

not depart hence without the blessing of the priest of God.

In the meantime, Lord Errington made secret enquiries relative to Eva Desmond's unknown friend, but all to no purpose. Angry and mortified at his failure as well as at the girl's rejection of his suit, he confided the story to Sir John Desmond.

'I think you must be mistaken in the idea that my sister favors an unknown suitor—but stay!' he exclaimed, as a new light broke upon him, 'perhaps she is aiding in the concealment of a priest. I have heard of a stranger in peasant garb being seen in the neighborhood. If I thought that—he thundered in violent tones—'if I thought that I would make her repent it! Help me, Errington, help me all you can to unearth the secret.'

'That old man, Patrick, knows something, and several times I have seen him, laden with bundles, going in a somewhat stealthy manner towards the beach, and I know, too, that a string of black beads belonging to your sister are sent as a sign that all's well.'

'Her Rosary beads! Well, I must find occasion to send Patrick away for a time, and if he supplies the unknown with food we may be able to starve him out of his place of concealment,' said Sir John Desmond in malicious tones. 'But we must go to work cautiously, and not let them suspect that we are watching them, for I do not want my sister's name to be mixed up in the business.'

Together the conspirators went down to the beach, and as they sauntered along the sands, maturing their plans, Lord Errington stopped and picked up a string of quaint bog-oak beads. 'Your sister's beads!' he exclaimed; 'she has evidently been here and lost them.'

'Very good; we may make use of them,' said Sir John Desmond. 'We may be able to lure him from his hiding place.'

When they returned to the Castle, they at once sent for Patrick, and Sir John Desmond fabricated an errand that would take him to a distant part of the country, and keep him away a week or ten days. The old man's face grew pale as he listened, as he feared it was a plot to entrap Father Desmond. No one supplied him with food except himself, and without the boat the priest could not leave the cave, as there was no other exit.

'But who will attend to the wants of the mistress, and Miss Eva so ill?' asked Patrick, for the anxiety and worry occasioned by the constant planning and secrecy had been too much for the young girl, and for some days past she had been unable to leave her room. 'I cannot go without a word with them,' he said, for he feared for Father Desmond's safety.

Then a thought entered Sir John Desmond's head. 'It's all right, Patrick! Miss Eva knows you are going and told me to show you this as a sign that all's well,' and he drew from his pocket the beads that he had just picked up on the sea shore.

The old man looked astonished, but being convinced that Miss Desmond had for some extraordinary reason taken her renegade brother into her confidence, could say no more, but set out on his journey with the assurance that Father Desmond's wants would be supplied. Surely Miss Eva would not have bade him go if the case were otherwise! But still he had his misgivings, and fain would have had a word with Mrs. Desmond before his departure, but the conspirators took care that this should be denied him. So, comforting himself somewhat with the thought of the beads sent him as a token, reluctantly he went his way.

And Father Desmond, in his lonely sea-gut cave, looked in vain, day after day, for help and succor, praying the while that no harm might come to those who aided him, yet fearing that the worst had happened, for what else could account for his abandonment by his faithful sister and her devoted servant?

'Mother,' said Eva Desmond, in anxious tones, 'what has become of Patrick? He has not been here for days.'

'He knew of your illness, and doubtless will not disturb you. But we may rest assured he is looking after our beloved son and brother.'

'I am sure of that, but I thought he might have brought tidings of him to you. It is ten days or more since he was here!'

It was the evening of the same day, when, anxious and uneasy, the mother and daughter stood looking out across the wide waters of the bay. To their joy they saw their faithful servant on his way to the Castle but when he came into their presence they saw at once that something terrible had happened. Almost broken down with emotion he bade them come at once to the cave, for Father Desmond was dying. In disjointed words he told his story, and how he had been cajoled and deceived. Mrs. Desmond and Eva did not wait to hear more, but set out at once on their sorrowful errand. No murmurs, no reproaches, escaped their lips, but the sweet 'Welcome be the will of God,' which so often has sustained the broken-hearted in their darkest hours, was the tearfully-murmured prayer that escaped from their suffering.

But two others witnessed their departure, for in this emergency the usual precautions were set aside. Sir John Desmond and Lord Errington immediately followed, and no sooner had the little boat rounded a headland than they embarked in another, laughing in a malicious glee at how easily the well-kept secret would be discovered. If, as they supposed, the priest was preparing to instruct his flock in some hidden cave, with what satisfaction would they not thwart his plans, by putting in force the stern arm of the law!

After a time they saw the little boat drawn up on the beach at the entrance to a rocky cavern, and silently they drew theirs up alongside. Their footsteps made no sound on the soft, white sand, and after a moment or so a dim light was visible. They drew nearer, but instead of the assemblage of people they expected to find, they beheld a low pallet bed, beside which knelt Mrs. Desmond, pale, but tearless, whilst Eva, in trembling tones, recited the Rosary, pausing not even at the entrance of the intruders.

Sir John Desmond gazed in fear and astonishment on the scene, for on the humble bed before him lay his own brother, the companion of his childhood, the friend of his youth, the priest whom he had driven to death.

In an agony of remorse he knelt beside him, and confessed how he had deceived Patrick by means of a false message from Eva, and how he told him that she had sent her Rosary that all was right, and thus by sending the old man away had deprived his brother of sustenance. Then, taking the beads from his pocket, he silently placed them in Eva's hands.

The dying priest asked his sister to give them to him. In words of love and forgiveness he comforted and pardoned his erring brother, assuring him that fever, contracted in visiting the sick, had contributed to his illness, as well as neglect and want; then, placing the Rosary in his hands, begged him to take it as a sign that he repented of the past and would return to the faith of his fathers. Earnestly the remorseful man promised all this, and for a time no sound was heard but the sobs of the little group who knelt around.

Just as the dawn broke, lighting up sea and sky with floods of golden glory, the soul of Father Desmond passed away, and while Eva, heart-broken but courageous, recited the sublime liturgy for the departed, John Desmond, his Rosary clasped closely in his hands, wept beside her a penitent indeed.—'Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.'

## The Catholic World

### CEYLON.—A Catholic Centenarian

According to the Jaffna 'Guardian' (Ceylon), an old Catholic at Kandy has attained to the age of 104 years, having been born in 1799. This interesting old man, whose unique experience it is to have seen three centuries, recently sent the following message to our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII.:—'Holy Father, I am now 104 years of age, and I wish you a happy jubilee. Lewis Appu.' He enclosed a photograph of himself and of his family, consisting of a daughter, a grand-daughter, a great-grandson, and a great-great-granddaughter, representing five generations altogether.

### ENGLAND.—Death of the Bishop Salford

The Right Rev. John Bilsborrow, Bishop of Salford, died at Babbacombe on March 5. The deceased prelate, who had been in failing health for the last two years, was born at Singleton Lodge, near Kirkham, Lancashire, on March 30, 1836, and after receiving his early education at a local commercial school he went to Ushaw in 1851 and remained there until 1865, when he was ordained priest by Bishop Goss, who appointed him to the arduous task of establishing a new mission at Barrow-in-Furness. Later on he was sent to Newsham, near Preston, and in 1883 was appointed Vice-President of the new diocesan seminary at Upholland, near Wigan, succeeding to the Rectorship two years later. In 1892 he succeeded Cardinal Vaughan as Bishop of Salford.

### Exiled Nuns

Some forty Nuns of the Sacred Heart from Montmartre, Paris, who are being expelled under the association laws, have arrived in London. Commodious premises have been arranged for their reception at Hyde Park Place, where a chapel for their use is being got ready. As many of the nuns as can speak English will take up work amongst the poor at Marylebone and the neighborhood around the Marble Arch. His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan has given them a cordial welcome.

### Congratulating the Holy Father

The Catholic Association, of which the Earl of Denbigh is president, sent the following telegram to the Pope upon the attainment of his Pontifical Jubilee:—The Catholic Association, under whose auspices two thousand English pilgrims have journeyed to Rome, renews its expression of homage and veneration to your Holiness upon the completion of the twenty-fifth year of your glorious Pontificate. The following reply has been received from Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State:—His Holiness accepts the grateful congratulation and expressions of homage and veneration of the Catholic Association, and sends his apostolic blessing.

### The Natural Result

In the London 'Daily Chronicle' a correspondent, who signs his letter 'Common sense,' says that the collapse of the 'Revolt from Rome' leads him, as an old-fashioned Protestant, to question whether the sympathy of Protestants with ex-Roman priests is not misplaced. 'These gentlemen,' he says, 'can generally be classed under one of two headings: (1) Persons who afterwards become a credit to no one; and (2) persons who return sooner or later to the Roman obedience.' The correspondent adds: 'I may mention that the recent return of the well-known Count Campello within the pale