The Herald.

VOL. II. ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 13, 1878. NO 30.

THE HERALD
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
From the Office of KANE & Co.,
54 GERMAIN STREET,
AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, Post-paid, or delivered in any part of the City or Town of Portland.

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P. S.—All goods purchased of me Repaired free of charge.

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Coach Proprietor,
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Coaches furnished for Weddings, Funerals, &c., at the very shortest notice.
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The very best of Oysters always on hand
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☞ GENT'S GARMENTS made to order at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

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Just received per I. C. Railway.
40 TUBS choice Dairy Butter; 400lbs. Pure Leaf Lard; 100 doz. Fresh Eggs. For sale low, wholesale and retail by
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200 BARRELS No. 1 choice Winter Apples, consisting in part of Bishop Pippin, Baldwin, Greening, Nonpareil, Ripson, Pippin Spetzenbergs, &c.: 100 boxes Layer Raisens, 25 lbs., best London Layers, for Table use, and 5 bbls. Currants. For sale
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
12 Charlotte street.
ALSO, a choice assortment of Family Groceries, Flour, Meal, Ship Stores, etc., for sale at Market rates and delivered free of extra charge in any part of the city or vicinity by
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$290.
YOU ask WHY we can sell First-Class 7 1-3 Octave Rosewood Piano for $290. Our answer is, that it costs less than $300 to make any $600 Piano sold through Agents all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but sell DIRECT to Familiest Factory price, and warrant five years. We Send our Pianos everywhere for trial, and require no payment unless they are found satisfactory. Send for Illustrated Circular, which gives full particulars, and contains the names of over 1500 Bankers, Merchants and Families that are using our Pianos in every State of the Union. Please state where you saw his notice.
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Boot & Shoe Store,
STEVENSON'S,
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Ladies' French, Kid Button Boots;
" " " Side Lace Boots;
" " " Balmorals and Congress Boots;
" American Kid, Button and Side Lace;
" Chareoal " " " "
" Oil Goat " " " "
" Serge " " Side Lace and Congress;
Men's French, Calf, Balmoral and Congress;
" " " Patent Congress. Tie & Buckle
" Buckle Shoes of all Kinds;
Misses and Children's Boots, Shoes and Slippers;
Boys and Youths' Boots and Shoes of all kinds.
In fact every description of goods to be found in a first-class store.
Prices as low as any in the Trade.
ROBERT STEVENSON,
may25 19 Charlotte street.

CHEAP DRY GOODS!

M'CAFFERTY & DALY,
CORNER KING AND GERMAIN STREETS.
We have Reduced our Whole Stock to
LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES.
SALE COMMENCES THIS DAY!
Corner of King and Germain Sts.
M'CAFFERTY & DALY.
june22

HOLLANDS GENEVA
Just received:
50 GREEN Cases DeKuypers' GENEVA;
25 " " Key do.;
25 " " half-bottles do. 1 dozen each
5 " " pint-flasks do. 1 "
M. A. FINN,
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J. J. MULLIN,
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.,
and a large assortment of
OVERALLS always on hand
Gents' Clothing made to order in the most Fashionable styles, and a perfect fit guaranteed.
A large stock of SEAMEN'S CLOTHING AND OUTFITS always on hand.
Intending purchasers will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere.
Portland Bridge, North Railway Track,

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
HAS A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL
At $2.50 per day.
Tremont House
No LIQUORS SOLD mar9—

WILLET & QUIGLEY,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS,
Notaries Public, &c.,
RICHIE'S BUILDING, (2nd Flat.)
JOHN WILLET. RICHD. F. QUIGLEY, (B. C. L.) (L. L. B.)
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GRACE'S BLOCK,
DOCK STREET.
I RESPECTFULLY call the attention of the public to my Large and Varied Assortment of
WORSTED GOODS,
—IN—
Basket Cloths and Diagonals
BROADCLOTHS in Blue and Black,
TWEEDS in English, Scotch and Canadian.
DOESKINS in Blue, Black and Fancy.
The above will be made up in the most Fashionable Style and at shortest notice on the most reasonable terms. Also, a nice selection of Gent's Furnishing Goods.
apr27 M. J. DRISCOLL.

NOTICE.
WE have in Stock a splendid line of
COATINGS AND TWEEDS
for our Custom Department, and will make to order at our usual low prices at our Old Stand, Dock st.
MULLIN BROS.
We are selling our Ready-Made Clothing at Cost to make room for our Spring arrivals.
feb23 MULLIN BROS.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE
For the People to buy
STOVES,
RANGES
AND
TINWARE
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
IS AT
McDonnell & Mindon's,
3 doors above McElroy's,
Main Street, - - Portland.
P. S.—Wholesale Dealers please send for Price List. feb23

A QUANTITY OF
PAPER BAGS,
WILL BE SOLD CHEAP.
APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

THE BEST PLACE
TO BUY YOUR
Boots and Shoes
IS AT THE
Portland Boot & Shoe Store,
where you can get anything in the Shoe line as cheap as any house in the Trade. I have on hand a large stock of Men's Kip, Coarse and Calf Boots of our own make, hand made, which will be sold at very low prices.
dec22 H. BOWLES.

R. J. RITCHIE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
LAW OFFICE:
Ritchie's Building, Ground Floor
may 9

BARDSLEY BROS.,
Are now showing the Newest and Leading Styles in English and American
Fur and Felt Hats,
For Men, Youths' & Children.
STRAW HATS,
In great variety and quantity.
Silk and Cloth Caps
always on hand.
LATEST STYLE OF
SILK AND MERINO HATS,
made to order at short notice at
BARDSLEY BROS.,
38 Commercial Block,
South Side King Street,
June15 St. John, N. B.

NEW
BOOT & SHOE FACTORY,
CORNER OF
Union & Smyth Sts.
MY Factory is now in first-rate running order, and I am now manufacturing
FINE
Boots and Shoes,
of every description.
Dealers are respectfully invited to call and see my samples, which will be found on inspection, superior to the imported article. All goods manufactured by me are equal if not superior to samples, and bear my monogram.
JAMES T. HURLEY.
apr20

To Inspect is to Purchase.
THE attention of Families is directed to a repeat lot of GREY COTTONS and SHEETINGS, which are offered at less than formerly, and at a slight advance on manufacturing prices.
MACKENZIE BROS.
NEW FRILLINGS.—All the New Styles for the present Spring.
MACKENZIE BROS.
NEW COTTON HOSIERY.—A splendid variety at unequalled value.
MACKENZIE BROS.
INCOMPARABLE VALUE.—The balance of our large stock of Richly Embroidered Cloth Table Covers is being sold at a Veritable Reduction on the usual value of fifty per cent. Call and see them.
MACKENZIE BROS.
SWEEPING REDUCTION in Tycoon Reps, the cheapest and most suitable article for Misses wear. Also Ladies' Morning Dresses.
MACKENZIE BROS.
THE HEAD QUARTERS for Black Goods, and all the Mourning Textiles.
KING STREET.
THE GREAT GLOVE EMPORIUM.—Only First Class Stock, which is specially manufactured for
MACKENZIE BROS.
HOUSEHOLD LINENS and Bed and Table Napery a specialty at
MACKENZIE BROS.

Climo's ever-popular Photographs, at liberal prices, are made at 13 Charlotte street (Jack's building). His beautiful prize stereoscopic views (all saved) of New Brunswick scenery, and St. John before the fire, can also be had at above address and of dealers.

A LIFE'S REGRET.

Turning the leaves in an idle way,
Of a book I was skimming the other day,
I found a line at the end of a song,
Which keeps on haunting me all day long
With its sweet and mournful melody:
"O love, my love, had you loved but me!"
Than "love, my love, had you loved but me!"

Few words and simple; but, O how much
The singer has told in that little touch!
How hard a story of chances lost,
Of bright hopes blighted and true love crossed,
Is heard in the whispered melody:
"O love, my love, had you loved but me!"
To many a sorrow the key may be
That "love, my love, had you loved but me!"

I don't believe in what poets have said
Of hearts that are broken and lives that are dead;
Lives well ordered will stand to their course,
And hearts of true metal ring little the worse;
But—they vibrate still to that melody,
"O love, my love, had you loved but me!"
My life is well; but what would it be,
Sweet "love, my love, had you loved but me!"

The world rolls on and the years roll by,
Day-dreams vanish and memories die;
But it surges up with a restless pain,
That fond, lost longing ever again,
Breathed in the passionate melody,
"O love, my love, had you loved but me!"
It might have been, but it cannot be!
Yet "love, my love, had you loved but me!"

—*London World.*

[From the *American Catholic Quarterly Review.*]

SECRET SOCIETIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Rosicrucians, their Rites and Mysteries. By Hargrave Jennings. London, 1870.
The Mystic Tie. By A. G. Mackey, M. D., author of *A Lexicon of Freemasonry.* Charleston, 1849.
History of Intertinnate. From the French of Edmund Villetards. By Susan E. Day. New Haven, 1874.
The Secret History of the Fenian Conspiracy. By John Rutherford. 2 vols. 1877.

"Qui male agit odit lucem et non venit ad lucem, ut non arguantur opera ejus."

EVANS. S. JANIS, Ill., 19 J.

(Continued.)

As to what are nowadays called Knights Templar; something bearing that title has been attached to Masonry, or rather the name with a caricature of the devices, etc., has been assumed by a branch of the Masonic fraternity. Those that now bear the name in this country have much less connection with the real Knights Templar, whether in the original aim, in belief, or in practice, than they have with the Daimios of Japan, or had with the nobles of Aurung-Zebe. It may be said, however, that there is little good, little ill with them: and if it delights any set of grown men to deck themselves out with millinery and titles to which they have no earthly claim,—a soapboiler to mount an imitation chasuble and call himself Most Excellent Grand High Priest, or a cigar-vender to don a sham hemlet and bogus cuirass, giving himself the pseudonym of Most Serene Lord Seneschal, there is no law but the law of taste and truth against it. But these are laws to which people of that grade of intellect cannot properly be expected to be amendable. We submit, however, that the little *Napoleons* of the street who bestride a lath and fancy themselves cavalrymen are respectable by comparison.

Now, if within the Church, and in days when Christendom and Catholicity were synonymous, this was the natural, as it has been the historical course of a successful secret order, what is to be expected of such an institution outside the Church,—composed of persons of all creeds, or no creed at all,—especially in these days, when knowledge is so much increased, and the love of many has waxed cold? It will either be successful, and then its aim will be to multiply and increase its power, to crush out its rivals to form an *imperium in imperio* within the Church or State, till people rise, if not in a arms, at least in indignation against it; or it will (the object that called it into being no longer existing) dwindle along, a form without substance and useless for all purposes but annoyance, of which there is enough in the nature of things, without our voluntarily superadding to the sum.

If these institutions had the grace, or the sense—their object having accomplished—to become extinct, to *efface themselves*, as the French say, all would be well. But the one thing which they seem unable to comprehend, and which no lesson of history can impress upon them, is the desirableness under such circumstances of "stepping down and out." There is always the excuse of property to be kept and managed. Once in office, men never will of themselves give up power; and there always exists the temptation to apply themselves to something else which does not need their organization, but which will serve as an excuse for maintaining the *Satus quo.*

The Catholic Church condemns every society, the initiation into which is accompanied by an oath, the terms of which are unknown to the affiant, or which (whether previously known or not) bind him to obey all future commands of its officers or to keep secret as against legitimate authority any crime committed by individual members or attempted by the society. She also condemns all those secret societies which propose to themselves anything against the Church or the civil government, whether they exact an oath of their candidates or not. The Church is not a revolutionist.

The theological principle is, that an oath, to be licit, must have three requisites, viz., *truth, judgment,* and *justice*; and the second of these is explained to mean, that the oath should be taken *with discretion, prudence, consideration, and reverence—not without necessity or just cause.* The application of the specific terms of the principle and its explanation to the points of the first clause in the above definition are so patent that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein. As to the second clause, is there any one who does not see that he can be no Catholic, who not only will not hear, but works against the Church? Does not common sense and common honesty teach us that political changes, if desirable, ought to be wrought aboveboard and in the light of day?

The first papal Bull on the subject is that *In eminenti* issued in 1738 by Clement XII., in which it condemned the society of Freemasons, wheresoever existing, and under what name soever it might be known, under penalty of *ipso facto* excommunication to the individual who should enter, assist, propagate, or protect any such lodge. Freemasons would seem to have been numerous on the Continent of Europe about that time, and to have busied themselves about political matters; for, soon after the accession of Benedict XIV., he found himself obliged, in 1751, to confirm the Bull of his predecessors, which he did by republication *totidem verbis*; assigning, at the same time, the causes for this action, and enunciating with great care, the reasons which rendered necessary the prohibition of the society of Freemasons; all of which reasons are equally cogent to us at the present day, if we expect such as only apply to countries where the Civil or Roman Laws prevail; which, of course, are inapplicable to us who live under the Saxon or Common Law. Since that time, special societies, mostly political, have been condemned by name, usually on an appeal to Rome agtinst the Ordinary; but, *the theological principle and statement given above will apply everywhere, whatever be the name of the society or association in question.*

So solicitous, however, is the Church for the largest liberty of her children, consistent with sound faith and practice, that she lays no bar in the way of those societies of workmen, tradesmen, or laborers, which propose to themselves no other aim than that of mutual protection and assistance; while she insists that this mutual protection must be carried out *with due regard to the rights of others.* And, lest false or inaccurate information, or the prejudices of localities or persons, might by chance deceive well-meaning pastors, the Holy See enjoins that, *in case of any difficulty in the application of any of the decries on this subject, recourse must at once be had to Rome for a solution of the difficulty.* The Fathers of the second Plenary Council of Baltimore have therefore decreed, that "in future no one in these States, of whatsoever ecclesiastical rank or dignity, shall condemn by name any society, unless it be beyond all doubt, that said society is among these comprehended in the Pontifical Constitutions as applied by the Sacred College of Inquisition."

So long as men shall exist, there must in the nature of things be partnerships, societies, co-operations, and alliances among individuals, just as surely as there must be political parties in the State: and there is no objection to these partnerships, associations, etc., on the one hand; just as, on the other, there is, perhaps an absolute, and certainly a moral and historical necessity for the existence of divergent political parties. The object to the former is only, when, in addition to their secrecy, the members are obliged to take a rash oath, that may, in addition, be an intrinsically wicked one. In this case, they are either simply ridiculous, or are aiming at a bad end by worse means. We do not object to the existence of a political party, however strenuously we may oppose its principles, so long as its adherents are to discuss measures and views openly, and aboveboard. It is only when the so-called party is either so much ashamed or afraid of publicity as to issue its dark mandates from the secret recesses of "*Sam,*" like the Know-nothings, that we may deem it deserving of no quarter.

It must surely be on the principle "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico,*" that many of our friends, more especially European clergymen, are inclined to lay so much stress on the secret societies of this country, and to attribute so much importance to them. While all of them are liable to be abused to a very bad end either against the State or the Church, still that has, in this country, never yet happened, nor is it likely to take place. If there was but *one* such society, and that very numerous, it would be very apt to play the tyrant. If there were but *two*, both strong in numbers and means, they would infallibly engage in an, at least figuratively, internecine struggle. But there are *hundreds* of them. No man can belong to more than three of four, and those who tackle so many have speedy cause to repent it; they are non-affiliated among themselves. They have essentially no aim; or, if they have, there are so few that know that aim as to make it practically amount to nothing. If we subtract from the whole number those which are but beneficial societies, with a good deal more tinsel than necessary—those that serve merely as a mode of killing an evening in the week for men not of the reading persuasion—those whose sole purpose of being is to allow the members to appear as frequently as possible sporting their banners, collars, resettes, and aprons in procession; you may count the remainder on your fingers. Let us again eliminate from the membership of all, those who join from pure inanition of mind—those who have done so to have a ready and plausible excuse for passing an evening away from home—and those more sensible ones, who seldom or never attend the meetings, or, if they do, mentally anathematise the silliness of the whole thing—together with those who had their little axe to grind by joining the society, and have that implement now in prime order—you will, in this country at least, find very fewindeed who are ready to take for granted and to carry out any and every behest, were the Lodge even to issue such commands. The whole thing is like the bugbear of "British gold," in the lavish use of which, even in this country, many persons are very apt to believe. We must confess having been often surprised at the craven fear of such societies expressed by men whom we know to be in other respects both sensible and estimable. Essentially the same thing is seen in the fear and even horror which most Protestants entertain of Jesuits, whom be know to we harmless.

The condition of society in England at the present time is curiously illustrated by a recent legal decision. Sir George Jessel is a judge and belongs to the Jewish faith. Recently he had to decide whether the Rev. Mr. Besaut, a clergyman of the Church of England, or his wife, who is an Atheist, and from whom he is separated, should have charge of their daughter. The judge decided in favor of the father, on the grounds that Mrs. Besaut's opinions were very unpopular, and the fact would prevent her daughter obtaining entrance into good society. Surely this is a queer world where a Jew is called upon to decide questions of conscience between an Evangelist and Atheist. The question might naturally now be asked, that if this sort of thing is law, how far may that law be stretched, and who can be safe when temporal judges are permitted to enter the domain of religion? English journals commenting on the matter, express the opinion that the decision is neither equity nor common sense.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., July 10.

After all that has been said about the 45th Congress, it has a fair record of good works. True in its composition there are individual evidences of that degeneracy which permeates and grows upon our entire political system, yet, as a whole, it has been a tolerably efficient body, honest, economical and fruitful of accomplished results. It has remonitized silver, provided for a settlement between Uncle Sam and the Pacific railroads, and repealed the bankrupt law. It has prohibited the use of the army as a *posse comitatus* over the free people of a free State, provided for the settlement of southern claims by a judicial court, instead of a corrupt and embecile commission, and ordered the completion of the Washington monument, a standing disgrace in its unfinished condition, for many years. It has given the District of Columbia the first equitable and permanent form of government it ever had, and after making liberal provision for public works and improvements, which must give employment to hundreds of thousands of laboring men, it has still cut off ten or twenty millions from the annual expenditures of the government.

This last named achievement is, perhaps, under all the circumstances the greatest of all. It is an ungracious and an ungrateful task to try to economize the public money, at best, and particularly so just now when there are so many demands, and while there is such need of extending aid to the unemployed. Prominent members of the House have heard themselves denounced on all hands for service which they know to be hard—for unremitting vigilance and determined opposition to wasteful expenditures. There is scarcely an economizer of them all that has not friends whom he has to oppose, and every attempt to save money or to kill even so transparent a job as the Brazilian subsidy is denounced as another unpatriotic blunder. All the subsidy men have of course only the good of the country in view, and every jobber and lobbyist is quite certain that if it were not for this miserably economical House he could, with his little game, restore the prosperity of the country.

Citizens of Washington feel a sort of gratitude to Congress for what it has done for them, not only in the erection of an improved form of Government of the District, but in making liberal provisions for the completion of public works here, and the consequent employment of the city's mechanics and workingmen, among whom there has been so much distress the past winter. The following are some of the appropriations: For continuing the work on the new State, War, and Navy Department buildings, $675,000; for new building for Bureau of Engraving and Printing, $327,000; for repairs on the Patent Office, $396,000; for terracing the Capitol grounds, $100,000; for the Washington Monument, $50,000; for clearing the property around the Naval Monument, $50,000; for the improvement of the Harbor, $50,000; these make a total of over $1,600,000 to be expended in Washington during the next fiscal year. In addition the Government, under the new bill, is to furnish a sum equal to that received from the taxation of property at the rate of 1½ per cent., making in all a total of more than $4,000,000 available here for public purposes. Large sums will be used on the streets, public grounds and buildings, and the improvement of the Capital will be of a marked character. The appropriation for river and harbor improvements in the various States have been liberal, most too liberal. Nevada is the only State, I believe, which was omitted in this distribution, and some of the papers facetiously remark that the reason of this was that Senator Jones could not think of any river where a little public money could be sunk, and Senator Sharon failed to send on the name of one.

This much I have felt impelled to say in favor of a Congress which, with all its faults, is worthy of some praise. Among the important measures before it which went over to the next session is the bill granting certain privileges to the Texas and Pacific Railway. To this there was originally some opposition because it is a "railway scheme," and all these projects have lately been, with some reason, regarded as public enemies because of the subsidies they have extorted, and the corrupt waste of the public domain that has attended them. But the opposition to this bill has mostly disappeared because it has come to be understood that nothing is desired but a sort of government indorsement, which will give the company credit and confidence, with which it is abundantly able to accomplish all it has proposed. The delay is to be regretted chiefly, because early action would have brought a degree of prosperity to certain sections of the country and employed during the summer thousands of laborers and mechanics. But it will be promptly passed at the next session. This road will be in one sense a sort of continuation of the great Pennsylvania company's railway system, as it is partially under the same management, which is certainly some gaurantee of its final success. The Pennsylvania Railway is to-day the most perfect, magnificent, and liberally managed railway property in the United States. It stands above comparison with all the other routes between the East and West, and the fact that its earnings are increasing over last year at the rate of $120,000 a month attests the public appreciation of this condition of things, at the same time furnishing a guarantee of peace and quiet all along the line. There will be no strikes or outbreaks this season as has been feared. I was looking over the Excursion route books just issued by the company for this season, which, besides being an elegant specimen of printing, furnishes all the information desired by those about to take a trip. The annual exodus to the mountains, the "springs" or the sea-shore, is now taking place, and as the poor overworked journalist sees his more fortunate neighbors pack their Saratogas and skip away for a few weeks rest, it makes him regret that fortune had not dealt him a better hand.

PHONO.

PLAIN
AND
ORNAMENTAL PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
At Low Rates and with Despatch
AT THE
"HERALD"
Book, Card and Job Rooms,
54 GERMAIN STREET,

Tear and Tear.

When they found her dead in her old chair the men noticed nothing but the poverty surrounding her. The woman saw a tear in her eye before they noticed anything else. Some had called her a hag, and spoke of her home as a hovel. Some had heard her curse and seen her reeling along, and they looked closer to see if it was really a tear. It *was* a tear a great, round tear, and it rested on her wrinkled cheek as if a human hand had pleaced it there.

"Isn't it strange that she shed a tear, even in death!" they whispered.

So it was, and yet it was not. When death comes slowly the crust melts from the wickedest heart, and human nature comes back with all the love and charity and sorrow and pity which it ever had. Death came slowly to her. As she sat in the old chair and watched the sun gow down and the shadows come, she knew that she would not live to again hear the notes of the morning birds. Men and women passed her door, she did not cry out. Over the heads of the gleeful children playing at the curbstone she saw a darker shadow than the rest. It floated over the heads of the children as fog drifts along the river's surface and as it stopped at her open door, she knew that the shadow was chilling her sunshine of life.

There was not a living thing in or around the house for her to love—for her to part with. No birds built their nests under the lonely eves—no cat or dog basked in the sunshine creeping in through the dusty windows—even the rats and mice seemed to avoid the place. The husband had been dead so long that she scarce ever gave his memory thought. Her boy —! Ah! that was it. As the shadow entered the door and cast a chill over her, she whispered:

"John was wicked. He ran away—he stole from me, he beat me!"

He had gone to the war. She had not heard from him even once. Yet, when the heart's crust melted, the love of a mother crept in, and she whispered:

"Poverty vexed me. Despair made me drink. Desperation made me curse louder than my boy could. He was a good boy once—I made him bad! I, his own mother, drove him into the streets—beat him—abused him, and when I could have won him back by a kind, motherly word I would not speak it! If he were here to-night I would sing those old child songs to him—I would tell him those old stories—I would look upon him as my own precious child! Here, in the shadow of death, I ask his forgiveness—I ask God to forgive me!"

Later, when the dusk was deeper and the black shadow had crept nearer, a boy searched about her door for a lost ball and heard her murmur:

"John, won't you forgive your mother? I am dying, John, but all her old love has come back to me! I am your mother—I want to hold you in my arms and kiss you as I used to—I want to hear your voice and know that you forgive me!"

Her arms were outstretched. Her fingers felt of the darkness—nothing more.

"I want you to call me 'mother' again!" she entreated. "I want to smooth back your hair as I used to—I want to look into your eyes and see if you still hate me!"

And those who found her knew not the feelings that had brought the tear, nor that it was the last of many which had burned her cheeks as the gloom grew deeper and the chilling breath of the shadow made her heart beat slower.

It had been a fierce fight. Shoulder to shoulder the line swept out from the cover of the woods, dashed across the long field, and found death beyond it—death in such terrible forms that the line fell back in wild disorder. Again and again the pale-faced but courageous men dashed at the position, almost gained it, and melted away under the fire of shot and shell and bullet. By and by the slaughter ceased. The living left the field in possession of the dead and wounded, and the deafening roar of battle drifted right and left.

On that meadow there was no patch of grass without its stain of blood—dead men with eyes open shared the ground with those who shrieked for water or screamed out with the agony of their wounds. John was there. A shot had mangled arm and shoulder, and he knew that the blue cloud of powder smoke could not shut him in from the shadow of death. He had been wicked. He was loudest in his curses—the first to sneer at good—the last to speak of home. Comrades feared and hated him, and officers wondered why he was there instead of in a convict's cell. Yet, when he saw the shadow coming, his face lost its bronze, his tongue forgot its familiar oath, and he dragged himself to the side of a wounded comrade and said:

"Have you got a mother, comrade?"

"Yes—God bless her!" gasped the other.

"So have I," said John. "I was thinking of her for the first time in a year just before I was hit. She used to beat me. Our home was a hovel, and I knew the alleys better by night than I did the streets by day. I have been the wickedest man in the regiment, but she is to blame!"

The dusk of evening helped the blue cloud to shut out some of the horrible sights, but it could not disguise that dark shadow which moved from man to man and stilled the awful cries. It was coming nearer when John whispered:

"I have been thinking. I alone am to blame. In an hour I shall be dead! You will live, and you will some day go back to our old home. Will you seek out my mother and tell her that in my last hour I asked her forgiveness—I wanted to hear her voice prayed for the motherly touch of her hand on my hot cheeks?"

"I will!"

"And say to her that good thoughts crept into my heart—that I prayed—that I remembered her as the dear old mother who played at my bedside and taught me Heaven! Say that—!"

When the living stealthily advanced under cover of midnight, feeling of this and that dark mass to see if the heart was still, or flashing their lanterns into pale faces to see what comrade it was, a voice called out:

"Come this way—here, under the bushes!"

They were lifting him upon a stretcher, but he said:

"Here is our John. Turn your light up his face!"

"They bent over the figure and one said:

"He is dead."

"And he must have wept," said another, —"see this tear on his cheek!"

No stone marks the mother's grave, no flag, or wreath, or tribute has ever passed the turf above the dust of the soldier son. It is well. Could there be a greater tribute than the tears of the dying, of the forgiving and the forgiven?—M. Quad.