

## The Sea Wind.

It freshens the foam in the furrows,  
It drifts the soft sand o'er the lea;  
It rills the rapture of morning—  
This wonderful wind of the sea!

It catches the glory of sunrise,  
And breathes it in light to the land;  
It thrills the sad soul of the sunset,  
Receding from ocean and strand.

Its voice is the pulse of the tempest,  
Through seasons of darkness or light;  
It strengthens the beat of the billows,  
It deepens the gloom of the night.

Oh, it comes from the wild womb of Ocean  
With melody matchless and free!  
'Tis filled with the woe of the water!  
This wonderful wind of the sea!

Augusta, Ga. WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

## MASS IN CAMP.

## The Holy Sacrifice Offered Up With Military Honors.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP IRELAND, CHAPLAIN OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF MINNESOTA, IS PRESENT, AND ADDRESSES THE MILITIA.

[North Western Chronicle.]

In the general orders read at Camp Hubbard, on White Bear Lake, Minnesota, on Saturday morning, July 15, was the announcement that "religious services will be held in camp at 10.30 a. m. to-morrow, by the chaplain of the National Guard of Minnesota, Rt. Rev. John Ireland."

Sunday morning the sky opened bright and clear over the waters of White Bear Lake, on the lovely shores of which for the past week the several companies of the State Guard has been assembled for practice in the tactics of war. The ground selected for the camp, admirably adapted to the exigencies of military duties, was at the same time most beautiful and picturesque in its surroundings. It is a large open field, in parallelgram-like form, on one side skirting the lake, on the others fringed by groves of shady trees. In the centre of the field the headquarters were located, tents being pitched there for the commander and his staff. In front of these were the long line, several rows deep, tents of the infantry battalions, and on the right the guns and tents of the Emmett Light Artillery were visible. The chaplain's tent was, of course, at headquarters, and there had the preparations for the religious service been made. Captain C. M. McCarthy, of the Artillery, was in charge, and to this gentleman, as brave a soldier as he is a devoted Catholic, much honor is due for the exquisite taste and order for the celebration of the Mass in the field.

The altar stood at the entrance of the tent, the space immediately in front being neatly carpeted. The altar was decked in military style, United States flags encircling it in graceful festoons, swords and bayonets massed in bunches on both sides of the crucifix, bayonets serving as taper-holders. As a back-ground for the altar flag being gladly lent for the occasion by the Emmett Light Artillery.

At 10.30 a. m. was ready. Near the entrance of the camp a squad of the Emmett Artillery was posted, under command of Captain McCarthy, awaiting the arrival of the altar boy, Hubbard, the commander-in-chief of the Guard, had ranged himself and staff. At the Epistle side were the officers of the several companies present in camp. In front at some distance from the altar were the men of the Emmett Artillery, drilled to do during the Mass the military honors, having on their right the regimental band, and on their left the singers, members of the Liederkreis of St. Paul, under the direction of Prof. Kerfer. The Allen Guards came next in full ranks, and back of these were the members of the other companies of the Guard. All around the military were throngs of civilians from the neighboring village and from St. Paul, men and women, Protestants and Catholics, all attracted by the novel sight of a Mass in camp, and all showing by their reverent demeanor that they had fully caught the spirit of the occasion. The beautiful altar, the bright uniforms of the officers, the richly-dressed ladies, in the open air upon the broad prairie, under Minnesota's beautiful sky, the white tents in view and farther on the dark woods and the placid waters of the lake, all went to make up a picture of exquisite beauty seldom to be seen, and which will long be remembered by all who witnessed it.

At some distance from the chapel-tent the guns of the artillery were posted ready in due time to take their share in adorning the victim of Calvary.

Just at the appointed time the Bishop's carriage appeared in sight; Captain McCarthy and the squad in waiting, received him to his tent, where he was formally received by the Governor and officers. He was accompanied by Rev. James McGolrick and Rev. J. T. Jenkins. They were soon vested in their sacred robes, and services began.

The land first sounded the note of praise. Then the singers gave forth the English version of the Te Deum, "Great God we Praise Thee." Morning prayer, including the orison "for those in authority," was recited by the Bishop, and after another hymn by the choir, "Come, Holy Ghost," the Bishop addressed the assembled multitude.

The citizen-soldiers of Minnesota, he said, assembled in camp at the bidding of their commander-in-chief, form a scene that has not failed to awaken in the minds of their fellow-citizens a deep and abiding interest. Not a few, perhaps, take a superficial view of the matter; the strains of martial music, the bright costume and ambitious demeanor of the aspiring warriors, the fascinating precision of army motion, compel their attention. To the more thoughtful among us a profound and far-reaching significance underlies the scene. The military camp puts before us in positive actuality sacred principles which enter closely into the construction of true manhood, and which are the pillars upholding civilized society. The camp becomes a valued school for the individual and for the nation.

Here honor and duty reign supreme. Order is at all points visible. Every man knows his place and keeps it. Authority in its several grades is respected; men are proud to obey. Rebellion and insubordination are unknown. Self-denial is inculcated and practiced in sub-

mission to law and order. The weakening of the sense of duty, and a disposition to absolute self-assertion, are noticeable among the moral diseases of the age. The army is one of the few strongholds remaining to us which do not permit their encroachments; and the importance of army discipline for our young men can scarcely on this ground be over-estimated.

Again, the army is the home and the school of patriotism. Love of country, warm and disinterested, is the soul of civil society. Without it no nation lives and prospers. Where will you learn patriotism more thoroughly than in the military camp, over which floats the standard of the nation, for whose honor and glory it is your duty as soldiers to die? We love and value that which we purchase at a high price. Hence the warm love of America which thrills the heart of these who twenty years ago exposed their lives on southern battle-fields.

But speaking to you this blessed Sunday morning, as one of Christ's ministers, of those sacred principles of which the army is a school, I have in view a higher and yet nobler aim than to extol the National Guard of Minnesota, much as the Guard may deserve my praise. I recall these principles because on them is based the necessity for you of religion.

Religion teaches man's relations to God, and enforces upon him observance of the duties which follow from these relations. How many to-day live without religion! The existence of God is to them like an abstract mathematical truth, having no practical consequences for them. There is with them no worship, no prayer, no thought that His will is a law to them. Let us ask how this religious indifference accords with the principles to which I have alluded.

He then sketched out the duties of man to God, his creator and his supreme benefactor—worship, praise, petition, obedience—and spoke of the necessity of religion for civil society, religion being the moral power that gives dignity to authority, civil or military, in society, and being at the same time the sole power capable of repressing crime and cementing together the different classes, inferior and superior, poor and rich.

Religion, he concluded, imperiously demands the allegiance of every man. Am I wrong when I say, among soldiers more than among many gatherings of men, it should be honored and obeyed? Then, religious respect and love Him: seek out His laws and follow them. Deem it an honor and a glory to bow in prayer before Him; scorn the disloyal and dishonorable man who, in his ignorance and false pride, forgets his God.

The sermon over—Rev. James McGolrick began Mass, and all present, Catholics as well as Catholics, appeared to realize that now the solemn moment in the services had been reached. As the Mass proceeded, the feeling of reverence and devotion became very visible, and in the most devout throng of worshippers around Cathedral altars a grander or more impressive scene would not be witnessed than was offered to view by this crowd of soldiers and civilians of all beliefs in religious standing around our tent. At intervals during the Mass the band played sacred airs and the singers chanted selections in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. At the Gospel Captain McCarthy's men presented arms, and the cannon pealed forth; at the elevation the roar of the cannon was again heard, and on bended knee the guard of honor presented swords to the "Lord of Hosts." Another salute while the Bishop was giving his solemn blessing, and all was over.

It was a grand spectacle, and one of which all Catholics especially can well be proud—the Mass at Camp Hubbard.

## THE BERESFORD GHOST STORY.

Many persons may be interested in a version of that strange tale known as the "Beresford Ghost Story," dear to all lovers of the supernatural, which is here given. It is warranted as correct on no less an authority than the present Archbishop of Armagh, who, as a great-grand grandson of one of the principal actors and collateral descendants from the other, certainly ought to know all about it, if any one does. Nicholas Sophia Hamilton, who afterwards became Lady Beresford, had made an agreement with the Earl of Tyrone of the De la Poer family, with whom she had been brought up, that whichever of them died first was to appear to the other if there was any truth in revealed religion, in which neither of them had any faith. One morning Lady Beresford, who was paying a visit, came down to breakfast in a very agitated state, with a black ribbon round her wrist. When her husband, Sir Tristram, asked her what was the matter, she begged him not to ask any questions, but told him that the post would bring him tidings of Lord Tyrone's death, and that he would in the next year be the father of a son. These predictions came true; the expected letter brought the news that Lord Tyrone had died the Saturday before, and in due time a son was born. Lady Beresford always continued to wear the ribbon round her wrist.

Sir Tristram died, and his widow after a time married a Captain Gorges, who turned out so badly that she had to separate from him. When she was living in Dublin she gave a dinner party to celebrate her birthday, and invited an old clergyman who had christened her. He was the first arrival, and she told him that she was just forty-eight that day. "No," said he, "you are only forty-seven; you were born in 1666." She grew deadly pale. "Are you sure?" she said. "Certain," he said. "You have then," she replied, "signed my death warrant. I have only a few hours to live." She retired to her room, sent for her son Sir Marcus, for her daughter Lady Riverston, and, I believe, Henry, Archbishop of Dublin. She then told the story for the first time of Lord Tyrone appearing to her, telling her of his death, that she would have a son who would marry his brother's daughter, and that she would make a most unfortunate marriage, and die on her forty-seventh birthday. He touched her wrist to prove his appearance was real, and the flesh and sinews shrank, on which she always wore a black ribbon. She was buried in Lord Cork's vault, under the Communion table in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Her son, Sir Marcus Beresford, we may

add, married Catherine, Baroness de la Poer, with whom he got the great possessions in the county of Waterford which his descendant still owns, and was created Earl of Tyrone, his son becoming Marquis of Waterford.—Saturday Review.

## ALBA DE TORNES.

## Where the Body of a Saint Awaits the Resurrection.

Some fifteen miles from the once justly famed University of Salamanca, in Spain, is a little village called Alba de Tornos. It is a place on a slight eminence overlooking the bright, limpid water of the Tornos when it gets its name. Though a quiet unpretending spot, it holds within its limits one of the most precious possessions that Spain can boast of.

THE BODY OF ST. TERESA. What Catholics are there to whom this wondrous name is unfamiliar? Unfortunately, however, though the generality of us are well acquainted with the name, our knowledge extends but little further. Perhaps, then, the following lines, besides exciting us to a somewhat more lively affection for this far-famed relic, may also serve as a little interesting instruction.

Alighting two days ago from the mail-coach at the entrance of Alba, I carefully picked my way up the very narrow and very slushy street, which I was told led to the Square of St. Teresa. Sure enough I reached the square, but so much so that I was utterly deserted and silent that for the moment I imagined it to be the quadrangle of some monastery or palace. On the one side, it is true, were three faint resemblances of houses, but the other three sides were wholly taken up by the Carmelite Monastery, the Carmelite convent and the Carmelite Church. This latter I entered, feeling in the all-prevailing stillness that now in very truth I was treading on holy ground. My surprise and wonder were not at all abated by the sights and sounds in the church itself. Far away up near the sanctuary I perceived a solitary group of about a dozen women, whilst a priest celebrating High Mass was reading the Epistle. On looking behind me, I noticed the wall hung over with the numerous

of unfortunate and grateful pilgrims. To my right and left, looking in the direction of the high altar, were various tombs of former local celebrities; whilst half way up, to my left, was a little chapel literally seeming to be scooped out of the earth. In this for a long time had reposed the body of St. Teresa; and it was from this identical resting place that the saint, once assisted at this chapel exactly as it was in the days of the saint who in her illness was wont to spend hours looking through the bars and holding, we may be assured, very sweet converse with our Lord in the Holy Eucharist. Next I directed my gaze to the high altar and raised off from the sanctuary, but distinctly visible to all who might enter the church, was

THE MARBLE SARCOPHAGUS in which reposed the body of the saint. The Mass being finished, I approached and examined everything more closely. The sarcophagus was indeed a most elaborate and curious production of art, scenes from the life of the saint being represented, standing out in relief and depicted in a most vivid manner.

The saint's body is enclosed in three coffins, the keys of which are respectively held by the General of the Order, the Mother Superior, and the Bishop of the diocese. The coffins have been, I believe, but once opened since they received their sacred contents, and as there is a very widespread rumor that they are again to be opened in October of this year, the tercentenary of St. Teresa, many thousands from all nations are expected to be present.

To the right of the altar is a massive door, seeming from a distance to be part of the ornamentation of the altar itself, but in reality shutting out from sight "one of Heaven's best treasures on earth," the body of St. Teresa, both in a state of perfect preservation. They are in a large urn, which literally blazes with gold and jewels. Both are clearly visible through the glass in which they are enclosed.

THE FLESH IS QUITE INCORRUPT, and retains the full form of the arm, thus truly testifying by a continuous miracle to the wonderful holiness of the saint. Just towards the top of the heart is a long and deep indentation resulting from a wound which the saint herself says was inflicted by an angel whilst she was in one of her ecstasies. As St. Teresa mentioned the fact some time before her death, we cannot but surmise in it some strange mystery. But that which now inflames the faith and love of Catholics, and affords much surprise and conjecture on the part of all, is the unaccountable appearance of

FIVE THORNS GROWING OUT OF THE HEART ITSELF. The three that first appeared are as long as an ordinary-sized finger, and about half the thickness of a common lead pencil. The other two which were first noticed in 1864, are much smaller, but quite visible. These the whole contents of the urn may be viewed from a distance of about three inches, the thorns and the long incision in the heart attract one's attention immediately.

There is no satisfactory explanation for the appearance of the thorns. The story, as told by the pious villagers of Alba, and very prevalent in Spain, is as follows. In the year 1834 it became known that the body of St. Teresa had been agitated in the coffin, loud knocks having been heard to proceed from there. This, coupled with the wondrous appearance of the thorns in the heart of the saint, led many to believe that something sad and disastrous was going to happen to Spain. Strangely enough, a few months afterwards the religious orders were cruelly attacked, fourteenth century being one day massacred in the streets of Madrid; then followed in the succeeding years a series of unprecedented misfortunes for Spain, as history attests.

However, I am bound to say that though the story seems plausible enough, it rests on no religious foundation. Not so, however, in the case of the thorns themselves. These have been seen and

carefully examined by thousands of visitors. Just as they have furnished in the years gone by a fruitful theme for comment and surmise, so likewise at the present day. None have as yet been able to explain away the circumstances as merely natural, though in truth there have not been wanting many who have tried to do so, and would gladly have seen their efforts crowned with success.

Your valuable space forbids me entering more into detail on what I saw, much less does it admit of my describing the feelings naturally awakened in a Catholic by the sight of

GOD'S GOODNESS AND POWER so clearly, so unmistakably manifested as it is in this quiet, out-of-the-way village of Catholic Spain. Just one word more. As I held the letter written by the very hand of St. Teresa, and proudly preserved in the convent, a Jesuit Father who stood at my side called my attention to the signature of the saint. "You see," said he, "that the discussion going on in Germany and elsewhere as to whether St. Teresa spelled her name 'Theresa,' or 'Teresa,' would rapidly come to an end if the learned ones would take the trouble to visit this place. Clear, distinct, neat, and well done, stands out boldly at the foot of the letter the signature, 'Teresa de Jesus'—J. Mahoney, in the Catholic Times.

Consumption is a disease contracted by a neglected cold—how necessary then that we should at once get the best cure for Coughs, Colds, Laryngitis, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—one of the most powerful medicines for these complaints is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Mr. J. F. Smith, Druggist, Dunnville, writes: "It gives general satisfaction and sells splendidly."

He was praising her beautiful hair and begging for one tiny curl, when her little brother said, "Oh, my, 'taint nothing new. You ought to have seen how long it hangs down when she hangs it on the side of the head, and when that young man was going away, and heard the boy yelling, he thought the lad was taken suddenly and dangerously ill with colic."

The nearer we follow in the treatment of disease, the more successful we are. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is Nature's Specific for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Colic, all forms of Summer Complaints. It speedily cures Canker in the stomach or bowels, and is safe for infants as well as adults.

The Bishop of Osnabruck, Germany, has issued a circular thanking the Protestant population of his diocese for the enthusiastic reception which they, in common with the Catholics, have everywhere accorded to the new parish priests.

THE PROGRESS OF MEDICAL ENLIGHTENMENT has led to the abandonment of many antiquated remedies of questionable value, and the adoption of newer and more rational ones. Prominent among the latter is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the justly celebrated Blood Purifier, a comprehensive family remedy for Liver Complaint, constipation, indigestion, loss of physical energy, and female complaints. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

A correspondent of the Springfield Round Table relates that, years ago, Long John Wentworth, then in Congress, once told a Methodist, Chaplain of the House: "I'm not going to vote for you again. You give us too much hell fire in your sermons. Now there's a man at Cincinnati who promises to save the whole of us. He's the man for me." "Ah, Mr. Wentworth, but he doesn't know you all as well as I do, or he wouldn't undertake to save the half of you."

It has stood the Test of Time. For twenty-five years has Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry been before the people, and its popularity is to-day greater than ever, because it has proved reliable in the treatment of all forms of Bowel Complaint incident to the Summer season.

A Bellefonte boy stole his mother's canary bird and sold it to a man, whose bird had just died for two dollars and the dead bird in exchange, and when his mother was overwhelmed with grief and gave it a tearful burial, he assisted her with the money jingling in his pocket. That boy will some day drift to New York and become a financier.

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A KEEN REPLY.—"You are wondrous pretty," said an admiring gallant to a lady. "Sir," said she, "I thank you for the compliment, and wish with all my heart I could say as much for you." "Why, then, madam," replied the gentleman, "you might readily pay back the compliment with compound interest, if you only knew how to serve up a fat lie in a dish of flattery as well as I do."

N. McLaug, Wyebridge, writes: "I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, &c., and in fact, for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds, and bruises."

E. Renan says the attempt to perpetuate the Republic in France by destroying the Church is like the effort of a physicist to prolong a man's life by eliminating the diseased heart.

Scrofula is a depraved condition of the system often hereditary, and characterised by indolent tumours, glandular affections, bad blood and a low condition of vitality that tends towards consumption, which is really Scrofula of the Lungs. Burdock Blood Bitters cure Scrofulous diseases from a simple to an Abscess, by purifying the blood, correcting the secretions and giving a healthy tone to each organ.

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## What is Said of the "Record."

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