more conspi priests and of Cashel without its impressive here to-day, to place a ne ong year to marriage fea account, bes Christian pr of Cromwell (groans). A and did I no

AUG. 25,

"To one whose love When lighter passi So holy 'tis and t To one whose love More deeply fixed, Than any pledged

at Emly, the Arc

moreover, to artistic finish a were to worsh temple of E respect inferior That prediction least, been alre-

is our privilege but completed exquisitely de as to its min style that mod a temple also penny of whi noble-hearted am delighted t second time, amongst other said, beholding of man's over the roof green flag of honored fold tive blending venerated sta that has n and the Cross defeat (enthu sire to repeat add that not

frequently, an ever, and now and unwave oughly convi in their attac ad event wil of that bond still continue is nowhere

of somethin

point, I mig erable length display of and gradual or set up f other purpo they have be indeed, un-

most invitir

Dead. BY KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

I know the sting of Death, its victory, Since one more dear than mine own life dead; And I can never more be comforted— (Nay, nay; this semblance is not verity)-Till God give back what Death has wrene

Yet ye would kill my hope! who was it said
"There is no resurrection for such dead;"
What thou bemoan'st hath perished utterly;"
alse seer! my dead shall live again, I know:
Those eyes—once O so kind—shall smile

again, The dear, dead hands that wrought but good to me Hold mine in warm, close clasp, 1 can forego
Life's solace, and be patient with its pain
Till the new day dawn and the shadows
—Boston Pilot.

Buffalo, April 22, 1882.

From the Catholic World. THE WRAITH OF THE ACH-ENSEE.

A TALE OF OLD MUNICH, IN TWO CHAPTERS.

(Founded on fact.) CHAPTER I.

In the meantime Heinrich, having roused himself from his reverie, i ent his steps homeward; and when he reached his crimson, and for a moment he could not little garret-room in Fingergasse he found Carl seated by the open window, gazing nigh finished, and which looked strangely beautiful in the moonlight. "I have been admining this lovely head," said Carl, "ever since you went away. I once fancied that it moved. How the moon does excite my imagination!" Then turning to Heinrich who stood in the moonbeams, "But, bless me! old fellow," he added, "what is the matter? Your cheek looks very red. Has the last wound got bleed-ing effects?" "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you m

is not to be found in one evening," replied Heinrich. "But now, Carl, I must go to bed; and I do wish I could sleep till day after to-morrow." "Ha! ha! because to-morrow it will be my turn to wear the clothes," said Carl, laughing. "O Heinrich! when shall we be rich enough to have a suit of clothes apiece, and be able to go every day to our studios?"
"Poverty is a hateful thing," growled

couch."
"Well, I never knew you to be so im-

"Good-night," answered Heinrich.
"Good-night." And without another
word his eyes closed and he slipped off
into a pleasant dream about a pretty
lass from the Zillerthal; and in the dream

friend Carl's turn to enjoy himself there among his comrades; and no sooner did Moida perceive Carl entering the beer-hall than she said to herself: "What a handthan she said to herself: than she said to herself: "What a handsome fellow that is! But poor, too, like
the kind youth whose acquaintance I
made yesterday." Then Moida added,
as Carl drew nearer: "And I declare!
his jacket is patched on both elbows, and
the green binding is partly torn off, just
as on my friend's jacket."

We are add not say that Carl was immedia

We need not say that Carl was immediately struck by Moida's face and figure and when presently she approached and asked him what he wanted, Carl's heart fluttered and he looked at her a moment without answering. "I will take a schop-pen of beer and some bread and cheese," he replied. Then as Moida tripped off Carl noticed a vicious-looking student leave his seat and follow after her.

"That fellow, whoever he is, has not got a good face," murmured Carl. "I hope that the poor girl will beware of him." In a few minutes Meida brought him what he had ordered, and as she sat beer on the table Carl observed that what ails you?" he said, little doubting but that the roue—whose name was Otto you Kessler—had been saying something

coarse to her.
"A poor drudge like me must get used to having low, improper things whispered in her ear," answered Moida. "But if in her ear," answered Moida. "But if ever I get back to the dear spot where these flowers grew"—here she placed her finger on a bunch of edelweiss fastened to her waist-"I vow never to leave it

gain."
"Well, by St. Ulrich!" exclaimed Carl, with flaming eyes, "if you have been insulted, go fetch me yonder swords hanging on the wall." "For Heaven's sake, sir," said Moida, "do not engage in a duel on my account; for if you do I will lose my my account; for if you do I wan lose my situation here before I have earned half enough to carry me back to my native valley." "So you come from the Tyrol, the dear land of edelweiss and virtuous maidens?" pursued Carl, with difficulty smothor the rage he felt against Otto von Kessler. "Yes, and my home is in the Zillerthal," answered Moida. "Have you ever been there?" "Indeed I have. Why, I may almost say that I have visited every nook and corner of the Tyrol." "Then you have probably been to my dear home," continued Moida. "How I wish that I had never left it!" "Well, thus far in will have beautiful." On the morrow, at the appointed hour, holds bent her steps to the venerable willing where Heinrich's studio was, hand as she drew near to it her heart beat quicker. "For who knows," she murhis voice, "Tell me," he added, "did you work in addid Carl breathe to Heinrich when he got home. Nor did Heinrich breathe a word to him about the girl. Each friend thought to scort me down as far as the first landing-place?" "Right willingly," said Heinrich, smiling. "Perhaps you fear to meet an apparition. Beally, you and my intimate friend are quite alike in this respect." "Well, I do not think it was a ghost I saw. And yet—and yet—" Here Moida have probably been to my dear home," as she is beautiful." "Pray tell me about it. What did you saw. And as she drew near to it her heart beat quicker. "For who knows," she murhis voice, "Tell me," he added, "did you have mured, "who knows but that I may meet in the first landing-place?" "Right willingly," said Heinrich, smiling. "Perhaps you fear to meet an apparition. "Well, I do not think it was a ghost I saw. And yet—and yet—" Here Moida have probably been to my dear home," to himself: "I have found a perfect gem of a model; one, too, who is as virtuous as she is beautiful." on the morrow, at the appointed hour, have probably been to my dear home," to himself: "I have found a perfect gem of a model; one, too, who is as virtuous as she is beautiful." "Well, I do not think it was a ghost I saw. And yet—and yet—" Here Moida have probably been to my dear home," who knows," she murhing the middle carl breathe to Heinrich when he got home. Nor did Heinrich breathe a word to him about the girl. Each friend thought to him a the rage he felt against Otto von er. "Yes, and my home is in the

ever sit as a model?" Before the girl ever sit as a model?' Before the girl could reply somebody called out, "Beer!" and off she went to the upper end of the hall, where a couple of students were knocking their empty glasses on the table. "Humph," murnaured Carl, as he watched her, "my good friend Heinrich has a true eye for beauty; yet how came he to miss this fresh young mountain daisy? Of all the lassies in Munich not one would make the lassies in Munich not one would make such a fine model for his water-wraith.
What a magnificent figure she has! She

What a magnificent figure she has! She stands as straight as an arrow and her step as nimble as a chamois." Presently Carl's eyes—and they were deep-set, fiery eyes, as unlike as possible to the blue, pensive eyes of Heinrich—flashed, and he sprang up from his seat; for Otto Von Kessler had risen from his and was following Moida out of the room. "By St. Ulrich!" exclaimed Carl inwardly, "I will take her part no matter how low her station may be." "Begone!" cried Moida, just as Carl overtook Von Kessler, who had insolently placed his hand on her shoulder. "I will not go to your studio; I will have nothing to do with you. Begone!" "This young woman is under my protection, so take this for your pains," said tion, so take this for your pains," said Carl, tapping the roue's cheek with two fingers of his right hand. This gentle said speak. Presently, after drawing a deep breath, "Ho! ho!" he exclaimed, "here is Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you

as a model for our water-wraith. If you did, perhaps you will be willing to pull straws to see which of us should have her, eh?" "A model worthy of such a subject is not to be found in one evening," replied Heinrich. "But now, Carl, I must go to bed; and I do wish I could sleep till day after to-morrow." "Halls here blade of his weapon flew within an inch
of her uplifted arm, then down it came
upon Von Kessler's forehead, which instantly became dyed with blood. The
wound, however, was not a serious one.
wound, however, was not a serious one. Von Kessler's eyes and so blinded him that he was unable to continue the combat; whereupon he groaned not so much "But if this is a very cheerful, sunny Heinrich.

"Ay, hateful," said Carl. "Nevertheless, poor as you and I are, we manage to keep tolerably jolly—eh?" "How I wish it were the day after to-morrow!" sighed Heinrich flinging himself on the sight of revenge which Von Kessler swore. But the girl did not hear it, for she had sighed Heinrich flinging himself on the sunk in a swoon at the foot of the willow. "Here, take my hand and I will assist "Well, I never knew you to be so impatient before," said Carl. "You will not even let me attend to your wound. What is the matter?"

"Well, I never knew you to be so impatient before," said Carl. "You will not even let me attend to your wound. What is the matter?"

"Here, take my hand and I will assist you to get home," said the ever-generous my way home alone," answered the other savagely, and pressing his handkerchief to the savagely, and pressing his handkerchief to the savagely, and pressing his handkerchief to the savagely.

onstantly flying off to the "White amb."

when evening came round it was his riend Carl's turn to enjoy himself there mong his comrades; and no sconer did doida perceive Carl entering the beer-hall han she said to herself: "What a handome fellow that is! But poor, too, like he kind youth whose acquaintance I all his life before had never experienced before you plunge searly draw nearer: "And I declare!"

"What a handome fellow that is! But poor, too, like he kind youth whose acquaintance I all his life before had never experienced such a thrill of delight as he felt at this searl draw nearer: "And I declare!"

"What a handome fellow that is! But poor, too, like he kind youth whose acquaintance I all his life before had never experienced such a thrill of delight as he felt at this moment. "Remain here a few weeks and response to you your handkerchief. You the means of winning me fame and forthe means of winning me fame and for-tune." "Oh! trust me, kind sir, to do anything in the world to serve you," answered Moida. "Do give me a chance to prove my gratitude."

"Well, come, then, to my studio in the pig building next to St. Michael's Church, day after to-morrow, and let me make an mage of your lovely self in pure white marble." "Yes, yes, indeed I will—I—" But here Moida abruptly cheeked her tongue; then bowing her head, "No, no, Impossible! Impossible!" she murmured. the statue which I shall make will be as chaste as it will be beautiful." Then, after a pause, he added: "But if I do not have you I must get somebody else. But no, no. Either yourself or nobody shall

be the model for my water-wraith."
Still Moida shook her head and begged him to release her from ber rash, halfhim to release her from her rash, half-uttered promise. "I really cannot. Any-thing but that—anything but that," she said. "Well, well," went on Carl, shrug-ging his shoulders, "I am not able to force you to sit as a model, nor would I if I could. But at least you might visit my studio. Come day after to-morrow and

edifice she said to herself: "I will not let my soul be troubled any more by vague alarms. The Holy Virgin will intercede in my behalf. Nay, has she not done so already? It is, doubtless, thanks to her intercession that Heinrich and Carl have been sent to guard me against the evilminded student."

A few minutes later Moida found herself within the walls of the Art Academy and she began to ascend the dark, winding stone staircase, so often trodden in days of yore by prayerful monks. But she had

stone staircase, so often trodden in days of yore by prayerful monks. But she had not climbed half-way to the second landing when she heard footsteps behind her. "Mein Gott! It may be Carl," exclaimed Moida inwardly. "What shall I say if he asks me what am I doing here?" But no,

it was not Carl Schelling who was so rapidly overtaking her. It was somebody with his head wrapped in a blood-stained bandage, and face as white as the face of a ghost. Moida, of course, expected that a ghost. Moida, of course, expected that Otto Von Kessler would address her—for it was he. But not a syllable did he utter; only a malignant gleam shot out of his eyes, and the terrified girl would much rather have had him speak than stare at her in this singular manner. And as Von Kessler stared Moida wished with all her heart that Carl might appear or Heinrich; there was still a long distance to mount— up the fifth story she had to go. How much higher would this awe inspiring being dog her steps? Presently by a strong effort of will, Moida averted her rery red. Has the last wound got bleeding afresh? or have you been fighting another duel?" "Oh! it is nothing," answered Heinrich, waving his hand; "only an accident. I struck my face against something."

"Well, while I put a strip of plaster on the cut," pursued Carl in a sympathizing tone, "tell me if you saw anything new this evening in the shape of beauty—I mean any young woman who might serve as a model for our water-wraith. If you did, perhaps you will be willing to pull eyes from Von Kessler's, then continued her way; up, up she went. One, two, three, almost four stories she mounted, the other always close behind; when of a sudden, just at a shadowy spot where there was no window near, the footsteps ceased

up to it are most unpleasant. They are so ghostly." "Well, they are said to be haunted," replied Heinrich. "But I don't

believe in ghosts. Do you?"
"Haunted!" exclaimed Moida, opening Carl. "No! I ask no help. I will find my way home alone," answered the other savagely, and pressing his handkerchief to his brow. And so saying Von Kessler latch had fallen she pressed hard against word his eyes closed and he slipped off into a pleasant dream about a pretty or? Oh! tell me who are you?" murhass from the Zillerthal; and in the dream heard Schwanthaler saying: "Heinrich, thou hast triumphed! The eyes and not relicking the eyes and not relicking the first the thou hast made is a work of high genius."

The following day poor Heinrich was obliged to remain immured in his sky parlor, patiently toiling at the model of a young baroness who had died during her honeymoon. But he did not labor with his wonted zeal; his thoughts were constantly flying off to the "White one is wounded? Who are wonted heart of the door to make sure that it was well shut. "Yes, some people say they are won Heinrich, "and I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I heart wished that he might never come an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. I have an intimate friend who believes it is true.

moment. "Remain here a few weeks and grant me one boon—a boon which may be remember that I promised to wash it nice and clean." And you have done so. A thousand thanks!" said Heinrich. "I was

half afraid you had forgotten it.' "Well I hope your poor face does not ain you to-day?" continued Moida. pain you to-day?" continued Moida. "Does it?" Will the wound soon be

"It will—it will," replied Heinrich.
"The little slap you gave me has made it heal all the quicker." Moida smiled, then

It was a pleasant hour she and Heinrich spent together, a very pleasant hour. The in "But you first said yes, and now I will girl had never been in a studio before, hold you to your word," continued Carl. and the young sculptor answered goodhold you to your word," continued Cari,
"Why, what is there to fear? I am a
sculptor. No harm will come to you
from being my model; and, believe me,
the statue which I shall make will be as
chaste as it will be beautiful." Then,
after a pause, he added: "But if I do not
she had not restricted him to simply making a model of her head. "But patience," he said inwardly; "patience! I have her all to myself. She is to be nobody else's model. By and by she may be pur to wear the chaste drapery which Schwan-thaler will lend me. The most scrupulous maiden could not object to it; and then what a peerless statue I shall make of

her!"
When the girl had been with him a little over an hour Heinrich washed the clay off his hands and said: "Moida I have made studio. Come day after to-morrow and have a chat with me there."

To this Moida consented. Then together they walked back to the town, Carl hoping that when the girl became better acquainted with him she would consent to be the original of the weird and beautiful statue which already, in his beautiful statue which already, in his windle are he way standing on the rock in Munich. To this Moida said yes. mind's eye, he saw standing on the rock in in Munich. To this Moida said yes, the Achensee. he Achensec.

Of course not a word concerning Moida

Then she added: "But now may I ask you to be kind enough to escort me down

my other friend, the valiant Carl, and he may ask whither am I going."
Presently, turning aside from the busy street, Moida entered at St. Michael's Church, where, kneeling before the high altar, she offered thanks to God for having sent her in her utter loneliness two such protectors as Heinrich and Carl.

The girl's prayer was short but fervent. Then, as she withdrew from the sacred edifice she said to herself: "I will not let my soul be troubled any more by vague

flights," replied Moida—"followed me until I came to a spot where there was very little light. There he vanished. Yet I could hear footsteps passing and repassing me; nor was it so dark but that I should have seen him. Was it not exceedingly strange?"

"Humph!" ejaculated Heinrich. "Well, if that fellow plays another practical joke on you I'll put an end to his joking. By St. Ulrich I will."

On their way down to the street they

nightingale warbling here. But although Moida set out in excellent spirits—for with such a gay companion as Heinrich how could she help but be gay too?—nevertheless ere long a great shadow

too i—nevertheless ere long a great shadow fell upon her.

"Why, liebes Kind, we must go further than this; we must not stop here," spoke the sculptor, seeing Moida come to an abrupt pause where the thick hazelbushes almost met in front of them.

"Did you see him ?" said Moida in low, tremulous accents. "Did you see him ?"
Wherever I go he haunts my footsteps."

"See whom? Do you mean Otto yon

"See whom? Do you mean Otto von Kessler?" inquired Heinrich, contracting his brow. "Yes. He glided swiftly across the path a moment ago, and disappeared yonder where that fily is." "Indeed! Well, I was looking up at a squirrel; 'tis how I did not see him. But what if he is hovering about us? What harm can he Why, it is childish to tremble

"Well, yes, I am a coward in some things," answered Moida; "and Otto von Kessler has succeeded in making me afraid Kessler has succeeded in making me arrand of him. I must have recourse to prayer."
"You pray a good deal, I fancy," said Heinrich. "Well, you can pray and I can fight. Ay, I will teach Von Kessler a needful lesson—see if I don't." on-see if I don't."

needful lesson—see if I don't."
"O Heinrich! I beseech you not to engage in a duel," exclaimed Moida. "It is a sin to fight a duel. But now let us re-trace our steps. I feel that I could not enjoy our walk any further." "Are you in earnest?" said Heinrich, looking at her with surprise. "You will not trust to my protection? Well, well, then we shall go

hack."

And so saying, they returned to the entrance of the park. But, ere they separated Moida made Heinrich solemnly promise that he would not challenge Von mise that he would not challenge Von Kessler. Then as soon as she found her-

self alone she bent her steps to St. Peter's Church.

The student who had inspired Moida with so much dread did not show himself at the "White Lamb" this evening, at

well as a count."

"Well, Moida comes from the Tyrol,"
put in Heinrich, "and her soul is white as
the edelweiss which blooms on her native

CATHOLIC INDIANS IN SIBERIA.

say anything.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The following incident in the diary of the late Lieut. Danenhower will prove interesting to Catholics:

"After the sinking of the vessel we

landed, as you know, on the Siberian coast.
After proceeding some distance inland we met some of the native Indians, whom we found to our surprise to be Catholics. After eating they crossed themselves, shook hands and said, "Prsheel Bah." They also showed us their crosses, which they kissed, and I was very glad to have in my possession a certain talisman (the Lieutenant meant a miraculous medal of the Blessed Virgin) which has been sent me by a Catholic friend in San Francisco with the message that it had been blessed by a priest, and I would be sure to be safe if I wore it. I did not have much sate in I wore it. I do not have much faith in this, however, but when I showed it to the natives they kissed it devoutly. It was the only article in the possession of the party, indeed, that indicated to the natives that we were Christians. You can imagine our feelings at meeting these people, for they were the first strangers hom we had seen for more than two ears, and I never before felt so thankful o missionaries as I did on that day at finding that we were among Christian natives."

Mr. W. A. Wing, Westport, writes. wish to inform you of the wonderful results which followed the use of Northrop suits which followed the use of Northrop
& Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil
and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.
A cough of six months' standing had reduced me to such an extent that I was unable to work. I tried many remedies without effect; at last I used this Emulsion, and before three bottles were used I am

glad to say I was restored to perfect health. Mr. H. McCaw, Custom House, Toronto, haps you fear to meet an apparition. Really, you and my intimate friend are quite alike in this respect."

We will be a substitute of the pepsia and Rheumatism for a long time; she tried many different medicines, but did not get any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for years." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists,

Refutation of an old Calumny.

A. L. Morrison writes as follows to the

NEW MEXICO.

editor of the New Mexico: SANTA FE, July 9th, 1882. In your issue of this morning in the article headed, "Unneeded Favors," there appears the following language taken from the "Report of the New West Education

on their way down to the street they did not see or hear anybody, and in a few minutes they parted company, Heinrich saving: "Do not forget—four o'clock."

Punctual almost to a minute Moida and Heinrich met at the trysting-place in the park. It was the spot where Dollinger's Walk begins. For here it was that this world-renowned church historian often came to enjoy an afternoon stroll; and to this day this shady, retired pathway keeps the name of Dollinger's Walk.

A short distance to the left ran a little stream, murmuring on its way to the Isar, while on either side stood large trees, whose branches, meeting overhead, formed a leafy arch well-nigh impenetrable to the sunshine. Nowhere else in this lovely pleasure-ground were the thrushes and goldfinches so fond of building their nests, "I'here is no demand that the teachers whose branches, income whose branches, income whose branches, income a leafy arch well-nigh impenetrable to the sunshine. Nowhere else in this lovely pleasure-ground were the thrushes and goldfinches so fond of building their nests, goldfinches so fond of building their nests, and goldfinches so fond of building their nests, goldfinches are thick noon you might hear a purpose. The same purpose. The same purpose where there is no demand for moral and intellectual teachers, it would very naturally follow that none possess these qualifications.

MOST EXCELLENT TEACHERS. Let us see how much truth there is in this wild assertion. Outside the public-school system we have splendid schools conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, the Christian Brothers, the Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of Loretto. Will the and the Sisters of Loretto. Will the ardent missionary of the New West Edu-cation Commission have the hardthood to essert that the above devoted teachers are destitute of moral and intellectual training? Their pure, simple and blameles lives give the strongest negative to the first charge, and the advancement of their pupils in all the branches of secular edu-

ation sufficiently disproves the second.

I have no hesitation in saying that in no part of the country can be found the superiors, morally or intellectually, of the above teachers of New Mexico. HOW THEY HAVE TO PREPARE FOR THEIR

DUTIES AS TEACHERS.

Can the above Commission point to any class of teachers who are compelled to undergo a more rigid, severe and continuous course of scholastic training than the Jes-uits, the Brothers, or the Sisters of Charity, or of Loretto. From their early years they are selected to teach the young; that is to be their vocation, not for a few months or years, but during their entire lives. They leave father, mother and all the delights and endearments of home, all the delights and ambitions of the world to devote themselves with single-hearted devotion to their chosen vocation, and it is only after long years of severe and ceaseless study and careful training that they are considered sufficiently qualified to enter on their work which can only end with

THE SPANISH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES. But "there is no requirement that school training shall be in English, it being now largely in the Spanish tongue." It is hardly necessary to say that in all the above schools the pupils are taught the English tongue. But presuming it were not so, who can blame the children of Spain for clinging with fond fidelity to that grand old

hills.

At this a faint smile played on the lips of Heinrich's comrades, but they did not completion. The most profound linguists of the day were gathered from all parts of the earth and supported in a most munificent manner by the Cardinal; fab-ulous prices were paid for ancient manuscripts: agents were dispatched to search the libraries of Europe for anything which would elucidate or illustrate the sacred text. The following are the names of the men to whom this gigantic work was entrusted: Antonia de Lerijo, Demetrius Ducae, of Crete; Lopez de Yuniga, Mun-ez de Guzman, Alfonzo of Alcala, Paul Coronell, of Segovia, and Alfonzo de Zamorce. The last three were learned Jews, and Zamorce was especially appointed to compose a grammar and Hebrew dictionary for the Polyglot.

A TRIBUTE TO SPANISH LITERATURE.
As I have said, these men, directed by timenes himself, devoted fifteen years o the great work, which contained transations in Hebrew, Chaldaic, Greek and Latin, and cost an aggregate sum of \$100, 000, all of which was paid from the private income of the Cardinal. Just four months before his death the last sheets were presented to him and in holy joy he exclaimed, "I give Thee thanks, oh! most high God, that thou hast brought to the long-wished-for end this work which I undertook." Let me give you a short ex-tract from Ticknor's history of Spanish literature. Speaking of an old chronisle, he says: "As we close it up we should not forget that the whole series extended over full two hundred and fifty years, from the time of Alfonso the Wise to the accession of Charles the Fifth, and covering the new world as well as the old, is un rivaled in variety, in richness, and in picturesque and poetical elements. In truth, the chronicles of no other nation can be compared with them. Indeed, wherever we go under their leading, whether we go to the court of Tamerlane or that of St. Ferdinand, we find the her oic elements of the national genius gathered around us, and this vast, rich mass of chronicles, containing such a body of an-tiquities, traditions and tables as has been offered up to no other people, we are constantly discovering not only the materials from which were drawn a multitude of old Spanish ballads, plays and romances, but the constant of the cons but a mine which has been unceasingly wrought by all the rest of Europe for similar purposes, and still remains unexhausted.

THE "PAGAN AND PAGANIZED CHRISTIANS" OF NEW MEXICO.

As every scholar must be acquainted treated are often suddenly fatal.

with "The Chronicles of the Cid," the Spanish ballads, and the ever welcome, ever glorious Don Quixote, I merely mention them to justify your indignant denial of the assumption, that the descendants of the Spaniards are destitute of culture and refinement. I suppose the writers of the above would have us believe that ignorance of the English tongue is synonymous with barbarism. But the synonymous with barbarism. But the most slanderous assertion made is that many of the Mexicans are pagans, and very many of them are paganized Christians. This, of course, means nothing but a charge of paganism against the Catholic Church, and is beneath any man's contempt. Why sir in this "nagan" city of tempt. Why, sir, in this "pagan" city of Santa Fe the Sabbath day is better obser-

ved than in any town in New England. Peace, order, obedience to the law, general harmony, good feeling and hospitality to strangers, are the marked characteristics of the place. Drunkenness is almost un-known amongst us here, and law-breakers n general give us a very wide berth. Let these male and female Jellebys attend to the crime, the misery, the destitution and the communism which are breaking in angry surges around their own doors, and let the pagans and paganized Christians of New Mexico alone, to attend to their own concerns, as they neither seek nor desire their assistance. But if they must use the surplus benevolence, with which they seem to be so heavily freighted, on objects which might repay their industry, let them turn their Apostolic zeal on the Youngers, the Jameses, the Billy the Kids, and Handy Andys of the east, convert those pagans and keep them from troubling our peaceful citizens, and great will hese male and female Jellebvs attend to ling our peaceful citizens, and great will be their reward.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF PROTEST. ANT DENIAL OF THE SACRA-MENTAL CHARACTER OF MATRIMONY.

A Massachusetts minister makes a very significant contribution to the discussio which is now going on in New England regarding the freedom of divorce. It is generally supposed and generally argued that the great increase of divorces there is due simply to the multiplication of the causes for which they can be legally obtained; and divorces are more numerous, it is claimed, because it is so easy to get them for other reasons than that laid down by the Saviour.

The Rev. Sylvanus Hayward, of Globe Village, in Massachusetts, however, says that the frequency of divorce is only a symptom, and not a disease. And what is the disease? This is how he describes

"Plain language is best. The cause of increasing divorces is the increase of adultery. I claim no extensive acquaintance with statistics. Human nature, studied in a small hamlet, gives an insight to the character of the whole race. Within my remembrance divorces have increased tenfold, perhaps more. But of all the divorces granted within the narrow circle of my personal observation, only one could fail to be justified on the highest possible grounds. And there is no reason to suppose this observation is peculiar or exceptional. The increase of divorces is simply the just and proper result of the increase of adultery."

That is, divorces increase in number. That is, divorces increase in number, not because of the laws, but because of the prevailing immorality. There is a growing disregard for the obligations of the marriage tie. Such is the testimony of a minister who lives in a Massachuof a minister who lives in a Massachusetts village, settled not by foreigners, but by people of the old Puritan stock. What the laws do, according to him, is merely to enable people who are seeking divorce to obtain it on minor grounds, by the agreement of parties, so as to avoid the scandal of proving the true cause, which is adultery. Court records are no-toriously fallacious in this matter, he says, This most learned work was commenced and he justly contends that the law "should require the adultery to be proved

and recorded in all its foulness. It is this clergyman's opinion, therefore, that it is useless to expect any real reform until the morals of the communities are improved. The true reformers will be those who will set about curing the disease which stimulates divorces, not those who are arguing against the evils of the freedom of divorce allowed by the laws. The great and pressing duty of the clergy is to inculcate the sanctity of the marriage relation and to be brave enough to lash the prevailing immorality. Comparatively speaking, as he says, it requires little boldness or skill to preach againt the frequency of divorce. And yet that is about all the New England clergy, from the Rev. Dr. Bacon down, have so far done. "But to preach against the underlying foulness of which divorce is only the slight indication, demands fearless intrepidity and consummate wisdom."

It is true, then, that what the Rev. Dr. Bacon called the polygamy of New England is due rather to the spread of moral corruption in its society and to the de-cline of respect for the marriage relation than to the divorce laws against which he wages war? Very likely the Rev. Mr. Hayward is right.—N. Y. Sun, July 31st.

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