

"Sometimes."

Sometimes, not often, when the days are long. And golden in the ripening fields of grain. Like cadence of some half-forgotten song. There sweeps a memory across my brain: I hear the landfall far among the trees. The drowsy murmur in the scented times; I watch the radiant butterflies that pass. And I am sad and sick at heart some- times— Sometimes.

he said, "your fate has been decided; to-morrow at dawn you will be burned. Be of good courage and remember me when you are in heaven." The two victims were consoled by this; they passed the night in prayer and in mutually encouraging each other to bear all for the love of Christ. At length came the dawn. The sun rose, and the morning wore on without any unusual movement taking place. It appeared that an envoy had arrived from the district of Montague. He had endeavored to persuade them to deliver the two prisoners to his tribe to be used as a help in procuring a treaty with the French. The prisoners were brought before the council and heard with surprise that instead of being roasted at the stake they were to receive their liberty. But their danger was not yet over; an Iroquois warrior, furious at hearing that they were to escape, went in pursuit of them with a bow in hand, and they would have perished had not a friendly Huron given them shelter and hiding in his hut. When this peril was over they were conducted out of the village and pursued their way to Montague. In spite of the fatigues of the journey and the wounds which they were covered the two Frenchmen were thankful that the end of their captivity was near, when one morning they found that their guide had deserted them. Not knowing in what direction to proceed they became lost and walked at random, a prey to terrible anxiety, to privation and to cold. Trembling lest they should be discovered by the camp of a hostile tribe which they found themselves near, they entered a hut which seemed abandoned by its owner. When about to hide they found that it was tenanted by a squaw, who, when she looked at them, recognized them as fugitives, and received them with kindness. She addressed them in good French, and said she would take them under her protection. The name of this woman was Margaret, she was a Christian captive taken from among the poor Hurons, who were scattered among their enemies. She had formerly received instruction from the Ursuline sisters at Quebec, and in her girlish days had often entered the Hotel Dieu, and witnessed the motherly care bestowed upon the patients in the hospitals. Profoundly moved she had determined to imitate the sisters. She hid the Frenchmen in a corner of the hut, lit a fire to warm them, gave them good food and dressed their wounds with healing plants of which she knew the virtues. She spoke much of what she had seen in Quebec, and said the marks of the example she had witnessed there, was a great encouragement to persevere in the Christian faith. But their retreat was suspected and discovered. Still they were well treated by the tribe, who had never before been friendly to a white man, and conducted to Montague. Here they came under the authority of a great chief, whose policy it was to be friendly to the French, and he gave over to the Governor de Mesy the men who had so often given themselves up as lost.

QUEBEC.

The old town of Quebec has a peculiar interest from the circumstance of its having been built by the French in the times of the early history of the colony. Some of the remarkable large stone buildings in the city date from these days. Such are the Hotel Dieu and the convent of the Ursulines. The first military adventurers, fired with the desire to discover new lands and to place them under the dominion of the French crown, sought also the conversion of the heathen. Whenever they founded colonies, the religious communities came in their wake, sending forward devoted missionaries and founding houses for sisters, where the sick might be tended and the children instructed. Of singular interest is the establishment of the Ursulines, where most of the young ladies of Quebec receive their education, and where the skull of the Marquis Montcalm, the brave defender of the town against the English under General Wolfe, is kept, and in the chapel is a monument to him. Of still greater interest, on account of the memorials it contains, is the Hotel Dieu. Here the marks of British cannon balls may be seen in the rafters in the passages. A fine bust of one of the first martyrs slain by the Indians, named Brebeuf, and autographs of SS. Vincent of Paul and Francis of Sales, and other great men, who sent forward on their successful campaigns the soldiers of the cross, are preserved. The names of each of the sisters who have lived here since the time of the foundress, the Duchess d'Arquillan, are written on tablets kept since the first of her followers died. Devoted to the cause of God, and intent on sending out missions, she and other women of her day appear to us now, as among the brightest and best of the children of France of the time of Louis XIII.

ST. VINCENT OF PAUL.

St. Vincent was born A. D. 1576. In after years, when adviser of the Queen and oracle of the Church in France, he loved to recount how, in his youth, he had guarded his father's pigs. Soon after his ordination, he was captured by corsairs, and carried into Barbary. He converted his renegade master, and escaped with him to France. Appointed captain-general of the galleys of France, his tender charity brought hope into those prisons where hitherto despair had reigned. A mother mourned her imprisoned son. Vincent put on his chains and took his place at the oar, and gave him to his mother. His charity embraced the poor, young and old, provinces desolated by civil war, Christians enslaved by the infidel. The poor man ignorant and degraded was to him the image of One who became as a leper and no man. "Turn the medal," he said, "and you will then see Jesus Christ." He went through the streets of Paris at night, seeking the children who were left there to die. Once robbers rushed upon him, thinking he carried a treasure, but when he opened his cloak, they recognized him and his burden, and fell at his feet.

Not only was St. Vincent the savior of the poor, but also of the rich, for he taught them to do works of mercy. Like St. Philip, he knew the power of association. He made them do good in the sight of others to spread the sacred contagion of charity. When the word of the foundings was in danger of failing from want of funds, he assembled the ladies of the Association of Charity. He bade his most fervent daughters be present to give the spur to the others. Then he said: "Compassion and charity have made you adopt these little creatures as your children. You have been their mothers according to grace, when their own mothers abandoned them. Cease to be their mothers, that you may become their judges, their life and death is in your hands. I shall now take votes: it is time to pronounce sentence." The tears of the assembly was his only answer, and the work was continued.

The Society of St. Vincent, the Priests of Charity still comfort the afflicted with the charity of St. Vincent of Paul. He died A. D. 1660.

A Lesson Ruined.

In 1877 Bishop Bowman went to Boise City, Idaho, to hold conference. One Sunday afternoon he got the Sunday schools together and had a splendid time talking to the children. He was an admirable teacher, and soon had all the little ones answering questions. He tried to explain the operations of the mind through the brain, but finding it difficult to make them understand, he put his forefinger on the top of his head, saying, "What is there?"

After a moment's dead silence a little boy screamed out, "Nothin'!" The lesson in mental philosophy came to an end for that time; but nobody enjoyed telling the story better than the Bishop himself.

TEN O'CLOCK GIRLS.

PULPIT ALLUSION TO THE BEHAVIOUR OF GIBBY STREET PROMENADERS.

Preaching at St. Joseph's church at high mass yesterday morning Rev. Father Pallier opened his remarks by saying that all his hearers were acquainted with the history of two scenes, one of which occurred in Eden and the other in Nazareth, and of the two women who played the leading part in each. In the first in Eden, Eve was visited by a tempter in the shape of an angel of light, and fell, while in Nazareth, Mary received an angel of light, and behaved with reserve and circumspection and was the blessed means of repairing the evil done by her common mother's frailty. History repeats itself. From the earliest days down to the present it has been the same. Every day thousands are redeemed from error by woman, and every day thousands are ruined by her. Her great influence in saving or ruining souls was the characteristic of woman-kind and was the habit of her common mother, the woman for heaven or hell; she had been the cause of the downfall of many; even Solomon, the greatest and wisest of monarchs, fell under the influence of a woman. The manners and morals of women at home or abroad make the standard of public morality rise or fall. Accordingly, if one wanted to find a thermometer to gauge the public morals of any country or city, it was supplied by the behavior of its women, by the books they read and the way they dressed at home and in the streets.

Ottawa has recently acquired a not very enviable reputation, continued Father Pallier, but far be it from him in any way to palliate such deeds or excuse the ruffians, who would meet with richly deserved punishment. The question remained whether blame was not to be given to the women of the city, who, though weaker sex, were they ways paragons of virtue? Walking the streets in threes and fours talking and laughing, were not the characteristics of Christian maidens. They were the 10 o'clock, p. m. girls, who walked in lonely by-streets, or in fields with young men. It was true they were often taken away from their homes, but it was not for the sake of their fathers' sins, but for the sake of their own. It would be advisable if parents would think means to do so now. It would be much better for the morals of the city if, instead of walking on the streets, and in the park the young women would study to become better Christians, more fitted for home duties, for life, for eternity.—Ottawa Free Press, July 15.

England's Disgrace.

The Pall Mall Gazette sensation has fairly eclipsed politics in London. The numbers of that paper containing the exposures have had an enormous circulation, many copies selling at a premium. The government has under consideration the question of taking action in the matter, but the Christians, more fitted for home duties, for life, for eternity.—Ottawa Free Press, July 15.

Are there any parallels to it in Christian America? Are we who may be disposed to throw stones over these horrible disclosures living in glass houses. Perhaps the combined debasing influences of wealth, luxury and indulgence have not led our so-called better classes, meaning the rich, into such wholesale and systematic debauchery as the Pall Mall Gazette's revelations have disclosed, but the history of all prosperous nations proves that the tendency of riches and luxury is in that direction. An equitable distribution of wealth is infinitely more to be desired than the concentration of vast fortunes in the hands of a small and privileged class.—Rochester Herald.

Drowsiness in the Day-time unless caused by lack of sleep or from over-eating, is a symptom of disease. If it is accompanied by general debility, headache, loss of appetite, coated tongue and sallow complexion, you may be sure that you are suffering from biliousness and consequent derangement of the stomach and bowels. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Fungicide" are a sure cure for all ailments of this nature. They cleanse and purify the blood and relieve the digestive organs.

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FAITH THAT WORKS MIRACLES.

Buffalo Union.

The simple fervid faith of the Irish people received a strange and miraculous glorification in the effect which its manifestation produced upon the mind and character of Montalembert. The Archbishop of Sydney, New South Wales, in an address delivered by him before the Corporation of St. John's College, discoursed thus eloquently and touchingly upon this subject: "There is no brighter name in the literary annals of modern France than that of Montalembert. His eloquence and the greatness of his soul were on a level with his ancestral dignity among the peers of France, and throughout the ever-varying phases of the political struggles in his afflicted country he was to be found for almost half a century in the foremost ranks of the champions of Christian liberty. In his youth it was his misfortune to have been caught up by the whirlwind of passion and to have adopted the fashionable tone of infidelity of the University of France. It was during a tour in Ireland that the gift of divine faith was again bestowed upon him. Travelling through the most neglected parts of the country, he was again and again struck by the earnest piety and heroic spirit of sacrifice engaged upon the very heart of its Catholic people, and producing such abundant fruits of virtue. Gradually the conviction grew upon him that the Christian faith was not a mere matter of theory but rather a divine life, which, through God's mercy, is given to man, and which purity of conduct, the spirit of sacrifice and self-denial, and the practice of the virtues which the Catholic Church commands, can alone preserve. Finding himself on a Sunday morning in a retired rural district, whilst the season was particularly inclement, he resolved to test for himself whether the Irish Catholics had foregone their traditional heroism of enduring hardships for the faith. In his carriage he accompanied the crowd as they streamed along the road to mass. When they turned to the hill-side path he followed them on foot. At length the chapel came in sight, it was a small thatched house, barely sheltering the aged priest and a few of the congregation. All the rest knelt in front of the little chapel, under the broad canopy of heaven, with naught to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather. The wind and mud and rain, however, had no terrors for them. Bared to the waist, whilst their minds and hearts were absorbed in God. The prophet Isaiah's lips were hallowed by an angel with a spark of heavenly fire from the golden altar before the throne of God. It was from the lowly hill-side altar, whilst the fervent crowd were kneeling down in humble adoration, and a throng of pious worshippers through every heart that a ray of heavenly light descended, the almost eery gift of divine faith in the soul of Montalembert. Till his last breath he ever cherished the warmest affection for Ireland, and he loved to repeat that to the heroic spirit of sacrifice displayed by Ireland's sons he was indebted for the priceless treasure of the Catholic faith."

A Woman's Fight with Mountain Lions

A. J. Bruner, of Houston, Idaho, tells a most remarkable story of the experience of a woman rancher with mountain lions. The foothills of eastern Idaho are admirably adapted to the raising of Angora goats, and many stockmen are finding them more profitable than sheep. Among these is D. B. Hawley, who pastures his goats along the Little Lost River. In his employ is a young German woman named Theresa. Besides being good-looking, she is as lithe and active in mounting her cayuse as the most daring cowboy. She had charge of 500 of the goats, and lived alone in a cabin built contiguous to a strong stockade, in which the goats were placed every night.

Last week, while Miss Theresa was occupied in her cabin, the animals came home pell-mell an hour ahead of the usual time, and raising a great cloud of dust. They were frightened, and the woman, divining that some wild animal was in pursuit, locked them in and rode out a mile or so to reconnoitre. Seeing no intruder, she returned, and after preparing her evening meal she retired.

She had been asleep about three hours, she said, when her slumber was awakened by the low growl of her dog Badger, who occupied the cabin with her. Rubbing her eyes, she heard the goats ranging around the stockade. She seized an axe, and gliding around the back way entered the gate and crouched against the cabin, the long eaves of which obscured the light of the rising moon. Scarcely had she done so, when four mountain lions dashed past in pursuit of the terrified goats. She dashed at them and so surprised even the beasts that they turned and fled over the stockade wall. Hardly had they disappeared when two others, from the centre of the corral, came bounding toward her. Never wavering, the heroine wielded the axe so effectively that she cut one on them in the ham to the bone, whereupon they also leaped the barriers and escaped. Next morning 50 of the goats lay dead upon the ground, while 20 more were so badly wounded that 14 have since died. The throats of the dead had been cut by the teeth of the mountain lions.

This story is also vouched for by Frank Lamb and Ed. Schofield, who purchased some of the skins of the slain goats. The stockmen of eastern Idaho are organizing to kill off the mountain lions, now grown so plentiful.

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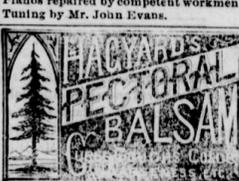
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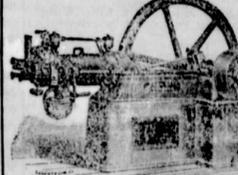
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