Owed and Paid.

By EMMA C. STREET.

Written for The True Witness, and first published June 26th.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Once fairly under way, de Courville exchanged a few words in the Huron dialect with his Indian companion, and then composed himself as well as his limited space would allow and went to sleep. He was tired out, not having slept for over twenty-four hours, and knowing that he would need all his vigilance later on he did not scruple to rest while he could, feeling sure that nothing of consequence would escape the eagle eyes of Bending Bough. He slept uninterruptedly for four or five hours and was awakened by the canoe running ashore upon a small island where the party had agreed to land and refresh themselves with a slight meal. The delay did not cover more than half an hour and then they resumed their journey, de Courville taking his turn at the paddles with the others.

It was about an hour after mid-day when they came in view of the spot where the river Richelieu empties itself into the St. Lawrence. The town of Sorel now stands at the confluence of the two rivers, but at that time it was a forsaken wilderness, in the midst of which rose the charred remains of what had once been Fort Richelieu; a melancholy testimony to the worth of Indian treaties of peace. Here the canoe was stopped for awhile and the Huron waded to shore and examined the banks narrowly to see if the party of Iroquois and their prisoners had landed there. His quick eyes soon discovered that they had, and he returned to the pursuers with the intelligence that the marauders were some four or five hours ahead of them in point of time, but were not making much haste on their way, probably thinking their attack on the bateau still unknown at the settlements. He brought them another piece of news at the same time that was not so encouraging, and that was that there were traces of another band of Iroquois with a solitary prisoner having landed there an hour or two before the party they were in pursuit of. "One prisoner," he said to de Courville in the Huron dialect, holding up his index finger to emphasise the words, "from Quebec."

"Humph!" muttered the hunter, "things look promising."

Before he could say any more the Indian touched him upon the shoulder and pointed down the stream. Looking in the direction indicated, he saw a canoe emerging from the shelter of a tiny inlet that was almost hidden from view by the overhanging trees that grew upon its banks. As it came closer he saw that it contained four men, two of whom were French and the other two Indians. All four were plying their paddles vigorously as though to make up for lost time, but they ceased their labors when they came within speaking distance of the colonists and one of the white men called out: "Good day, my friends. Whither are you going?"

De Courville gave a sign to his men and they pulled out into the stream and brought their canoe alongside the other. It was only then they saw that their interrogator wore the black cassock of a priest.

Bending-Bough recognized him at once and whispered to de Courville, "it is the Black-robe, Echon, from Ste-Marie."

The young Frenchman looked at the priest curiously while one of the colonists explained to him the object of the expedition. Although he had been six years among the Hurons, he had never during that time come in contact with the missionaries, for the simple reason that he had purposely kept out of their way. He had heard of them often enough, and of their heroic sacrifices; and he could judge from his own experience of the savages what atrocities were frequently practised upon them when their zeal carried them into the strongholds of barbarous superstition; but in his bitter, rebellious frame of mind, these things served rather to stir him to impatient irritation than to admiration. The remnants of faith still lingered in his heart, but they were so crushed beneath a sense of undeserved shame and bitter injustice that he was incapable of understanding the sublime charity that had impelled the Jesuit and the Franciscan into the wilderness. To him it was enthusiastic folly, and nothing more. A sentiment since shared in by some modern historians when treating of the first missionaries and their missions.

The names of the priests who served the mission of Ste-Marie on the borders of Lake Huron were all well known to him, but none was more familiar than that of Father Jean Brebeuf, whose Indian appellation had just been whispered in his ear by Bending-Bough.

To a people who worshipped the gifts of physical strength and a commanding exterior, as did the Indians, Father Brebeuf was an ideal "Blackrobe." His frame was robust and strong, and capable of bearing the most severe hardships of forest life; and his intrepid courage had won the respect and admiration even of his enemies.

De Courville understood the secret of the priest's influence with the savages when he had studied for a moment the resolute face with its grizzled moustache and beard, and its penetrating dark eyes and firm mouth. "Here," thought he, "is a man who does not know how to turn back. A soldier who may be killed at his post but who will not forsake it. A priest whose mission may not succeed but who will never admit failure." A summing up of character that later events were destined to justify.

"Ah, the poor souls!" exclaimed the missionary, compassionately, when the colonist had finished his story. "Sad will be their fate should you not succeed in rescuing them. But tell me, did you meet a French gentleman and two Hurons to-day? They left Quebec for Three Rivers yesterday morning, but had not arrived there when I passed a few hours since." If they have not gone on to Montreal I fear something has happened to them."

De Courville exchanged a quick glance with his companions and said, hastily, "Mon Dieu!" I fear something has befallen them. Here Bending-Bough, tell the good father what you discovered on the shore a few moments since."

Father Brebeuf had recognized the Indian with a smile when they first approached; now he turned to him and listened attentively while he told of the traces of two war parties with prisoners that he had seen. "But the Indian prisoner," he concluded, emphatically. "All white man."

"I fear there is but one explanation," said the priest sadly. "The unfortunate young man has fallen in with a prowling band of Iroquois, and his Indian companions have either fled or been murdered and left him a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Do you remember," he continued, turning to the other white occupant of his canoe who had been a silent spectator of the scene, "do you remember the gentleman's name, Gabriel? He had but newly arrived from France." "Yes, mon pere," was the reply. "He is the Count Leonce Du Chesneau."

A sudden giddiness came over de Courville and he grasped the edge of the canoe to keep himself upright. All the blood in his body seemed to surge into his head, and the sunlit sky and flashing water disappeared behind a black cloud shot with fiery sparks. Leonce Du Chesneau, his enemy, here in Canada within his reach! Surely he must be dreaming!

Gradually his senses ceased whirling and he became aware that Father Brebeuf was speaking to him, but the priest's voice seemed to come from a great distance and was muffled and indistinct.

"I—I beg your pardon, mon pere," said the hunter, making a violent effort to recover himself. "I felt a little faint for a moment. Doubtless the heat—" "Yes, I saw you change color," answered the missionary kindly. "You have perhaps been exerting yourself too much; the sun is very hot to-day."

"You said, I think, that the stranger's name was Du Chesneau?" As he spoke de Courville bent down to pick up his paddle, thus avoiding Father Brebeuf's eyes. He felt as if they must see down into the raging furnace of his heart should he venture to meet them.

"Yes. He is a young nobleman who came to Canada a short time since with the object of bettering his fortunes. He was warned not to go upon expeditions without a good number of companions, but he did not understand the greatness of the danger and persisted in going. Poor young man, it is a pity."

During the foregoing conversation, the two Indians who were with the priest had been showing signs of uneasiness. Though by no means cowards, they were anxious to place a desirable distance between themselves and the roving bands of Iroquois whose numbers they were not prepared to cope with. Father Brebeuf noticed the watchful glances they were sending over the sparkling river and into the tangled depths of the woods on shore, and said with a slight smile to de Courville: "My red children grow uneasy and I must proceed. Farewell my son, and may the good God and his holy Mother grant you success. You are going upon a most dangerous mission."

The young Frenchman shivered as if the blessing had been a malediction. Filled as he was with a burning hatred of his cousin, and a fierce impatience to have him in his power that he might take vengeance upon him, the benediction of the priest sounded like a mockery, but he forced a smile to his lips and answered with assumed carelessness. "Thank you, mon pere. But I fancy your own mission is rather more dangerous than ours. Am I not right?"

A momentary silence followed his words, and looking up to ascertain the cause, he saw that the missionary's gaze had wandered away across the glancing water to the misty blue line of the distant horizon, while on his face glowed under the inspiration of some strong hidden feeling that had forced its way to the surface. The expression was gone in a moment, but it had been a revelation to de Courville. In that one glance he had caught a glimpse of the missionary's soul and he shrank from the contrast it presented to his own. It was a gleam of light from another world by which he saw the emptiness and vanity of the passions that were tearing him asunder, and the bitter fruit they would yield him in the future; but alas! the gleam was but that of a lightning flash, and it died away and left him in deeper darkness than before. His hand closed relentlessly upon the paddle, and he said hurriedly, without giving the priest time to answer his last question: "It must indeed be farewell now, mon pere, we have already lost much time. *Adieu* and *bon voyage*."

Amid a little chorus of good wishes the canoes glided apart, that of the colonists turning to the mouth of the Richelieu, the highway to the Mohawk country; and that containing the saintly missionary proceeding on its way up the St. Lawrence, bearing him slowly but surely to that cruel death which the threatening cross in the heavens had already revealed to his prophetic gaze.

De Courville's heart was the prey of bitter emotions as the canoe bore him along between the green banks of the Richelieu. Thoughts and memories that had been stilled for years surged up in his soul and served him to pursue his foe to the bitter end. He felt as if he could have hewed his way single handed through an army of Iroquois to get at him and force the truth from his throat. The picture of Eugenie Le Mercier as he had seen her that morning in the chapel was seared upon his memory and acted as a spur to drive him on to vengeance. Had it not been for Leonce Du Chesneau she might have been his wife at this moment, queening it over the stately old family chateau in distant sunny France, while he himself, instead of a homeless exile, might have been the honored friend of princes, the habitue of courts, the patron of literature and arts; in a word, the magnificent French nobleman of the period.

Upon the other side of the picture he looked not at all. He forgot that he had been a gambler and a roisterer; that he had neglected Eugenie Le Mercier when he might have won her; that he had almost dissipated the fortune he had inherited from his mother; and that he had been the most ungrateful nephew of a most indulgent uncle. By dint of gazing continually upon his wrongs, he had come to forget that his more than wasted youth had deserved sharp punishment; and in all the years that had passed in exile, it never once occurred to him that had it not been for the mishap that drove him from his native land, he might now have been a wreck, physically and mentally; for the strongest constitution must have eventually succumbed to the strain he had put upon his. If the memory of these excesses ever recurred to him, it was in the light of youthful follies that would have died a natural death in a short time had they not been brought to an abrupt end by his uncle's tragic death.

Once or twice the recollection of Father Brebeuf's face, as he had last seen it, interposed like a warning between him and his revengeful thoughts, but he put it resolutely aside each time and bent to his paddle with renewed energy, unconscious of any sense of fatigue in his eager desire to press closely in the wake of his enemy.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN IN LITERATURE.

The nineteenth century is in a peculiar manner the cycle of woman, and not the least of her achievements is to be found in the domain of letters. That woman has added to the sum of literary wealth—and a valuable coefficient too—is beyond question. No woman, however, can ever become great as an artist, save through her womanly instincts. For it should be borne in mind that personality is greater than technique, and the life within greater than the life without. We see this beautifully illustrated in the life of Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh, who would be first an artist, and then a woman. Those who have read Aurora Leigh know how completely she failed in her purpose, and failed because she started out wrong. Had she sought to be a great artist through the strength and cultivation of her womanly instincts, she would have succeeded, for then there would have been a union of the spiritual and the material, a union of the singer and the work. This is where misguided and blind enthusiasts of to-day hinder the real progress of woman, by maintaining that her greatness ought to be attained through the intellect divorced from her instincts as woman and mother. This is a mistake. There is no sane person who claims that woman is less than man, or that she is "undeveloped man;" but quite the reverse. Woman's strength lies in her womanliness, and man's strength in his manliness. Reverse this and you do violence to nature. Clothe the tender heart of woman with a panoply of the iron responsibilities, the iron duties of man, and see what you will make of her. Woman has been a great scientist: woman has been a great novelist: woman has been a great poet, not in spite of her womanly instincts, but because of them. Take Mrs. Browning as an instance. The best lesson she has left the world through her life and work is, that the highest culture and devotion to art and literature need not conflict with the duties of a mother. In Mrs. Browning's marriage, she reached the rounded character of her life.

The very moment woman spurns the noble heritage of woman and makes light the duties and grace of home, that very moment society has suffered a deep wound, and the virtue of true progress becomes, in a measure, blighted. Just now the pendulum is swinging greatly away, but it will right itself in a few years. Tennyson, whose heart and eye were ever open to every foreboding change and note of progress, and whose devotion to woman has not been surpassed by any other English poet, has dealt with the "Woman Question" in his poem "The Princess." He traces beautifully the gradual growth and asserting of womanly instincts in the Princess Ida over the instincts of the artist, which culminates in that sweetest of English lyrics, "Ask Me No More," shadowing the Triumph of love.

"Ask me no more: the moon may draw the Sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O, too fond, when I have answered thee?
Ask me no more.

"Ask me no more: what answer shall I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

"Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed:
I strove against the stream and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

I have heard it objected to the "Princess" that the solution of what is called the "Woman's Question," which is offered at the close, is, after all, but a vague and cloudy one. But it should not be forgotten that it is the office of the poet, not so much to affirm principles as to inspire the sentiments which ought to preside over the solution. Here is the pith of Tennyson's solution of the "Woman Question":

"For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain; his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind."

T. O'HAGAN—*In Niagara Rainbow.*

TRUE MORALITY.

Albert G. Davis writes to the July Century "A Word on Religion and the Public Schools." He is in favor of the schools teaching morality and ethics, but not religion. "True morality," he says, "is not from without, but from within." As Mr. Davis lives in Washington so near the patent office he ought to apply for a patent on the discovery of this chunk of wisdom. It might also be truly said that the knowledge of arithmetic is not from without, but from within, yet every boy will find the external rules and principles of arithmetic very handy, and a mastery of them will help him to understand more clearly and assimilate more thoroughly the knowledge of figures. So it is with morality. Morality does not consist in the knowing of a creed; for every one knows that it has reference to conduct. Yet conduct is guided, influenced, by knowledge, and so morality, no less than arithmetic, has its external rules and principles by which it must be governed. These rules are God's will as expressed in his holy law. Mr. Davis discards this rule for one of his own. His rule of morality is this: "It is better for its own sake to do right than to do wrong." No, Mr. Davis, it is not. If you abolish God, God's law, and man's accountability for his actions to God, there is no right or wrong, and self-interest would be the only intelligible rule of conduct. But self-interest would often prompt me, when in need, to help myself out of your money-chest, and thus I would do right in doing what you doubtless would consider wrong.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

CHURCH AND STATE HERE.

Especially interesting to American Catholic readers is what this reverend writer has to say on the relations of Church and State in this country. While admitting that, according to the spirit of our national constitution, it may be true, as some folks have asserted on several occasions, that there is no recognition of Christianity in our form of Government, Father Johnston truthfully and pertinently asserts that "this is in very truth a Christian State because the spirit, if not the name of Christianity, is everywhere. It permeates our legislation almost unconsciously, our social relations are determined by it, it is in the air we breathe. And though the name of Christ be never mentioned, even prohibited, nevertheless would this nation still be Christian to its heart of hearts." The article, furthermore, argues that there is really no separation of the religious and civil authority recognized by our form of Government, an assertion which is not by any means lacking in foundation; and it concludes with the declaration that they who seek, absurdly, to create a national feeling with regard to religious or spiritual affairs are the worst enemies of that union in behalf of which Leo XIII. has so recently appealed, and for the consummation whereof so many sincere souls are sighing.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

DONAHOE'S FOR JULY.

One of the strongest numbers yet produced by Donahoe's Magazine comes to us in the July issue. It contains several articles of a serious and thought-provoking nature, as well as the customary amount of lighter literary sketches attractively illustrated. Dr. Edward McGlynn makes a powerful protest against the unequal conditions between capital and labor in America in "Large Fortunes and Low Wages," making the unanswerable argument that it is the unjust monopolizing, under cover of law and custom, of the natural bounties of the country which creates the immense fortunes of the few and the widespread poverty of the masses. The author has never written more wisely nor more to the point upon the subject to which he has devoted so many years of study and observation. In "Catholic Summer Schools" Rev. John Talbot Smith writes an article of splendid critical force and helpful suggestion on this growing movement among Catholics. "In the Footsteps of Father Damien," by Charles S. O'Neill, is recounted the results of the heroic work of the leper apostle, and the labors of his saintly successors in Molokai. The article is beautifully illustrated, giving many new pictures of scenes and persons in the leper settlement. "Catholic Church Architecture in the United States," by Charles D. Maginnis, embodies much healthy criticism of the manner of building churches in this country. Other interesting sketches, profusely illustrated, are: "Historic Maynooth," by William A. H. Byrne; "Yachts and Yachting," by Frank H. Sweet; "St. Ann's Day among the Micmacs," by John H. Wilson; "The Present Irish Literary Movement," by D. J. O'Donoghue; and "A Day in Venice." The poetry and fiction are excellent remaining features, and the Editor's Review displays an able and comprehensive discussion of current topics.—Donahoe's Magazine Co., Boston, Mass.

One's physical feelings, like the faithful setter, search and point out plainly the fact of disease or health.

If a man is not feeling well and vigorous—if he is losing flesh and vitality, if he is listless, nervous, sleepless, he certainly is not well. The down hill road from health to sickness is smooth and declines rapidly.

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EXTRACTS FROM LONDON TABLET.

Suicide has become almost an epidemic in Rome of late years, and scarcely a day passes without bringing its sad record of some unfortunate who, tired of life's battle, has presumed on God's mercy by going uncalled into His Presence. Being requested to give a decision upon the question: "Should Christian burial be given to suicides?" the Sacred Congregation of Rites first called attention to the general law observed in such cases, which decrees that Christian burial cannot be given to those who kill themselves through despair or anger (not madness), *ob desperationem vel iracundiam*, if before death they have not given signs of repentance; and to this the following possible hypotheses were added: 1. When certitude exists that madness was the cause of self-destruction Christian burial and solemn funeral services may be granted. 2. When doubt exists as to whether suicide was committed through despair or madness Christian burial may be given, but solemn funeral service must be refused. The foregoing is, we think, an answer to the oft repeated query heard in Rome by strangers, as to why the Church sometimes allows the bodies of those who have taken their own lives to be brought into the house of God.

One of the dreams of the late Cardinal Lavigerie was the erection of a pilgrimage on the ruins of the amphitheatre at Carthage, the scene of the martyrdom of thousands of Christians, among whom were SS. Perpetua and Felicitas. He died before his dream was realized, but his project has been carried out by his successor; and on the festival of these glorious martyrs this year Mass was celebrated in a graceful chapel constructed in the amphitheatre proper. One more instance of the faith of Christ triumphing where pagan civilization once flaunted its glory and its shame.

The solemn coronation of a statue—for which permission must be obtained from the Holy See—is a distinction usually reserved for the most celebrated shrines in Christendom. This ceremony, we are glad to say, will be performed for the first time in the United States in the Ursuline Convent, New Orleans, on November 10th. The shrine of Our Lady of Prompt Succour in this convent has long been a favoirte one, and the scene of many a heavenly favor; among the latest of which was the cure of a young girl, resulting in her own and her father's conversion; and the sudden recovery of a lame boy who was in danger of being a cripple all his life. Our Lady of Prompt Succour has already been proclaimed Patroness of Louisiana—a circumstance which renders the ceremony of coronation specially important, and will cause it to be regarded with interest throughout the United States. We learn that the festival is to be observed with all possible magnificence.

LITERARY GEMS.

Pity does more good in the world than blame, however well deserved. You may soften a sinner by pitying him, but never by hard words; and once you melt into the mood of pity yourself, you will be able to endure things which would otherwise drive you mad.

Give us a character on which we can thoroughly depend, which we are sure will not fail us in time of need, which we know to be based on principle and on the fear of God, and it is wonderful how many brilliant and popular and splendid qualities we can safely and gladly dispense with.—Dean Stanley.

The secret of a happy life does not lie in the means and opportunities of indulging our weaknesses, but in knowing how to be content with what is reasonable, that time and strength may remain for the cultivation of our noble nature.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbour's faults. Forget all the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends and only remember the good points which make you fond of them.

The secret of a bright, full, and contented age is found in the continuance—mildly and quietly, it may be—of all the interests of the active world. We may, as the poet has put it, cause the Gulf Stream of our youth to flow into the Arctic regions of our lives, and so the years that otherwise would be bare and sterile will be warmed and fructified.

The Incarnation brought righteousness out of the region of cold abstractions, clothed it in flesh and blood, opened for it the shortest and broadest way to all our sympathies, gave it the firmest command over the springs of human action by incorporating it in a person, and making it, as has been beautifully said, liable to love.—William E. Gladstone.

Albert failure in any cause produces a correspondent misery in the soul, yet it is, in a sense, the highway to success, inasmuch as every discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true, and every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterwards carefully eschew.—Keats.

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LOUIS GRIMMER, Rector.

From the Author of the "Short Line to the Roman Catholic Church."
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