

## THE PROMOTER.

BY DANIEL M. KILPATRICK.

"I have a statue of the Sacred Heart in my room, and I keep a lamp burning before it night and day."—Extract from a Promoter's letter.

Yes, her ruby lip is burning,  
And her body thoughts are burning  
To a heart that is Divine.  
At a lowly shrine she's praying—  
To her dear Lord, and saying—  
Oh! make my heart like Thine.

In a humble posture kneeling,  
She is earnestly appealing  
To a heart that is Divine.  
And the angels' songs are blending  
With her prayer to God ascending—  
Oh! make my heart like Thine.

To her soul new graces are beaming,  
For her golden rays are streaming  
From a heart that is Divine.  
And that grace which is dwelling,  
Christ's sweetest love is telling—  
I'll make thy heart like Mine.

—N. Y. Catholic News.

## The Haunted Church.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

## CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Maybe you were dreaming, Mark," whispered one, as he laid his trembling hand on the sexton's shoulder.

"No; I saw him—I saw him with my own eyes! I tell you 'twas he! Listen! They did indeed listen, for in their nervous terror, they were incapable of stirring.

True enough, there was some vague noise overhead—some sort of echoing sound in the dust-covered floor above, with hollow sound! The three men felt their breaths in mute affliction. They seemed spell-bound. Not all the strong drinks ever distilled could stir up courage in face of the awful feeling that earned their blood into ice—in presence of the dread object that wandered in the dark overhead.

The noise grew rapidly more distinct. It was the soft fall of a foot succeeded by the heavy plod and thump of the artificial stomp.

"Tis he! That's his walk! I tell you I saw him! God be about us!" burst in terror from the sexton's lips.

The exclamation acted with loosening power on their spell-bound limbs. With a cry of dire affright they rushed together towards the door, overturning and breaking the mouldered pews in their mad haste.

Singularly enough, and as if to add to their frantic fear, the door was fast closed. With a cry of awe, that was more groan than cry, they tore at it with their fingers and nails. It refused to give way.

"I see him! He's looking down at us! See! His eyes are like balls of fire!" cried one, whose terror, as is not infrequently the case with men in extremity of fear, compelled him to look upwards where the object of their dread was; and, with a redoubled burst of despair and maddening affright, they pulled at the door, which at last opened easily, and dashed out into the graveyard, now beginning to fill with the cold gray light of the breaking dawn.

A rapid glance at the long corner, where the gloom of the night still struggled with the pale light, disclosed to them what they feared and dreaded—and expected!

The heap of newly raised earth showed its awful uncouth shape on one side; on the other—there was no mistaking the long rectangular form that lay there! It was the previous night's business repeated over again.

Not all the gold in Leston's bank, not all the lands and notes in the vaults and safes of the Bank of Ireland, could tempt them to turn another glance in its direction, much less to approach it.

Over the broken tomb stones slippery with dew, over the long, rank, wet, tangled grass, teasing the red earth of new-made graves with their hurrying feet, they flew to the gate! What a time it took for their trembling hands to unlock the bolts! What a century of time before they could unloose its padlock! And what a sense of indescribable relief and succor surrounded them as they found themselves breathlessly racing down the narrow passage that gave exit from the churchyard, and once more gazed the public street!

"God save us! Wasn't that awful!" said the sexton as, his breath and strength failing him, he leaned against a wall for support, his staring eyes protruding from his head.

"Come on!—come on!—don't stop here!" exclaimed a companion, casting a look behind him as if he expected to see the form of the dead man coming stamping after him.

"What's the use of staying here?"

"I'll go in a minute," said Mark; "wait for me. I'm not able to go any farther till I recover myself. The life's nearly left me. I'll never recover this night."

"Ner any of us. Come along, Mark—it's no use stopping here. We're too near the place. Come away."

"Where'll we go?" asked Mark as, having recovered his strength a little and allowed the palpitation at his heart to cease, he walked after them along the street.

"I'll tell you where we'll go," said he who had seen the eyes like two balls of fire peering at him from the belfry door; "we'll go to the Town-Major's tell him."

"Ay, that's what we'll do," assented Mark as they passed along.

"Tell Mark," said the third, whose bearing seemed that of a sailor, and who, having seen nothing, and only hearing the talk of others, the singular walk overhead had been less frightened, and was therefore more eager to discuss the cause of their alarm; "what was it you saw?"

"Don't talk of it, now," said Mark with a shudder; "there's time enough to talk over it."

"Did you see—the face of it?" asked the other, whose interest to learn grew momentarily greater.

"I did—I did, man. Hold your tongue." "Sure you needn't be afraid now," percoiled the man; "it's broad daylight. What way did he look? Was it really Swarthy Bill that was walking?"

"Wait a bit—wait a bit. You'll hear it all when we see the Major."

They were not long in seeing that functionary. His office was in a street not far away—at that time a very prominent and aristocratic thoroughfare, but it lay far into decay and rank with the wreckage of the slums. His position, too, at that time was an important one in the city government, but it had long since been abolished. Their feet did not linger on the unpaved footways as they hurried towards his residence.

Their continued knocking awoke the household, and the functionary was quickly down half-dressed to know what was afoot.

"Well—what new?" he asked as he saw the three frogs and bewildered-looking men at his hall-door.

"Please, your worship," said the sexton uneasily, "he's up again."

"Who's up again?" asked the Major.

"The sailor."

"What sailor?"

"The drowned sailor—the one-legged man—the get out of his grave."

"Oh, you're the sexton," said the Major, for the first time remembering the occurrence of the previous day.

"I am—or I was, for, with the blessing of heaven," said Mark emphatically, "I'll never be him again."

"Well, and what brings you here?" inquired the Major sharply, not noticing the oddity of the sexton's statement.

"He's up! I tell you, he's up! I saw him!"

"Up where?" asked the official perplexedly, and looking like one who speedily got into a temper.

"Up, out of grave! Came out of it again!"

"Out of the grave! You have been neglecting your watch—"

"On the terrace neglect," said all three with the unanimity of a trained chorus.

"Or you are in collusion with the body-snatchers," said the Major, eyeing them angrily and distrustfully, "or you want to get up a disturbance?"

"Oh, so you want of us! Naiter one nor t'other. God forbid!" broke in the three again in similar unison.

"Or you've been drinking."

"On the devil a drink—God forgive us for saying so," said Mark, his countenance flushing with its sharp remembrance of his late rencounter, and by consequence speedy repentance.

"It looks like it, at any rate. What's that you say about his having been litid again?"

"He wasn't litid. He kem himself," said Mark.

"Are you sure the grave is opened?"

"Am I sure? Didn't I see him with my two lookin' eyes? Didn't I see him a-dimblin' the belfry ladder? Didn't he waken me with noise of his step? Didn't I—"

"You were asleep, then?"

"Only dozin'—that's all," said the sexton with a look around at his companions for confirmation—where promptly acquiesced by a shake each of his head.

"Go on; what else? Has the grave been again disturbed?"

"Faix! It's disturbed enough," said Mark with an ominous shake of his head, which looked ludicrous enough to the angry eyes of the Major.

"And you don't know who disturbed it?"

"Havem-an-dout!—God forgive me for cursin' again!—'at I do well."

"No was it?"

"I am sorry—the was it—but himself!"

"I am sorry—truly and really sorry," said the Major, glancing around inside the hall-door, as if searching for something—"that I have not my stick near at hand, or, by the soul of Oliver Cromwell! I'd teach you three blackguards better manners than to come disturbing my house at this hour of the morning with your cock-an-a-bull story."

"Cock-an-a-bull story, it is," said the sexton, on whom the burden of the conversation had luckily fallen; "you wouldn't say it was a cock-an-a-bull story if you found him walkin' in through the church door—if you saw him climb the ladder up to the belfry loft—if you heard him stumpin' about there until the very rafters—"

"Who did all this?"

"The dead man—who else?"

"He did—did he?"

"To be sure he did."

"Wait a minute," said the Major abruptly, "I'll get on my coat and boots, and I'll go with you there—and see what is the meaning of all this."

With which he incontinently closed the door.

"Did you hear that?" asked the man who had the appearance of a sailor, and who had seen nothing, in vague astonishment of his two companions. "He expects us to go back there again, maybe to go up on the tower."

"I'd see him an' all the sojers an' charlies and the corporals stand in the deepest mud at the bottom of the Red Sea," said his companion, dwelling with increasing vigor on each additional word, "afere I'd go back there again! I'm safe now—and may the devil take me body an' bones! I'll ever put my foot inside of the same blessed gates again. There, now!"

And without more ado or farewell he pulled his hat over his eyes, open the door, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him along the street, rapidly disappearing around the first corner he came to.

"Thunder and turf, but here's the same—I'd see 'em all to Jericho afore I'd have anythin' more to say to the same business," said the sailor, as he watched the form of his retreating friend disappear around the corner, and proceeded with similar swiftness to follow his example.

A sexton, left alone, looked around him. The evening, a respect for his office—that sense of duty that makes an officer stand in the post of danger even when deserted by his men—made him hold his ground for a short time.

But when he beheld him of the dead form he had seen in the sombre gloom of the raised church, climbing its frenzy and ruined stairway, the feeling of horror grew strongly upon him again, making his skin creep and grow shivery and uneven as that of a goose; and, hearing the descending foot of the Major on the stairs, all sense of duty and official position vanished instantaneously, and with remarkable alacrity he followed his departed companions.

When the Town-Major came down fully dressed, with his three-cocked hat on his head and his sword by his side, he was very much surprised to find his early awakeners vanished.

There was no one there.

Looking about him with amazement, he at first conjectured that they must be somewhere on the street, although he could not see them. The street was a narrow one, and a turn of his eyes could take in its whole length in a glance; yet so dumfounded was he by this sudden disappearance of his excited callers of a few minutes before, that he could not realize that they were not somewhere about.

So he walked up the street, then down, and then across, but nowhere within his vision was anyone present.

Much surprised, he pondered over the matter for a few minutes. His footstep was excited not more by the story they told than by their sudden departure. He therefore resolved to see the matter out, and to that end walked to the corner whither they had turned, knocked at a door where some of his men-at-arms lived—torture-Major at the time had control of certain civil forces—and roused them up.

Accompanied by his guard he set out for the ruined church and deserted graveyard, now the centre of so much interest. Passing down the narrow lane, they found the gate wide open. So, also, starting them in front, was the church door—wide open. But these circumstances were more or less to be expected from the terrified appearance of the night watchers. The Major passed them by unheeded and with his companions directed his steps to the corner where the re-interment of yesterday had taken place.

Coming near it, it was palpable enough that portion of the sexton's story, at least was

true. The clay had been again raised. Mere

the official lay extended at the other side, exactly as it had been yesterday. But there was a change. As they came closer they saw that the coffin was empty! There was no trace of the dead man there. Whether or not the story of the frightened men was true—and that he had or had not been in the church, and climbed into the tower—was a thing at any rate was perfectly evident—the coffin no longer contained him.

Assured that some trick had been played, or that the body snatchers had been at work, the Major looked narrowly around for indications of the kind. But there were none. The grass had not been disturbed. The dew, save where they themselves had trampled it, hung heavily on the long grass. The clay was in the exact position it had been in yesterday, and indeed seemingly as if no hand had since touched it. It was backed up with care such as stealthy workers at night would certainly not have used. No one at all evident and seeming had been there during the night.

Not a little perplexed by these matters—and not at all the exasperated too, for the Major was of choleric mood, more especially when anything occurred within the civil boundary became too mysterious for comprehension—he determined to try what truth there was in the further portion of his informants' story, and for that purpose proceeded to the church.

There was nothing there to unfold the mystery to him. Evidences of the entertainment provided for themselves by the watchers of the night were plentiful enough; so were those that showed their hasty and terrified departure. But there was and there could be no truth in the statement that anyone had climbed the ladder to the belfry loft. For it was a sheer impossibility. To begin with, the bottom rungs were all broken off. Upon those that were left the dust lay thick, and had not been touched for weeks, months, years. And one of these that the Major caught in his hands came in pieces with a slight pull. There was no need to climb the ladder, even if his men were disposed to do so—which they most assuredly were not.

It is surprising with what singular speed the news of this strange occurrence spread rapidly, and before the morning was far advanced the churchyard was crowded with people.

Early workers proceeding to their business had seen the gate open and men moving about therein—had stopped on their way and turned in to see what was the matter. These, proceeding onward, had communicated the information to others, and so by degrees the city was in a ferment with the news, and the precincts of the ruined church became thronged by curious and surprised visitors.

Whatever conjectures might be made as to the cause of what had happened, there was no absolute solution to the mystery. Guesses there were and in plenty—but they were guesses, and rather tended to mystify more than explain the matter.

There was something for it but to re-enter the new empty coffin and close up the grave—which was done.

There was no one in charge of the place henceforward, for no one would take charge of it. Nor was the grave afterwards touched.

But a new development of affairs soon began. Strange lights were said to be seen of nights in the church, moving hither and thither. Occasional watchers from some of the higher houses in the vicinity, whose windows gazed on the ruined edifice, had distinctly seen them flitting uneasily about. Belated, half-drunken men wandering down the lane way had looked in through the rusty gate, and were frightened into sobriety by the sight of light; suddenly lit, and as suddenly extinguished, in the belfry tower itself.

Such stories spread rapidly, and excited immense sensation.

The haunted church was in everyone's mouth. Public interest was hugely excited. The appetites of the curious were not to be satisfied. A watch was promptly set by the authorities; but nothing singular was seen. No lights were visible at any time of the night—anywhere. Nevertheless, those who previously asserted they had seen them, stuck to their stories with preëvering vigor. Those who had not seen them were incredulous, and two parties were formed in the city—the believers and the unbelievers.

And so it remained, the affair beginning to pall upon people's thoughts; and to give place to other matters, when a fresh incident arose which rekindled the flame of public excitement once more.

## CHAPTER XV.

WHAT THE WATCHERS SAW.

The Major was sitting one morning at his breakfast, preparatory to commencing his day's duties, when a servant entered with a message to say that a person wanted to see him in the office. The Major's office was held in a room of his house opened into from the street.

"Who is he?"

"He don't know, sir," said the girl.

"What does he want?"

"He didn't say, sir."

"Well, let him wait."

"But he won't wait, sir. He is in a great fright or a great hurry—one or the other. And he says he must see you immediately."

"Tell him I am at my breakfast and wait a little."

"I did, sir, but he won't listen to anything I say. He is in such a state, I think there is something amiss with him."

"There is—is there?" said the Major abandoning for the moment his breakfast. "I'll go and see him."

The Major was not one to forego his duty for any consideration of self. Wherefore, under the belief that there was some mischief afoot, he went to the troublemaker. Repeating, then, occupying strongly public attention, the Major hurriedly descended the stairs.

"Well!" he asked, as the man stood with his back to him and his face to the window.

"Well! Eh—what! What the devil brought you here again?"

"I seen him, Major," said the man as he turned round, his white face and quivering lips being none other than those of our old friend the sexton.

"Seen who, you idiot?"

"The one-legged man, your worship—the drowned sailor!"

"You have—have you?" said the Major, remembering with great distinctness his last interview, and speaking with suspicion, friendliness and softness of manner. "You have—have you?"

"Yes, your worship, I have."

"Where did you see him? What's this your name is?"

"I was on your worship; Mark Duckham. I was the sexton, if you remember."

"I do remember, Mark—Mark Duckham," said the Major with significant and unwelcome particularity. "And where did you see him now, Mark?"

"In the street."

"In the street, Mark. What street, and where?"

"In Chapel Lane, last night—about twelve o'clock."

"That was very remarkable—wasn't it, Mark?"

"Remarkable—it was awful, your worship."

"Wait a minute, Mark," said the Major.

"I'll be back in a minute."

The man stood as before, with his face towards the window, awaiting the Major's return, who was not long in coming.

"And so you saw the drowned sailor in the street, last night—did you?" said the Major, entering softly, and catching the informant by the shoulder and wheeling him around. "You'll see him better next time you're out at midnight."

With which ironical statement the Major, catching Mark with his left hand, administered with great suddenness, and no small amount of vigour, several lashes of his whip across his head and shoulders.

He was prevented from continuing this exercise by two things. Firstly, the Major was a man of full habit of body, and the second thing, his visitor was not disposed to allow the living to share with the dead the pleasure of tormenting him, and so quickly grasped the arm that wielded the whip.

"What are you about! What are you doing? Are you gone mad?" was his astonished query, as he struggled to ward off the blows.

"No, Mark," said the Major, as sarcastically as his blown state would permit. "I'm not mad, nor am I a fool. Nor will I allow I take that, and that! Nor will I allow any account—I let go my whip—I come here to make a—let go, you villain—I a fool of me, by telling me such idiotic lies."

"I declare to God, I'm not tellin' yer honour lies," burst out the late sexton as he struggled for possession of the whip. "Upon my oath and soul I'm not! If you'd only listen to me you'd know whether I am or not!"

"Let go my whip, you villain!"

"No; the devil a bit, yer honour, if you don't promise to leave off. You don't know what you're doin'. Can't you listen to me first?"

The sexton's manner was so earnest and so energetic, and the Major was so blown and exhausted, that he relinquished the whip to the former's hands and threw himself back in the chair, not, however, without a lingering desire evident in his face to continue his chastisement.

"You wouldn't listen to me, or you'd know what I was goin' to tell you," burst out angrily the sexton, as, holding the whip in one hand, he rubbed his shoulder with the other. "What did you do that for?"

"To help you out with your story," said the Major with grim humor. "Go on now and tell it."

"I won't, nor curse the word!" said the sexton, growling angry as the other attired himself into an easier position.

"Perhaps you'd do as well not. But I'll tell you what, my good friend—unless you give me a satisfactory explanation as to what brings you here now and what brought you off the other morning, I shall have you laid by the heels in jail as sure as your name is Mark! I'll teach soundrels like you a lesson."

The Major was generally held in threats of this kind to be a man of his word. Wherefore, as he was about to stretch forth his hand to the bell-rope, his visitor promptly laid the whip on the desk before him and said:

"If yer honour would only listen to what I had to say!"

"Well," said the Major, somewhat mollified, "go on and say it."

"It was about the dead man."

"Yes. Go on."

"I saw him last night."

"So you said already."

"Ay," said the sexton, with the former look growing into his face; "I met him in the street—in Chapel Lane—walking near the graveyard."

"Yes; I know. Well! That was not very remarkable, seeing that you had already seen him walking about the church."

(To be continued.)

## The Exclusiveness of the Church.

In a sermon preached on his jubilee day, Cardinal Manning gave a beautiful explanation of the exclusiveness of the Catholic Church. He pointed out that no terms of reproach can be greater than to be exclusive, and yet the one thing in the world which is most exclusive is Truth.

The great preacher quoted the well known lines:

For points of faith let senseless bigots fight;  
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

and paraphrased them thus:

For charts and compasses let senseless bigots fight;  
He can't be wrecked who steers the ship aright.

Who is it that can steer aright without charts and compasses? If there were no charts and compasses the shores of the whole world would be strewn with wrecks. There is only one person who can, without charts and compasses, steer the ship, and it is He who by His own word commanded the winds and the waves, and Who guides His own Church. It is perfectly true that the Catholic Church is the most exclusive and most dogmatic of all authorities on the face of this earth; and that is because it knows that almighty deviation of a hair's breadth from the truth as it is in Jesus Christ is wandering from the way of eternal life.

## The Cession of Heligoland.

LONDON, July 24.—In the House of Commons to-day Sir James Fergusson moved that the bill providing for the cession of Heligoland to Germany pass the second reading. He advocated the bill. Mr. Gladstone made a speech in support of the African portion of the Anglo-German agreement. He paid a tribute to Lord to Lord Salisbury for the part he had taken in effecting the agreement which, he said, was conceived in a spirit of regard for the best interests of England. Mr. Gladstone blamed the Government for not securing beforehand an agreement with France regarding Zanzibar. He said the House had never before been asked to vote a cession of territory. There had been several cessions of territory without the consent of the Commons being asked. He was not disposed to make a precedent as the subject was one of profound, practical importance in the constitution and he would, therefore, decline to vote on the bill. The debate was adjourned.

## TAKER NOTICE.

Remember that the present charter of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, which the Supreme Court of the U. S. has decided to be a Contract with the State of Louisiana and part of the Constitution of the State does not expire until the First of January, 1895. The Legislature of Louisiana, which adjourned on the 10th of July of this year, has ordered an amendment to the Constitution of the State to be submitted to the People at an election in 1892, which will carry the charter of the Louisiana State Lottery Company up to the year Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen.

## The "True Witness" Job Printing Office is now in full swing.

Send in your orders.

## Terrible Affair in Labrador.

St. John's, Nfld., July 23.—The steamer Panther brought the news of a terrible tragedy in Labrador, briefly referred to in yesterday's despatches. Thomas Oliver had lived for nine years at Pig Brook, St. John's Bay, Labrador, with his wife and five children. On May 4 he told his son to go across the river and hunt for partridges; he also sent his wife and daughter out to pick wild tea. Oliver then took his Bible and lay down on his bed. Before leaving his wife took the infant boy, six months old, and placed it on the bed. When on the floor about half way across the river she heard the report of a gun. Looking around she saw the dogs running from the door. Thinking nothing was wrong she continued her journey. After she and her daughter had gathered all the tea they wanted they returned home. There they beheld a sickening sight. On the floor was the baby. On taking it up the mother discovered that its head had been hit by a bullet. The next sight that met her horrified gaze was the body of her daughter, eleven years old. She was in a sitting posture on the floor, with her head fearfully mangled, while across her legs lay a boy, six years old, with his head split open. He lived until sunset. Mrs. Oliver next discovered the body of her husband stretched on the floor, with his hands in his head and a bullet hole through his head. The distracted mother, after waiting till her boy died, ran down to Seal Cove, three miles away, where the nearest neighbors lived, and told her awful story. The victims were buried near the house in which the crime was committed. The gun was put in the murderer's coffin. The children had been killed with an axe. Melancholia caused the crime.

The disagreeable sick headache, and foul stomach, so frequently complained of, can be speedily relieved by a single dose of McGALE'S Bismuth Pills.

Baron Wisemann has been placed on the retired list. His health has become affected from rheumatism.

## HOW CAN THE LONG

## BE THE SHORT

A line may be a very long one and yet be the shortest between given points. For instance the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway has over 3,000 miles of road; but it is the shortest line between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Fargo, Winnipeg, Cooktown, Moorhead,