

DONOVAN AND THE BOERS.

An Irish Pedagogue in the Transvaal.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE TOLD BY A JESUIT MISSIONARY.

An episode told by the Rev. Father Charles Croonenbergh, S. J., of the Zumbesi Mission will be read with pleasure.

It was in the South African winter of dry season, in the last day of April, 1879. The missionary caravan had plodded its weary way among sands and rocks, rivers and forests, and was camping in the midst of the immense plains of Western Transvaal. The sun was calmly setting on the level horizon, and the evening breeze brought with it that blissful freshness which under the burning mid day sun the mirage had made us dream of by its imaginary bowers and pictured lakes. All was quiet and silent around us, the cattle were feeding; the Fathers, walking, said their beads.

In the glimmering sky a spot appeared that grew little by little; a dark human form was making towards our wagon. It was dark already, when we received the greetings of the strange visitor at our camp fire. A man of middle stature with rough shoes, a corduroy suit long worn, a broad felt hat on his gray hair, stood before us. His features bore the strong marks which that scorching climate speedily leaves on the faces of men, and on his shoulders he carried a stick from which was hanging a pair of trousers. He had all the appearance of a regular tramp, but a tramp in an African desert is a good send.

"Good evening," he said abruptly to the tallest of us, whom he rightly supposed was the "Boss of the party," and who, as a Catholic priest, I heard Fathers were coming up country, and I came up to make my confession!

We all drew near, and with a winning smile Father de Pelchin answered, "Yes, my friend, we are Catholic priests going up to the Zumbesi nation. But are not you an Irishman?"

"Yes, Father," was the emphatic answer, "and my name is Donovan, a Catholic, and all the Donovans for ages and ages were Catholics, from the time there were any in Ireland."

So saying the good old man was on his knees, and, receiving the priest's blessing, kissed his hand with tears.

Around our blazing fire of "box-mist," the only fuel of these pampas, we learned Donovan's long story; how, after wrecked in the last King George's time, he wandered from the coast to Upper Transvaal in search of game, and how he had come so far in that he could not get out any more. Then, as age crept on, he had taken to the scanty-paid profession of a wandering schoolmaster, going from farm to farm, teaching the youth among the Dutch Boers how to spell, their names and write or print a Boer letter like the following—a veracious instance:

"Lina and Katie are well, all hope you too, but father died last month; hope you are well and alive. I would like to marry Mary, if you answer that I may, I will be happy."

"What my friend, (I am your gentleman friend), H."

The next morning old James Donovan received Holy Communion with a pure Irish devotion. After taking breakfast, he exclaimed, "Oh, what a beautiful day! 'Twas so many years since I had seen the *Sophist* again!"

"We moved on, but Donovan followed yet another day. The third day, at evening, when he saw the oxen ready for another start, the good old man gathered his bundle, took his stick and his top boots, and, being ready for the home march, he spoke:

"Dear Father Superior, I am but a poor man, but soon will be poorer than I am. Here is all that I have, take it for the love of God," and out of the inside of his coat he pulled £2 sterling and a half-sovereign.

The Superior refused to take the money saying: "God will provide."

Then the Irishman, throwing the gold pieces on the ground with decision, said: "There lies the money. It is no longer mine, I have given it to God. If you don't take it, then it will remain," and he hurried off.

Father de Pelchin hesitated a moment, then, taking up the three gold pieces, said: "Stop a minute; I accept the money in the name of God, but this is my prayer: May it please Our Lord some day to give one of us the occasion of restoring it to you a hundredfold on this earth, and may He give you eternal life hereafter."

James Donovan then disappeared in the darkness of the plains. In May 1884, I had gone back to Europe for the interest of the same year to Africa. I was then ordered to open a mission in that very extremity of the north-western Transvaal. My only companion, Father John Temming, and myself had secured a new station in the Dwaarsberg amongst the Batlapin Caffirs. We had built our house, when about to cover it, a storm and deluge of the ground, three of the four walls to the ground.

The very evening of the disaster, late at night, we were disheartened under our wagon, sheltering ourselves from the drizzling rain and cooking our porridge. On one side was the slope of the mountain, on which was the Batlapin town, on the other a dozen wells, dug out in the chalk stone, a wonder-work for the Caffirs. Suddenly a voice was heard far beyond the wells.

"Are there white men here?" was the question.

"Yes," I answered, "but stay, don't move, I'll send you a Caffir to see you through the pit."

A few minutes later, in the glare of our fire, and in the dim light of the growing moon, we saw a man of middle stature, with gray hair and grizzled beard, a broad brimmed felt hat, a corduroy suit, and on his shoulders a stick and a pair of top boots.

"Are you Father Croonenbergh?" was the question.

"And aren't you James Donovan?" was the quick reply.

We heartily clasped hands, and many questions followed in quick succession. A spoonful of oatmeal was added to the porridge, and more water to the coffee

kettle, and, while smoking a pipe of Transvaal tobacco, Donovan, with deep emotion, had to hear of the death of many whom he had seen five years before—of Father Augustus Law, Father Fuchs, Father Toerde, and of the gallant Brother de Vylder. Donovan took to his knees and prayed, adding "may they rest in peace."

After a long and hearty conversation, a moment of thoughtful silence followed. Then, looking at my friend with my hand upon his shoulder, I said: "Donovan, do you remember where we first met and when?"

"Yes, father," was the lively reply. "Yes, on the plains of the Hart River in '79, and those were happy days."

"Do you remember, Donovan, what ails you gave Father de Pelchin?"

"It was very little, and Father de Pelchin refused at first to take it."

"At this moment of the conversation, a peculiar noise was heard close by. I recognized the gnawing of skins; a hungry dog was at the trappings of our wagon. Looking for my gun, I made one step, a white shadow fled, the whistling shot was followed by a smothering yell and then the pealing answer of a hundred dogs answered the death warrant around the Caffir town."

"One thief less," I said, putting back the gun.

"One hundred left," said Donovan. "Poor hungry animals!" said kind-hearted Father Temming, not yet accustomed to the necessities of life in the wilderness; and the conversation was resumed.

"Remember, my dear Donovan, that somebody said as a parting wish—I pray that some day, to some one of us, Our Lord will give the pleasure of restoring to you a hundred fold."

"I do," said the good old man, with an inquiring look.

"Well," I continued, "you are poor now, Donovan, and we are rich. We have a house that will be built, a team of oxen, a cow and a calf, milk and butter, six sheep and seventeen cows in the treasury; and with you you will live. When we should you will be with us, and when we fast you will fast with us." It took some time for Donovan to recover from this happy surprise.

"Yes," he finally answered, "and a god send it to be received here by the Fathers, and to find a home for me who have known none since I left my mother in King George's time."

"And now, Donovan, you will be a missionary schoolmaster as long as it will suit your age; and then, when the day of your reward will have dawned, close to the Church of the Immaculate Conception on your cheek, hilly, we will bury you, and over your grave will pray the Caffirs whom you will have taught the law of Christ Our Lord."

Here Donovan burst out in tears of ecstasy. "To live here with the priest," he exclaimed, "to work for God yet awhile and then to sleep in the shadow of the Church of the Immaculate Virgin Mary until the everlasting resurrection! Oh! this is the best of happy dreams; thanks to God and to you, his servants and priests."

Together we started our building afresh. The kitchen was erected, and a church dominates peacefully over the dark forests of Tseni Tseni Valley; and the thoughts of youth, having resumed, until at last, full of days and of merit, he will sleep in peace, having had his dread in this world and found eternal bliss in the other.

Dom Bosco's Advice.

A CERTAIN WAY TO HAVE ONE'S REQUESTS GRANTED.

The following very remarkable advice is taken from a letter from Dom Bosco to a religious of the Salesian Congregation. It is dated December 8, 1887 (Feast of the Immaculate Conception), less than two months before his lamented death. This letter may be regarded as a sort of spiritual testament of the holy priest:

"When one wishes to obtain the grace from God through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin or some other saint, it is usual to say: 'If this favor be granted, I will make such and such an offering, or give such an alms.' Far preferable and more efficacious would it prove to give a robust word that we intend to offer in thanksgiving for the favor. Almighty God, our Blessed Lady, and the saints listen favorably and to grant our petitions. We also fulfill the precept of Christ: *Dilecti, diligitur vobis*—Give, and it shall be given to you. Our Divine Saviour does not say, 'Promise to give, and you shall receive,' but 'Give first, and then you shall receive.'"

Those who are acquainted with Dom Bosco's life are aware of the many examples it furnishes of the efficacy of this beautiful exercise of confidence in Almighty God.

Still Another Religion!

R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Mr. Laurence Oliphant is arranging for the publication of his new work, "Scientific Religion?" Well, my son, as it takes Mr. Oliphant 100 pages to tell that, I don't know that I can tell you in a paragraph. But it is a great improvement on the old kind; oh, dear yes, a great improvement; Mr. Oliphant, the inventor, says so himself, and he ought to know.

As I understand it, it sweeps away a great deal of the old rubbish which the world has outgrown, such as the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Psalms and Gospels, the Prophecies, Epistles and the Apocalypse and one thing and another like that.

Oh, it's easy, my boy, it's the easiest thing in the world, to invent a new religion; any fool can do that. It is a sad thing to see a man of middle age, with a few lines on his forehead, and a pair of top boots, to live up to the old one; that's the reason why a new one is brought out about every fifteen minutes.

"I have taken, within the past year, several bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it is doing me a great deal of good. I am convinced that this preparation, as a blood-purifier, is unequalled."—C. C. Dams, Pastor Congregational church, Andover, Me.

A DAY WITH THE MISERECORDIE.

(From "Chambers' Journal.")

It is Sunday morning, and our ship under the light of Lehigh Harbour under the bluest of Italian skies. We lie a wherry, and go ashore, glad to escape for a time the monotonous roll of the wave-washed vessel. Hardly have we crossed the city's threshold when we come upon a weird procession of hooded men, carrying on their shoulders an empty litter. We are told they are the famous Misericordie; so we follow until they reach their chapel, and go in after them. Our questions are kindly answered by a brother, whose face we cannot see, and we soon investigating for ourselves the mysteries of this solemn brotherhood. It goes without saying that no religious body anywhere is held in greater respect and veneration than the Italian Misericordie.

WHILE DISTINCTLY CATHOLIC, IT MINISTERS TO THE WANTS AND SUFFERINGS OF ALL CREEDS AND CLASSES. We are unable to ascertain exactly the date of its foundation; but there can be no doubt, from all accounts, that it has been in active operation for upwards of a century. It is a humble way, a Florentine, who sought in a humble way to alleviate the sufferings of his poorer townsmen; but little did the good Samaritan imagine the extent to which his ideas were destined to be carried out.

LONG AFTER HIS BONES WERE CRUMBLING DUST.

The Order of Misericordie embraces both men and women. The former at the initiation pay an entrance fee of five francs and an annual sum of four francs by way of dues. The latter pay four francs at initiation and yearly dues to the amount of two francs. There are honorary members also, who do no active work and who pay five francs a year. The only direct benefit these brethren receive from their membership is that their bodies and those of their families are buried in the private and beautiful cemetery belonging to the Order. There is no fund upon which they may draw in times of sickness; no superannuation on which they may retire in old age; there are no mystic signs or rituals.

POLITICS ARE UNKNOWN IN THE RANKS. The mission of the Misericordie is to relieve suffering, to watch by the sick and dying, to convey the wounded to the hospitals, to carry the dead to the tomb, and to be impartial always in their services to whosoever may require them. The dress of the Order consists of a long black frock and hood, in the latter being cut two eye-holes. Save for these, the kind without its beggars would be indistinguishable. Where they come from or where they go to, how they live and who they are, nobody knows; but they are the most persistent and irrepressible class of beings to be met with in the wide world. They will positively not take a refusal, and this is well illustrated by the same man, who forgetful of his fatigue, runs a mile beside our carriage for the copation, and we toss him, and still finds breath to bless us for our charity. At the gate stand two of the Misericordie, clad in their sombre robes shaking their poor boxes at the passing multitude. So weird and silent are they that but for their eyes, which peer and twinkle through the holes cut in their hoods, they might be taken for statues.

THE BURIED AND FORGOTTEN DEAD. The burying-ground into which we pass lies just outside the Lehigh gates, and almost under the shadow of the Monte nero heights. It is laid out with charming nicety, and kept with scrupulous care. The boxwood thickets which form the avenues are neatly trimmed; and above them tower high cypress trees, which yield a grateful shade and cool the gravel footpaths underneath. Of this ground work and architecture within, too much cannot be said; not that it is in any way aims at or approaches grandeur, but because it is full of beauty and always fair to see.

WE HERE CHASE WITHIN CHAPELS, and gardens within gardens; and there are high vaulted arches and heavy swinging lamps and dainty flowers that blossom everywhere. Except in the case of family vaults, which are specially prepared and paid for, no man in this quaint resting-place may choose beforehand the spot where he will be laid. This is done for him by the ground, and the beauty of the view to the symmetry and beauty of the establishment. Thus grave stones lie in shape of stars and crosses and intersected squares; whilst others are built into the walls one above the other, till the rough masonry gives place to smooth and polished marble.

THE RICH AND POOR LIE HERE TOGETHER, SLEEPING THEIR COMMON SLEEP; brethren in life, in death they are not divided, and pomp and vanity give place to the memory of simple worth. The marble slabs and monuments that mark the graves are of various shapes and sizes. This is a matter in which the tastes and pockets of the surviving relatives may be consulted without reference to the society or its committees. The simple slab, the stately cross, the broken pillar, the mass of marble rock, may all be seen, and some of them are veritable works of art. But it would seem to be an understood, if indeed, it is not a written rule, that the epitaphs upon them shall at any rate be short and simple. Here are to be found no eulogies, or histories, or scolding phrases;

LITTLE BUT THE NAMES OF THE SILENT SLEEPERS MEET THE EYE UNLESS IT BE THE "PRAY FOR HIM" with which most of the inscriptions end. On every grave we see floral decorations and tritiques of affections, brought by loving hands. The gifts and garlands vary with the station in life of the givers; but as far as we can see, after a long and careful visit, none are quite forgotten. On many of the tombstones, some of them laid cunningly into the marble in neat metal frames, and in no way affected by the exposure to light or storm. Here are graves smothered in a wealth of rare exotic, while beside them stand exquisitely worked tablets in silk and plush and satin, consoled with endearing terms. There are gloomy lamps or burning candles beside each sepulchre, and the air is laden with the sweet perfume of incense.

which it is held, when it is remembered that during the most stirring times in Italian history, when no processions or bodies dared walk abroad unguarded or unarmed, the members of the Misericordie went every, alone, DOING THEIR QUIET GOOD WORK UNDER THE SHADOW OF THEIR UPLIFTED CRUCIFIX.

Everything connected with the society is neat and scrupulously plain, and there is an utter absence of display, which more pretentious Orders would do well to imitate. Behind the chapel are kept the hearses, stretchers, portable beds, country ambulances, and other appliances used. All are clean and fresh and ready for immediate use. We re-enter the little chapel, where a Mass is being sung for the souls of the departed brethren, and we see on all sides ghastly skulls and covered coffins to remind us of our latter end.

THE INCENSE SWINGERS PERFUME THE AIR, AND OUR EARS ARE HAVISHED WITH ENCHANTING MUSIC sung by the choir overhead. The priests go round the people and distribute candles; and we light ours, that we may not appear singular, and gaze curiously on the scene, as if in wonderland. As we pass out, the grey-haired sexton tells us it is the festival of All Souls, and a day of mourning. He advises us to visit the cemetery, telling us the sight is worth the trouble; and we resolve at once to go. It is the custom in Italy to mourn eight days from the 1st of November for the souls of the dead.

THE GRAVES OF LOVED ONES ARE VISITED and covered with flowers and wreaths and pretty gifts, while Masses are sung for them in all the churches. At the end of eight days the decorations are removed, the priests put off their bordered robes, and the grave yard gates are closed again until next year's mourning time comes round. A drive of fifteen minutes through pretty hedgerows, banked with roosting daisies, brings us to the cemetery. The road is covered with pedestrians, and at some points blocked with vehicles. So great, indeed, is the confusion that special squads of police are strung out to preserve order, while mounted gendarmes, resplendent in plumes and clanking sabres, gallop about to direct the traffic. The women's dresses, in spite of the solemn occasion, are of the gayest colors;

THE PLEASANT GIRLS, WITH THEIR UNCOVERED HEADS, striped petticoats, and dangling earrings being particularly conspicuous. There are beggars, too, by the score, exhibiting mutilated limbs and festering sores, and calling loudly for the alms not often refused them. An Italian festival of any kind without its beggars would be incomplete. Where they come from or where they go to, how they live and who they are, nobody knows; but they are the most persistent and irrepressible class of beings to be met with in the wide world. They will positively not take a refusal, and this is well illustrated by the same man, who forgetful of his fatigue, runs a mile beside our carriage for the copation, and we toss him, and still finds breath to bless us for our charity. At the gate stand two of the Misericordie, clad in their sombre robes shaking their poor boxes at the passing multitude. So weird and silent are they that but for their eyes, which peer and twinkle through the holes cut in their hoods, they might be taken for statues.

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THE GRAVES OF THE POOR HAVE SIMPLER FLOWERS; occasionally, only artificial garlands and little oil lamps. On some are scattered merely a handful of rose leaves, whilst on others are jars of common clay with a single bud bending to the breeze. On one mound is the bottom of a broken vase, and from it there rises a carefully cut and prettily-trimmed maize ear, the delicate flowers being doubtless beyond the reach of the humble giver. On another heap is a little cross rudely fashioned out of a piece of decaying wood. The sign is infinitesimal, and the work suggestive of a boy's penknife; but it speaks volumes of love and sympathy. Indeed, the offerings of the poor have a pathetic tenderness never to be found in those of the rich. Besides the flickering lamps and guttering candles, on all sides are kneeling men and women, whispering their prayers for the loved ones they may see no more.

HERE STANDS A LITTLE LAD BESIDE HIS MOTHER'S TOMB, STROKING THE MARBLE HEADSTONE, AND THINKING OF THE DEAR VOICE HUSHED FOR EVER; and here a grey-haired couple are gazing at the grave of the son who has been taken from them all too soon. Here is a woman in an agony of grief over a little mound on which the grass has not yet grown. Her grief is pitiable to behold, and her cries attract a sympathizing crowd, and cause many a tear to start from eyes whose fountains open responsive to chords struck in aching hearts. "Bianca, my little love," she cries, "I am here beside you. It is your mother, darling, who speaks to you and longs to see you."

THE WORLD IS DARK WITHOUT YOU, DARLING.

Oh, speak to me, Come back to me, my love, my love." Her face is swollen with the hot tears which chase each other down her cheeks; her lips are smeared with the damp earth to which she presses them. She is but a peasant woman, this sorrowing mother; her hands are large and coarse and tanned by the burning sun, under which she labors day by day; but her heart is pure and tender and true, and

HER TEARS ARE AN INDEX OF A GENTLENESS THAT WEALTH CAN NEVER BUY. The family vaults are built into and under the walls of this pretty labyrinth, and are models of neatness. Most of them contain little chapels and altars, and the floors shine with polished marble. The walls and ceilings are exquisitely frescoed and the sun beams play upon the silver altar ornaments and rob the grave of gloom. Beneath the ocellus lie in their metal caskets, oil-lamps are kept perpetually burning, whilst the bronze crosses stretch out their arms, AS IF TO COVER WITH THEIR SHADOWS THE SLUMBERING DEAD.

Not a laugh is to be heard through all the multitude as we pass round. The sightseer and the tourist seem to catch the general sadness and talk in whispers as they go. The day has been one, indeed, of sad reflection and bitter memory, and laughter would grate harshly here. We wear the gate-gang as the sun is sinking, and we look back upon the congested mourners. We see

THE BELTED SOLDIER AND THE SANDALLED MONK, THE FARMER AND THE BEGGAR, SIDE BY SIDE; we see white faces and raining tears and looks of sorrow everywhere. We stand a moment and we go, apart alone, and feel better and purer for the sight. If it be true that the dead have knowledge of the living, the dreamers of this little cemetery must be gladdened at the loving recollections of their friends. The horse bells jingle as we enter homewards and beat a strange accompaniment to our thoughts. Verily, we have lingered in another land with the dead themselves. We have been reminded of

A DAY IN WHICH WE WOULD OURSELVES BE LAID AWAY, AND OUR RESTING PLACE VISITED BY THOSE WE LOVED.

We have looked on grief and sorrow, the part of all men whom-born. But even as we think, the sun goes down, hiding his head in the blue waters close at hand, and crimson tints shoot up and fall across the land. The birds sing out their evening songs, the distant spires are lighted up in low glory, and in the distance is heard the soft chiming of the Sabbath bells.

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An Ignorant English Earl.

Mr. Depew, of New York, who has just returned home from Europe, says: "While in England I met Earl Spencer, lord lieutenant of Ireland. He said to me: 'All those Irish emigrants are anarchists or in a potential state of anarchy; they are the men who instigated the Haymarket riot in Chicago. They carry anarchy wherever they go.'"

"I told the earl that just the opposite was the case; that no Irishman that I had heard of had been engaged in anarchistic exploits; that Irish police had suppressed anarchy in Chicago, and that among the anarchists hanged the only native of Great Britain was an Englishman. The earl seemed deeply impressed with what I told him about Irishmen in this country. He asked if he might quote my words in a speech, and declared that if what I told him could be proved to Englishmen it would help Ireland more than any agitation of the Irish question."

Wanted to be Heard From.

If any person has ever given Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy a fair trial, and has not been perfectly and permanently cured, that person should write the proprietors of that wonderful remedy, for they are in dead earnest and "mean business" when they offer \$500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents. It is mild, soothing, deodorizing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing.

Constipation

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—OBJECTS OF THE—

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The object of this Agency is to supply to the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods or manufactured in the United States.

The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many, a few of which are:

1st. It is situated in the heart of the wholesale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as to enable it to purchase in any quantity, at the lowest possible rates, and to forward the goods or merchandise to any part of the Dominion.

2nd. No extra commissions are charged in this Agency on purchases made for themselves and families, and facilities in the selection of prices.

3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades as he may desire, the Agency will send him a letter to the Agency with the list of the goods and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge.

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5th. Clergymen, Religious Institutions, and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount.

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