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THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

ARMAGH

His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland has been pleased to appoint the Rev. Patrick Fagan, C.C., Armagh, to be parish priest of the parish of Kilsaran, County Louth in place of the late Rev. Peter Penton, P.P., lately deceased. Father Fagan has been stationed in the Diocese of Armagh for a considerable number of years, and during that time has earned for himself the high esteem and sincere affection of all with whom he came in contact.

CLAIMS

The greatest excitement and indignation prevails in Kilsaran in connection with alleged attempts at proselytizing. The Catholic people of Kilsaran have at times extended the utmost toleration and good will to those of various beliefs, and it is a matter of regret that attempts have been made off and on for the past couple of years to change the good feeling hitherto existing among all classes. The Very Rev. Dr. Malone, P.P., V.G., Kilsaran, has referred to this shameful conduct and warned the congregation from the altar against the methods used towards the children of Catholic parents to lead them astray. The Rev. Father Hogan, C.C., spoke of the abominable practice to the Arch-Confraternity of the Holy Family. This offensive business of proselytizing and supererogation is condemned as much by respectable Protestants as by Catholics.

CORK

A very influential and representative meeting of citizens was held in the Municipal Buildings for the purpose of determining what steps should be taken to perpetuate the memory of the late Mr. Thomas Crosbie.

The Mayor Mr. E. Crean, M.P., presided, and the attendance included the City High Sheriff (Mr. A. M. Cole, J.P.), the Right Rev. Mons. M'Swiny, Dean of Cork; Right Rev. Monsignor Maguire, P.P.; Rev. Father O'Callaghan, C.M.; Lieut.-Col. Donegan, Maurice Healy, M.P.; Ald. J. C. Blake, M. D. Daly J.P.; M. E. Buckley, J.P.; Michel J. D. O'Sullivan, J. D. Kelly, Provincial Bank; John Daly, ex-M.P., Cork City; P. D. O'Brien, J.P.; E. Harding, J.P.; Richard Carroll, National Bank; D. J. Daly, J. G. Green, Stanley Harrington, Commissioners of Education; James Leonard, Alderman, Chairman, Cork County Council; Dr. Harding, Ballinacraig; M. J. O'Riordan, Ald. J. O'Riordan, Mr. James Ogilvie, Walter Bonan, solr; T. W. Bourke, solr; Joseph Deyos, John F. O'Mahony, James Johnson, Wm. Lane, J.P.; M. J. Stapleton, T. J. Maguire, City Sub-Sheriff; F. W. Allman, Charles McCarty, Joseph Barrett, T. C.; S. H. Newson, Alex. McCarthy, Town Clerk; Martin Flavin, Arthur Hill, William Moore, J. J. Mahony, Carl Adams, J. G. Gillinan, Mayor's Secretary; John Clergy, Chairman, Cork District Lunatic Asylum; T. McCarthy, J. J. O'Brien, Douglas E. L. Tiver, Ald. Dale, Sir John Scott, J. C. Aahlin, H.C., John Dinn, H.C.; John Morrough, J.P.; James Dewey, J.P.; Robert Deyos, solr; J. Scully, P. F. Donegan, solr; John George McCarthy, M. J. Daly, James Perry, E. Cotten, Secretary County Cork National Teachers' Association, etc.

The correspondence included the following telegram: "My father would wish to be at meeting to-day. Nothing he would have more deeply at heart, but impossible in present state of health to tell him of death of his oldest and dearest friend—Charlotte and Huntly McCarthy, Westgate-on-Sea."

The High Sheriff, in a very sympathetic speech, proposed the following resolution: "That having regard to the great public services and high personal character of the late Thomas Crosbie, it is in the opinion of this meeting eminently desirable that his memory should be perpetuated in Cork by a suitable and lasting memorial."

Mr. James Ogilvie seconded the resolution, which was ably supported by the Dean of Cork, Mr. Maurice Healy, M.P., and Alderman Dale.

On the motion of Mr. J. W. Clergy, J.P., seconded by Mr. Samuel Henry Newson, a subscription list was opened to carry out the object in view.

A vote of thanks to the Mayor for presiding was passed on the motion of Monsignor Maguire, seconded by Mr. John Daly, ex-M.P., both of whom spoke eloquently of the merits of Mr. Crosbie as a journalist and a friend.

DUBLIN

On July 16, exactly a twelvemonth since, the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, who has the pastoral charge of Bray, opened the renovated and newly-decorated Church of the Redeemer, Bray, his Lordship had the happiness of presiding at another great function in that church, marking another milestone on the ecclesiastical progress of his parish—now possibly the most fashionable, in the Archdiocese. This church has risen obedient to the taste of the cultured prelate who presides over it, and to the work of the accomplished architect, Mr. W. H. Byrne, whose plans were approved of by his Lordship.

DEBBY

Lord Justice Holmes and a special jury heard at Debbury a very amusing breach of promise case. The plaintiff was a Debbury lady and the defendant a

Presbyterian minister, of Ballymonoy, County Antrim.

In opening the pleadings Mr. Osborne stated that Miss Christian Skipton Shannon was the plaintiff in the action and the Rev. David Dorrington Boyle was defendant. Plaintiff claimed damages for a promise defendant made to marry her, he having, in breach of said promise, married another person. Defendant in his defence admitted the promise to marry, but also said that he was never loved and exonerated from said promise before the alleged breach.

Mr. Cook, Q.C., read a great many pertinent effusions written by defendant to plaintiff. The following were samples of these: "Thy beautiful form and stately grace that deck thy loveliness so fair. Thy raptures which my bosom feels, which none but I, here shall share."

The reverend gentleman was sometimes irreverent in his hymns, he counselled me not to be excused if he could not make them flow in the same style in which the reverend gentleman himself would recite them (laughter). The defendant proceeded: "And now I vow this solemn vow. Before thee and Heaven above. To thee, and thee alone, I'm true, To thee alone I love."

(Laughter.) On the 2nd April, 1891, there was a composition of twelve verses, one of which ran:—

"I have loved thee, gentle Teeny, I have loved thee in the past; Though distance be as sever, I'll love thee to the last, Then, remember, dearest Teeny, When life's path most pleasant is, At thy feet doth my nature, Bold and noble, kind and free."

(Renewed laughter.) The defence made by Mr. J. H. Campbell, Q.C., was directed mainly to show that the defendant was abolved and exonerated by the plaintiff from his promise to marry her before Mr. Boyle broke the contract.

The jury found for plaintiff, and assessed damages at £20.

KERRY

An extraordinary scene took place at the monthly meeting of the Trade and Rentier and Harbour Commissioners in July. When the reporters entered the meeting room they were informed by the chairman (Mr. St. J. H. Donovan, J.P.) that the meeting should be private for some time and were requested to retire. Mr. John B. Quinnell, proprietor of two local papers, "The Kerry News" and "The Kerry Reporter," declined to leave until he should know whether the order emanated from the chairman of his own motion or from the members as a body, and was informed by the chairman that the order was the order of the majority of the board.

Mr. Latchford, a member of the board, said it would be very serious for them if proceedings were made public, and

The chairman added that "it would be a very serious matter for an individual."

Mr. Quinnell insisted on his right to remain until he had been asked to withdraw from the meeting.

The chairman said he would have the police to remove Mr. Quinnell if he did not conform to the ruling that had been arrived at.

Mr. M'Gowan, a member of the board, intervened, and said that the matter was being pressed too far. Mr. Quinnell was ruled out of order by the chairman and thereupon left the room protesting that he would not be a party to such arbitrary proceedings.

Meantime the police were sent for by the chairman, and Sergeant Brown arrived soon after, and was handed an order by the chairman authorizing the removal of Mr. Quinnell, and placing his hand on his shoulder asked him to leave. The latter said he would insist on his right to remain, whereupon the sergeant informed the chairman that he was physically incapable of electing Mr. Quinnell and left to procure assistance. Meantime Mr. Cooke, another member of the board, left the meeting-room. Sergeant Brown returned soon after, accompanied by District-Inspector Sullivan, who approached Mr. Quinnell and requested him to leave. Mr. Quinnell demanded his authority to remove him and the order of the chairman was read. The District-Inspector having formally placed his hand on Mr. Quinnell's shoulder, the latter left with him without offering any resistance.

The other pressmen present then rose and left the room as a protest against the treatment of Mr. Quinnell.

LIMERICK

A representative of the press had a short interview with Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, at Limerick. Asked as to the prospect of the Irish in America, Archbishop Ryan, who is looking hale and full of energy, said the Irish in America was filled with the most intense dignity at the continuance of dissection in Ireland, and he did not think the movement could get a single cent from the best friends of Ireland until the people united under one man. Great hopes were entertain-

ed that unity would be achieved some months ago, and deep disappointments followed the failure of that effort.

In reply to a question as to the effect of the movement now in progress for uniting the country by working from the rank and file up to the leaders, his Grace said that he did not know sufficient of the recent development to venture an opinion, but he would repeat that until the Irish leaders made up their differences the Irish in America would withhold support, and it would take a good deal to convince them that dissection was at an end.

PRESENTATION TO BISHOP BRINDLE.

Bishop Brindle, D. S. O., has been presented with a magnificent episcopal plate by the Libanion Society (the association of old "alumni" of the English College at Lisbon, where he was trained for the Catholic priesthood). The service, which is of silver gilt richly wrought, consists of bugle, ewer, dagon, and all the requisites for solemn pontifical ceremonies.

Rev. Father Ambrose, Croom, has been before the Cork County Council for the purpose of urging the members to adopt a resolution already taken up by the Limerick County Council. The basis of the scheme is the compulsory sale of lands, and the resolution was to the effect that the great want of the country at present is employment for the working classes; that all the County, District, Urban, and Town Councils of the county should be asked to join in a common application to the Government for funds by getting adequate provision for employment introduced into the Agricultural Bill now before Parliament, and that the Government also be asked to provide funds for the industrial development of the country.

On the motion of Mr. Long, seconded by Mr. Barry, the following resolution was passed unanimously:—"That we endorse most heartily the action of the Limerick County Council in adopting the scheme brought forward by Rev. Father Ambrose, asking to have the natural resources of the county more fully put in our power to assist a laudable and deserving proposal."

ENGLAND

ITALIAN CATHOLICS IN LONDON.

The Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel was observed with special solemnity by the Italian residents in the neighbourhood of St. Peter's Road. High Mass was celebrated at St. Peter's at the morning, and in the afternoon the customary outdoor procession through the streets took place. As in previous years the decorations were of a most elaborate character, fairy lamps and flags of various nationalities being suspended across the streets, whilst the houses were gay with bunting and flowers. In many of the windows small altars were erected with a statue or picture of the Blessed Virgin, surrounded with flowers and lighted candles.

The procession, which started at five o'clock, and was composed of members of religious Confraternities from all parts of the metropolis, with Leagues of the Cross, bands, banners, and statues. As the procession wended their way through the streets hymns were sung and prayers recited. Notwithstanding that the traffic was stopped the crowds were so great that it was with the utmost difficulty the large force of police kept the procession in the evening the streets were illuminated with thousands of fairy lamps, and high carnival was held.

SCOTLAND.

MONTEITH OF CARSTAIRS.

The "Estate of Carstairs" is to be offered for sale in London and the expected has at length happened. A few Sundays ago Father O'Sullivan, C.M., in addressing the people of St. Mary's, Lanark, asked their prayers on behalf of those generous benefactors of the parish, whose recent reverses of fortune have culminated as above. We owe a great deal to this noble family, who in the past gave largely of their means, and made possible such institutions as the hospital, orphanage, and deaf and dumb institution, all in the vicinity of Lanark. The estate is beautifully situated in the valley of the Clyde, and contains a handsome castellated mansion, built in Tudor style.

Altogether the estate is 250 acres in extent, the park sloping on the south side down to the banks of the river, and giving magnificent views to the hills on the other side. Upon the west there is a Roman camp, twelve acres or more in extent, where the fosse still remains, and from which a stately avenue of trees a mile and a quarter in length leads up to a mausoleum, in the form of a Doric temple. One of the boundaries of the estate is the river Forth, beyond which, and to the east lie the beautiful estates of Sir William Lockhart.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The Dumfries Fine Art Exhibition, which was opened on Friday last by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary of State for Scotland, contains many loan pictures of great historical interest. Chief place among the latter has been given by general consent to the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, lent by Lord Herries, whose forefathers were staunch adherents of the Stuart cause.

It was purchased at the sale of the Hamilton collection, and is a fittingly one of the most authentic likenesses of that much-widowed Queen, who is here shown attired in black, with the familiar head-dress and widespread collar elaborately trimmed with lace.

THE POPE AND HOLY YEAR.

The Pope with that persistence and energy which are so characteristic of him, has once more succeeded in getting the better of his medical advisers. His Holiness had already decided that the first twelve months of the 19th century were to be kept by all devout Catholics as a Holy Year, and to be celebrated by very imposing religious ceremonies. He has now resolved to conduct these functions in a more solemn manner, and will inaugurate the year by a Consistory, which will be an affair of special importance to the faithful in South America, as Monsignor Castellano, Archbishop of Buenos Ayres, is to be nominated Patriarch of Western India, a post which at present is held by the Bishop of Toledo. At the same time Cardinals' hats will be conferred upon Monsignor Castellano, Archbishop of Santiago de Chile, and upon one of the Bishops in the Argentine Republic, probably either Monsignor Delacastra or Monsignor Terrero.

A Short Road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumours, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breasts, and other ailments, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Troscian's Eucalypti Ore.

Any Person that ignores the use of "SALADA"



CEYLON TEA is not getting the best tea extant That's all. Lead packets only. 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c. By all Grocers.

A DAGGER OF THE MIND

A sound like the sound of stags thundering round me from a fit of abstraction into which I had fallen as I sat in Miss Templeton's drawing-room at Mapleton. Hilda Addington was standing at the opposite wall, facing it, her arms stretched out on each side in the direction of two brackets fixed to the wall for the support of a couple of gigantic hammered brass trays, which were now lying on the floor.

"What an awful din, Hilda! Why are you wrecking the furniture?" She laughed as she turned toward me.

"I had spoken to you twice without a response, and I wanted to engage your attention."

"Hilda, I beg your pardon. I never heard you."

"That is what I meant to resent," she replied. "I am sorry, however. I disturbed your engrossing thoughts. For I have nothing important to say. But my vanity, you see, was wounded."

"The beautiful Moorish trays!" I said, as I rose to replace them.

"Don't be disturbed about them. Mr. Ashlin says they were made in Manchester."

Mark Ashlin's judgment appears to determine most questions. But even if he had known anything about them, it was hardly polite of him to appraise the household ornaments of his hostess.

"No only spoke of them to me."

"Well, I don't see why he considered himself privileged to do so."

"Oh," exclaimed Hilda, in a tone which might have meant dissent, or resentment, or merely a condition of mind out of sympathy with my remark. Then, turning to the door, she made me a mock curtsy, and exclaiming, with another short laugh, "I leave you, Monsieur Melancholy, to resume your reflections," she quitted the room.

It had been with us frequently of late. Hilda puzzled me more every day, and as she never left me, I was completely at a loss to know whether my words had hurt her or only amused her—whether she had unwittingly vexed me or deliberately made sport of my feelings.

I had known Hilda for little more than a year, but in the first hour of our acquaintance the subtle charm of her character—a nameless grace, an outcome of the harmonious blending of physical and moral gifts—had cast such a spell on me as to leave me impressing myself with the conviction that the influence with which she had begun to exercise over my life, whether for weal or woe, would end only with life itself.

Mine was a character, I had to own to myself, ill-calculated to gain a woman's affection. A terrible experience in my early youth had wrought an effect on my mind that had left its traces still uneffaced after the lapse of years. The ship in which my father was returning with his family to England after an absence of many years in an Eastern colony was wrecked in a fierce storm entering the English Channel. We left the vessel in one of her lifeboats, but as she was sinking, before the icy gale. How the terrible hours passed I cannot attempt to describe. I only know that through the horrible period I lay with my arms around my little sister in the water at the bottom of the dripping boat, motionless and powerless, and conscious only of the excruciating pangs of intense cold.

The morning broke, and roused me from my terror to reveal to me the lifeless form of my sister and the dead faces of both my parents—then I lapsed into complete insensibility.

When I recovered consciousness, I was on a bed of pain. For weeks, I am told, I lay between life and death. But the recuperative power of youth at length asserted itself, my condition began to improve, and in little more than a year I found myself restored to a certain degree of bodily health. But my mind had undergone a singular change, the effects of which threatened to become permanent. A fixed melancholy had settled upon me, resisting all efforts to shake it off. I became subject to lengthened fits of mental abstraction, in which my thoughts wandered aimlessly over the past, hovering for the most part about the incidents of the wreck, but with a painful inability to grasp with clearness any of its dread details. This was in my waking moments, but in the hours of sleep my brain seemed to expand in unwonted activity, during which I had been lying dormant, energy which recurring periods of lethargy Dreams of startling reality were my nightly experience, so clear and vivid, so logical in the succession of events, and so full in all details, that I was led almost to mistake the shadow for the substance, to regard these visions of slumber as

the actual events of my waking life, and the occurrences of my waking state, but the pale reflex of thought.

During my illness I had been under the care of Mark Ashlin, who was then a practising physician, to whose vigilance I attribute my ever rising from my bed of suffering. Before the relation of doctor and patient terminated, a feeling of warm friendship had sprung up between us.

When I had sufficiently regained my strength, I was advised to travel, in the hope of effecting an improvement in my mental disorder, and shortly afterward, with Mark as my companion, I started on a voyage for Ceylon. After a short stay at Colombo, we went to country. On our journey there we passed for the first time through some of the tea plantations of the island. Mark "lunged" at once with his usual energy into the mysteries of tea-growing, and soon came to me with a proposal that we should invest our joint capital in an estate. He had come on a plantation of promise, which had fallen into a neglected condition and was now on the market. We became the owners, and devoted ourselves to our new employment.

For a year and a-half, during which our speculation thrived in a manner to justify Mark's expectations, we remained in the island; and then we returned to England, leaving the business in the hands of a competent overseer.

My mental state had now so much improved as to allow of the hope that my complete recovery would be only a question of time. The periods of vague reverie became less frequent, and the power of sustained thought slowly but steadily returned to me. I was, however, still beset by intermittent attacks of morbid thought, rendering me while they lasted, a victim of morbid despondency. It was this affliction which, during the first days of our acquaintance, had caused me nearly to despair of ever being to Hilda more than her unrequited worshipper and slave. But who can tell them the mysteries of a woman's heart! Before many weeks had passed I learned that I had gained her love—how, I could not tell. A touch of that pity, perhaps, or near akin to love had moved her—some chord within our natures had vibrated in harmony. For me, it was enough to know that I possessed a priceless treasure that her heart was mine.

Illustrious days were those that followed. The sunny charm of Hilda's nature seemed to transmute my brightness everything that came within its sphere. Hilda was now to me the one thought of my life—to me the love my sole aim and object. From every tone and look, every motion of hers, I received a thrill of pleasure. Grave or gay, she was ever enchanting. Her very moods, each one more fascinating than the last, strained my faculties almost to keep pace with her. Well did she know her power, to make me the sport of every whim that moved her, and un- sparingly did she use it when the spirit of mischief shied at it. In the midst of my absorbing love a change came over my tranquility of mind—a misgiving, a doubt, a gloom. I put it from me, but again and again it returned, till my mind became familiar with its presence, and at length I found myself deliberately discussing the suggestion which at first I had turned from with scorn. One name uttered by Hilda's lips never failed to arouse this feeling, and long and fiercely, but in vain, I struggled to stifle the suspicion in my mind. My only friend in life—Mark, who saved me from death, or a fate more terrible to contemplate—was now stolen from me the one possession that made life dear. Scarcely a day passed that Hilda did not give me some reason for this disturbing thought.

I had been musing some time when Hilda re-entered the room.

"Hilda," I began. "I am thinking—"

"Then, perhaps, I had better leave you again," I interrupted. "But I thought I had given you time to conclude your meditations. Please," she continued, "please don't think any more. Say something; I can't share your thoughts unless you express them. Do something; anything in which one can take a part. But thinking is a sad, selfish recreation, and where there are only two in company, it is hard on the other person."

I laughed at her tone of mock entreaty.

"Come, my Hilda, you are harder on me. Spare me for a little while your gibes and jests, and listen—"

I stopped, noticing something like remorse in her look.

"Ah! Hilda! If I could only read your thoughts sometimes!"

"Read my thoughts, old man in the moon! Well, if you can't, I can't help you. I open my mind to you freely enough, I think. You can't reproach

Continued on Page 6.

THE QUIET HOUR.

No sin is greater nor more injurious to God than despair in His mercy.

The circling year is a clock, whose noise we hear the hours it blossoms.

Good habits are the soul's muscles—the more you use them the stronger they grow.

There is transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

Somewhat has well said: "The best woman has always somewhat of a man's strength, the noble man a woman's gentleness."

You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests in your hair.

The world is out of tune, and our hearts are out of tune, and the more our souls vibrate to the music of Heaven, the more they feel the discord of earth.

I have lived long enough to know what I did not at one time believe—That no society can be upheld in happiness and honour without the sentiment of religious-Laplace.

Let human love be strong as death, complete, unalloyed, abandoned, uttermost in its intimacy, an entire surrender, yet when God stares at us in the eyes we are alone with Him.

God has made man, generous promises to men, and to encourage sinners to repent, assures them of pardon; but He nowhere promises time. That He reserves to Himself and His own disposal.

"There is nothing," says Seneca, "however difficult or arduous, which the human mind cannot conquer, and assiduous meditation render familiar. Whatever the soul demands of itself it obtains."

My Saviour! fill up the blurred and blotched sketch which my clumsy hand has drawn of a Divine life, with the fulness of Thy perfect picture. I feel the beauty I cannot realize; robe me in Thine unutterable purity.

As the soldier takes the sword, the painter the brush, the musician his instrument, the mechanic the tools of his trade, each to perfect himself in his art, so he who wishes to "think must take the pen and do honest work."

There is a beautiful legend regarding the appellation "Venerable," which is always prefixed to the name of St. Bede. It is said that after his death epiphany to his memory, and had got as far as these words, "Hac sunt in fossa Bedae." A word was lacking to complete the measure, but none occurred to him. He retired for the night, and in the morning when he rose he found that in the vacant space an angel hand had traced the word "Venerabilis."

Would I could add to this record those unknown heroes—greater than those who are known—whose heroism looks a human reward because they not only risked but lost their lives in the endeavour to save others. Would there were a roll of the unhonoured and unnamed! The medal list is a long one, but the roll of the perished is longer. Occasionally a memorial like the Brookway field at Princeton, which commemorates the heroism of Frederick Brokaw, the Princeton student who gave his life to save two servants from drowning, reminds us of one or another of these sacrifices. But far more frequently a grave in an unfrequented churchyard, or a proud pang of a woman's heart, is the only memorial of the "unknown hero."

THE JOKE CROP.

Well Framed.—"You're the very picture of health." "Yes and I'm in a contented frame of mind."

The Impossible in Society.—"They are impossible persons!" "Yes?" "Yes, they have no ancestry whatsoever."

As Far as He Went.—"I asked you if I could sue on that claim," said the disappointed litigant to his lawyer, "and you said I could." "I did," admitted the lawyer, "but I didn't say you could win."

Local Prejudice.—"Benjamin Franklin sleeps in Philadelphia," remarked the reverent tourist, "Well," answered the New York salesman, with the pious clothes, "what else is there for a man to do in Philadelphia?"

His Distinction.—"I'm sure I don't know why the Rev. Mr. Fitzhugh calls himself the boy preacher," said Mrs. Snags. "He's 40 years old, if he's a day." "Perhaps he's the oldest boy preacher alive," explained Mr. Snags.

Verdict as Rendered.—"Gentlemen of the jury," asked the clerk of the court, "have you agreed upon a verdict?" "We have," replied the foreman, "The verdict of the jury is that the lawyers have mixed this case up so that we don't know anything at all about it."

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Local Prejudice.—"Benjamin Franklin sleeps in Philadelphia," remarked the reverent tourist, "Well," answered the New York salesman, with the pious clothes, "what else is there for a man to do in Philadelphia?"

His Distinction.—"I'm sure I don't know why the Rev. Mr. Fitzhugh calls himself the boy preacher," said Mrs. Snags. "He's 40 years old, if he's a day." "Perhaps he's the oldest boy preacher alive," explained Mr. Snags.

for saying sarcastic things," remarked the one-eyed man. "What's the trouble?" "I've lost another friend. I complimented him on being the most cool-headed person I ever saw. He took it as an allusion to the fact that he is totally blind."

"When Bilford went West he told me that as soon as he had settled down and pulled himself together he would write to me, but I have never heard from him." "Bilford was blown up in an explosion of dynamite three months ago. He may have settled down, but I don't believe he has pulled himself together yet."

More Diplomacy.—"I tell you my wife knows a thing or two. The people who inhabit the neighbourhood into which we have just moved look at us with awe." "How did she manage it?" "Engaged two of the biggest vases in town to move us, when all our goods might have been transported in a wagon without overloading it."

The Trouble.—"Hicks—'Why is it you are so hard on Wellington? He never did you a bad turn or ever spoke ill of you.'" "Wicks—I know that, but the fact is the first time I saw Wellington, I thought he was somebody out of the ordinary, and I was as polite to him as I knew how to be. I never shall be able to forgive him for that mistake."

A Penalty of Knowledge.—"It seems to me," remarked the high-browed theorist, "that people positively resent education. A man who is more than ordinarily wise is usually left to himself as much as possible." "Perhaps you are right," answered Miss Cayenne. "When a man knows such a very great deal, he makes one apprehensive. There is no telling when he may be going to sit down and try to tell it all."

The Reason Why.—A schoolmaster in a village school had been in the habit of purchasing pork from parents of his pupils on the occasion of the killing of the pig. One day a small boy marched up to the master's desk, and enquired "if he would like a bit of pork, as they were going to kill their pig?" The schoolmaster replied in the affirmative. Several days having elapsed, and hearing nothing of the pork, the master called the boy up to him, and enquired the reason he had not brought it. "Oh, please, sir," the boy replied, "the pig got better."

In a bright epigrammatic contribution to the August number of the "North American Review," which is in the form of a dialogue between an artist and his wife, Max O'Roll celebrates "The Pleasures of Poverty." Monsieur is possessed with a desire for riches that his wife may live in luxury; Madame insists that they could never be so happy in luxury as they were when their income was most contracted, and she has the best of the argument, as is indicated in the following extract:—"She—And do you also remember when, two years after we were married, our general suddenly gave notice, and left us alone to manage householding as best we could? And how I cooked all the meals, and how you never enjoyed them better? Now, say it's true."

"He—Perfectly true. "She—And the house was gay, happy, ringing with our laughter all day long; so that, in a month, baby put on six pounds of flesh?" "He—And how I cleaned the knives?" "She—Which helped your appetite for breakfast."

"He—And the boots? Now, I did not like cleaning the boots. "She—Yes, you did, and they never shone so beautifully. "He—Well, I flatter myself I was able to make myself useful. "He—And how pretty you looked with a white apron on, and your sleeves tucked up, showing your lovely arms?" "She—Ah! and how you were once turned out of the kitchen for kissing the cook? You were sorry when I got a new servant."

"He—Upon my word, I believe I was. THE NEW WINDOW CLEANER. Here is a good story of a man called William, who is engaged as a window-cleaner at a certain big hotel in London. One morning William, instead of doing his work, was amusing himself by reading the paper, and as bad luck would have it, the manager looked in. "What's this?" he said. William was dumfounded. "Pack up your things and go," said the manager. So poor William went to the office, drew the money which was owing to him, and then went upstairs to put on his Sunday clothes. Coming down, he went to say "Good-bye" to some of the older servants, and there he happened to run across the manager, who did not recognize him in his best coat. "Do you want a job?" asked the manager. "Yes, sir," said William. "Can you clean windows?" "Yes, sir."

"You look like a handy sort of chap. I only gave the last man 2s., but I'll give you 2s."

"Thank you, sir," said William, and in half an hour he was back in the same old room—cleaning the windows this time and not reading the paper.—Tid-Bite.

A year's subscription to "Our Boys and Girls Own," means not only that all the foremost Catholic writers and 800 to 850 fine half-tone illustrations, 75 cents in postage stamps, sent to Benjurg Brothers, 88 Barclay St., New York, is the easiest way to pay for a year's subscription.

SAVED TIM VASE.

The little son of a Manchester gentleman, in mischievously playing with a vase, managed after several attempts to get his hand through the narrow neck, and was then unable to extricate it. For half an hour or more the whole family and one or two friends did their best to withdraw the fat of the luckless young offender, but in vain. It was a very valuable vase, and the father was loath to break it, but the existing state of affairs could not continue forever. At length, after a final attempt to draw forth the hand of the victim, the father gave up his efforts in despair, but tried a last suggestion.

"Open your hand," he commanded the fearful young captive, "and then draw it forth."

"I can't open it, father," declared the boy. "Can't?" demanded the father. "Why?" "I've got my penny in my hand," came the astounding reply.

"Why, you young rascal," thundered his father, "drop it at once!" The penny rattled in the bottom of the vase, and out came the hand.—Tid-Bite.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveller, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. It was the only remedy I was enabled to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

THE OLD LAD. I mind myself a wee boy w' no plain talk. An' standin' not the height of two peens; There was things meself consated 'or the time that I could walk, An' wno's to tell when wit an' children drest merrily? "Two daisies down in the low grass, The stars high up in the skies, The first I knowed of a mother's face 'W' the kind love in her eyes. Oh, och! The kind love in her eyes. I went the way of other lads that's nather good nor bad, An' still, d'ye see, a lad has far to go. But the things meself consated when I wasn't sick nor sad, They're aye told an' little used. "Two whistles a boat on the say beyond, An' whistles a girl on the shore, An' whistles a scrape o' the fiddle-strings, Or maybe an odd thing more, Maybe an odd thing more! A man, they say, in spite of all, is kinder to a wife; In under this odd crock I live me lone; I never see the woman yet I wanted all my life, Nor I never made me pillow on a stone. "Tis fancy buys the ribbon an' all, An' fancy sticks to the young; But a man of his years can do w' a pipe, Can smoke an' hold his tongue. Smoke an' hold his tongue. Ye see me now an' old man, his work near done, Sure the hair upon me head's all white, But the things meself consated 'or the time that I could run, They're the nearest to me heart this just the daisies down in the low grass, The stars high up in the skies, The first I knowed of a mother's face 'W' the kind love in her eyes. Oh, och! The kind love in her eyes. Maira O'Neill, in Blackwood's.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption put on his Sunday clothes. Coming down, he went to say "Good-bye" to some of the older servants, and there he happened to run across the manager, who did not recognize him in his best coat. "Do you want a job?" asked the manager. "Yes, sir," said William. "Can you clean windows?" "Yes, sir."

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Kilrohan, Kerry, inspired the ballad, and may be called its prototype. This play was exceedingly charitable, witty, brilliant, a famous story-teller, and the kindest heart in all Kerry. Such is the story of "Father O'Flynn." The writer's father was close on ninety at his death.

STOOD HIS GROUND. "Can you hollow grind this razor?" asked a customer who had stepped into a razor-grinding establishment presided over by a hard-headed man with bristling hair, and an aggressive look on his face. "You want me to hollow grind it, I suppose?" he said. "No, sir," rejoined the other, "I want you to hollow grind it."

"If you grind it hollow, don't you hollow grind it, sir?" "Do you think you can come in here and teach me anything about my business? I've been hollow grinding razors for twenty-five years."

"No, you haven't; you've been hollow grinding them."

"Do you reckon I don't know what I do for a living?" "I don't care whether you do or not. Will you hollow grind this razor?" "No, sir, I won't. I'll hollow grind it, or I won't touch it."

The customer reflected a moment. "See here, friend," he said, "I have it ground hollow here?" "Certainly!" "And they compromised on that basis, each feeling that he was a little ahead.—Youth's Companion.

As Parnelle's Vegetable Pills contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Casimiro, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parnelle's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

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The Catholic Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT THE OFFICE, 10 LOMBARD ST. BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO. OF TORONTO, LIMITED.

Subscription Price Announced \$2.00

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops Bishops and Clergy.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1899.

Aug. 10 S. Lawrence.

11—S. Xavier.

12—S. Clare.

13—S. Anthony.

14—S. Bernard.

15—ASSUMPTION OF THE B. V. M.

16—S. Roch.

Bishop McEvay.

Right Rev. Dr. McEvay was nobly welcomed to the diocese of London on Sunday last, after his solemn reception of the episcopal power under the hands of his immediate predecessor in the See.

The Catholic people of London honored themselves by the heartiness of their welcome, and although theirs was the leading part in the joy of the occasion, the felicitations of the representatives of the Catholic body in the city of Hamilton, and the Bishop's classmates from St. Michael's College were not less touching and eloquent of esteem and love.

Hon. Edward Blake.

Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., will be back in Canada this week for a brief holiday. The remainder of the month of August and part of September will probably be spent at the summer home of the family on the St. Lawrence, but doubtless the great Liberal statesman will be seen again in Toronto before the end of next month.

our neighborly relations towards the United States.

By displaying at all times an unprejudiced judgment strongly based in the knowledge of our Canadian people and their institutions, Hon. Edward Blake was looked up to with even respect by all classes.

Since his last visit Mr. Blake has been engaged in the peaceful revolution that has turned over to the people of Ireland their county and municipal institutions. Not less immense because of the quietness with which it was accompanied, this overthrow of what was in reality an alien ascendancy in Ireland, marks a world-epoch in the advancement of practical democracy.

The Irish people in Canada have the highest reasons for holding Mr. Blake in their esteem and affection. This has been said so often that it might indeed sound like purposeless repetition were it not for the fact that Mr. Blake has not been here since the creation of the new Irish councils.

The Growing Time.

To the great surprise of the world and his wife, the gray steps adopted (with "musical honors") by the Parliament of Canada for the purpose of bringing Herr Kruger to time have utterly failed to impress that phlegmatic Dutchman.

All we have to say about the matter is just what we stated last week that Kruger is most disrespectful to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Paul was magnanimously proffered the opportunity of adopting "Canadian institutions" (including the "threatening machine" and other precious chattels); and in his republican pride and buccolic prejudice he positively treated the noble offer with indifference.

One sad effect of Kruger's conduct is already visible here in Canada. It has really stirred up a domestic feeling of disrespect for our great Premier. Principal Grant has written to the Globe from a sick bed in a New York hospital as to what he challenges the Parliament of Canada to speak for the Canadian people on this subject, and he adds a contemptuous allusion to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's statement concerning the constitution and history of the Transvaal.

Bothwell, when adding the weight of his high opinion to the pronouncement of the Premier, was laughed at and contradicted by a member of the opposition—Her Majesty's "loyal" opposition, forsooth.

Censorship or prosecution is simply too good for the editors. And as for the Senate's patience with that body will presently cease to be considered a patriotic virtue.

However there is another side to the shield. The Premier shows unmistakably that he is not discouraged. On the contrary he is gradually taking on all the trappings of dignity that history allows to Constantine the Great or that the modern world grants to Admiral Dowe.

The Canadian Cardinal.

From time to time reference has been made to the vacancy left in the Canadian hierarchy by the death of Cardinal Taschereau. There are three possible recipients of this appointment. It was not expected that a Canadian would be found in the list of the recent consistory, but that reservation did not necessarily imply an indefinite postponement.

"I think I am now in a position to say that a consistory of some importance will be held at a date not long before Christmas as a kind of forerunner of the Jubilee year. The death of Cardinal Mercier leaves the Pope another vacancy to dispose of, and as there are some Hais already vacant, and there may be more before the date of the consistory, I expect to see a list of three or four new Cardinals in all, and I shall personally be surprised if one of them is not a Canadian."

Discussing a recent article in THE REGISTER on the great preponderance of Protestants on the Ontario bench, THE CATHOLIC TIMES, of Liverpool, England, says: "The Canadian Catholics must be easy going folk when they tolerate such glaring unfairness. They may rest assured that it will continue if they do not place it beyond doubt that they are determined to assert their rights."

The following appeared in THE GLOBE of Friday: "A large and thoroughly representative meeting of Catholic Liberals from all parts of the Province was held yesterday afternoon. It was finally decided not to hold a public convention. The conclusions arrived at the meeting were unanimous, and the utmost cordiality and good feeling were manifested. Among those present were O. K. Frazer, Brockville; F. R. Letchford and Charles Murphy, Ottawa; J. R. O'Reilly and P. K. Hulpin, Prescott; John A. Osholski, Cornwall; C. D. MacAnally, Belleville; P. J. Woods, Brampton; P. J. Crowley, St. Catharines; T. F. Brown, Wainand; W. J. Murphy, London; D. J. O'Keefe, Chatham; M. P. P., Windsor; C. J. McCabe, Dr. W. McKewen, W. T. J. Lee, A. Cottam, W. T. Koraham, B. E. Hughes and Thomas Mulvey, Toronto.

Our English contemporary The Weekly Register, London, is vigorously discussing the proposal to bring forty French monks from Solomes to sing the daily office in the new Westminster Cathedral. The objection which has the support of the chapter is taken on national grounds and is thus expressed by our London namesake: "We have only to imagine the effect on the English mind of a national English cathedral with forty Frenchmen piping the office in an apse behind the high altar."

Our old friend "Flavour" is not always entitled to the benefit of the doubt when he falls into error. However, we are willing to concede it to him in connection with the following paragraph from his hand in The Mail and Empire of Saturday: "No one will dispute that the Government has acted rightly in commencing the extreme penalty in the case of Edward O'Neill, the 10-year old boy murderer. The crime was as bad as it could be with no extenuating circumstances, and, of course, the law is nothing more than a mere brute, but still the authorities could not afford to be lenient with the cost of keeping the prisoner for the remainder of his natural life. The crucial question is a complex one."

In our old country news columns to-day will be found a short account of an open-air procession in London held by Italian Catholics. The incident has had a disastrous effect upon Mr. William Johnston who is affording the House of Commons another reminder of what kind of an animal your true Orangeman is where religion is in question. He intends to ask the Solicitor-General whether he is aware that recently there has been organized in the neighbourhood of Hatton Garden an outdoor religious procession in honour of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, "in which various Roman Catholic clergymen walked"; whether the law imposes a penalty on Roman Catholic clergymen who take part in public processions; and whether the prosecution against Roman Catholic processions, issued on the 16th June, in the fifteenth year of her Majesty's reign, will be reissued to prevent the repetition of the offence committed.

Sir Alfred Milner is an ex-editor, trained by Mr. Stead in the old days of The Pall Mall Gazette. Stead does not think that Milner used him quite fairly, and writes a "character sketch" of his ex-assistant from this point of view. "One of Milner's duties," writes Stead, "was to go through his chief's articles in proof and 'tone them down.'" "He would squirm at an adjective here, reduce a superlative there, and generally strike out anything that seemed calculated needlessly to irritate or offend. He was always putting water in my wine. He was always combing out the knots in the tangled mane of the 'P.M.G.', and when the Hon. opened his mouth Milner was always at hand to be consulted as to the advisability of modulating the force of his roar."

Our military celebrity, Sam. Hughes, of Lindsay, has done much during the present session of parliament to introduce warlike methods into the legislative business. It was he who wanted his colleagues and the country at large to huc "thousands of Canadians," armed to the teeth, at the devoted gray head of Paul Kruger.

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OTTAWA, Aug. 8.—The proceedings before the Privileges and Elections Com-

mittee have been marked by a good deal of bitterness between members, but to-day for the first time two members of Parliament actually came to blows in the committee.

Mr. Britton was cross-examining a witness, Maitland Whitley, as to the time of day when he had his dinner and voted, and asked him: "You are a married man, and keep house?" "No I am single," the witness replied.

Mr. Britton turned angrily to Mr. Hughes and told him he had no right to ask the witness such a question, as he was not a member of the committee, but his usual impudence had done so.

Mr. Britton appealed to the Chair.

Mr. Fortin said: "Members of the House who are not members of the committee will please remember, as they well know, they have no right to interpose or address the committee, except by special leave of the committee."

Mr. Hughes objected to Mr. Britton calling him impudent.

Mr. Britton said: "He is a man of the greatest impudence that there is in the House—a perfect scoundrel."

Mr. Hughes retorted, jumping to his feet: "I won't stand that from anyone," and made a dash for Mr. Britton. He drew back to strike him.

Mr. Britton squared to meet the blow, saying: "I dare you to do it."

Mr. Sifton and other members of the committee rushed between them and prevented bloodshed.

Mr. Britton sat down and refused to go on unless some action was taken towards excluding Mr. Hughes, but the Chairman said there was nothing before the committee and the matter dropped.

Were it not that the news appears in the "Missions Catholiques" we should feel inclined to say, The Liverpool Catholic Times, to doubt the authenticity of the statement that fifty thousand Nestorians have become converts to the faith. Mgr. Almayor has, it is announced, sent to the Sovereign Pontiff a letter announcing the conversions as the outcome of his preaching of two sons of St. Dominic who, at the command of the Holy Father, went as missionaries to the Nestorians—Fathers Rhetor and Franco—and stating that thirty thousand Armenians joined the Catholic Church as the same time. These wholesale conversions, like conversions for the purposes of marriage, do not always generate the feeling that the change of faith has been based upon sincerity of conviction. But in the case of the Nestorians and Armenians, it must be borne in mind that they are not far removed from us, and that therefore the step they have taken did not involve any great mental effort. For some years the Russian Orthodox Church has been making overtures to the Nestorians, and from time to time there have been reports of conversions, but it would seem that the two Dominicans have been more successful than the Russian emissaries with all their resources.

S. S. Examination.

Dear Mr. Editor.—In your issue of July 27th you publish a list of the successful candidates at the late "De La Salle entrance examinations," in which your readers were told "F. Huxley, St. Helena's came out first boy for the whole city."

As a matter of fact Norman and John Brady, brothers, head the list of boys and girls of the whole city; and Lilly Benn takes the fifth place of the boys and girls of the whole city. But these children belong to St. Basil's School. Will you kindly explain? I should not have troubled you with this communication had it been the first accident that deprived St. Basil's boys of their well-earned laurels.—I am yours etc.

Death of Mr. P. W. Ryan.

The news of the death of Mr. P. W. Ryan, eldest son of the late Mr. Hugh Ryan, of this city, came as a shock to the community. The deceased had been ill for some time, and his death was daily expected. The body was brought from Walkerville, Quebec, and was conveyed to the family residence in Rosedale. On Tuesday morning the funeral services were held in Our Lady of Lourdes church. The Rev. Father Cruise, pastor, celebrated Mass, and pronounced the Absolution, assisted by the Rev. Father Tracy. The Rev. Father Murray presided at the organ. The church was crowded with friends of the family. The heartfelt sympathies of THE REGISTER are extended to the bereaved mother, Mrs. Ryan, and the members of the family.

Rev. Brother Arnold, for many years the director of the Christian Brothers of this city, was here for a few days on a visit to his old home, De la Salle Institute. His many friends in Toronto will be glad to hear that the good Brother, though advancing in years, is still hale and hearty, and save a rheumatic draw back as active as ever. His headquarters are now at St. Louis, whither he goes about making visits at other points where his community are located. God speed him and spare him yet for many years.

THE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE.

(Written for THE REGISTER.)

Man is a fighting animal. Restless, covetous, ambitious, he is ever on the move and seldom unwilling to jostle his neighbor out of place or profit or both. And, as the neighbor "very much like him, and refuses to budge if he can help it, collision and contact become inevitable. Then bad temper and pride and obstinacy, and the lower instincts which reason but insufficiently represses hurry him into war.

How to prevent such a calamity has always been a live problem with the thoughtful and religious portion of the race; and never more so than in our own day when the meretricious magnificence of armaments is enough to scorch the bravest heart. All sorts of attempts have been made and countless experiments tried for the purpose of putting an end to the great scourge, or at least of mitigating its horrors.

The greatest contemporary effort in this direction is now about finished in a city of obscure Holland, where representatives of all the powers have convened upon invitation or suggestion of the Czar.

The assembly thus formed is worthy of being carefully studied, for it is beyond doubt most grand and august from every point of view. In personnel it is made up of men, the first, for their various regions in ability, learning and zeal. The old Roman senate, which to common minds seemed a meeting of the gods, can hardly have been more venerable. And then the aim and purpose of the meeting lift it high above all commonplace, and invest it with an interest which it is difficult to exaggerate. The wealth, the power and the wisdom of the world are fairly represented in this parliament of the nations with a view to scourge and promote the well-being of mankind.

Who but must wish them success? Who when he reflects upon this mighty force directly or indirectly controlled by these delegates can doubt that they will achieve more than they are wont to? And so I think they will. It is not to be believed that so many able men can meet and confer upon such high interests without being lifted above their native littleness and given to see more deeply into the ways of preventing war, or, at least, of qualifying some of its worst features.

This much at all events can be reasonably expected, and for that reason—putting aside all question of motives—the Russian ruler deserves well of his people if he has done nothing else but has done at least this that he has freed the representatives of the powers themselves to come up out of the arid desert of theory and talk and address themselves to the work of discovering, if so be they can, a more noble means of lightening the military burden of their people. How far they will succeed in reaching this much desired end the future alone can decide.

But that they will not, say do not, even hope to get an end to all war is about as probable as a prophet's prediction. And this for two reasons very different in appearance but really much alike at the bottom. The first is that God alone can secure peace, and the second is that this conference has done the capital mistake of not inviting the spiritual representatives of God upon earth. I mean of course the Pope, the vicar of Him who is called, the Prince of Peace. It makes one almost despair of the whole business if one is opened with such a blunder. If an ocean of tears and prayers had been crossed the mariners would not have been in rejecting the only ship that promised to be able for the voyage, and their folly would be like that of the prospectors of this conference.

We put aside here all thought of the spiritual power of the Pope, though, of course, that is the most important element in the whole matter—and look at the case with merely political eyes.

Why does the wisdom of parliament rule that every member shall address not his opponent but the speaker of the house? Partly, it is in order to temper passion and moderate discussion by eliminating, as far as possible, the element of personal feeling, but mainly because the speaker is chosen for his judicial-mindedness and impartiality. Theoretically at least, he is chosen to be any party the moment he takes the chair; he represents extravagance with an equally firm hand, no matter which side they proceed from, and is the ideal President just in proportion as both sides find him, guided in his discoveries, by wisdom and justice and fair-play to everyone. But above all he must completely merge the partisan in the judge.

Now who could bring so many of these necessary qualifications to the chair of the great conference as the Pope or his spiritual representative? First of all he must take as more of a Catholic view of things than other Catholics; he must be a Frenchman, a German, or the citizen of any other land, not only may, but, in a sense, he ought to be the special advocate of his own country's interests. These with him are permanent. If he ceases them he ceases comparatively little what may befall outside. The Pope, on the whole he will feel bound to fight for home, and as everyone else will do the same there is little chance of argument. Now the Pope begins by being in great measure free from this drawback. He has no country of his own; territory at least, but he has no interests therefore interests everywhere. He is therefore to German comes home to him as closely as ever. His headquarters are now at St. Louis, whither he goes about making visits at other points where his community are located. God speed him and spare him yet for many years.

TRIFLE REGRATINGS

Let others write of battles fought. Of bloody wars and wars of might. Whose honour greets the man that wins. And death the man that yields. But I write of trifles and of slight. And vanquishes his sins. Who struggles on through weary years Against himself and wins. He is a hero staunch and brave Who fights an unseen foe. And puts at last beneath his feet His nation's base and low. Who stands erect in manhood's might. Undaunted, undismayed— The bravest man that drew a sword In fray, or in raid. It calls for something more than drawn Or muscle to overcome. An enemy who matched not With banner, plume, and drum— A foe forever lurking hid. With silent, stealthy tread; Forever near your board by day. At night beside your bed. All honour, then, to that brave heart! Though rich or poor he be, Who struggles with his better part— Who conquers only by the sword. He may not wear a hero's crown. Or fill a hero's grave. But truth will place his name among The bravest of the brave.

Mechtilde Harliath

CHAPTER I.

Lord Harliath was past fifty and neither good-looking nor agreeable when he wooed and won his first wife, the Gravin Mechtilde Everingham, before the end of her first season, and the world predicted trouble—with a certain melancholy pleasure—when the eighteen-year-old bride and her cantankerous elderly bridegroom should set up house together. The only one of all Lord Harliath's acquaintances who was in the least hopeful about the result of the strange match was the lady's stepbrother and Sir William's almost unique friend, Sir William Durrant, who, knowing the unpopular nobleman better than anybody else, had discovered that there did exist a gentle gleam in his heart, which the ferocity and sweet nature of the German girl, the daughter of Sir William's deceased stepmother, appeared to have touched. Yet the baronet's discomfiture seemed at fault when, immediately after the wedding, Lord Harliath carried off his bride to Kilmoro Castle, his Irish seat, a place beautiful in itself, but situated "at the back of God-speed," and there, without any society save her husband's and that of Mrs. Talbot, the housekeeper (who, however, was of gentle birth and distant relation to the family), Lady Harliath passed the only year of her married life, and there she died the day her first child came into the world. After the funeral Lord Harliath departed from Kilmoro, leaving his newborn daughter in Mrs. Talbot's charge, under whose devoted care she grew up and flourished, being a rosy child of seven when his Lordship took for his second wife Lady Jacobina MacPherson, and Mrs. Talbot received orders to bring to Harliath Park, in Surrey, but it changed hands, being purchased by God's will—that little Mechtilde fell sick of scarlatina on the eve of her departure from Kilmoro, and when quite recovered appeared to have been forgotten in her father's anxiety in the hope of an heir, and afterwards in his delight upon his birth, though the title was one which could descend in the female line. This poor baby was also left motherless at an early age, for the second Lady Harliath died of consumption before it was two years old, and her widower, having arranged that his maternal grandparents should bring the boy up, set off on his travels through Eastern Asia, a long and wearisome account of which he wrote on his return, and was so taken up with this book that he had no leisure to remember how old his daughter was getting or to think about her at all, until Sir William Durrant remonstrated with him for neglecting the girl's education, and insisted upon the engagement of a governess for her, understanding himself to find one, and the baronet was certainly fortunate in the choice of a person who was not only accomplished, but experienced in the training of young ladies of high position.

What Miss Swanton thought of her new place and pupil may be gathered from the following extract taken from one of her letters to her sister (generous to the daughters of Princess I. von D. S.):—"The castle is picturesque and situated at the base of a heather-covered hill facing the sea. Mrs. Talbot, the lady in charge of the establishment, is a cultivated person, but, like everybody else here, of the Romish faith, not accepting even the little girl, though all the other members of the Harliath family belong to the Church of England. I can only conclude that the first Lady Harliath was a Catholic. Mechtilde is very backward for fourteen, but possesses a good deal of general information and some knowledge of music acquired from Mrs. Talbot. She is very tall and pretty, her hair being so exquisitely small one wonders how it can bear the weight of the two immense plaits of golden-brown hair, which reach to her knees. I have never before seen such hair. Her eyes are also peculiar—a yellowish colour, with black pupils. She is quiet, uncommunicative and childish; her actions being influenced by a simple piety—with a diffidence—not understanding the difference in her faith. Afterwards Miss Swanton discovered that Mechtilde's mother had been brought up a Lutheran, but even when pretty young Lord Harliath was ignorant of the fact that his daughter was a Catholic, she did not write either to him or to Sir William Durrant about it.

having a theory that a forced change of religion always caused spiritual misery and generally ended in a despair which blighted all spiritual belief.

CHAPTER II.

Thus in one of the uttermost parts of the earth did Lord Harliath's daughter remain until she had completed her nineteenth year, when the sudden death of her brother from diphtheria made her once more homeless to the family name and estates and brought her forward in her father's thoughts, causing him to send for her to come to him at Harliath Park. Though Mrs. Talbot had her adopted child, she felt a pang of its approach unutterably, and dreaded not for herself, but for Mechtilde, Lord Harliath's wish on learning that his offspring "adored false gods." She tried to prepare the girl for the efforts which would be made to induce her to give up her faith, avoiding, however, any allusion to the old gentleman's unamiable character. When the day of parting arrived the poor lady was almost desperate with grief and apprehension, both of which feelings she nevertheless concealed to some extent from Mechtilde, who, though in tears at having to bid Mrs. Talbot farewell, behaved with the hopefulness of youth, that her father would allow her to return often to Kilmoro. The father who had always been the hero and ideal of her day dreams! How she longed to behold his face, to feel his embrace, to sympathize with him in his sorrow on the loss of her brother, whom, alas, she had never seen! Such sweet hopes and desires filled the child-soul during the journey, as they had often done before at Kilmoro. It was late on the second evening since their departure, when Mechtilde, her governess and her maid reached Harliath Park, and the girl, naturally expecting to be shown at once into her father's presence, was disappointed when he merely sent a message that dinner would be served in half an hour. Wondering at this strange reception, she began to change her dress, and when her toilet was finished went down stairs alone. The drawing-room was still empty, and going over to the fire she leaned against the marble pillar of the mantelpiece, and fell into a reverie, becoming so lost in thought that the entry of some one by the library door at the other end of the room did not attract her attention. As for the person who had come in, he stood motionless in admiration of the picture made by the beautiful young woman leaning against the Carrara column. The severity of her black silk dress showed off the perfect proportions of her tall form; her face was turned sideways, bringing the fine profile in full view, while upon the slightly bent head rested a coronet of shining hair. But the intensity of his gaze seemed to disturb her, for in a moment she moved and lifted her wistful eyes, meeting the penetrating glance of a pair of gray eyes, which softened as they perceived her startled expression. "I am sorry I have frightened you," said the gentleman, coming forward, and she saw that he was young and broad in the shoulders, with straight features and light hair, but had little time to wonder who it could be, for he continued: "As Lord Harliath is not here, allow me to introduce myself. I am James Durrant. I know I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Harliath."

She bowed, and at the same moment the library door opened to admit a sharp-faced, bent old man, who, as he caught sight of the girl, seemed to become paralyzed with astonishment. Unlike as this person was to Mechtilde's conception of her father, still she quickly realized it was he, and went towards him, but as he made no movement to welcome her, stopped short, strangely puzzled. Then the old lord, beginning to feel the awkwardness of the position, pulled himself together, approached his daughter, and, dropping a loveless kiss on her cheek, ejaculated: "Well, well, I never expected to see such a fine girl! Very like your mother, certainly, but a much better height. Dear me, how time does fly. Eh, James? But you don't notice that yet, eh?"

The young man made no answer; he was watching the flush of the girl's brow, called up by this terrible sudden disclosure. Probably all were relieved when dinner was announced, though it did not turn out a very genial entertainment. Mechtilde being too overcome by her recent emotion to join in the conversation, and the guest, observing how she would fain be left in peace, engaged Lord Harliath in an argument upon some question connected with China, to afford the author of "Travels in Eastern Asia" the opportunity of airing his views on the subject.

CHAPTER III.

Next morning at breakfast Lord Harliath, anxious possibly to make amends for the coolness of his welcome to Mechtilde, began to enquire into her tastes, and, discovering she was a horsewoman, ordered a quiet mare to be saddled for her, and then saw her and their guest off for a ride. James Durrant was well satisfied to be Miss Harliath's escort, though every attempt to open a conversation proved vain, Mechtilde being not only reserved and shy, but also oppressed by the weight on her mind, the dread of how and when her father should learn that she was a Catholic. Mrs. Talbot's advice had been to take the first opportunity of seeing him alone, and stating the fact, but since the girl

had found her parent so opposed to her ideal, she shrank from the very thought of this private interview. To keep her faith secret she, of course, knew to be sinful and probably even for one day more impossible, since it happened to be Friday, and her abstinence from meat would certainly be noticed.

On returning from the ride she went tremblingly into lunch, but was relieved to find it was a meal which Lord Harliath never partook of, and if James Durrant remarked that she ate only bread and butter his curiosity was not excited by the fact.

As the afternoon went by Mechtilde's trouble increased. She waited to go down to dinner until the last moment, pushing into the dining-room with a beating heart. Her refusal of soup and entrée escaped remark, but when it came to a helping of stilton, Lord Harliath's attention was attracted, and he asked if she were ill.

Mechtilde answered in a voice so calm that it astonished all present; but no one more than herself. "No, father, but I am a Catholic, and cannot eat meat to-day."

Lord Harliath dropped his knife and fork, rose to his feet, and slowly repeated, almost too incredulous to be thoroughly angry yet:—"A Catholic! Is it possible that I understood you to say you were a Catholic?" Then as the recollection violently passed her life entirely among "Papists," his rage gathered like thunderclouds before a storm.

"Never let me hear again that you are a Catholic!" he roared. "Eat your dinner this instant! Simons," this to the butler, "replace Miss Harliath's plate."

Then seeing the girl make no attempt to touch the meat, his fury grew perfectly uncontrollable. Snatching up his wine glasses he dashed them against the wall, and pacing wildly about the room uttered imprecations against any lady's ears, but inexpressibly shocking to the girl's dignity, who sat from him as possible. "You'll drop that—Papistical humbug!" he bellowed. "Who made you a Papist, I'd like to know! That—old Talbot, was it? Answer, will you, you stubborn hussy? She'll get her marching orders to-morrow, the detestable old fiend—how dare she play such a prank? I'll have no—Popery in my family. So just you change your tune, miss, or I'll show you the way! What was that fool, Miss What's-her-name, about that she allowed this—rubbish? Tell that governess woman, her tall form; her face was turned sideways, bringing the fine profile in full view, while upon the slightly bent head rested a coronet of shining hair. But the intensity of his gaze seemed to disturb her, for in a moment she moved and lifted her wistful eyes, meeting the penetrating glance of a pair of gray eyes, which softened as they perceived her startled expression. "I am sorry I have frightened you," said the gentleman, coming forward, and she saw that he was young and broad in the shoulders, with straight features and light hair, but had little time to wonder who it could be, for he continued: "As Lord Harliath is not here, allow me to introduce myself. I am James Durrant. I know I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Harliath."

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ing his presence, and the only consideration which induced Durrant to control his active indignation against his host was the certainty that a quarrel with the father would ruin any daughter.

CHAPTER IV.

Lord Harliath spent the next morning in a manner highly satisfactory to himself; first by interviewing Miss Swanton and speaking to her in terms which could leave no self-respecting person any alternative save to depart from his employment on the spot, and, secondly, by composing a most insulting letter to Mrs. Talbot dismissing her from her post. That was, however, no more than she expected.

As for Mechtilde, she set off after breakfast with her maid to try and find out where was the nearest Catholic church, and to her relief discovered a chapel just on the other side of the park, where Mass was said on Sundays. On her return home she was bitterly grieved to find Miss Swanton preparing for instant departure, and though the high-spirited girl resolved to face her trials bravely, yet she became so ill towards evening with a violent headache that her appearance at dinner was quite out of the question.

Next morning, though still suffering she rose in time to go to church, and bidding her maid, who was not quite ready, follow her, went down into the hall; but her father, suspecting her intention of attending Mass, was prepared to thwart it, and was leaning against the closed hall door.

She stopped, being taken back, and looked helplessly at him. But he made no move and left her to speak first, which she presently did, asking him gently to allow her to pass. "Where are you going?" he demanded. "To Mass, father."

"Then to Mass you will not go. At 11 o'clock you shall come to church with me like a dutiful daughter."

"Father, I cannot do that. Oh, father, do let me pass!" she pleaded. But one might as well have prayed one of the marble statues that adorned the hall to move from its pedestal. Mechtilde was firmly resolved to reach the chapel in time for Mass, but it was quite plain that she would be able to get out of the house by the hall door. Then there flashed into her mind the idea of trying some other means of exit. She walked quietly away and went into the library.

Lord Harliath, concluding that she wished to get their guest to plead her cause, smiled to himself, and for some moments did not trouble to follow. The girl crossed the room without observing James Durrant, who was writing at one of the tables, threw up the window, climbed out and was walking rapidly across the lawn before the young man could recover from his astonishment, but a moment later the sight of the baffled and infuriated old Lord in the doorway gave a clue to the mystery.

Then ensued a scene which culminated of the Friday night, and Durrant could not save Mechtilde from the indignity of being pursued by the servant by undertaking to follow her and fetch her back himself, which he accordingly did, waiting close to the chapel until she came out—after the service. She was a little surprised to see him, but he joined her quite naturally and together they turned into the park.

"You had some trouble about getting to church," he observed, after they had walked a little way in silence. She nodded and, meeting the compassionate glance of his gray eyes, her dignity and self-control suddenly collapsed, and she burst into tears. "Poor child!" said Durrant. "But what are you going to do? Things cannot continue like this."

"Tell me, what must I do?" she pleaded. "There is but one counsel to give," he answered. "You must conform at least outwardly to your father's religion."

"No, no!" she cried at once. "That would be very wrong. I cannot sell God's peace for that of men."

"But what will become of you? Your father is stronger than you, and in time he will wear you out." "I will trust in God," she said simply. "Nothing can happen to me save what is His will," and at these words a strange light came into her face, causing her companion to wonder if an angel might visit the earth under the name of woman.

On reaching the house Mechtilde was summoned into her father's presence, who, if the actual violence of his wrath had abated, was in a cruel, unrelenting humour. He explained in a few words that since she persisted in trying to practise the Catholic religion he meant to have her put under lock and key until her obstinacy was overcome, and as she made no answer to this threat, he dismissed her, adding that the housekeeper would be given orders to immediately send away her Catholic maid.

Mechtilde went up stairs, but it was only when presently the key was turned in the door of her room that she grasped the situation. Then followed a bitter sense of loneliness and helplessness, and throwing herself on the bed she wept until pitiful sleep bore her back in its gentle arms to Kilmoro.

domit, in hurt the girl's high-born pride and was more difficult not to resent than anything her father had yet done.

The day dragged on very wearily, too, for though she happened to have plenty of needlework to occupy her hands, there was nothing to occupy her thoughts, and she could not summon up courage to send her father a petition for some books. Often she wondered if James Durrant was still in the house and therefore aware of her position, and whether he had pleaded for her. But, as a fact, the young man's visit had ended the day after Mechtilde was locked up.

More than a fortnight passed, and want of fresh air was causing the young girl to droop and refuse food, like a captive bird, when one morning an unexpected message came ordering her to be set at liberty. She lunched alone in the big dining-room and afterwards wandered out into the garden. It was then that she was in order to fully appreciate the value of freedom it is necessary to have tasted captivity, and Mechtilde certainly wondered if the grass had ever been so green, the sunshine so gay or the birds' music so sweet as on this May afternoon.

By and by she sat down on a garden bench, and, taking off her hat, let the light wind caress her forehead, and fell to thinking, as was her wont, but was soon disturbed by the sound of footsteps on the gravel path, and saw with some surprise James Durrant coming along, evidently seeking some one.

On catching sight of her he quickened his step, and she went forward to meet him. After the first words of greeting, he explained that he had just arrived, and asked how she had been spending her time since their last meeting, which caused her to recount in her simple way about the solitary confinement from which she had just escaped, adding, as an involuntary expression of indignation arose to his lips:—"You must not blame my father, he must do what he thinks right, just as I must."

Not being able to see the right of shutting up an innocent young girl and allowing her neither fresh air nor companionship, James Durrant answered nothing, but after a short pause he said:—"You are of the stuff of which martyrs are made, and I do not like to think you will be a martyr, Mechtilde. There is a way out of all these difficulties, by which you shall have a pledge that the practice of your religion will never be interfered with."

She was too unconscious to attach any significance to the fact that he had called her by her Christian name, but, turning her lovely, eager, child-face towards him, said:—"Tell me, what must I do to win this pledge?"

Taking her hands and looking down into her eyes, he answered by a question, or rather by a petition:—"Mechtilde, will you be my wife?"

She sprang to her feet, wrenching herself free, and gasped, catching her breath between the words:—"Oh, I may not marry one who is—who is not a Catholic!"

"If that were all," he replied, though startled in his turn by her manner, "you can get a dispensation from your Church. I am ready to make all the required concessions." She shook her head. "But it is never God's wish for a Catholic and Protestant to marry, and God has been so good to me in giving me true faith, I will do nothing except that which pleases Him most." And she began to move away.

"Answer me one question, Mechtilde," he said, getting in front of her. "Do you dislike me?"

Then, covering up her face, she began to cry. "Mechtilde, do you love me?" "Bill no answer; she only shook from head to foot with the violence of her weeping. "Very gently he drew her hands away from her eyes, and, stooping, pressed a long kiss—as full of homage as of love—upon her forehead. With a moaning cry she turned and fled—terrified not of him, but of her own heart.

CHAPTER V.

As soon as Lord Harliath had awakened out of the lethargy of grief on the death of his heir, a desire came upon him to give the vacant place in his house and ambitions to the son of his greatest friend by marrying the young man to his heiress, and he was consequently much gratified one morning (the morning before that on which Mechtilde's imprisonment ended) on receiving a letter from James Durrant, asking permission to pay his addresses to Mechtilde, and mentioning his desire to return immediately to Harliath for that purpose. Therefore it may be understood how disappointed the choleric old gentleman would be on learning that his pet scheme was ruined by what he could view in no light save that of a girl's fanaticism.

On Durrant's departure he summoned Mechtilde to his presence, and flew in such a fearful rage that she appeared to quite lose his reason, and even descended to personal violence, seizing the girl brutally by the arm and shaking her. As soon as it was possible to escape from his clutch she fled to her room, and fell fainting on the floor, where she was presently found by the housemaid and put to bed.

After a little she came to, but only to faint again, and then the servants, becoming nervous, sent for a doctor who pronounced the girl's illness to arise from shock to the system. Next day she was in high fever, and Lord Harliath, at this, to him unexpected and very disquieting result of

his unkindness (if such a term be strong enough for his conduct, became the victim of very salutary remorse. Nay, more than that, the sufferings of his child touched the one soft spot in his heart, and he began to love her with a devotion of which no one would have supposed him capable. He sought out Mrs. Talbot and persuaded her (no difficult task) to come and nurse his delinquent daughter, and the knowledge of this kindness, and many small acts of attention, contributed as much, perhaps, towards Mechtilde's recovery as the careful tending of her old nurse. Yet many weeks, even months, passed before the girl regained health, remaining all the autumn and winter a semi-invalid, but the first spring days he began to make her feel herself once more, and then Mrs. Talbot returned to Kilmoro to make it ready for a long visit his heiress was now to pay. An event, however, was destined to take place which changed this plan, and when Mechtilde returned to find her was under even happier circumstances than could have been expected.

It happened that one April Sunday Mechtilde, on going into chapel for Mass and taking her usual seat, suddenly saw in front of her a figure the image of which had, despite all efforts to banish it, haunted her thoughts for many months. She could not at first believe her eyes, taking the apparition for a trick of fancy, but as the figure—though always in a motionless attitude of unobtrusive devotion—did not vanish, another explanation—the possibility of its being a "wraith"—presented itself, making the blood run cold in her veins.

Nevertheless when Mass began, the ceremony absorbed all her attention, so she did not actually feel reassured until the clasped of a human hand proved as she passed out of the church door that James Durrant was there in the body. Then the hearts of both, being too full for words, they walked along together for some time in silence, he being eventually the first to speak.

"You see I am a Catholic now," he said. "How much God loves us!" was her simple answer, and the saintly light James Durrant had once before seen illumine her face shone over it again. He bowed his head. "Dearest, it was your perfect goodness that first led me to enquire into the teachings of the Church."

"I shall thank God every day that He has also revealed Himself to you," she replied. "Mechtilde, it was your cross that won for me the shining crown, but God also requires from me now a sacrifice. Dearest love, I have come to my good-by forever."

She started a little. "Why forever?" "Because I sail next week for Australia to try and make there a livelihood as best I may. Since my change of faith my father has disowned and disinherited me. Lord Harliath would not give you to me now."

He stooped to kiss her face and turned to go, but she stayed him, asking that he should come and bid her farewell also, and at that moment they caught sight of the old Lord coming to meet his daughter. They quickened their steps and presently joined him, to his great surprise, as he could not at all account of James' presence. However, the young fellow lost no time in telling his story, which the old man seemed to listen to with great interest, but with very little sympathy for James' change of fortune. Indeed, had the lovers not been so sadly occupied with each other to heed him, they might have heard him chuckling to himself as at a good joke.

CHAPTER VI.

Sir William Durrant had reason to be taken aback when, the afternoon after the meeting we have just described, a hired fly stopped at his door and out of it stepped Lord Harliath, the last person in the world whom he expected to see, though it certainly flattered him to think his old friend had come all the way to Shropshire to condole with him over the iniquity of his eldest son, such appearing undoubtedly the object of Lord Harliath's visit, and they spent an hour abusing "Papists" in general, and James Durrant in particular, and going on to discuss the criminal independence of the present-day sons and daughters.

"The only consolation in your case," said the nobleman in commenting upon a specially voluble, paternal denunciation of Sir William, "is that it must be worse."

"Worse?" cried the baronet. "Why, it's as bad as it can possibly be. To think that my eldest son has turned idolator! I only rejoice my property is not entailed upon him. How could it be worse, I'd like to know?"

"Well, he might, eh, turn Jesuit!" put in Lord Harliath.

"What!" roared Sir William, now horrified almost into a fit. "What do you say? Did—did he suggest he meant to do such a thing?"

"Well, no, not exactly, but he might, I say, if you don't put it out of his power." "Hasn't he defied me to the fullest extent already? How could I put anything out of his power?" Lord Harliath smiled cynically. "How, my dear William? Why, of course, by entailing your property upon him and thus enabling me to give him my daughter in marriage." The baronet's breath was taken away. If he had known that the heiress to the barony of Harliath had been proposed for by his son he had certainly not known the lady's reason for declining the suit, and it was clear that the wily old lord and he must have come to a satisfactory understanding, from the announcement which appeared a fortnight later in the papers of the marriage of James, eldest son of Sir William Durrant, Bart., and the Honorable Mechtilde, only surviving child of Lord Harliath, a McDermott in the Catholic Press.

