

Owed and Paid.

By Emma C. Street.

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

CONCLUSION.

The injured man drank the water greedily and lay back with a sigh of satisfaction.

De Courville started as though he had been stung. The old familiar address awakened the memories he had been trying to forget.

A few hours rest refreshed the voyagers wonderfully, and they resumed their journey, arriving in Montreal as the sun was sinking in the west.

The garrison, headed by the gallant de Maisonneuve, turned out to meet them and they entered the fort in the midst of a volley of cheers and congratulations.

"Ah, my friend," exclaimed Auguste Godefroy, pressing through the throng and grasping de Courville by the hand, "I knew you would be successful, for surely none was ever prayed for so fervently as you have been during the last two days."

"You have told her, then?" asked the hunter, turning a little pale. "Of a surety I have; and why not?" demanded the young officer gaily.

"Prepare for a surprise. That is my cousin, Leonce Du Chesneau, whom an ironical fate decreed that I should rescue from the Iroquois. But come, I have been wounded a little too, and would like to have the cut dressed."

"Oh, my poor fellow!" cried Godefroy, all sympathy at once, "come to my apartments and we will see to it. You can pay your respects to M. de Maisonneuve after. He is deeply interested in you."

"Surely you have never told him," said de Courville, halting and turning a dismayed face to his friend.

"Everything," was the emphatic reply. "It is quite useless to grow angry, my friend. He knows all and sympathizes with you. Come now, and let us attend to the wound; I have the strongest internal conviction that Leonce Du Chesneau has been sent to Canada to do you justice, so it will never do for you to fall ill. By the way, though, I knew Du Chesneau was in Quebec, but did not like to tell you. How, in the name of heaven, did he fall into the hands of the savages?"

Went on an expedition to Three Rivers on his own account, so far as I can learn. But doubtless he will tell us all about it when he recovers; that is, if he ever does. I own I have some doubts about it. The Iroquois handled him cruelly."

Talking thus, they reached Godefroy's room, and in a little while de Courville's shoulder had been properly washed and dressed and he felt much more comfortable.

Before it grew dark the governor sent for him and showed him so much cordiality and interest during the conversation that ensued, that, before it was over, the exile's reserve had completely melted away, and he repeated his story to de Maisonneuve of his own accord.

"Courage, my friend, courage," said that gallant gentleman before de Courville withdrew. "Trust in God and all will be well."

The exile retired that night in better spirits than it had been his lot to feel for many years. He no longer felt that every man's hand was against him, and it even seemed possible to him that he might some day, under certain circumstances, forgive Leonce Du Chesneau for the misery he had caused him. But this was a remote contingency.

He was awakened in the middle of the night by his friend's voice saying "Charles, Charles, get up. Leonce is dying and is asking for you. For heaven's sake, hasten."

Stumbling out of bed and into his clothes, he was hurried by Godefroy out of the fort and into the hospital enclosure.

The door of the long building stood open, and one of the women who helped Madeleine Mance in the care of the sick stood there waiting to lead them in. They followed her in silence and with bated breath, the awe of death bidding every other feeling depart.

The scene that met their gaze was an impressive one. The dying man was propped up on his pillows breathing heavily, his eyes fixed upon a crucifix that a priest was holding before him while whispering words of hope and consolation into his fast failing ears.

When de Courville and his friend approached the bed, Eugenie Le Mercier rose from her knees and would have moved away, but Du Chesneau made a feeble motion for her to remain. "Come closer, Charles," he gasped brokenly, "I want to ask your pardon. I—cannot—die without it. I have made a confession of the wrong—I did you six—years ago. The good father—has written it down—and I have signed it—but I want—your forgiveness—before—I die. But—for—you—I would have—died—in—my sin. Will you—forgive me?"

A great awe fell upon de Courville and the last vestige of bitterness died out of his heart. He took the dying man's hand in his own and stooping down touched him lightly on the forehead with his lips saying solemnly: "May God forgive me, Leonce, as I forgive you now most fully and freely."

over his in a grateful pressure and he whispered: "Thank you, cousin—you were—ever generous. I have been—punished for—the wrong—I did you—our uncle's—money did not—come to me—after all. I killed him—and put—the blame on you—but I—am—sorry—so—sorry." His voice died feebly away and his head dropped upon his chest. He rallied again in a few moments; but his speech was gone, and he walked away feebly and did not attempt to hold any more conversation with his enemy, who was, indeed, too weak and ill to answer if he had.

"Three or four days passed before de Courville met Miss Le Mercier again. He longed, and yet dreaded, to speak to her, and in his new-found modesty anticipating the worst. Chance did for him what he had not the courage to do for himself. Strolling one morning to the gate of the fort, he came upon Eugenie in conversation with Bending Bough. The girl's back was turned to him so that she did not know of his approach, and the Huron's impassive face gave her no warning.

"It is a shame for you to wear these things," she was saying indignantly, indicating the scalps that hung at the Indian's waist. "I thought you were a Christian, Bending Bough."

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian, "Bending Bough is not a Christian yet, but he will be soon. The spirit of my father will now be happy, because I have avenged his death. When Bending Bough returns to Ste. Marie, the blackrobe, Echon, will pour water on his head and he will be a Christian. Is the white dove satisfied?"

There was something so peculiarly Indian about the Huron's view of Christianity, that de Courville laughed aloud, and Mademoiselle Le Mercier reddened and looked around at him with staring cheeks. When she saw who it was, she grew suddenly pale again, and said severely: "I confess, Monsieur de Courville, that I cannot see anything laughable in the Indian's unhappy ignorance."

De Courville felt somewhat abashed, but he nerved himself to seize so favorable an occasion, and said, with a smile there was no resisting: "Pardon me, Mademoiselle Eugenie, you know I was always an incorrigible. Forgive me this once, and as an earnest of your indulgence, do me the honor of accepting my arm as far as the hospital."

The girl hesitated a moment, and then slipped her fingers into his arm and they walked away together, followed by the approving gaze of Godefroy, who happened just then to be looking out of his window.

After such a beginning, it should not be hard to guess the end.

A few months later saw the two, so strangely reunited, made man and wife, and they returned to France together. They would fain have induced Godefroy to go with them, but he said he was happier where he was, and after some years they heard that he had offered himself to the Jesuits and been accepted.

Under the gentle influence of his wife, Charles de Courville developed into a noble Christian, and learned to bless the incident that had driven him from the scenes of his youthful follies just in time.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The Boston cathedral being relieved of debt is to be consecrated.

The Belgian pilgrimage to Lourdes this year was nearly twice as large as that of the previous year.

Sixty Scholastics of the Jesuit Order are now spending their vacation at Bonah Island and thirty are at Omens, Mich.

The Catholics of Ossian, La., propose building at an early day one of the largest churches in the northern part of Iowa; cost \$20,000.

Rev. Richard Henery, of the diocese of Saltford, England, has accepted the recently founded chair of Celtic in the Catholic University of Washington.

Prince Frederick of Schaumburg-Waldenburg has, says the "Lega Lombarda," become a convert to the Catholic Church. The event has caused a considerable sensation.

A monumental statue to St. Bonaventure is to be erected at Bagnorea, Italy, next year. Centenary fetes in honor of the Seraphic Doctor will be held on the same occasion.

A souvenir album, containing the names of the subscribers to the testimonial of \$5,207 presented to the Rev. P. J. Dalley, of the Annunciation Church, Philadelphia, Pa., has been issued.

The time for gaining the indulgence granted for the sixth centenary of the translation of the Holy House of Loreto has been extended by the Holy Father from the 9th of June to the 18th of September.

The examination for candidates for admission to the Brooklyn Seminary will be held at St. John's College on Tuesday, July 30, at 10 A.M. Applicants should present their testimonials before that date to the Very Rev. P. J. McNamara, vicar-general.

The action of Notre Dame University—Roman Catholic—in conferring the degree of LL.D. on the well-known Congregational clergyman, the Rev. Washington Gladden, is almost unprecedented, and will doubtless excite wide comment.

It is highly to the honor of the courageous and devoted Swiss Catholics that, amidst all the heavy burdens laid upon them for the needs of their Church and schools at home, they contributed last year no less than 103,116 francs for the

Foreign Missions—over \$20,000—while, for example, a great and rich empire like Austria-Hungary could afford only 57,000 francs, or little more than one half, for the same great end.

The murderers of the Abbe de Broglie has been declared by competent medical authority to be of unsound mind and not accountable for her acts. She will consequently be transferred indefinitely to the criminal lunatic asylum of St. Anne.

The Liverpool Catholic Times says: The conversion of Miss Diana Vaughan, a celebrated Masonic disciple, which our Paris correspondent announced in our last issue as due to the instrumentality of the late Father Delaporte, is attributed by Leo Taxel to the intercession of Joan of Arc.

The Portuguese Catholic Congress has been largely attended, and proved an unequivocal success. Science, education, socialism, and other important questions were discussed. Amongst those present were two Cardinals, many Bishops, and a minister of State.

St. Joseph's parish in Philadelphia was established 103 years ago, six years before Methodism was founded by John Wesley, and the religion preached in it a century ago is the faith of our forefathers from the days of the Apostles and down to the present time.

The corner-stone of St. Joseph's Hospital for the incurable insane at Dubuque was laid by Archbishop Hennessy on June 30. Father Hanley and Judge O'Donnell delivered addresses. The hospital will cost the Sisters of Mercy \$100,000 and will replace the present asylum for incurable insane.

According to Hoffman's Quarterly there have been seventy-four deaths among the Catholic clergy of the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, and two among the hierarchy since the Directory was compiled last February. The bishops who died were Mgr. Manogue and Dr. Seidenbusch, O.S.B.; 488 priests have been transferred and 101 have been added to the list. Besides, there have been fifty-three other changes.

A BEAUTIFUL MEDAL.

Presented by the Lieutenant-Governor to an Elementary School.

In this issue we speak, editorially, of our elementary schools, and particularly of the sanitary requirements as well as the question of location. We made it our business to visit some of the principal academies, and more particularly one or two that would furnish us with a groundwork for the contentions we set forth. The one which we have at present selected as a starting point has been carefully examined, and we intend to follow our self-imposed circuit in order to learn, from actual observation, the requirements and the acquisitions (if we so express ourselves) of those institutions where in the younger generation is formed.

The first school we visited is situated on Amherst street, near the corner of St.



OBVERSE OF MEDAL.



REVERSE OF MEDAL.

Catherine, and is under the direction of a most highly accomplished lady—Madame Fournier—and the allusions in our editorial refer to her establishment in particular, as it forms the basis of our contentions.

We herewith give a cut of the very beautiful medal presented this year, by His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau of Quebec, to this elementary school. We might remark that this praiseworthy step, on the part of the highest civic personage in our Province, is somewhat of an innovation, and creates a precedent worthy of imitation. Heretofore, medals and prizes have been given in abundance to universities, colleges, convents, important academies, and institutions of the higher grades; but, for one reason or another, the poorer and more elementary schools have been overlooked. Perhaps they may not have been considered of sufficient importance. But Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau thinks otherwise, and acts in accordance with his convictions. If there are schools and pupils, as well as teachers, who deserve encouragement, it is surely those of the less wealthy class. If the elementary is neglected, how can we expect the higher grades to be successful? Unless the foundation—even though unseen—is solid, the superstructure, no matter how beautifully adorned, cannot be permanent.

The first stone of the new Church of St. Louis, Berlin, erected in memory of Dr. Windthorst, was recently laid by Mgr. Jahnel, the rector of St. Hedwig's, and there were present members of the Center Party and many other influential persons.

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal, drawing every Wednesday. Let valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

DRUNKENNESS.

Comparison of Catholic and Protestant Nations.

The intemperate love for strong drink would appear to be, in a great degree, a national vice, difficult for religion, Protestant or Catholic, to suppress. The Italians, Spanish or French are remarkable for their temperate use of intoxicating drink. Says a Protestant writer (Mr. Scott) of the Spanish people: "The Spaniards look upon a drunkard with the most undisguised horror and contempt. There are few mortals more abstemious and less given to excesses of any kind than the people of the peninsula." (Through Spain, 1886.)

The London Daily News correspondent, writing from Spain at the time of the war between Carlists and the Republicans, September 1, 1873, among other praises lavished upon the Legationist volunteers, bears this testimony to their sobriety: "A more cheerful or better behaved set of men I have never seen, and, marvel of marvels, not a single instance of anything like drunkenness can I recall, notwithstanding that the victory of Dienstillo and the fall of Estella were double events which might well have led any member of Tattersall's to bet on the contrary."

And yet what more intensely Catholic people than the Spanish? Compare with them what the Quarterly Review (October, 1876) says about the English people: "It is calculated that upwards of 60,000 die annually in this country from the effects of drink. There are no less than 600,000 habitual drunkards in England and Scotland, who riot and waste with comparative impunity in the presence of terrified children and despairing partners, and too often end in suicide or homicide." (pp. 415-418.)

The Saturday Review (April 20, 1861) says that "if Scotland is the most Sabatarian and Calvinistic country upon earth, its town populations are at least the most drunken of drunkards." (See also official authorities quoted in the Quarterly Review, April, 1860, pp. 432-433.)

Mr. C. Edwards Lester, in the work, "The Glory and Shame of England," has this to say: "Summing up the returns of assurance societies and of the Registrar-General conjointly, one out of nineteen of the adult male population of England, between the ages of thirty and sixty, dies of drinking. What was the carnage of the Crimea compared with this perpetual slaughter! The amount of ruin wrought by drinking among the educated classes is infinitely greater than the pro rata of their numbers" (vol. ii., ed. of 1876, p. 411).

Concerning the moral condition of London a writer in the New York Sun (November 13, 1892) gives us some startling facts.

"The degradation of woman is more common in London than in any great city of the world. . . . Nowhere save in London is drunkenness as common among women as among men; nowhere else is the social evil so obtrusive and so unreprieved; nowhere else are the influences of home on so low a moral plane; nowhere else is the marriage relation so unequal a partnership; nowhere else is poverty so poor and vice so vicious. . . . Since yesterday—within a fortnight, to be exact—London has awakened to the facts that all her public bars are thronged with women; that there are more drunken women in the streets than drunken men; that a very large majority of the prisoners complained of in her principal police courts for being drunk and disorderly are women. This has been the state of things for some time, but the evil has been growing rapidly worse, and it was not until the Daily Telegraph began a series of graphic portrayals of the great disgrace, under the caption 'The National Shame,' that the callous public conscience was aroused."

Nearly all are agreed, however, that this is a comparatively new stain upon the national character. Twenty or twenty-five years ago intemperance among the women of England was as rare as it is among the women of America to-day. . . . In America it would be safe to assume, nine times out of ten, that a woman seen drinking at a public saloon bar was a drunkard, and that she was not a stranger to the police court. The practice is unknown even among the lowest resorts. On the other hand, al-

most every public bar in London has a very large portion of its length partitioned off for the special use of female customers. This does not mean that there is any real privacy or separation of the sexes. Good order generally prevails. Women who drink at public bars almost always buy spirits. Gin is the ultimate tipple, in almost every case; and gin is to-day a greater curse to Englishwomen than whiskey is to all America. Statistics of vice are entirely untrustworthy data upon which to base an estimate of the moral standing of a community or nation. The town which enforces in the courts the laws against drunkenness and unchastity, for instance, appears on the records to be steeped in vice; while its profligate neighbor, which scarcely represses indulgence in vicious appetites, figures as the abode of virtue.

The number of women arrested in London last year for being drunk and disorderly was 8,373—several hundred more than in any previous year, to be sure, but not an appalling number in a population of 5,000,000. The people who are raising the cry of intemperance among women are making the mistake of giving these figures significance and congratulating London on being, after all, only a fraction of the population of the metropolis, the commitments of women to prison last year numbered 10,500. The explanation is that women who get drunk publicly in Glasgow are usually arrested. If the same policy was followed in London, all the jails and police stations in the metropolis could not hold the prisoners. No one is ever arrested in London for simple intoxication. The law as it stands does not permit it. The police have not even the authority to arrest a drunken person in a place of public amusement. It is the very obviousness of the evil which has, at last, forced it on public attention. A woman drunk or under the influence of liquor is a rare sight in the streets of New York. In the streets of London the black-bonneted, black-gowned, shabby, listless figure, with pale, prematurely old, slightly bloated face, bearing the traces still of refinement, with honey white hands holding the black shawl tightly about her, standing patiently and penitently outside the public house, is a sight more familiar than a policeman on the corner. She does not beg; that would be a crime and would bring swift punishment, as does every offence under the English law which, in the least, threatens an Englishman's purse. She waits, no matter how long, until another of her class, more fortunate than she, comes with a few coins to purchase and share the 'drop,' which alone brings them a poor counterfeit of happiness."

The following table from Mulhall will present a very instructive comparative view of (article "Disease") deaths from drunkenness per 10,000 deaths.

Table with 2 columns: CATHOLIC COUNTRIES AND CITIES, and PROTESTANT COUNTRIES AND CITIES. Lists cities like London, Edinburgh, Amsterdam, Berlin, etc., with corresponding death rates.

As the reader is probably led to suppose, there is no report of deaths from drunkenness for either Spain or Portugal.

When Protestant nations showing a prevalence for this vice beyond anything that Ireland or any other Catholic nation exhibits will point out to us a Protestant apostle of temperance who can stand side by side with the world-renowned and world-honored Father Theobald Mathew, or can show among their bishops and ministers equally efficient control over large multitudes exposed to temptation in this regard, with that exerted by the Catholic episcopate, priesthood, and their church temperance societies, then we will begin to believe that Protestantism has equal moral influence with Catholicism in ameliorating this shameful, un-Christian and socially degrading vice.—Catholic Advocate.

Speaking on this subject, recently, Hon. George Curtis pertinently remarks that there seems to be something in the liquor, and in the method of drinking it, in these days, which renders young men incapable of controlling their evil passions, and which causes young men to commit acts of gross brutality. It has been said there is a potential robber and murderer in every young man who leans against a bar in a liquor saloon, and takes an enemy in his stomach to steal away his brains. It may be true that in the drink of other days there often was inspiration for the poet and strength for the man of toil—we have no means of determining that now. But this we do know, that there is not an idea of inspiring force in all the rum that modern distillers produce, and the abolished bar is not only no longer a festive board, but is a wet slab that has absorbed more promising young lives in its clammy grip than the war has devoured or the sea has swallowed in these later days.—Baced Heart Review.

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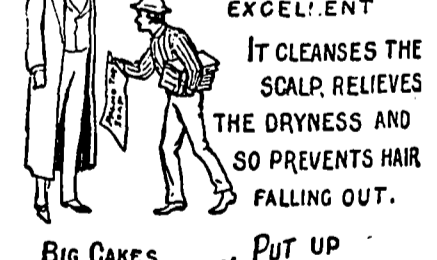
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