of our mysterious paschal solemnity. It was brought to an end without any accident; and the same precautions which had been observed at our entry were repeated at our exit, propter wetum Judworum.
"For ages Mass had not been celebrated

on this venerated spot, the witness of the institution of the Eucharist, of the descent of the Holy Ghost and of the birth of the Catholic Church. Many years had rolled away before the altar of sacrifice was again raised there; and that it was for Mgr. Spaccaprietra, successor of the beloved disciple at Smyrna, that our Lord reserved this signal favor. And it was a devout Catholic princess who enabled us to enter into the Supper Chamber when the doors

## THE PERPETUAL OBLATION.

Have our young Catholics ever thought that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is being offered in some part of the world every

offered in some part of the world every hour of their lives? When it is midnight in New York Mass is beginning in the churches of Italy. Their ancient altars, at which saints have knelt, are lit up with tapers, and the Vicar of Christ and thousands of priests are lifting hely hands to heaven. hundreds of quiet chapels— Think of the

Jesus there, And Mary's image meek and fair. And the dim light, with rieh and poor Scattered round that chapel floor. While the tinkling beads they tell In whispers scarcely audible.

A little later and the bells of a thousand A little later and the bells of a thousand towers in France begin to sprinkle the air with holy sounds, and in every city, town and hamlet the Divine Host is uplifted amid the radience of lamps and the incense of flowers, to stay the anger of God from the land of His choicest favors, and kneeling crowds adore His chastening hand and pray for sinners who despise his ordi-

nanc Chivalric and religious Spain catches the echoes, and, when it is one o'clock in New York, offers the great sacrifice in countless splendid churches And then Catholic Ireland, the island of

saints, which has, during so many centuries, suffered for the faith, rallies anew round the altars it would never forsake.

At 2 o'clock and after, the priests of the islands of the Atlantic—perhaps the Cape de Verde—white robed and stoled, and wearing the great cross on their shoulders,

bend before the tabernacle. An hour later, a courageous missionary lifts up the chalice of salvation on the ice-

lifts up the chalice of salvation on the ice-bound coast of Greenland.

At 4.30 the sacred lamps twinkle through the fogs of Newfoundland, and at 5 Nova Scotia's industrious population begin the day by attending Mass.

And now all the Canadian churches and chapels grow radiant as the faithful people—the habitant of the country, the devout citizen, the consecrated nun and the inno-cent child—hasten to unite their prayers around the sanctuary where the priest is around the sanctuary where the priest is awaiting them.

At 9 how many souls are flocking to the churches in New York, eager to begin, their day of labor with the holiest act of

religion? Many young people too, gather round the altar then, or at a later hour, like the fresh flowers which open with the morning and offer their dewy fragrance An hour later the bells of Missouri and Louisiana are ringing, and at 8 Mexico, true to the faith, bends before glittering

altars.

At 9 the devout tribes of Oregon follow their loved black gown to their gay chapels, and California for a while loosens

its grasp on its gold to think of the trea-sure that rust doth not corrupt.

And when the Angelus bell is ringing at on in New York, the unbloody sacrifice is being offered in the islands of the Pacific. where there are generous souls laboring for our dear Lord.

over the waters, and one taper after anover the waters, and one taper after another catches the light of faith, making glad all the isles of the sea.

At 2 the zealous missionaries of Australia are murmuring with haste, eager for the coming of our Lord Introibo ad altere Dei. And all the spicy islands of the East catch up the sweet sound, one after another, till, at 4 in the afternoon, China proves that there are many souls who are worthy of the name of Celestial by their rant devotion at the early rite.

Saint Francis Xavier ministered, are arrayed with their flowers and lamps and sacred vessels, and unwearied priests are hastening to fortify their souls before Him, who is their life and their strength.

At 9, in Siberia, where many a poor Catholic exile from Poland has no other solace for his woes but the foot of the altar and the bread of heaven—God help him! During the hours when New York is gay with parties and balls and theatrical amusements, the holiest of rites are going on in the Indian Ocean and among the sable tribes of Africa, whose souls are so

dear to the Saviour who once died for all, At 11, in Jerusalem, the Holy City over which Jesus wept; where He wrought so many miracles, where he suffered, and offered Himself, a sacrifice for the whole

When midnight sounds again in New York the silver bells are tinkling again in every chancel in Rome. A.d so it goes on. The Divine Host is const. utly rising, on. The Divine Host is const. dry Island, like the sun in its course around the earth. Thus are fulfilled the words of the prophet Malachi: "From the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof, my name s great among the Gentiles; and in every place there is a sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean obligation, for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts."

the Lord of Hosts."

Every hour we can and should unite ourselves to the Masses going on in some part of the world, thus adding new brightness to God's glory, atoning for the neglect of others, and promoting our own

FIGHT YOUR OWN BATTLES.—Ask no thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's patronage. No one will ever help you as you help yourself because no one will be so heartily No one will ever help you as you help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. Men who win love do their own wooing. Whether you work for fame, for love of money or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brain. Say "I will!" and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have it to say: "I have made you what you are."

you what you are."
SEVEN FOOLS.—The angry man who sets his own house on fire in order that he may burn that of his neighbour. The envious man—who cannot enjoy life because others do. The robber—who for the consideration of a few pounds, gives the world liberty to The hypochondriac-whose hang him. The hypochondriac—whose highest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable. The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet, and then eats of it. The miser—who starves himself to death, in order that his heir may feast. The slanderer, who tells a lie for the sake of giving his enemy an opportunity to prove him

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