SANDWICH

BY MARGABET CLAIRE KILROY.

the memory of the first missionaries, Fathe Ricardie, Father Solleneuve and Fathe Potier of the Society of Jesus. Father Armand de la Ricardie, S. J., wa

Potier of the Society of Jesus.

Father Armand de la Ricardie, S. J., wat the first missionary to preach the Gospel of Christ to the Huron Indians of the Detroit During his time and for nearly one hundre years after his final departure for Quebec i 1753, the parish of the Assumption was known as "The Mission of the Hurons."

The Huron Indians of the Detroit were but a small remnant of a once powerful natio that dwelt on the shores of the lake that sti bears their name, Lake Huron. Early in the seventeenth century the Hurons were divide into twenty villages, and, united together formed a nation of 30,000 souls. In 162 Father Brebœuf, S. J., and Father de None S. J., went to the Huron country, and were received with kindness by these savages, whe cordially opened their hearts to the Christia religion. After the martyrdom of Fathe Brebœuf and Father Lallemant in 1649, be the fierce Iroquois, the Huron nation was dit persed. Many died by torture, at the hand of their captors; some became incorporate in other tribes; some fled to Quebec and e tablished themselves at Loretto; a small settion of the once powerful nation flad hither and thither until finally they settled at Mackinaw, through the intrigues of M. Caillac, founder of Fort Pontchartrain, the Hurons came to the Detroit and establishe themselves in villages on both sides of triver, one village near the fort, the other vilage at Pointe de Montreal (Sandwich), a other village at Sandusky, Ohio, but the land of Bois Blanc. Eventually the sever villages of the "good band of Hurons" unied in one large village at Pointe de Motreal.

It is a significant fact that the Fathers the Recollet or Franciscan order havit

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the Recollet or Franciscan order havit spiritual care of the colonists and Indians the north shore of the river, had no influent on the Huron Indians. The generation a savages who came from Mackinaw had near all passed away: the younger generation had degenerated into barbarism. Such was the religious conditions of the Hurons whe Father Charlevoix, S. J., visited Detroit June, 1721.

On the return of Father Charlevoix, S. J

porary disins and responsibility in his behalf, and the unitring devotion of pror-shiftees. Bill 80-west to the manager's little son, the one apparently organized. able trait in his rather opertionable thanacter, had conferred upon him the title of action, had conferred upon him the title of "gnardism," and upon Robert, the unsorigist honor of being known as he "kid." Both Bill and Bothly were comparative strangers in Finon Alton, the 
population of which theriving sectionness 
numbered only two hundred souls all 
bild—this did not intinde the dogs whose 
presents formed a sectifule portion of the 
community. If was not a place that one 
would seek, except for the most sould 
mother; its social advantages were few motives; its social advantages were few and commissed thirdly of gatherings at the two rival eallous, and a semi-amouthly prayer meeting held by a visiting Meth-

ing in breadth and richness ever since its discovery had not returness ever since he discovery had not yet been strock; for it was during the enumer of '97 the big flood book place—a flood that will go down in local history as revealing the most valuable body of ore opened in that part of New Mexico. All night the rain had fallen in torrests and of devices part of New Mexico. All highs the rank had fallen in torrente and at daybreak the storm seemed to have speat healf. The jagged rims of the entrounding mountains were swathed in heavy clouds that despend their customary bits into purplies shadows; the sun was making persistent, if sparmodic attempts, or the first property of the "beaven-hasten bill." to gild the "heaven-kissing, hills" that bounded us in on all sides like the rough walls of a crater, when in the distance an ominous rumbling gave warning that a flood was on its way, and almost before flood was on its way, and almost before the men had time to remove their tents and hedding to a place of eafety it was upon na! The swirling angry waters carried everything along in their impeta-ous corrent; the primitive machinery, by means of which some of the boys were doing a little placer minimum on that one doing a little placer mining on their own account, was swept away in the twinkling of an eye, and the labor of months de stroyed. Trees were uprooted and borns along like straws; the carcasses of cows and all the debris that the mountain fastness had spent years in accomplating, went down with the inexorable torrent.

At this time there was only one mine being worked in the vicinity and that but fitfully as its owners were able to pay the the miners, and the mercantile business of the entire settlement centered in a single store which dealt out groceries and drygoods, whiskey and hardware with pleasing impartiality; it forthermore did duty as a club for such as were socially inclined, and on this morning the entire population of Pinos Altos was gathered in front of O'Flanagan's store, which com-manded a view of the canon, to watch from this vantage-point the work of destruction. Foremost in the group was Mrs O'Flanagan who enjoyed the proud distinction of being the only women in camp. She might have posed as a mod-ern statue of Maternity as she stood with her baby clasped close to her motherly breast and four little children, scarcely passed the age of swaddling clothes clinging to her skirts. Indeed, an artis clinging to her skirts. Indeed, an artist might exarch far and wide without find a model whose expression could excel Bridget O Fianagan's in true womanliness, though her features, it is true, hardly fulfilled one's ideal of the

As the roar of the hurrying flood began As the roar of the nurrying most began to subside a sound of music was heard faintly from afar, as if the winds were re-gretting their mad carousal of the night and were softening into their accustomed

"Well, of all times to selec' for playing always sanguine and to the old there is on yore blamed old accordion, mons, this 'pears to me the west,' 'ejacu-lated one of the men who was smarting under the loss of various domestic im-'Ain't the elements been although making racket enough without your jin-

The speaker did not turn as he delivered these scathing remarks, for Mr. Simmons was the sole resident of Pinos Altos possessing any musical tendencies, and that the melodic transgression was his, seemed a foregone conclusion. "Transseemed a foregone conclusion. "Twant me," replied Joe, who hailed from Vir me, rephen to you know that old according in a. "Don't you know that old according to form of mine can't give forth no such heavenly tunes as that?" Like many more pretentious performers, Mr. Simmons was apt to blams the instrument was lack of culture. for his own lack of culture.

"Holy Mother and the saints defend

us!" broke in Mrs. O'Flanagan in an awe atruck tone. "Look there!"

atruck tone. "Look there!"

The assembly turned as one man and every mouth paused in its bovine epj syment of tobacco chewing, as its owner gazed in surprised silence in the direction her finger pointed. Descending the rugged trail that wound in and out close to the canon's edge, with the leisurely air of an actor responding to his cue came a of an actor responding to his cue, came man with a violin. His face was lifted heavenward with the rapt expression on His face was lifted sees often depicted on the countenances of the saints, and as he walked he played Such sad, sweet yearnings as thro from the quivering chords of that violinevery touch expressive of unuterable sorrow! It seemed a very symphony of suffering. The crowd stood spellbound waiting to receive him; the silence of twilight appeared to engulf them while a hush like the twilight of sound fell upon them. He was ragged as an Italian beg-gar and drenched from the storm; his clothes were muddy, too, as if he had clothes were moddy, too, as it he had fallen more than once upon the slippery soil. An iron-gray beard lent him a patriarchal appearance, but his age was clearly not much over fifty. As he clearly not much over fifty. As he neared the group he staggered and, hold-

Edita Maria South is American Massages South Maria South Maria South is American Massages South Maria South Maria

"Here lose, me bys, take hold of his feet; I'll hold the head of him and we will get him to the catoin in the twinking of an eye. Dennie to the oldest child run tell your father to have some while key and hot water ready and be quick about his—eure as' a drop of something warm will help the pore creature; it's starred he is fron the looked him. And here, you boys—all of you, don't be freshin about your breakfast—his meself that il give you a better meal than you're traed to havin', only don't come loafn' round before life ready. Dugs and men folks hother me when I am he shorry. Come los," and the two moved off with their to medicate borden followed by a proceeding of young O'Flanagana, who look torns in carrying the baby, and as many of time "boys" as were not interested in the fate of their personal belonginge. Bridget, as will be seen, was a power in the camp like gare her orders, with the apionsh of a commander-in-chief and they were as unhesitatingly obeyed. The infinence that she whelded was felt by the most worthless man among them, for it was such infinence as every good woman, however lowly, exerts upon all male creatures that happen within her prayer meeting held by a visiting Methodies parson, whose real, prov man, was worthy a better flock; for not infrequently, when he reached the camp, three box earnest in his quest for words, he would find the hall closed and the candid notice, "Congregation all too drank to attend service," nailed to the door.

It was while Pincs Albos was in this meeting appeared upon the sense. He entry was dramatic. The big vein in the entry was dramatic. er joy a well-pooked and substantial meal, they were told that the stranger was ill, they were bold that the stranger was ill, in a semi-conscious condition, brought on, no doubt, by hunger and exposure. He had been put to bed in Denny's out with dry clothing and a "drap" of the all-powerful and ever-ready panases that plays each a conspictions part in frontier life; but, as Mrs. O'Flanagan afterwards confided to me, what was usually con-ceded a good stiff drink appeared to be literally but a "drop" to the musical stranger. He kept begging for more until Bridget peremptorily forbade any further yielding to his request, and while break fast was in progress he could be heard through the thin-boarded petition tossing feverishly on his cot and calling alter-nately for his violin and his daughter.

"Sounds like old Spylock, doesn't he-my ducate or my daughter," observed Sandy MacPherson, a raw-boned Scot of literary tastes; but the man whom he ad-dressed politely disclaimed any acquaint-ance with a person of that name, "so far as he could recolled," and MacPherson hastily changed the subject. In the meantime the flood had spent itself, and meantime the noon new synd, set about the men, nowise discouraged, set about John Stevens, repairing its ravages. John Stevens, William Ott and Sandy MacFherson had, for two years or more, eked out a splendid maintenance by placer mining, and by one of fortune's strange whims the very disaster that had wrecked their modest outfit led them on to the acquisition of wealth beyond their most eanguine drams. An extraordinary rich piece of ore had been carried down by the waters from its hidden retreat in the mountains The men followed it up with the result that in a few weeks the "Golden Goddess" that in a few weeks the "Golden Goddess" property was located. That was the be-ginning—the rest is ancient history in mining circles; for a wealthy South syn-dicate took the matter in hand and three years later, at the time this story properly begins, Pinos Altos had made Gargantna strides towards civilization. The lucky trio who organized the company wisely trio who organized the company wisely held the controlling stock, and conse-quently the balance of power, in their own hands, and it was to this fortunate circum-hands, and it was to this fortunate circumhands, and it was to this fortunate circumstance that I owed my appointment as book-keeper for the company. My father and John Stevens had played together as boys in a little village back in Missouri, and when one is far away from home and family it is such touches as these that make the whole world kin. These hallowed associations of child-

hood—how we cherish them as our help-less barks drift downward with life's tide! have it, so covetons as we see it disappear. Surely Pandora had been kinder if she had let hope, which nearly always proves false, fly away with the other gifts and left wonth behind : for the wonne are

Mr. Mair, the superintendent, had been appointed by old MacPherson, chiefly, I think, because he was of Scottish descent, although a more satisfactory selection could hardly have been made, for Muir was a gentleman as well as a clever man of business, and in the management of such an enterprise as the one he had in hand, it requires diplomacy as well as brain and brawn to make it a paying proposition. As soon as things got in fair proposition. As soon as things got in fair working order Muir sent for his wife and three-year-old boy, but from the prepara-tions that antedated their arrival one might have reasonably expected a harem. It did not take long to alter the rambling, one-story abode that had been out up by the company into a most convenient modern residence; for since the big mine had begun to be formally worked there were men in plenty hanging around camp eager for employment. The build-ing of the boes's house was a source of revenue to many of these wayfarers, and their comments on the subject of finish-ing and furnishing were both original and amusing; for when one's life has and amusing; for when ones his has been spent on the plains with prairie grass for a couch and the star-gemmed dome of heaven for a ceiling, he is likely to regard such accessories as porcelain-lined tubs, and butler's pantries as usless examples of sybaritism. From outside the place continued to look like a barrack but once inside and all one's ideals of home were realized—after Mrs. Muir and Bobby came, that is.

Bill Sowers, who during these years had made for himself a permanent niche in the heart of every man in cameber.

in the heart of every man in camp by reason of his wondrous music, was ployed by the manager as an accountant whenever the work accumulated, or, it might be more truthful to say, when he was sober. We soon discovered that drink had been this gifted man's undoing as, bit by bit, he related scraps of his hiscautions in these reminiscent moods and we surmised rather than knew that some ing his violin toward Joe Simmons who great trouble had blasted his career and hastiy advanced to receive it as some-thing hallowed, the old man garped: this wilderness of the great Southwest.

'Take good care of it, pardner,' and then fell forward unconscious. It was a weird

great troubs had biased his career and thim wandering like Ishmael into this wilderness of the great Southwest.

There was no placing any reliance in the man as he candidly told us, for he could There was no placing any reliance in the man as he candidly told us, for he could

everyone his friend, and to som up the situation in Mr. Simmone' graphic lan-guage, "Bill spre lighted feet forement on his lock when he struck this here musical sentenment! It was a red letter day in the sunnis of

It was a red letter day in the annual of Place Albor when the stage set down pretty, dainty Imagen Mair at the door of her future hand eince site betorgist with him an instant solution of the query of our hundron life. If ever a child was destined to fill an acting void in bachelor distilles, that delid was Bobby! We had not realized before what a blank excisence our had been until we say his big brown not realized before what a blank exherence over had been quall we saw his hig brown eyes, smilling apward through a bange of lasthes, and heard his baby voice break into langitier. No curis had Bobby—ow was a man every inth of him and his height was just one yard! There was something strangely familiar in his baby face, as I grew to know him better, though I failled to trace any resemblance to either his father or mother; he had a slow manner of smilling and, at times, an slow manner of exalling and, at times, an unfathomable look of retrospection in the dancing eyes that hatmed me constantly. Others remarked it, too, and the coincidence strengthened my half-formed theories on the spinest of re-internation. Mrs. Mair brought many loxuries from her eastern home that were novel to frontier life, among them a Swedish cook, a Ger-man housemaid and a colored nurse—the latter a typical old "mammy" of ante-bellum days; but all these innovations passed unheeded as soon as young Muir set his foot on the ground and announced that "he did not want any lunch as he that "he did not want any longth as he had just sted four bananas," and that he wanted to see papa's big mill with

"wanted to see papa's big mill wite away, now."

"Let me have him, Mr. Moir, while you look after your wife. I'd love to talk to the little chap." Moir heeltated, but the wistful tone of poor 8 weers' voice struck Mrs. Moir, and pleaded for him; after one only a searching olders in the after one quick searching glance into the man's face she awestly gave her consect. They were not long absent as Bobby had received orders to report for innoheon, a received orders to report for instances, a half-hour at most, yet in that time a friendship sprang into existence between this oddly assorted couple that was war-ranted to stand any test. Not one of or was afterwards able to supplant Mr. Sow-ers in Bobby's faithful heart, try as we might; he came directly after Mudder, Padder and Marmy Directly after Mudder. Fadder, and Mammy Dinah, and before the puppy, nor could any amount of coa-ing or bribery indone him to invert this order or change his new friend's place in the scale of his affection. On one occa-sion, after a business trip to Denver, I re-turned laden with all the toys that Master Boberts fertile fancy had been able to suggest before my departure. He was radiant with pleasure and I, as an out-of season Santa Claus, basked in high favor for quite a while. That night, how-ever, when he said his prayers at my knee—a choice he occasionally honored me with when I spent the evening at me parent's—I begged that my name might come before "Uncle Sowers" in the "God blesses," but I presumed too far. "You can't be prayed for before my precious uncle 'cause he is a relation, but uncle 'cause he is a relation, but th charming naivete) I shall put you

before Ponto."

At first Mr. Muir discouraged the growing intimacy between his offspring and the erstwhile tramp, but Bobby's persistent affection won the day and it wrought, moreover, a miracle that we could not have forseen. The child's love seemed to have awakened in Sowers whatever ideas of self-respect lay dormant; by degrees his entire appearance altered and he be-gan to look quite like a gentleman; his manner had always betokened refine-ment and education, and gradually little niceties appeared in his dress. His long hair and snaggy beard were trimmed un-til they hearne a fitting frame to his actil they became a fitting frame to his sad, forrowed face, and even his music lost to a certain extent its minor strain and danced and sang in all sorts of lively cadences at Bobby's request. Mair, than whom a kinder-nearted man never breathed, was quick to notice the regeneration his little son had unwittingly brought about, and he often invited Sowers to his house hoping that gentler association would keep the poor old chap in the right path, and Mrs. Muir encouraged these visits. Indeed, they were a source of great pleasure to her, for she possessed the musical temperament to an est, however, to accompany him as he played, and he once told her that of all people she best interpreted the changeful noods and emotions of his beloved violin. During these duets. Muir and I would sit with with our cigars in dreamy silence, "awung by the might of music up to the spirit land," as we listened to the magic

chords that laughed like sentiment beings in ecstasy, or wailed like souls in despair. One evening-each trivial incident of which now stands sharply out in the light of the events that followed—we three men were seated on the white-washed verandah that had been changed into a retreat of shade and beauty by dint of much coaxing of wild creepers and the scarlet bean. It was Bobby's fourth birthday, and at his request Sowers and I had been invited to do honor to the grand event. Dinner was over, the won-derful cake disposed of, and the tired child had cuddled himself in "Uncle's" arms as a stronghold whence to defy the omniscient Dinah who, promptly at 7, was wont to swoop down like a good-natured and portly hawk and carry off her navilling above to be the strong to the stro

off her unwilling charge to bed.

The soft haze of Indian summer which nowhere more inviting than in New Mexico, overhung mountain and valley, while from the neighboring hills was wafted a sound of tinkling bells as the goat herders drove their frolicsome flocks to water. The view at this hour was peculiarly paetoral for such a wild local-ity; the great mill had been closed for nearly a week owing to the non-arrival of some machinery, and the town slumbered as peacefully as a New England village on Sanday. Just as his wife was about to join us, Muir was called to the company's store, a block away, to answer a

e message.
not you crown the pleasure of this delightful evening by playing for us, madam?" asked Sowers, with the old-fashioned courtesy that sat so well upon

Now Mrs. Muir frankly admitted that when not beguiled by other people's music she was never so happy as when playing herself; so without demor she groped her way through the fast-gathering darkness to the piano and began to play. I have already spoken of Imogen Muir's sympathetic touch. This evening her selection was entirely new to me—a

quaint, dreamy air interperend with little trills of Bresler melody. It suggested a young mother crooming beliables to her babe. When she had funished I was startled by a groan from the man near me and by the ghandy pallor that had overspread his face.

What is it, Sower—are you ill you I selled, in some above.

seked, in some alarm.

"Hush, my boy; it is nothing—only the old pain." And Danah, appearing at this moment, he placed Bobby in her arms staggering slightly, moved over to

"May I sair the name of that piece.

"May I sair the name of that piece.
Mrs. Muir, and where you learned it?"

"I do not believe it ever had a name,
Mr. Sowers. I caught the air when a
child from hearing my mother sing it. It
was her favorite initiaty and mine, for my
poor faither commoned it about had not his poor father composed it shortly before his death, when I was hardly more than a

"And your mother's name?" inquired Bull, buskilly. "Do not think me imperti-nent, madam; but I once had a dear friend Bill, boekily.

who sang that self-same air."

"Ah! perhaps he knew my father? He was a professor of music and very taleated, mother said. I cannot remember him, as he died before I was three years of age. My mother's maiden name was Imogen Viele. She was of French. It was three he derived his talent, for mother has often said that the Americans have execution but not the mosteral avoil."

have execution but not use museum per-" And what became of your mother, if you will pardon an old man's corriouity !"
"See cled when I was nine years old,
" See cled when I was nine years old, but I remember her perfectly. We were devoted and inseparable companions; she always said that she had to give me a father's as well as a mother's love. Poor mamma! Ah, it was terrible when she left me! I am sure I should have soon llowed, for my grandfather was a stern man who did not understand children, had he not placed me at a convent in St. Louis, where the mother-heart of each dear Sister seemed to satisfy its emptines by love and kindness to the unhappy little orphan. In that pure atmosphere I grew gradually reconciled to my loss, for you know youth soon forgets."

"Alas no, madam," replied her listener sadly. "Childhood may forget, but youth never. They say time heals our griefs and, in a measure this is tree her at and, in a measure, this is true; but at what out? At the price of faith, hope and all the dear enthusiams that go towards making life endurable. To se by one our interests decay, our friends grow cold, our erstwhile pleasures become a fresh source of ennui, and yet to feel no pany of regret—this is what time can do towards healing a great sorrow, and I ques-tion if the last state of the individual be not werse than the first. But you must excuse an old man's garrulity, madam, and permit him to thank you for a very happy evening. Good night."

"Will you not stay until Mr. Muir returns?" asked our hostess, who, with eyes bent over the keys had failed to note the companion's sention. He designed

her companion's emotion. He declined on the plea that he was not well; indeed. on the pies that he was not well; indeed, he seemed suddenly to have grown old and haggard. I, a silent observer, had watched it all, and my memory was busy patching together such bits of his story as he had vouchsafed us, and recalling other takes of his vagabond life in camp before Bobby had come with childigh hands one. Bubby had some with childish hands not stretched to save this weakling soul from destruction. In a flash the elusive resemblance that Bubby bore to some I had known was solved, and at this result of my cogitations I felt that the superintendent had been called away. Mrs. Mair was lost in painful recovery sycked Muir was lost in painful revery, evoked no doubt by memories of her childhood's sorrow when I bade her good-night; she gave me her hand in an absent-minded manner and arose to go to her boy. Thus the evening begun with such laughter and joility ended in shadow and I walked home feeling that I had been witness to a tragedy.

The next morning Bill Sowers did not come for his customary walk with Bobby; for several months Dinah's office as nurse had degenerated into a sinecure since Master Bob would have none of her. 'Urele' must take him for his outinge, and the sight of the silver-haired old man and the joyous dimpled child wan-dering up the long dusty street to the hills beyond the town no longer attracted attention. Bill always carried his fiddle, for at times the young autocrat demanded unusual degree and, while not a gifted for at times the young autocrated musician like Sowers, her playing was both artistic and full of feeling, she liked from its case until, tired of gathering from 18 case until, tired of gathering flowers and building stone fortresses, the boy would fling himself down in the midet of his treasures and, with his head on Sowers' knee, croon himself off to dreamland. Then out would come Bill's alter ego and he would play drowe soothing melodies until Bobby awoke. These were the poor soul's happiest Inese were the poor soul's happiest hours; the men about camp grew to respect his deep affection for the little boy and gradually the roughest among them dropped their chaff and let him alone. Heretofors there was always one or more idlers eager to lure him into the saloon, for Utopian, indeed, must be munity that is lacking in that small element which holds itself in constant readi ness to push a fellow being over the brink, and Pinos Altos did not pose as better than its neighbors. Had it not been so pathetic it would have been amusing to watch the sturdy, careless air with which Sowers would march past the cantinas when upheld by Bobby s protecting presence, and the stealthy way that he avoid ed all proximity to them when he was alone. After all, the supreme need of any individual lies in the nearness of another soul that can restrain his evil pro-pensities and develop the best that is in

A week passed and we saw nothing of Sowers either at the office or the house Extra work at the books hindered me Extra work at the books hindered me from inquiring for him in person and an attack of indigestion, induced, no doubt, by too much feasting in his own honor, kept Master Bob indoors. To a message I sent he replied that he was laid up for repairs; but whether this meant physical indisposition or a relapse into his former habits we could not guess. I, alone, was in a position to divine the mental trouble that might have laid our friend low, but I held my peace thinking each day to go and have a talk with him and each day postponing it until the next. How rarely we take note, until it is too late, of the little things that we might have done to cheer and help those to whom we are bound by ties of friendship or kindred. It is this moral blindness that makes life as stern and death so tarrible

locking wanderer that dee that memorable morning of the food. en to the railroad station the day befor to oversee the loading of the new bullen we were expecting. The handing of these heavy pieces of matchinery up a steady grade of three thousand feet is slow work and at regular intervals along the road feeth relays of intest were waiting to take the nines of their exhausted coverage. the place of their exhausted comrades. This was Muir's method of doing a two days' job in six hours.
"For heaven's sake, Sowers, what has

been the matter?" was my greeting as the man took the chair I placed for him. "Dust's question me, old fellow, for I cannot answer even you. I am going away and I have come to say good

by a."
This was a surprise. I realized that it had taken all his courage to formulate such a plan, and that the past two weeks had been for him a long silent struggle. In the face of all this I could not obtunde my snapisticus upon his evident desire of secrecy, but I did my utmost to induce him to change his mind—to no avail.

I go, as I came, a tramp, he said, bitterly. "It will be no farther than the

"Igo, he I came, a tramp, or cal-bitterly." It will be no farther than the Silverton station, however, he I have money to pay my way to Pheonix. You can say I am leaving on account of my

This was accompanied by a smile sadder than tears as he held out his hand to me. I pressed it warmly.
"Good-bye, old friend," I answered.

If you ever want belp of any kind will "If you ever want help of any kind will you promise to write to me !"

"I have already written to you, my boy, and I have the letter sealed and addressed in my potter at this moment. Some day I may send it and I trust you will think more kindly of me then. Good-

Neither of us had mentioned the Muire: whether he would stop there on his way out of town or not, I dared not sek; but I felt that he could not trust himself to a final leave-taking of Bobby. It was impossible to settle myself immediately to work so I laid down my pen and stood in the office door watching the lonely figure plod wearily up the dosty street, and standing there, powerless to help, I saw it all happen—a sight that would to God might be blotted from the tablets of my memory! Afterwards none of us could tell exactly how it contrast—blotter that would be startly how it contrast—blotter in the same of the same exactly how it occurred—does anyone ever know just how such tragedies happen. They come upon us so suddenly, an areome upon us so suddenly, so unnecessarily that we can only bow our head: at an overwhelming Fate; yet often there seems no other purpose in a life than to assist as either victim or saviour at some such crisis.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE ANTI-CLERICAL CRUSADE.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The Saturday Review, an English Protestant paper, of May 11, has a very interesting article on the anti-Catholic outburst in France, Spain and Portugal. The Review attributes the outbreak to the Masonic Lodges and other kindred secret societies in those countries. It says :

"Our (English) leading newspapers have either ignored the simultaneous outbreak of anti-clericalism in the three great Latin nations altogether. or else, believing implicitly the accounts sent to them by correspondents, have not hesitated to approve of it by describing it in their leading article as a spontaneous outbreak, the result of a justifiable indignation on the part of the population at the gradual encroachments of the Friars, and especi ally of the Jesuits, upon the liberties of the country. In reality, it is a got-up demonstration, organized by a certain Brotherhood which, although styling itself Masonic, is not in any way con nected, so we are assured, with any of the lodges presided over by the hone able fraternity which, by its insistence on the recognition of the Supreme Being, its abstention from political and religious matters and its active benevolence has won universal respect

in this country.

There seems to be some grounds for the distinction here made by the Review between Masonry in the so-called Latin nations and Masonry in England and the United States. Whether the distinction connotes a difference in principle or only in degree, there is no sufficient data outside the lodges to de termine. Whatever may be the ulti mate tendency of Masonry as a whole the order in England and the United States does not appear to be a centre of positive anti Christian or anti-Catholic activity and agitation. Whether this is the result of the phlegmatic emperament of the so called Anglo Saxon race as compared with the mercurial temperment of the so called Latin races, we do not venture an opinion. We have been assured by a Mason, a gentleman high in the councils of the order, and whose word we have no reason to doubt that the mem bers of the order in the United States have no Masonic intercourse with the infidel, atheistic and anti-Christian odges of Europe.

It must be acknowledged, however, that the machinery of Masonry—its circles within circles or degree on degree, all wrapped by secrecy in im penetrable gloom—constitute it a mos efficient agency of revolution and of antagonism to any existing religious or political order revoluntionary leaders in its inner circles or highest degrees may desire to oppose. This machinery in Continental Europe is devoted almost exclusively to agitation and machinations to overthrown Christian ity and the social order based on its principles.

The Saturday Review says on this

"The Masonic lodges in the Latin countries are avowedly anti-religious, and do not for a moment conceal their intention to sap religious belief and replace it by some vague code of ethics which in their wisdom they consider infinitely superior to the teachings of

The Review gives the following description of the way in which anti-Catholic agitation now in progress was

"Somewhere about August last a pertain class of Spanish and Portuguese papers, openrolled and inspired by the Republican and secret sucleties Valor honey combed the Pendusula, began to publish a series of articles directed against the religious orders. they evidently obeyed an inspiration emanating from the Grand Orient of Paris, where the eventual suppression of the regular chergy and the seculariration of education was already being worked up into an and derical crusade, the result of which became apparent at the beginning of the present year in the Parliamentary hubbub over the Associations bill Spain was the first populary after France where this anti-clerical movement assumed anything like studder. able proportions.

## FROM A SUPERNATURAL NO. TIVE

It is not enough to be moral, in order to make our actions meritorious for Heaven-we should be moral for God's sake.

Persons sametimes say: "Look at Mr. So and-so, he's not a Catholic, he's not even a Christian of any kind, he don't believe in religion, but a better man in his family relations, or one more honest, truthful and kind in his dealings with others, you'll not find. What is the use of religion if he can be so good without it?"

Verily, Mr. So and so has his re-In the gratification that he ward. may take in his own decency, in the love that he begets, in the good name for integrity that he establishes, in the business that comes to him because of his excellent reputation, he has all that he may ask and all that he may deserve-a natural reward for natural

But if he wants a supernatural reward-to please God, to save his soul, to increase his glory in Heaven-he must practice these virtues from the supernatural motive of the theological virtue of charity. He must be good for God's sake. There certainly is one for God's sake. There certainly is one great good of religion, that cannot be reached without it.

supernatural virtues possible, but it makes them comparatively easy and common. It gives grace that illuminates the mind, moves the heart, and fortifies the will to practice them. For the one person who is really moral and benevolent without religion, ten hundred thousand are moral and kind with religion.

Religion is the tie that binds men to God. And without the grace of the Holy Spirit and the merits of Jesus Christ, no man can get to God, be his goodness what it may.

grace given to him may not be saved. The Holy Ghost breathes on 0, no. his soul, and the light and grace vouchsafed to him, are bestowed on

But, taking the life around us. it may be laid down as a Christian principle, that a person morally good only from natural motives, will get only an earthly reward, and may get eternal punishment, notwithstanding his natural virtues, if he deliberately reects religion.

it, or we shall surely become casta-ways.—Catholic Columbian.

## THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.

houses of New York were "nurseries of criminals." Now the records of our jails and reformatories show that the majority of criminals do not come from the tenement houses or even rom the cities had years of experience with the inmates of prisons informs us that the rural population furnishes more than its own share of the criminals in large cities. He says that the inordinate love of money and the desire of the pleasures it can buy have so effeminat ed the young of the rural districts that the sons of the farmer and mechanic disdain to follow the avocation of their fathers. They have an unhealthy ambition to become merchants and brokers, and, failing in gratifying their ambition, they live by their wits, or, in others words prey on society. The daughters vie with the butterflies of fashion in the cities, and shrink from marriage with one of their own s'anding in society. The training, the education of the family, compared with form r times, becomes a fearful burden. Children are not looked upon as pledges of love and blessings; they are no longer welcomed. Crime begins in the household to prevent large families, the moral sense is deadened, and the only law recognized is an unhealthy public opinion, which looks upon detection—being found out—as the only bad feature in crime. — American Herald.

The Probabilities Are that your temper will enjoy walking and skating in real earnest once that sore corn is removed. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails, gives no pain and will relieve you in twenty-four hours. Give Putnam's Corn Extractor a trial and be happy. Tired Mothers.

It's hard work to take care of children and to cook, sweep, wash, sew and mend besides, It makes a shop of the home—a shop, too, where sixteen hours make a day and yet there is much working overtime.

Hood's Sarsaparilla helps tired mothers in many ways—it refreshes, the blood, improves the appetite, and assures restful sleep.

EVERY HOME DEEDS.

EVERY HOME NEEDS a remedy that is adapted for use in case of sudden accident or illness. Such a one is Pain-Killer. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

NERVOUS troubles are cured by Hool's Sarsaparilla, which enriches and purifies the blood. It is the best medicine for nervous PEOPLE.

In the Days of the Huron Missionaries. There is no other place in Ontario around which cluster more hallowed memories associated with the early history of the Catholic Church in Western Canada, than the parish of the Assumption, Sandwich. It was founded by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus nearly two centuries ago, in the heart of the village of the Huron Indians, on the banks of the Detroit river, on the one hand, about seven miles from Lake St. Clair, on the other hand about twice that distance from Lake Erie, and across the river from Fort Pontchartrain. Lake Eris, and across the river from Fort Pontchartrain.

The Assumption is the oldest parish in the Province with an unbroken history from the date of her foundation. Her ancient records make her a Mecca for journal ists, historians and writers of folk lore, for no sketch of the history of this portion of Canada is complete without reference to the archives of the Assumption parish. The parish register is a treasure-house of authentic in-

archives of the Assumption parish. The parish register is a tressure-bouse of authentic information that could be gleaned from no other field.

Father Ricardie, S. J., the founder of the parish, was a man of ability, culture and ripe judgment. He chose the most important point on the river as the site of his church and here, near the river bank, he erected the first "church of the Hurons."

The mission house was built about the same period of time as the original church. It was habitable during all the years that iatervened between 1747 and the twentieth century. It was a simple, enduring monument of an heroic and Catholic age. Beneath its roof lived and died saints, and consecrated aposities. But strong and good for an other century of time though it was, the cupidity of man reached out to demolish "the two tall stone chimneys," the stone foundation, and to modernize the dear, old house of holy memories. Under the new dispensation the votaries of Bacchus will revel where the Catholic faith in Ontarie was fiedged.

In this paper, on the story of the foundation of the parish of the Assumption, Sand wich, the writer will confine herself to historical facts, acquired from the often told tales of local traditions, narrated by old men whose ancestors played an important par in the infant settlement on the South shore of the Detroit. She has also supplemented this information by a careful study of the "Re lations of the Jesuits and Allied Documents' Church of the Hurons, as located on the river-bank, north east of the mission house and yet, in tradition, it is a fact repeate many times with the remark, "My grandfather made his first Communion in the Church on the river-bank, but he was married in the church on the banks of the Couleé." The latter was located to the wes of the mission house. It was the secon building to be known by the name of "The Church of the Hurons." It was built by Father Potier in the closing years of hilieas a missionary, and it was to be seen until 1851, although it was replaced as parish chur

And religion not only makes those

That does not mean that a good heathen who lives up to the light and him through the merits of Christ.

We must have charity, if we know

A non Catholic preacher told his hearers last Sunday that the tenements

June, 1721.
On the return of Father Charlevoix, S. June, 1721.
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On the return of Father Charlevoix, S. June, 1721.
On the return of Father Charlevoix, S. June, 1721.
On the return of the Huron India of the Detroit, and he succeeded, under the directions of the Governor General, in maing an arrangement between the Superior the Jesuits at Quebec and the company the colony, for the establishment and suport of a Jesuit mission at Detroit, by whithe company was to pay each missiona 800 francs, [3160,00] per year, and the Ki was to provide provisions for his support.

In fulfilment of this agreement Father I cardie, S. J., after spending two years withe Hurons at Loretto, Quebec, acquiring knowledge of the Huron tongue, came to I troit in 1728, and founded a mission at B Blanc Island, but this mission was abandor when the Hurons retired to Pointe de Mitreal. Father Ricardie was a man of abforty two years of age when he came to I troit to labor amongst the Hurons. His lat with them was long fruitless, but after sev years he could announce that they were converted. He visited Quebec during it winter season to preach retreats to religio and lay people, but returned in the sum to Pointe de Montreal, where he built church, mission house, store house and gray and an order of the Hurons in 1753, last years being spent at Quebec, where died at the Hotel Disu, on March 23, 1758.

A letter written by Father Ricardie Father Francis Retz, General of the Suit of Jesus at Rome, gives us an insight is his labor amongst the Hurons of the Detr. The letter is written under data June 21741, from the mission of l'Assumption. reads:

"When I arrived here I found not a sin 1839 general series of the Christian faith."

reads:
"When I arrived here I found not a sin,
savage professing the Christian faith,
though some of the older ones, whilst suli
ing from sickness, had formerly b
washed in the sacred waters by the first n

washed in the sacred waters by the first resionaries.

"About forty years ago, shaking the of from their feet, they had abandoned that then, which was uncircumcised in he One of the chiefs of the nation, "Hoose by name, after delaying a long time fessed the Christian faith, and set such example to all his relatives that not ever single one of his kindred resisted the F. Ghost. A short time afterward he was te from among the living: and only the slie om among the living; and only the slig thope remained of bringing this thron rages to the most sweet service of Ch