

"UISTER" TO LORD SALISBURY.

I.  
My lord, we hope your heart is glad;  
We've done our best to make it so;  
And what a pleasant time we've had,  
'Tis only time to let you know.  
We've taken every tip we got  
From Churchill and from Chamberlain;  
We've let the Papists have it hot,  
And we shall do the same again.

II.  
In Harland's yards the sport began;  
We rushed the rebels out pell-mell;  
We stoned the rascals, boy and man;  
We clubbed and kicked them when they fell.  
Of course, as we were ten to one,  
It was not very hard to do—  
We wished you could have seen the run  
As you had given the view halloo!

III.  
But there is news more cheering still,  
The best you've heard for many a day—  
Our Orange girls from every mill  
Have chased the Popish girls away.  
They beat them off with thumps and thwacks,  
They drove them down from floor and stair,  
They tore the clothes from off their backs,  
They pulled out handiwork of their hair.

IV.  
The grandest sight of all was when  
Down through the town our heroes dashed,  
And missiles, flung by loyal men,  
Through Papists' doors and windows crash'd.  
And if we sacked, and fired, or wrecked  
A Home Rule publichouse or two,  
What else could friends or foes expect  
From Orangemen so brave and true.

V.  
With all respect, my lord, we think  
You would have liked to see our boys,  
While swilling down the plundered drink,  
Indulge their wild but simple joys;  
And hear them, as they staggered home  
Triumphant from each merry scene,  
Curses Gladstone and the Pope of Rome,  
And strive to sing "God Save the Queen!"

VI.  
Well, if some Papists' heads we broke,  
Of you no mortal can complain;  
When you and your dear nephew spoke,  
'Twas in an "academic" strain.  
When next you wish to start the ball,  
And make the nuts and rivets fly,  
You will not need to speak at all,  
But simply "wink the other eye."

T. D. S.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, May 1.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

It is strange that amongst English-speaking Canadians there should be such scant knowledge of Canadian history. Beyond the condensed information contained in the text books used in schools there is very little known of the struggles, the privations and the hardships endured by the discoverers and first settlers of this portion of the continent of America. As a rule, Canadian children seem to know more about William the Norman, Harold the Dane and Queen Elizabeth, than they do about Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Laval or Maisonneuve. Yet the lives and actions of these latter were not less important in their results than the signing of Magna Charta by John, or the winning of the battle of Hastings by William. The history of the old world meets us upon all sides. Essays, reviews, books, pamphlets, even stories and novels, dealing now with one historical event or series of events, now with another, are published broadcast. The political and social events which mark the histories of England, France, Germany and other European nations are continually being recalled in one form or another; so that did a person learn, but little of these events while at school, he could scarcely become even a disultory reader in after life without learning all about them. But seldom do we meet with literature dealing with the early days of our own land unless we hunt it up purposely; yet in what tale of romance shall we find a recital of more heroic deeds, more hair-breadth escapes, more acts of daring bravery and dauntless courage than we do in the lives of the discoverers and colonizers of Canada? Do we want adventure, we can find it in the explorations of a Jacques Cartier, a Champlain. Do we wish to hear of stubborn courage under circumstances that might make the holdest spirit quail, let us read of Maisonneuve and the foundation of Villemarie. Do we desire to know if the zeal and fervor of the Apostles have descended to these later times despite the fires of persecution and the more dangerous lethargy of human selfishness, let us turn to the lives of such men as Brebeuf, Lalemant, Jogues and Olier. Are we doubtful if the spirit of Christianity is still strong enough to make heroines out of weak and timid women, let us study what history tell us of Margaret Bourgeois, Mademoiselle Mance, Madame de la Peltrie, Mary of the Incarnation. Extraordinary men and women these, yet how many of us have more than a hazy idea of what they did and suffered for

this fair country of ours? To-day we have noble cities where their hands made the first clearings in pathless forests. Stately ships laden with merchandise from all parts of the world sail into the ports and up the rivers, which they explored in primitive vessels amid untold dangers. Modern railways carry us safely and comfortably through the once trackless forests where they journeyed painfully and wearily on foot, hewing their path with axes and loaded down like beasts of burden. Surrounded as we are by the safety and comfortableness of an advanced civilization, it is hard for us to realize what they had to undergo in the midst of barbarous savages, sometimes without the common necessities of life and in a country whose climate they were quite unaccustomed to and ill prepared to meet.

Not long ago I had the pleasure of hearing a Jesuit Father speak upon this subject and there was food for reflection in his remarks. Speaking of the indifference of Canadians in this respect, the reverend gentleman gave two instances of the interest taken in the history of North America by our cousins across the line. One of an American gentleman and his wife having come from Chicago to Montreal for the purpose of examining the original map drawn by Father Marquette on his first exploration of the Mississippi; the second of another American and his wife who actually followed the route marked down on that map, in a small canoe, in order to understand more intelligently the work of the famous explorer. It may not be out of place to mention here that gentlemen desirous of obtaining valuable information upon this and kindred subjects will find the opportunity given them on the last Monday evening of every month in the hall in the basement of the Gesu Church on Bleury Street. Interesting relics of Canada's first missionaries are preserved in St. Mary's College, and will, I understand, be exhibited at those monthly meetings.

To us who have the happiness of being Catholics, the early history of Canada has a twofold interest—a spiritual as well as a temporal one. The discoverers of our country transplanted the lilies of France to the New World, but the lilies were twined about the Cross of Christ and drew their life and vigor from it. The love of conquest and of power alone could not nerve the human heart to make the sacrifices that the colonization of New France demanded. There must be a stronger motive than that of worldly gain to make men and woman resign all that is most dear and pleasant to them in life. We are sometimes told that avarice and greed actuated many of the followers of Jacques Cartier and Champlain, but it is worthy of note that those who were really instrumental in rescuing Canada from barbarism and who have left their names indelibly imprinted on her annals were, by every action of their heroic lives, placed far above the reach of so petty a slander. Men have braved danger and possible death for earthly gain, but it requires a higher motive to make them brave danger and certain death, as did the Jesuit Apostles of the Hurons and Iroquois, and the heroic Dollard and his companions.

It was to this higher motive that we owe the foundation of our fair Dominion. The love of Christ and the love of souls it was that nerved the hearts and strengthened the arms of those early settlers. In the evangelization of the savage red men inhabiting the wild forests of the New World the newly born order of the great Loyola found an outlet for that ardent love of souls that the millions of the eastern hemisphere could not satisfy. Cross in hand, they toiled from village to village, the sport and scorn of the benighted heathens they came to save. Calumniated, persecuted and threatened, they worked with heaven-born patience for years, and then gave back their spirits to their Creator in the midst of such tortures as make us shudder to think of, leaving room by their cruel death for successors whose most ardent desire was to follow in their footsteps. These are the men whom an enlightened nineteenth century historian would fain dub visionaries and mystical enthusiasts. Did ever a dreamer dream on in the midst of such grim realities as they encountered?

It was the same ardent religious spirit that directed the lives and works of an Olier, a Laval, a Maisonneuve. That the kingdom of Christ might be extended upon earth they were content to live and die in the wilderness at the very

"outpost of civilization," in the midst of hardships and privations and continual dangers that we have no conception of. Truly, we who are of the same faith have reason to revere the names of the founders of our country and to pray that the religious zeal that animated them may never grow less fervent beneath the Cross of St. George than it did beneath the Lilies of France.

EMMA C. STREET.

BURIAL OF A TRAPPIST MONK.

A Protestant's Description of an Impressive Scene.

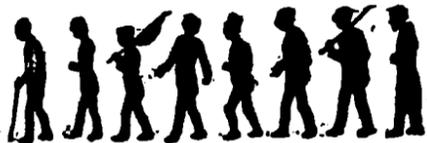
A correspondent of The Chicago Inter-Ocean writes as follows from Gethsemani Abbey, Nelson county, Ky., descriptive of the burial of a Trappist monk:

He, the monk, was laid out on a bier in the Abbey Church in his habit with-out coffin or shroud, with his face, fringed with the crooped gray beard, uncovered. All the monks in number about sixty, were in their places. The Rt. Rev. Abbot with his assistants robed according to the rite of the Church, performed the funeral service with solemn chant, accompanied in responses by the voices of all the choir monks. The procession filed through the long cloister corridor, through the chapter room, chanting as they went, while two noble, looking monks tolled the bells in a most graceful manner. The cemetery on the brow of a rocky hill just behind the church is surrounded by a brick wall and is laid out in walks fringed with flower beds, among which rise the black wooden crosses about five or six feet high. On these are inscribed the names of the dead brethren.

When the chant was finished and service at the grave completed, four monks stepped forward and raised the body from the bier. Straps of white cloth were passed under it and it was lowered gently and laid on the hard bottom of the grave. A monk descended and pinned the cowl and habit over the face of the dead, the abbot dropped a shovelful on the body, and then the earth was thrown in until the grave was filled. The absence of the dreadful noise of stones and dirt that shocks us so much at burials in coffins, was quite a relief.

After the grave was filled a clear voice rang out with the beautiful antiphon, "Chorus angelorum te suscipiat." "May the angelic choirs receive thee," etc., and it was taken up by all present with a spirit that conveyed the idea that a faithful and laborious servant had entered into the joy of his Lord. Suddenly all fell on their knees and bowed almost prostrate, while in low, impressive tones, was chanted three times, "Domine miserere me peccatore." "Lord have mercy on me a sinner." It was an impressive sight, something medieval, that made one forget the nineteenth century, the World's Fair, the roaring crash of our age of machinery. I looked from face to face, every one that of a hero, of a man who had sacrificed all that human flesh and human pride holds dear, for a principle, and I felt moved to reverence and awe.

These men of every nationality blot out their personality, endure a most rigorous abstemiousness without meat or flesh or other delicacy, sleep on hard



A LONG PROCESSION

of diseases start from a torpid liver and impure blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures every one of them. It prevents them, too. Take it, as you ought, when you feel the first symptoms (languor, loss of appetite, dullness, depression) and you'll save yourself from something serious.

In building up needed flesh and strength, and to purify and enrich the blood, nothing can equal the "Discovery." It invigorates the liver and kidneys, promotes all the bodily functions, and brings back health and vigor. For Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Biliousness, and all Scrofulous, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, it is the only remedy that's guaranteed to benefit or cure, in every case, or the money is refunded.

About Catarrh. No matter what you've tried and found wanting, you can be cured with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The proprietors of this medicine agree to cure you, or they'll pay you \$500 in cash.

Job Printing done at this Office. Rates reasonable. Prompt fulfillment of order

boards, rise at 2 o'clock in the night to pray, observe a perpetual silence, are engaged in hard labor during all the intervals between prayer and sleep, for the glory of God, for the general reparation of the sins of the world, and to expiate their own failings. However much a person may disagree with them in belief or opinion, he is forced to respect their deep earnestness and pure life.

THE HOSPITAL AT DANVILLE.

In these optimistic days, when the press of the country teems with accounts of wonderful cures through the instrumentality of "Pink pills, or Paine's Celery Compound," it is refreshing to know that miracles equally as marvelous are on record where nothing but pure cold water is the simple factor. A few years ago a good old cure of Worisophen, Germany, Rev. Father Kneipp, electrified Bavaria and Central Europe by his success in curing Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, whose various diseases had baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. Disting and the cold water douches were the only ingredients in the pious clergyman's prescriptions. Since then thousands of patents have wended their way to Worisophen, and in every case have been either cured or benefited by the new method. A recent number of Blackwood's magazine contains an able article from the pen of Mde. de Ferro, herself a patient, describing the system in vogue at the Father's hospital. Cold water in different forms, externally and internally applied, brisk walks, vegetable diet, and warm baths; such are the simple means the good father employs to work miracles. Among the patients successfully treated for a painful disease was a German priest, located at Dansville, N.Y. On his return to his parish he opened an institution for the cure of diseases by the cold water system. This gentleman, Father Rauber, has met with most gratifying success. He has associated with him, Mr. Langer, a graduate of Father Kneipp's, and a person of unusual skill; and each summer the sanitarium at Dansville is crowded with invalids of both sexes seeking relief, and invariably finding it. Some features of the treatment are peculiar. Woolen garments, next the skin, are not allowed to be worn, coarse linen being substituted. During the morning walks, shoes and stockings are discarded, and a brisk tramp through the extensive grounds is obligatory before breakfast. Altogether the system is a novel and, judging from happy results seen by the writer, a most meritorious one. Dyspeptics, rheumatics, and those suffering from nerve trouble should study the claims of this new aspirant to public favor. Rev. Father Rauber, Dansville, N.Y., will, I am sure, be pleased to give any information requisite on the subject.—Com.

A Fussy and Fretful Baby.

This is now quite unnecessary! Like many others, you may have your baby fat, laughing and happy, if you give it Scott's Emulsion. Babies take it like cream. 45-2

Let the penitent be always sad; but let him always rejoice in his sadness.—St. Augustine.

DIRECTIONS FOR COLIC IN HORSES.—Contents of small bottle Pain-Killer in quart bottle, add pint warm or cold water, sweeten with molasses, shake well until all mixed, and drench well. Give about half at once, then balance in ten or fifteen minutes, if first dose is not sufficient. This will be found a never-failing remedy; 25c. for a large bottle.

Blessed are they who have always before their eyes their own sins and the benefits of God.

Holloway's Pills.—Weak Stomachs.—The wisest cannot enumerate one quarter of the distressing symptoms arising from enfeebled digestion, all of which might be readily dispelled by these admirable Pills. They remove all unpleasant tastes from the mouth, flatulency, and constipation. Holloway's Pills rouse the stomach, liver, and every other organ, helping digestion to that healthy tone which fully enables it to convert all we eat and drink to the nourishment of our bodies. Hence these Pills are the surest strengtheners, and the safest restoratives in nervousness, wasting, and chronic debility. Holloway's Pills are infallible remedies for impaired appetite, eructations, and a multitude of other disagreeable symptoms, which render miserable the lives of thousands. These Pills are approved by all classes.

God makes furrows in hearts that He may sow His graces therein.