

In Memoriam.

Died, on Biddulph, Co. Middlesex, May 31st, Miss Bridget M. Carey.

THE LITTLE CHAPEL AT MONAMULLIN.

Situated in the wildest portion of the county of Mayo, Monamullin, at the date upon which this story opens, nestled 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 of ground" for the cultivation of the potatoes.

expression, "as neat as a new-laid egg." A large brown earthenware tureen had just been introduced from the hob to a table of "convenient" to the window.

This threat upon the part of Murty threw the housekeeper into the uttermost consternation. The proceedings at Moyalty Castle were fraught with the deepest interest to her; for in addition to her personal curiosity, which was rampant, 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 expectation.

having pulled the lavender myself in which they are periodically enshrined. Father Maurice ushered his guest into the cottage with a welcome so genuine that Mr. Brown felt at his ease almost ere the greeting had died upon the priest's lips, and proceeded to hang up his hat and knapsack with the air of a man who was completely at home.

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

THE PERPETUAL OBSESSION. Have our young Catholics ever thought that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is being offered in some part of the world every hour of their lives?

FROM SCIENCE METRICALLY. Hark! the bells are ringing 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 holy hands to heaven. Think of the hundreds of quiet chapels—