

ing the motion, said that he had read the recent declaration of the Irish Episcopacy with the utmost satisfaction. The Bishops, he said, had declared authoritatively that it was not the intention of the Holy See to interfere in Irish politics in issuing the Rescript. The hon. gentleman accepted the interpretation; but he believed that the intention of the Holy See was one thing, and the use to which the Circular had been put was another. They might judge whether that use was of a political nature or not when they found that the persons who had been living upon it for the last few weeks were Balfour and his devoted allies, the Castle "Cawtholics."

Meetings on the Papal Rescript continue throughout the country. One of the largest gatherings ever witnessed in Cork was held on Sunday, June, 3 and was addressed by the worthy Mayor and Mr. William O'Brien, M. P. The latter's speech on the occasion was an emphatic vindication of the rights of the Irish people to think for themselves in politics. Mr. Dillon spoke at Da key, where his remarks on the same subject were greeted with the same enthusiastic applause that greeted his fellow-members' utterances in the Cork Park. A meeting was also held on the same day at Portumna, at which Mr. Michael Davitt continued his well-timed criticisms of the Circular. Thus it happened that in the East, West, and South of Ireland manifestations took place simultaneously at which there reigned a perfect unanimity of opinion. Scores of public bodies are, moreover, passing resolutions endorsing those which were recently adopted by the Irish Catholic members at the Mansion House. Never did Ireland seem more unanimous on any subject than on this. It is to be hoped that the uncompromising attitude of the Irish people in this crisis will have its due effect on future Vatican councils.

At the General Assembly of the Presbyterians of Ireland held in Belfast, the speech of a delegate was a noticeable feature. It is not usual for Belfast non-Catholic audiences to hear Home Rule addresses. In fact these are regarded as savouring of the oft-quoted "Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes," which the Orangemen would have all true followers of King Billy to hold in abomination. Yet the General Assembly was treated to such a speech and by a gentleman who brought the advantage of experience to his exposition of the benefits which self-legislation confers on a country. The Rev. W. Gillespie is a member of a deputation from the Presbyterian Assembly of the thriving colony of Victoria; and the Victorians are to be thanked for sending a man of his broad common sense to represent them. He expounded to his audience what Home Rule really means and the practical advantages it provides. The Australian colonies, he pointed out, have their own legislatures, yet they are not separated from the mother country, nor are they anything but prosperous, flourishing, and contented by reason of their self-management of affairs. It is hoped the valuable lesson he has taught the Presbyterians of Ireland will not be thrown away. The Irish Presbyterians are remarkable in our history for their patriotism and devotion to the cause of their country.

It is stated, on the authority of Reuter, that Cardinal Simeoni has written to Mgr. Perrico, in the name of the Pope, instructing him to leave Ireland. Reuter is evidently in the dark as to the Monsignor's whereabouts. The Papal Envoy has been for the past month or two residing in Great Britain; and he is at present, we believe, the guest of his Grace the Catholic Archbishop of Edinburgh. From the same source we learn that a member of the Sacred College (whose name, however, is judiciously concealed) requested that the Pope should demand strict obedience from Irish Catholics to the Decree of the Holy Office. The Pope, we are told, observed, in reply, that the Irish and their bishops know well what their duty was, adding that any pressing injunctions of the nature indicated were uncalled for and would be useless. Such, in a nutshell, is this week's (ending June 16) Vatican gossip concerning Ireland.

A highly influential meeting was held on Thursday (June 7) evening in St. James's Hall, London, at which Mr. John Morley, just returned from Ireland, stated that coercion had altogether failed to attain its objects. There are, continued the speaker, landlords of the incorrigible class, who, no doubt, like the Bourbons, forget everything and learn nothing, and who believe that the shadow will go back on the face of the dial, and that, somehow or other, in spite of the franchise and land legislation, they will be restored to their old prerogatives of rack-renting and eviction. Nobody says that the desire for Home Rule in Ireland is one whit less active or less alive than it was two years ago. No constituency in Ireland has changed its mind on that great national issue. Referring to the Papal Rescript, Mr. Morley acknowledged frankly that on its issue he thought it would put a temporary check on the Irish movement. Now, however, he is satisfied that it was mistaken on that point. "We applied coercion for generations," said Mr. Morley, "in its extreme and most violent form, in order to drive the Irish people from the faith which they had chosen to embrace. With what result? We drove away their priests; we compelled them to practice their worship in caves. We did all that coercion could do. With what result? That at this day the Tory Government is thankful that the Vatican comes to their assistance!" Mr. Morley's admirable speech was throughout punctuated with the applause of his sympathetic and appreciative audience.

A storm-cloud burst recently at Maize, near Wichita, Kan., extending over a space about 500 yards wide and a mile in length. A darkness almost equal to that of night covered the area. The streets were turned into rivers; the water finding an outlet into the Arkansas, washing away a number of houses, in one of which lived a family named Rockby, consisting of father, mother, and two children, all of whom were drowned.

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THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

(ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER, in the *Agonaut*.)

CHAPTER I.

THE Johnstown stage was due at City of Rocks at five o'clock. About that hour a man in a flannel shirt, dirty soldier trousers tucked in his boots, and a slouch hat on the back of his bronzed, bearded, unkempt head, materialised in the obscurity of the doorway of the station-house, and shading his eyes with his hand looked down the road. As he stood there a cloud of dust became visible in the distance. It floated and wavered nearer and nearer, until the creaking and jangling of dry wood, leather and metal, and the pounding of hoofs, were heard. Then, as the cloud approached the station, an apparition of two horses and a stage-coach was seen within it. The cloud stopped in front of the house, the dust settled, and the coach, coated inside and out with the white powder, was disclosed. The driver, looking like a miller, laid his whip on the roof and prepared to descend. The station-keeper who, meanwhile, had stepped out in the road and silently commenced to unhook the traces, looked up for the first time. The next moment he dropped the trace with an exclamation of wonder, while his hand slowly but instinctively sought the revolver which hung in a belt loosely about his hips. For a few seconds he scrutinised the face of the man who was swinging himself down from the box, and then his look of surprise changed to one of recognition, his hand relaxed its hold on the pistol, and he said heartily, "Well, I'll be darned! Lieutenant, is that you? Why, what's come of Jim?"

"He was taken sick down by Shot-gun Creek and had to lay off at the milk ranch," said the man addressed, taking off his hat and beating out the dust against his leg. He was tall and broad-shouldered, but slender, and was dressed in the same manner as the station-keeper, even to the revolver which hung about his hips. His voice and bearing, however, the only characteristics unaffected by the dust, betrayed a difference between them.

"It leaves me in a purty fix!" said the ostler. "Frank's out after stock, and there's no one yere but me. Who's goin' to take the stage on?"

"I'll take it on as far as Pack City, if you like," said the lieutenant. "The old man will find some one there to take Jim's place easy enough."

The station-keeper, without replying, mechanically resumed his duties of taking out the horses, and watched them meditatively as they walked slowly off to the stables. Then finally turning to the lieutenant, with the air of one whose mind is made up, he said: "By thunder, I guess that's the on'y thing we kin do. I can't leave yere. I wouldn't have a head of stock left by the time I got back. Them damned Injuns is gettin' worse and worse, not to mention the hoss thieves and road agents that's gettin' thicker'n fleas on a dog's back. It's sort o' crowdin' you, though, lieutenant, and I don't know what the old man'll say."

"He won't say thank you at any rate," said the lieutenant.

"You kin gamble on that," said the ostler, approvingly. "Who's this Johnny come lately?" he added, as a passenger from the inside of the stage strolled towards them.

"Jim said he was a stockman," said the lieutenant; "he's billed for Pack City."

"Jim!" growled the ostler, contemptuously.

"Jim's a stranger himself in these parts. How should he know?"

And when the traveller, an elderly man, joined them with a sociable remark that "it was purty to'ble warm," the ostler vented his scorn for Jim by ignoring him altogether, and continuing his talk with the lieutenant about way-bills, express, mail and other stage matters. But the passenger appearing in no wise affected by this lack of cordiality, held his ground, and if he did not join in the conversation, listened to it so persistently that the ostler finally turned to him, and said, rather sarcastically, "Stranger, is there any thing I can do for you?"

"Well, no, pard," replied the traveller, good-humouredly, "there's nothin' yer kin do fer me, but I reckon you kin do somethin' fer that lady inside, she's petered plumb out, and the kid's yellin' like all possessed."

At this the amateur driver opened the stage door and looked in. There was the usual litter of mail-bags, and small bundles, and smell of dust and leather. Addressing the woman, who, in a long linen duster, and with a veil over her face, reclined limply in one corner, half holding a crying baby, the lieutenant said "Supper station, madam."

This announcement producing no reply, he repeated it in a louder tone. The only result was an added force to the baby's cries.

"I reckon she's fainted," said the other passenger, appearing at his elbow with a cup of water; "try this yere."

The lieutenant, got inside, followed by the old man, to whom he unceremoniously handed the baby. Taking out his pocket-flask, he mixed a little brandy and water, and pushing the veil up from the unconscious mouth, he succeeded in partially reviving the exhausted woman. "Now then," he said in an authoritative tone, "you must come outside in the open air, and wash your face and hands, that will brace you up quicker than anything. Then when you have some dinner you will be all right. We haven't much time," he added.

The woman obediently arose, but, cramped and worn out by the long day's ride, had to be assisted to the ground. She succeeded in walking over to the water trough, and sitting down on its edge, silently took her baby. The lieutenant brought her a basin and towel, and left her to toilet. Presently he returned and said, "Supper is ready."

"Thank you, I don't want any supper," was the reply.

As he heard her speak for the first time, the lieutenant looked at the shrouded form in surprise. The voice was low and trained, the voice of a gentlewoman. It startled him with a swift suggestion of perfumed lace, and six-button kid gloves, of waltz music, yachting