# Ohtrug 

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.
$\overline{\overline{\nabla O L}}$ XXVI
MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY $12,1876$.
NO. 39

ACENTS for the DOMINION CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

| New York Tablet 1 .............. | $\text { Weekly } \begin{gathered} \text { per annim } \\ \substack{3 \\ 3 \\ 3 \\ 0} \\ 00 \end{gathered}$ |
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| New Yoric Catiolic World...... | Montly 450 |
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JUST RECEIVED,
SERERMONS J. J. MURPHY,
 consig iment
TETSE given by
TES THiee, 82.00 . Free. J. MURPGT, IN 1881. $\underset{\text { from }}{\text { Price }}$
D. \& J. SADLIER \& CO.

275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
in memoriam
Of Mary A. Ford, wife of Augustine Ford, Esq,




Well way the fond aod dererished few
Wbo matched her litest breath
 And well may mother Erin sigh
Above ber hallowed clay, For never from here auzrayliky
Pased brigber star awal.
Were freedom's towering altar raised Did freedom's fearl less banner blaze
 And from its inmost heart tereound
Au! Una, blithesome was your heart
 And pure and spotless as the dem

The harp-our ancient bardic harp,-
Thrilled to thy magio hand, In tones of g weetest minstrels, And breatheod moth if errond and its chorls

 It told of Eri's hopes and
Hor sappration a
Digh And of her brehons, chieff, and bard
Who daree for
Erin Add not in weaks and trembling tone

It 1 it in every Irlsh brast,
And kinded into flame That burning gopes and longing liaked
With
Erin's hoored nam $\Delta$ nd taught the wronged and injured slave But gazing proadiys to the mora,
Might upward shine and soar
${ }^{4}$ lightning through the darkness leapg
So ininita suivid brightineas burst Thyy funiligh through our gloom. Its warmth and love cheall cheer us on And burn witkin our souls.
Huahed is the harp: no more



Smeat be thy sloep. We do oi For tho sese wito love veand trats Ad though wor hevartad rere dart to s
 Una; we do not weep for thee,
But for ourralves wie mcura:

## WINIFRED <br> COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE. a tale of the jacobite wars.

Fencinige


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"The proclamation orders that a prulic thanke



"I rode from York", she replied," "
Elliot, and our friothul any Erans
"You, Winfred, who never coll
 "he mantery oreet that troulil f frine "
"Andis the time come when one calculates yponone's house have evers bcen devoted?
blessed with her hatual presenco, or whether it had

Who might be supposed to know the probunbio"IWhat mean you ? $?$ " sho renlied quickly, wil.
fully misapprehending his meaning, which it wonld
has been from ther gentlo lips blhot I harzu learneed



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