

The Northwest Review

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Correspondence on subjects of interest will be welcomed and published.

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NOTICE.

The editor will always gladly receive (1) general or local important news, matters of general or local importance, (2) letters on similar subjects, whether conveying or asking information or controversy, (3) news notes, especially in the Catholic character, from every district in North Western Ontario, Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia. (4) Notes of the proceedings of every Catholic Society throughout the city or country. Such notes will prove of much benefit to the society themselves by making their work known to the public.

OUR ARCHBISHOP'S LETTER.

ST. BONIFACE, May 10th, 1899.

Mr. E. J. Dermody.

DEAR SIR:—I was by the last issue of the Northwest Review that you have been instructed by the directors of the journal with the management of the same, "the company for the present retaining charge of the editorial columns."

I need not tell you that I take a deep interest in the Northwest Review which is the only English Catholic paper published within the limits of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. I hope that you will obtain a remunerative success in your new position. I do not do your work gratuitously, it cannot be expected that the material part of the publication should remain without remuneration.

I think you are strongly recommended to all Catholics under my jurisdiction to give a liberal support to the Northwest Review. It has fully my approval, though, of course, I cannot be responsible for every word contained in it.

The editors write as they think proper, they are at full liberty to say what they wish and in the way they like best. The sole control I claim is over the principles they express and I have no hesitation in stating that the principles announced by them are sound and ought to be endorsed by every sound mind in this country.

I therefore consider that you enter a good work and I pray to God that He will bless you in its accomplishment.

I remain, Yours all devoted in Christ,

ALEX. ARCHBISHOP OF ST. BONIFACE, O.M.

The Northwest Review

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Northwest Review has heard with regret of the death of Dr. Tache, the distinguished and learned brother of our venerable and saintly Archbishop. Although Dr. Tache had reached a ripe old age, and has left behind him an honorable and distinguished record, a life filled with duties nobly and unselfishly performed, yet his death will create a void in the heart of Mgr. Tache, which will cause all his children to sympathize with him and pray for him.

We are sure that we voice the sentiments and give expression to the feelings of all the Catholics, to whom His Grace has consecrated the best efforts of his life, in tendering to him a public expression of their sympathy in his affliction and their devotion to his person.

The reproach is still made in some quarters that the separate school education is not equal to the common schools. This is an old hackneyed complaint that comes down from disgruntled folks, who mistake pertness and impudence for smartness and the evidences of education. We will freely admit that the average Catholic boy or girl taught in our schools has not the chipper bearing that comes from lack of moral discipline, but are rather modest and diffident in their ways.

On close examination it will be found these children are well educated. They are not on dress parade with it, but when the time comes for them to show the stuff that is in them they prove to be competitors. If people who talk about Catholic schools, the know-alls, would do more work and talk less, aiding the pastor and teacher, the scales might drop from their eyes.

The above remarks are applicable to a few "Candid Catholics" in Manitoba, but, thank God, they are so few that they could not number even "a devil's thirteen" in the whole province. If some one would furnish us with the list, we promise to furnish reasons why they should not call themselves Catholics and proofs that they are not Catholics.

The Church News sounds the right note of warning to those Catholic "editors, who seem to imagine that their mission is to sit in judgment upon the bishops" in the following editorial note:

"The Catholics of the entire country were recently pained to learn that the Most Reverend Archbishop of St. Louis found it necessary to issue a circular letter regarding the editorial management of the Western Watchman. The circular of His Grace only emphasizes that it is useless to contend that the Catholic press is not subject to episcopal authority. We have never felt that our liberty was impaired, because we recognize that we belong to the great army of which the Supreme Pontiff is the commander-in-chief and of which the Archbishops and Bishops are next in command, nor because we realize that the good of the cause demands that certain discipline shall be maintained, and that a violation of discipline is good ground for episcopal censure. We have more than once referred to the fact that certain Catholic

journals were destroying respect for ecclesiastical authority by their frivolous criticism of Bishops, and is to be hoped that the circular of Archbishop Kain will be a warning to all editors, who seem to imagine that their mission is to sit in judgment upon the Bishops."

SENATOR BERNIER'S SPEECH.

Through the courtesy of the Northwest, we have been furnished with a copy of the Hon. Senator Bernier's great speech on the school question. We have read it most carefully, and have no doubt that it will produce a beneficial effect throughout the country. From beginning to end it is a clear, forcible, and masterly exposition of this historic question. Outside of His Grace, the Archbishop of St. Boniface, we know of no man in Manitoba better qualified to speak on this question than the Hon. Senator Bernier. To prove this statement it is only necessary for us to point out to our readers and the general public that Senator Bernier was superintendent of the Catholic section of the board of education from the union of Manitoba with the Dominion of Canada up to the spoliation act of 1890. During all that time, Mr. Bernier was most closely united with our educational affairs, and much of its success was due to his painstaking and efficient conduct of the affairs of the Catholic section of the board of education. For these reasons, anything Mr. Bernier has to say may be looked upon as an authentic and a semi-official nature. Never, perhaps, in the history of the senate had a senator a more inspiring theme or one so fruitful of incidents bristling with national importance, and we are happy to bear testimony to the able and masterly treatment it received at Senator Bernier's hands. We wish that space would permit us to give it to our readers in full, as it would prove interesting and profitable reading. We fear reviewing it in a short review would do to the speech, as a whole. The senator begins by pointing out that the Catholics number two out of the five million of our population, and emphasizes the absurdity of supposing that such a large proportion of our population could remain silent and restful while the rights and liberties of a portion of the Catholic population were violated in direct contempt of the agreement entered into by all the political parties, both Local, Federal and Imperial. Then he goes into a review of our political history previous to confederation. He treats this part of his speech in most convincing manner, and points out to his listeners that the questions now before the public are, in nature, the same as they were immediately previous to confederation, and then he very pertinently asks: "Shall we, after twenty-five years of confederation, be obliged to confess that this regime, instead of realizing the great expectations that were entertained at the time of the union, has had no other effect than to bring us back, after a long circuit, to the starting point, to the same uncertain and gloomy issues?" This is, indeed, a serious question and one that should call forth the very deepest and most painstaking consideration by our political men. He makes quotations from the public utterances of such eminent statesmen and patriotic citizens as the late Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Etienne Tache, (both premiers of Canada), and the Hon. George Brown, to show the sad state that the country was reduced to by the strifes, discords and religious prejudices which unfortunately threatened the very life of the nation. The honorable senator pointed out in language clear and convincing that confederation was brought about in a spirit of compromise, and he makes his points indispensible by quotations from public speeches and other documents. He then passes to a consideration of the acquisition of the Great Northwest Territories by the Dominion. He shows that the same spirit of conciliation was brought into action in quieting the fears and gaining the confidence of the people in the Northwest. He proved that pledges were given before confederation for the protection of minorities and that those pledges were applicable to the whole Northwest, inclusive of Manitoba. But not satisfied with this, he proceeds to show that these pledges rest not only on the promises from different authorities, but especially and first of all from the Imperial authorities. He pointed out that the "religious rights and privileges" of the people of this country rest on no less an authority than that of our Most Gracious Queen. In a Royal Proclamation, issued by the Governor General, these words are found: "By Her Majesty's authority I do therefore assure you, (the people of the newly acquired Territory) that on the Union with Canada, all your civil and religious rights and privileges will be respected, your property assured to you, and that your country will be governed as in the past under British laws and in the spirit of British justice." And again, the same Governor General, in a letter to His Grace, the Archbishop of St. Boniface, said: "The Imperial Government, as I informed you, is earnest in the desire to see the Northwest Territories under the Dominion on equitable conditions;" and the same letter explains the meaning of the "equitable conditions," as follows: "The Imperial Government has no intention of acting otherwise than in perfect good faith to-

wards the inhabitants of the Northwest. The people may rely that respect and attention will be extended to the different religious persuasions; that title to every description of property will be carefully guarded, and that all the franchises which have subsisted, or which the people may prove themselves qualified to exercise, shall be continued and liberally conferred." Then Mr. Bernier passes in review the history of the province from the time of the union to the present, showing the pledges given to the minority by the present government and then shamelessly violated. We congratulate the Hon. Senator Bernier on his magnificent speech and predict that it will take its place among the ablest and best historic speeches delivered in the Senate of Canada. The subject is an important and absorbing one and covers an epoch in our National history as instructive as it is interesting. The highest praise that can be conferred upon this speech is to say that Senator Bernier has made the subject both instructive and interesting by his masterly treatment of it.

FRENCH-CANADIAN SETTLERS.

Our contemporary, the Free Press, in a recent editorial, noticed that many French-Canadians have returned to Quebec, and expresses the hope that they may find their way west, and settle among us in Manitoba. Everyone who knows what an industrious, hardy, frugal, and moral race the French-Canadians are will say "Amen!" to that suggestion of the Free Press. It would be a great boon indeed to have the fertile lands of Manitoba and the great Northwest settled by Canadians rather than by foreigners. They understand our institutions better and are in closer touch with our national life and progressive institutions. There is no race in the world has as great a claim to this country as the French-Canadians. It was they who first explored it and brought the reining influence of civilization to its shores. It was that race that first brought the light of the Gospel to the pagan tribes that sat in the shadow of death. The first martyrs who shed their blood in testimony of the truth of that Gospel were of French origin. The first schools established here were founded by the intrepid missionaries and these missionaries were French-Canadians. These schools were Catholic schools, and were powerful factors in civilizing and Christianizing the aborigines. Are we not right, then, in saying that no race of people have as great a right to peacefully enjoy homes in this great prairie country as the French-Canadians? Unless the "civilization" of the past few years in this province be taken as a denial that the exploration, civilization, and Christianization of a country give no rights that need be respected, we again assert that no race in the world has such claims on this country as the French-Canadians and our contemporary is right in expressing the hope that they may come and settle among us.

But to get settlers into a country it is necessary to be able to assure them that when they come they will be treated with fair play and justice. We must be in a position to say to them: "Come and settle among us, and all your rights and privileges will be respected, and you will receive fair play and justice. Your race and your religion will form no barrier to your progress. You will find among your English-Canadian brethren, though in the majority, a generous and kindly welcome—a treatment as kind, as generous, and as considerate as you have shown our English-speaking and Protestant brethren in Quebec." Can the Free Press, can any newspaper in Manitoba or the Northwest, truthfully assure those greatly-to-be-desired French-Canadian settlers in language similar to that which we have placed in inverted commas? And if not, why? Let our contemporary glance back over the last four years of the political history of this province; let it examine into recent events in the Northwest Territories; let it cast behind it self-interest and approach this question in a broad, liberal, and patriotic spirit, and tell us if the conduct of its political friends and co-religionists has been fair and just to the French-Canadians? Let it sit down in some quiet nook of its sanctum, and put on its judicial cap, and examine the pledges given to the French-Canadian electors of St. Francois Xavier by Mr. Joseph Martin, in the name and on behalf of the Liberal party. Let it examine into the promises made by Mr. Greenway, premier of Manitoba, to the venerable Archbishop Tache, to the Hon. W. F. Luxton, of this city. Speaking of the abolition of the Legislative Council of this province, he said: "The generosity of our (French and Catholic) representative on this occasion, the public spirit exhibited by them, and their expressed confidence in the loyalty of their English and Protestant countrymen had made a deep impression on the minds of their fellow representatives, and one of these immediately arose, and amidst the enthusiasm of the moment, and on behalf of the English and Protestant population, pledged his people and the province that the rights and privileges of the Catholics would never be interfered with, and for doing so he was cheerfully applauded by the whole House. That man was Mr. W. F. Luxton, who is still living, and was then a prominent member of the legislature. He, at least, I must say, used his best efforts to have this pledge faithfully kept, and I am happy to send him from my seat in Parliament the expression of the gratitude of the people whose rights he has so vigorously defended."

A DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

In the course of his very able and interesting speech on the school question the Hon. Senator Bernier pays a just and highly deserved compliment to Mr. W. F. Luxton, of this city. Speaking of the abolition of the Legislative Council of this province, he said:

"The generosity of our (French and Catholic) representative on this occasion, the public spirit exhibited by them, and their expressed confidence in the loyalty of their English and Protestant countrymen had made a deep impression on the minds of their fellow representatives, and one of these immediately arose, and amidst the enthusiasm of the moment, and on behalf of the English and Protestant population, pledged his people and the province that the rights and privileges of the Catholics would never be interfered with, and for doing so he was cheerfully applauded by the whole House. That man was Mr. W. F. Luxton, who is still living, and was then a prominent member of the legislature. He, at least, I must say, used his best efforts to have this pledge faithfully kept, and I am happy to send him from my seat in Parliament the expression of the gratitude of the people whose rights he has so vigorously defended."

These, indeed, are words of just praise. Mr. W. F. Luxton has been made the object of the most malicious charges and

insulting and outrageous manner it was possible to adopt. And such was the intense hatred of the majority in this province for everything French-Canadian and Catholic; such were the blunted feelings of honor of the majority; such their indifference to the public honor and faith of their ministers, that they gave the government a renewed lease of power for no other reason than that they had broken faith with the minority and trampled under foot all their pledges to them. Nay, more, so well did the government understand the feelings of the majority that they actually asked and received a renewal of office chiefly on the ground that they had violated their pledges, and, instead of protecting the minority in their rights, as they had promised to do, they had persecuted them. If the Free Press will examine its files it will find on what nobler ground it then stood in denouncing this conduct of the government of Manitoba. Its editor, then, do not try to find excuses for the government's infamy in foolish and in applicable examples from Montreal.

We sincerely hope that many French-Canadian settlers may, despite all this find their way here. Their presence here might have a refining influence on the majority, and bring a blush of shame to their cheeks for their past brutal and dishonorable conduct. This alone would be such a benefit to our province that all good men will join in wishing for it, but if our contemporary be really anxious for such a good class of settlers, we would recommend it to get the government of Manitoba and the Protestant majority of this province to improve their manners and bring their actions into touch with modern civilization and that code of honor which is expected to be found among men deemed worthy of administering a government in the name of our most gracious Queen.

VERY AMUSING.

Last Friday evening, all the daily papers of Winnipeg had a telegram from Montreal saying that the Superior-General of the Oblate Order was expected to arrive there on Saturday. The telegram further announced that:

"His visit will have an important bearing on the Northwest school question, which he comes to settle, so far as his Order is concerned."

This must be very amusing information to the Very Rev. Father Soulier. What possible connection there can be between the visit of the distinguished Oblate Father, and the Northwest school question is not explained. Surely, Mr. Greenway and his confederates in the government are not Oblates in disguise! Judging them by their past conduct, or their present impenitent state, no one would ever accuse them of leanings towards the distinguished Order over which the Very Rev. Superior General rules. When will the paragraph makers or the equally industrious telegraphic news makers learn that the school question is one that must be settled or left unsettled, according to the sense of justice and right, or indifference to both, of the men who are made the constitutional guardians of the rights of the minority. Very Rev. Father Soulier has nothing to do with the Northwest school question. He is, it is true, the distinguished head of a missionary order to whom the Northwest owes much on account of their labors among us, as well as for their past services to this country, both in times of peace and war, but he does not come for the purpose of pressing his claims or the claims of his Order on the people. His visit is purely and simply one, of business. He comes to visit his brethren, and advise with them as to the best means of advancing the interests of the Great Master in whose honor and for whose glory they have been for nearly half a century spending themselves. The Protestant conscience is a great and suspicious coward. It realizes that its keepers have done the Catholics a great wrong, and it suspects that every Catholic of distinction who visits this country is coming to punish their iniquity. How true it is that—

"Conscience makes cowards of us all."

THE FAMILY GHOST.

I was driver of a bobtail car right here in New York. There were two passengers in the car at the time—a sauntering Sister of Charity and a man who looked like a tramp in the last stage. There was only one nickel in the box, and after knocking repeatedly on the door I stopped the car and went inside. The tramp protested that he had paid his fare, and I turned to the nun. By a gesture she signified that I should hand to the man a paper that was lying on the seat. I did so, and when I turned again she was gone. The tramp declared that he had not seen her—that he had been alone. Utterly mystified, I went back and started the car. A little later the tramp got my name and address and left the car. That night I went to my doctor, and told him my story. "Now, doctor," I said, "if I am loony, out with it!" "No, no, Jim," said he, "very sane men have optical illusions now and then." "I don't want any more of 'em," said I. "Collecting fares of optical illusions doesn't pay." "I should say not," said the doctor. "But my opinion is that you turned your back a minute and that the woman got off without paying her fare. Probably she was not a real Sister of Charity. The city is full of frauds. She made you take the paper to the man to give herself a chance. See, now?" "I didn't see, but what can you do when folks are so sensible they can't believe anything?" "Wasn't like that—there she was, and there she wasn't," said I. "That's how it was." "If it happens again, come to me, and I'll write you a prescription and make you a present of it," said the doctor. So I thanked him kindly and went away, and it didn't happen again. Weeks went along, and it was winter, and as cold as Greenland, and passengers more bothersome than ever I knew 'em, when one day, standing in the stable, talking to Mike Gallagher, the old fellow that watered the horses and always had a joke for everybody, I heard my name called. "You're wanted, Jim," said some one, and I went out into the street, and the man that had called me pointed to a gentleman—about as fine a looking one as I ever knew—and he (the gentleman) walked up to me. "It's your dinner time, isn't it?" said he. "Yes, sir," said I, "I've got a few minutes left." "Come along, then," said he. He walked me into a restaurant close by the stables and said, "Call for what you want, and I named it. Then said he, 'You don't remember me, Jim Brown?'" "No, sir," said I. "You gave me a paper about six months ago," said he—"a newspaper. I asked your name." "Oh, oh!" said I. "No, sir, I didn't know you. I begin to see the likeness, but you—you—" "I know," said he. "I was pretty well down on my luck then. See here"—he unbuttoned his coat, a seakink, blew you, and took out of the breast pocket a newspaper—"read that," he said, pointing to where it was folded. I read it. This is what it said: "If Ferdinand Melrose will return home, all will be forgiven by his dying father," and after that when he was to inquire for "further particulars." "Well, I am Ferdinand Melrose," says the gentleman, "the black sheep of my family. Long ago my stepmother made mischief between my father and myself. He forbade me his house, and I rather went to the bad. No matter for my story. Besides the fare you inquired about I had only a bottle of landanum in my pocket. I was going to Central park to take it. I should have slept myself out of life into eternity and the city would have seen to my funeral if you had not given me that paper. I went to the place mentioned and found, as I expected, that money had been left in a lawyer's hands to take me home. When I got there, I found that my stepmother had been dead three years, and that my father had been attacked by a disease, and that when he died I found myself a rich man. I had kept Jim Brown's address," and I felt that I owed him something." "Nothing at all," says I. "The lady—the sister—told me to give it to you."

"What lady?" said he. "I'd like to know myself," said I, and then I told him my story. "It is strange," says he. "I could swear that I was the only passenger at the time. I felt so miserable and so shabby that I purposely waited for an empty car. And another thing is strange, Jim Brown," said he. "We had a ghost in our family. A nun is said to appear now and then, always to do good. And my father declared that while he was ill she appeared to him in times, always pointing to my portrait, which hung in his bedroom, and always conveying to him in some way that it was his duty to search for me. In fact, she was the cause of our reconciliation." "I couldn't say anything. Neither of us spoke about the thing again, but when he insisted on starting me in the eating house line I wasn't fool enough to refuse. And, as you see, I'm not a bobtail car driver any longer." "No, I haven't seen anything queer since that time, and I can't say I'm anxious, but whether the lady was what the doctor called an optical delusion or not, I'm certain that she only did good to all concerned. Bless her for coming!—New York Journal.

HOW TO DEAL WITH CATHOLICS.

Don't fail to ascribe every evil under the sun to Catholics.

Don't let it into your imagination for one instant that the Church is capable of doing any good; she beats the devil.

Don't think that what appears to be good in the Church is real; it is all gigantic hypocrisy and sham—sort of hypnotism.

Don't suppose for a moment that the Sister in a Catholic community who, a few days ago, died from smallpox contracted while attending suffering patients, was a heroine; she was an utterly vile woman, same as all of 'em.

Don't permit any one to say that orphanages, asylums and hospitals managed by Catholic sisterhoods are of great benefit; they ought to be all burned down, begosh!

Don't allow at any time that a Catholic is a Christian; Catholics are all anti-Christians, from the beginning, now and ever will be, world without end. Amen.

Don't have any relationships with them, for storms, lightning, hail and thunder are because of them; they are skilled in the black art.

Don't dream that the low price of wheat, the present financial difficulties, the tariff, the heavy taxes, the bankruptcies, etc., etc., are due to certain causes—the Catholics did it, they are at the bottom of all devilry.

Don't fail to get up a strong, indignant feeling whenever the Catholic Church is mentioned; swear at it, for it deserves it all and more, call it Papistry and Romanism.

Don't be slow to believe everything published, no matter where or by whom, against the Catholics; if not true, it ought to be.

Don't argue with any one who wishes to prove that these attacks arise from ignorance and prejudice; you know better and your mind is made up, and besides, you might get the worst of the argument. Don't try to convert Catholics; it is no use; they are wedded to their idols, and who knows but they might convert you?

Don't give any help or charity to a poor man until you find out his religion, and if he be a Catholic, tell him if he is weak in muscle.

Don't be in a hurry to visit your next-door neighbor until you find out his religion; if he is a Catholic, what a narrow escape for yourself and family; if he looks your way, snarl at him.

Don't permit any one to speak well of the Pope; he is the devil out and out. Those articles about his learning, his piety, his charity, his love of mankind are all base lies and fond inventions.

Don't let the opportunity pass of instructing your children at Sunday school and other suitable places: "Now, my little dears, you have heard of the Romish Church, an awful Church, teaching everything bad and wicked! Never go into a Romish church, they're idolaters and they all speak Latin, so you couldn't know what they say. Keep away from the Popish priests, my dears, they're the worst men goin'."

They want to enslave us, to take away our school houses, and to kill us all in the dark night, when the Pope gives the order. Now, my little dears, would you like such a Church as that? Oh, no, papa! Hands up who want to stand for Jesus! All right, my dears!"

Don't lift your foot to the man who could thus lie for Jesus. "You better bless de Lor' chile, dat you weren't born a Roman Catholic." "Why," asked the other little girl, "ain't dey rich?" Well yes," the first one answered, "my pa thinks they're about de richest people in de whole worl'; but still you ought to bless de Lor' you never was a Roman Catholic baby," "Cause why?" "Well, you know dat white iron box by de door of de church wif de water in it? Well, when de priest wants to baptize a poor lil' Catholic baby he just stand it up, head first in dat lil' box till de baby was drown, so I tell you you're a lucky chile your pa and ma goes to Zion."

While from the Duluth True Witness.

An Irishman in New York was asked by a Yankee what brought him to America.

"Was it for want you came," asked the Yankee.

"Bogorra, no," said Pat, "it wasn't for want; I had plenty of that at home."

THE FAMILY GHOST.

I was driver of a bobtail car right here in New York. There were two passengers in the car at the time—a sauntering Sister of Charity and a man who looked like a tramp in the last stage. There was only one nickel in the box, and after knocking repeatedly on the door I stopped the car and went inside. The tramp protested that he had paid his fare, and I turned to the nun. By a gesture she signified that I should hand to the man a paper that was lying on the seat. I did so, and when I turned again she was gone. The tramp declared that he had not seen her—that he had been alone. Utterly mystified, I went back and started the car. A little later the tramp got my name and address and left the car. That night I went to my doctor, and told him my story. "Now, doctor," I said, "if I am loony, out with it!" "No, no, Jim," said he, "very sane men have optical illusions now and then." "I don't want any more of 'em," said I. "Collecting fares of optical illusions doesn't pay." "I should say not," said the doctor. "But my opinion is that you turned your back a minute and that the woman got off without paying her fare. Probably she was not a real Sister of Charity. The city is full of frauds. She made you take the paper to the man to give herself a chance. See, now?" "I didn't see, but what can you do when folks are so sensible they can't believe anything?" "Wasn't like that—there she was, and there she wasn't," said I. "That's how it was." "If it happens again, come to me, and I'll write you a prescription and make you a present of it," said the doctor. So I thanked him kindly and went away, and it didn't happen again. Weeks went along, and it was winter, and as cold as Greenland, and passengers more bothersome than ever I knew 'em, when one day, standing in the stable, talking to Mike Gallagher, the old fellow that watered the horses and always had a joke for everybody, I heard my name called. "You're wanted, Jim," said some one, and I went out into the street, and the man that had called me pointed to a gentleman—about as fine a looking one as I ever knew—and he (the gentleman) walked up to me. "It's your dinner time, isn't it?" said he. "Yes, sir," said I, "I've got a few minutes left." "Come along, then," said he. He walked me into a restaurant close by the stables and said, "Call for what you want, and I named it. Then said he, 'You don't remember me, Jim Brown?'" "No, sir," said I. "You gave me a paper about six months ago," said he—"a newspaper. I asked your name." "Oh, oh!" said I. "No, sir, I didn't know you. I begin to see the likeness, but you—you—" "I know," said he. "I was pretty well down on my luck then. See here"—he unbuttoned his coat, a seakink, blew you, and took out of the breast pocket a newspaper—"read that," he said, pointing to where it was folded. I read it. This is what it said: "If Ferdinand Melrose will return home, all will be forgiven by his dying father," and after that when he was to inquire for "further particulars." "Well, I am Ferdinand Melrose," says the gentleman, "the black sheep of my family. Long ago my stepmother made mischief between my father and myself. He forbade me his house, and I rather went to the bad. No matter for my story. Besides the fare you inquired about I had only a bottle of landanum in my pocket. I was going to Central park to take it. I should have slept myself out of life into eternity and the city would have seen to my funeral if you had not given me that paper. I went to the place mentioned and found, as I expected, that money had been left in a lawyer's hands to take me home. When I got there, I found that my stepmother had been dead three years, and that my father had been attacked by a disease, and that when he died I found myself a rich man. I had kept Jim Brown's address," and I felt that I owed him something." "Nothing at all," says I. "The lady—the sister—told me to give it to you."

"What lady?" said he. "I'd like to know myself," said I, and then I told him my story. "It is strange," says he. "I could swear that I was the only passenger at the time. I felt so miserable and so shabby that I purposely waited for an empty car. And another thing is strange, Jim Brown," said he. "We had a ghost in our family. A nun is said to appear now and then, always to do good. And my father declared that while he was ill she appeared to him in times, always pointing to my portrait, which hung in his bedroom, and always conveying to him in some way that it was his duty to search for me. In fact, she was the cause of our reconciliation." "I couldn't say anything. Neither of us spoke about the thing again, but when he insisted on starting me in the eating house line I wasn't fool enough to refuse. And, as you see, I'm not a bobtail car driver any longer." "No, I haven't seen anything queer since that time, and I can't say I'm anxious, but whether the lady was what the doctor called an optical delusion or not, I'm certain that she only did good to all concerned. Bless her for coming!—New York Journal.

THE FIRST ANGELUS.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE leaves were green on the cedar boughs
White was the almond tree,
And never a cloudlet crossed the sky
That day at Galilee.

And the song-birds chanted their sweetest
And the sunbeams lingered on hill and plain,
And the scent of flowers was in the air,
And the brooklets murmured low
A glad refrain o'er their rocky beds
With rhythmic ebb and flow,
While the vocal reeds by the river's brink
Sang in knelt chorus a joyous hymn.

And Mary knelt in her lowly cot
When the Angel Gabriel came,
And the devils quailed and angels smiled
As he spoke our Lady's name.
And the Angelus bell was heard on high
Through the Heavenly mansions at her reply.

Elderly aunt—"My dear, I have just put you down in my will for \$5,000."

Niece—"What can I say to thank you? How are you feeling to-day?"