

In Re-Martin Luther.

1483-November 10, 1888. ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Answer! Doctor Martin Luther! Thou art summoned to the Bar— From the lowest depths of Hades, Through the fiery gates ajar—

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There's a text somewhere in Scripture, (Demons chant it on this morn.)

Of a man for whom 'twere better That he never had been born!

In the dread eternal vision Of these years of wreck and wrong—

What hath prodded his boasting Of Wine?—of Wine?—of Song?

Lo! the Song hath pass'd, like flames Of fork'd lightning thro' a cloud:

Lo! the Wine, whose hot desire Thro' the storm, and fire, and snow,

Thro' the storm, and fire, and snow, Hath it filled thy heart with glee,

To recall this blessed (?) Birthday, This Lutheran?

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lie between her and her native soil, she feels at this moment that it might have been better had she remained with the drunken father and continued to lead the old life until the bitter end.

Death would not be much harder amid the squalor of England than in the loneliness of America, and in either case there yawned the pauper's grave.

She had been unconscious of the approaching cobbler, who left his bench and came to hammer Bethel pulpits and clothe the spiritual feet of men with the leather of Scripture,

and as her father's clerk for eight years she had served him faithfully and so far as to take up the office herself when too much beer had prostrated him.

There was a touch of poetry in her heart. She loved the hymns, the Bible stories, the long prayers of the preachers with their stately imagery, and the majestic psalms.

She had even composed a psalm and a few hymns, and her father could not surpass her fervent prayers.

But the fifth and sixth of November, 1848, were the days of her life that she never forgot.

And here were all its offerings around and before her—the quaint, lively city with its red-coated soldiers, the emigrant-sheds, the great lake, and the awful loneliness.

Oh! better indeed to have remained with the drunken father and the wretched mother, than to have been at least by the hands of her own and not by those of the stranger.

The day was long and hung so heavily on every one that a few enterprising spirits among the immigrants arranged an entertainment, and invited Jael to display any of her accomplishments for the amusement of the crowd.

It was an act of hardihood, but she was in a mood and consented. When it came her turn and every ear waited in delight for the first notes of that sweet voice, she disappointed them by reciting in her broad dialect, yet with a few words of English, the poem of "Bingen on the Rhine."

What feeling it was that stirred her to it Jael never knew, for she was not given to analysis of her own motives; but the loneliness and despair of the soldier dying far from the land of his loved ones, and the sympathy of the immigrants as they thought of the homes they would never see again.

She moved off when her part was over, and sitting at one side, she felt the first tears that had fallen from her eyes since she left England.

Jael Bolger, standing in the background with an official of the place, studied her curiously.

"She is only nineteen," said the official, "and about the style of a girl you would want."

"Yes," about, said Luke, whose face was not more favored with beauty than Jael's, and who besides a bargaining expression and a hard leatherness which was altogether absent from the girl's stolid countenance.

He stood watching her silently still, until the official thought fit to arouse him.

"I have an idea," said Luke then, and his hand drew its smile of good meaning. He was going to drive a bargain, and it might require close shaving.

"What's the use of hiring a girl and paying her a dollar a week for a bull summer, when by marrying her you wouldn't have to pay naughtin' at all?"

"I see," said the official, "and I wish you luck! There's the girl for you, if you're not afraid to take a stranger critter in hand."

"Trust me to manage the female critter," said Luke, as he snapped his old whip suggestively, "if I can't manage a horse, I'll manage the rest."

"Come along," said the official, "and take everything as it goes, for by all accounts she's a queer one."

He led Luke to where Jael sat with moistened eyes.

"Jael," said he, "this is Luke Bolger, who wants to speak with you. You believe whatever he tells you about himself. It's a pretty safe thing, because he never says more of himself than he can help."

Luke laughed, but checked himself when he saw from Jael's manner that she resented the familiarity. She was sitting in her usual frank way, her great eyes reading his hard face, his stout limbs, serviceable clothes, and general well-to-do air.

He stood coolly while she inspected him.

"I hope you like the boy," he said with grave humor, "because I must and will take the girl. I want a wife, a good working-woman's fond of a honest and able to keep one. I have a farm big enough to support a dozen or more, no debts, no children, and my first wife is dead three months. Do you want to take her place?"

There was a dead silence in the shed. The official stood back laughing, the men whispered smiling comments, and the women held their breaths in expectation of Jael's torrent of abuse for the bold stranger; for Luke shouted his proposal into every ear, and stood with his chin up, his legs apart, and his trade eyes ready to close fight on the bargain if Jael consented.

She was certainly a strange woman. Without taking a moment's thought she answered in her solemn way that she would be his wife, and when he took her in his arms, she kissed her amid cheers and laughter, she blushed faintly and then began to prepare for her departure.

The marriage was there and then celebrated in the hasty business fashion which is characteristic of the time and was peculiar to Luke Bolger. The women of the sheds stood at her side, and the men supported the groom, while the justice bound them together joyfully until such time as the stringent laws of the country would permit them to obtain an Indiana separation. Jael had a name at last. Before she could get away from the sheds she was Mrs. Bolger to her heart's content, and some of the women venturing on Luke's boldness, kissed her good-bye with many tears and good wishes. Jael was seized with an old-time inspiration at this evidence of affection, and threw Luke into a brown study by suddenly bursting into a Bethel prayer of benediction for her friends. It was like

a Scriptural whirlwind. Her lofty and sometimes ridiculous imagery was softened by an enthusiasm of her face and her burning eyes, and the perfect tornado of language that roared from her lips turned men into postures of stony respect and awe.

She ceased when a hymn had been sung, and then followed her husband in meek silence, while her poor man, led by the cool trade eye, wide open in astonishment and doubt, least he had been bitten in his bargain.

The Bolger farm lay forty miles north of Kingston, in the heart of the wilderness. It was a respectable possession for a man of Luke's age, but the soil was of a sort that did not bode well for the future, and the loneliness of the place was a mighty weight on the spirit of Jael.

There were no human faces seen in that neighborhood oftener than the full moon, there were no human habitations within ten miles, and Luke was not generous enough to invite friends to his log-cabin hospitable, for the winter trade eye, and the leering with curious eyes for the dwelling and its occupants, and not unrequently a bear scouted suspiciously from a distance and fled into the safety of the forest again.

A wandering trapper or a surveyor or tourist periodical in the neighborhood of the Bolger farm, had the same woman who served his meals there, the news of the outside world, wondering that she took so little interest in it and had such scant language.

Luke did all the talking. He was rather proud of the distinction his wife's silence secured, for it reflected on him a certain lustre. But he never lost a certain dread of those occasions which would wake in Jael the exercise of cursing or benediction.

They never came. Jael was silent from year to year, and did her work and bore her children faithfully, enduring, his tempers and his unkindness, with a self-indifference, and growing daily more uncanon, more homely, and, if possible, more silent.

Her marvellous voice never broke the primal solitude in song. Even the mother's croon was never heard in the cabin. Her babies were stolid, silent beings, with the same self-indifference, and growing daily more uncanon, more homely, and, if possible, more silent.

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tone. The soldiers at the barracks were his special theme. TO BE CONTINUED.

A PERSECUTED PEOPLE.

A correspondent of The Philadelphia Press writes from Kelleen, Connemara, Ireland: After all, there is pleasure in wandering these cool October days, around the shores and in the islands of this rugged coast.

For days I have gone among the people, sitting in their humble hovels, eating a spud from the kiln, and hearing their legends and gathering the facts of those direful evictions in January, 1880.

There is a poetry in their primitive, uncouth natures as variegatedly beautiful as the heather and the gorse that catches its changing tints as the sun's rays are softened from the sky, and the dying rays of the sun as it sinks beneath the waves of the ocean yonder.

Their religious devotion is as exquisitely tender as it is martyrdom strong. They are all Catholics. The solemnities and ceremonies of their creed fringe the garments of their daily lives with romance that is neither prosaic nor idolatrous.

Doctrines have a self-satisfactory way of saying that the "blood of martyrs is the seed of the faith." Its truth is illustrated here. More people died in Connemara for their faith than in the same spaces of Connemara. This was always a king-land, because the British majesty's writ would not run in it.

That reason would almost entice it yet to become a kingdom, for I fancy it would be difficult to serve a writ here now. Two years ago a force of police were unable to enter the parish of Kelleen, and only women defended. But the necessary reinforcements were had. That has only made the home the stronger.

Although many have gone to America, many refused to leave. Poor as they are here, they know no worldly ambitions, and they are free from all crimes. For that, I cannot help thinking, those who seek riches may lose virtues that retirement in the bogs and hills of Connemara insure.

During my stay here I have had to partake of the hospitality of the priest. There is neither hotel nor lodging-house for miles. I cannot think I was ever so well cared for as I was in the parish of Kelleen.

The first Mass celebrated in Paterson was about 1805, in the house of James Gillespie, in Market street. Services were continued from that time on in private residences. Father Langdale, in Newburg, had supervision over all the Catholics in this part of the country, with the exception of New York city and Albany.

When it is remembered how slow travel was in those days, it may be imagined what difficulty Father Langdale had in covering his gigantic "parish." He was succeeded by the Rev. Father Bulger. One day, when he was in the city, he was overtaken on a long journey, and was taken to a farm by a farmer who invited him to a seat in his wagon.

After some casual conversation the farmer asked: "Are you a farmer?" "No," answered the clergyman. "A merchant?" "No."

"A lawyer?" "No." "Well, then, may be you are a mechanic?" "No, I am not a mechanic."

"Then, for goodness' sake, what are you?" "I am a Catholic priest."

The farmer stopped his horses. "Get right off," said he. "Get off at once. No heretic can ride with me."

Father Bulger was obliged to resume his journey on foot. The first Catholic church was built in Paterson in 1810. It was on the corner of Mill and Congress (now Market) streets, at a total cost of \$1,000. It was 25 by 35 feet square.

Father O'Gorman was the first regular priest. He was succeeded by Fathers Shanahan and O'Donohue. During the incumbency of the latter the Morris Canal was built, and the work brought a number of Catholics to Paterson and the membership of the church was largely increased.

In 1823, the next priest, Father Duffy, built the Catholic church in Oliver street, and it is the dedication of that church, fifty years ago, which was now being celebrated. James Roosevelt Bayley was the first Bishop formed by setting off New Jersey from the New York Diocese, in 1851.

There were now twenty thousand Catholics in Paterson, one third of the entire population. All the other churches of the city were now in the hands of the clergy. Goshen, Middletown, and in fact, of all the country round about, were the offshoots of St. John's Church, so that it was to-day the mother, so to speak, of from 40,000 to 50,000 parishioners.

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ST. JOHN'S, PATTERSON, N. J., 50,000 PARISHIONERS.

Bishop McQuaid on the Early History of New Jersey Roman Catholics.

The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the St. John's Roman Catholic Church in Paterson, N. J., was celebrated last Sunday. This edifice, on Main street, is one of the largest and finest buildings devoted to divine worship in the State.

It has a seating capacity of twenty-five hundred, but its broad aisle and hall will, it is said, accommodate as many more. It was crowded last Sunday. The music was rendered by a trained adult choir of thirty-five voices, assisted by a sanctuary choir of fifty boys.

The great organ was supplemented by an orchestra of twenty pieces.

Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, delivered a historical address. He said this had been a notable year for celebration of one kind and another. Some of these were commendable, but with regard to others, probably the less said of them the better.

The Bishop was supposed to refer to the recent Luther celebrations. The work of the century had been remarkable. The Catholic priests were educated men and in sympathy with the political institutions of the day.

In 1810 the first Catholic church in the country was built in Barclay street, New York. It was called St. Peter's. Ex-Senator Kernan was carried thither all the way from Steuben County to be baptized. Bernard Clem was carried from Rochester, four hundred miles, for the purpose.

The numerous descendants of Kernan (and Clem) had been devout and earnest members of the Catholic Church ever since. The first Catholic priest in New Jersey was Rev. Father Farmer, who was sent on from Philadelphia, and who established, about 1805, a parish at Moccasin for the benefit of some German Catholics who had been at work in the iron mines from before the Revolutionary War.

In 1805 the first Catholic service was held at Battle Hill, now Madison. This parish was started for the benefit of a number of French immigrants who had settled at Battle Hill.

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My feet are weary, My soul is low, And with desire has Rest—on—

'Tis hard to toll— In barren, In the dust, 'Tis hard to toll—

The burden of my, But God is true, And I have prayed—

'Tis hard to plant, The autumn, 'Tis hard to plant—

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