

[For The Evening Telegram.]

## THE MAINSPRING OF HUMAN JOY AND HOPE.

BY REV. CANON BAYLY, M.A., R.D., BONAVISTA.

IT is not strange that in time of war, or even of political or industrial strife, men on either side begin to think and talk and plan for an armistice at Christmas. Family and personal differences too are overlooked and often ended. The reason is that we are at our best at Christmas, for the lesson of the life of the Prince of Peace is dominant in our thoughts and lives. It is wonderful what an uplift we all experience on all the Great Days associated with the Gospel of His earthly life. I was much impressed last year by a thoughtful remark of a young friend who lived at the time at a lonely Railway Station—"I miss most of all the Great Days." But there is nothing new in this. Plato's splendid attempt to explain the presence of the noblest traits in human character is suggestive, and very well worth quoting as an illustration:—"There are times of High Festival in the world, above, when the gods in solemn procession mount the topmost vault of Heaven, and taking their place upon its dome, gaze over the infinite depths of perfect truth. This spectacle supports the fulness of their being. Nor are they alone in the enjoyment of the magnificent vision: all souls that can and will, follow in their train. . . . and afterwards . . . their human existence is a striving upwards towards the glory which they have once seen."

Surely this has found its fulfilment in the High Festivals connected with the Incarnate life of the Son of God, and not least so in the Festival of His Birth, Christmas Day.

[For The Evening Telegram.]

## THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

REV. H. J. READ, R.D., CHANNEL.

VERY soon there will be resounding throughout Christendom the Christmas salutation, "Peace on Earth good will towards men." In the consideration of after war conditions it behoves us to ask what reality is there in that salutation as it applies to the world in general and ourselves in particular.

We know how that the peace which preceded the war, was a false peace. The mighty forces of human Nature, of racial tendency of national self-assertiveness were there, but there was no real complete harmony, no real co-operation. But the world has been awakened. The war has manifestly given a powerful impetus to that broader conception of the world's task. The war has quickened our somewhat dim and vague perception of the extent to which in the long run spiritual forces determine the course of history. But we know, beyond all possibility of doubt, that the mere cessation of the world war, does not mean the universal proclamation much less the realization of Peace on Earth, good will towards men. And why? Because as one has said, "Human nature remains essentially the

same, capable of no permanent improvement without the touch of God." It is will, the wills of men and women of "good will," consciously working with the will of God. It is will and not the happening of events, however significant or appalling, that really makes the changes that matter in the very structure of human life.

But how are we to receive and spread "Peace on earth, good will towards men?" How are we to make it a reality? What must be our duty if we are to be among the men of "good will," to whom alone the promise of peace on earth was long ago proclaimed at Bethlehem by Heavenly messengers glorifying God? Let us take our answer from the words of the Bishops at the Lambeth Conference.

"We rejoice that in these times of peril God is giving to His Church a fresh vision of His purpose to establish a kingdom in which all the nations of the earth shall be united in one family in righteousness and peace." We hold that this can only come through the acceptance of the sovereignty of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of His teaching, and through the application of the principles of Brotherhood, Justice and Usefulness to individuals and nations alike."

## CHRISTMAS STORIES AND TRADITIONS OF FERRYLAND.

H. F. SHORTIS.

IT HAS been truly said by a great writer, that the light of a new day has dawned upon us, and therefore we rejoice. A new spirit has entered the world, and we are thankful. The past with its wrongs and sorrows will soon be forgotten, and in the contentment of the present our glorious hopes of the future will be realized. Weary and battle-stained, but strong and unconquered, humanity stands out this blessed season of peace and good will, resolved as never before to sheathe the sword of death and hate, and to wield the only weapon of strong defense, the love that was born at Bethlehem.

At the beginning of this, the world's new era of peace and hope, may we have the inspiration to know and the strength and courage to do, the task that will fall to our hands. May we awaken to a lively consciousness of our helplessness, and in the light of our past experience cast all our care upon Him who alone aid and sustain us.

It cannot be denied that the cause of the late world war was man's self-sufficiency. Because of his mastery over the elements of Nature he gradually came to believe that he was above all the forces of heaven, on earth and under the earth—lord and master of the world and sole arbiter of its destiny. He never reckoned with God; he never took Him into his counsels. Relying on his own wisdom, he was never guided by the light of God's law and the ruling of His providence. He

set out to discover, to conquer and enjoy in a tinsel bark and with tinkered weapons. Not in the name of the Most High, but alone and unblest, did he sail out upon the uncertain waters of life's high-sea. In the full beauty of his high-born pride did he venture forth. And when the tempest rose and the thunder roared and the lightning flashed and the waves dashed high against him, he foundered upon the shoals of his sad folly, because Christ, the Divine Pilot, was not with him to rebuke the wind and say to the sea, "Peace, be still." As we sail out again, may Christ go with us. It would indeed be sad if, after the pain and sorrow our hearts have suffered; if, after all the tears and blood that we have shed, to light up the path and clear the way, any future generation should suffer for our negligence as we have suffered for the negligence of our fathers.

For the past two thousand years men have tried to find a proper substitute for Christ and His ideals. Every theory has been tried; every system has been advanced. In the parliaments of the nations, liberty was decreed as the only hope of the masses. But without the restraint and guidance of the Gospel, liberty soon degenerated into license, and the remedy was worse than the disease. In the schools and equality of learning, fraternity and equality were counselled as the only bond that could unite and hold together human kind. But denying the Fatherhood of God, the primal source of law and order, fraternity became a play-word

upon the lips of poets, and equality an empty ideal to delight the thoughts of dreamers.

To-day democracy is the cry of the world, and the street corners are vocal with its beauty and beneficence. Yet it is within our memory when democracies hanged, drew and quartered the innocent, and plundered and persecuted those who suffered for justice sake. If we will only clear our eyes of our moon-struck theories, and look beyond the limits of our narrow experience, we shall find that since Adam's fall we have not altered an atom in our frame and man is still man, with all the passions that have made the past hard, bitter and cruel. The world is not ruled by philosophy, and human nature cannot be changed by laws of governments.

This season of the year now drawing to a close, is one of retrospect, and to Newfoundland our people visit each other, at their homesteads, and relate events that have taken place many years ago, for the edification of the rising generation. In the outposts, of the village, tell of the deeds of heroism and adventure, in which he took a prominent part, and it is from such stories as his that the history of the country will be written and handed down to posterity. It is from one of those old patriarchs that the following stories have come down to me, through the kindness of Sergeant James Fitzgerald, who is a keen observer of men and things, and a man possessed of very considerable literary ability and descriptive power. In fact the worthy Sergeant is somewhat of an antiquarian, and takes a delight in committing such old stories and traditions to a memory, which is most retentive.

### LORD BALTIMORE IN FERRYLAND.

The history of the district of Ferryland is most interesting, and is one of the oldest in the Colony. About 1621 the spirit of Newfoundland settlement, having slumbered long, revived in great strength. Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, obtained the grant of a considerable tract from Cape St. Mary's to the Bay of Bulls, with the view of planting some of his countrymen, who, professing like himself the Roman Catholic religion, might enjoy their free exercise. Carry, Vincent Falkland, one of the most accomplished men of the age, undertook to send a colony from Ireland, of which he was then Lord-Lieutenant. Dr. Vaughan, a gentleman of Carmar-

then, despatched a body of Welshmen under the charge of Whitbourne. Mr. McGregor considers it very singular that the coast should be thus distributed among new adventurers, after it had been assigned in such full and absolute property to the British company. That body probably found the colonization a task beyond their power, and very little tempting as to profit. They continued, however, to receive and transmit settlers. Whitbourne gives an account of Lord Falkland's terms, to which the others were probably similar. Any one who subscribed £100 and settled at least eight persons, was to receive 2000 acres at a rent of twenty pence, to which was to be added a convenient space of ground for erecting stages and fishing, and also for embarking the produce; but for this last he was to pay twenty shillings annually. Any laborer who could provide himself with necessities for a year, and would consent to work five, was then to receive 100 acres, paying only a fee of ten shillings at entry and an annual quit-rent of one penny.

Few details are given of the colonists who went out under these conditions; but they appear to have been numerous. Lord Baltimore despatched three vessels under Capt. Wynne, who represented the climate as not more severe than that of England, and fitted for valuable grains, even wheat, as well as fruits and vegetables. His Lordship, upon going to the colony, built at Ferryland a strong fort and handsome houses, where he resided a considerable period. About twenty years after his first plantation, there were estimated to be about 350 families on different parts of the coast. The fishery, at the same time, grew rapidly in importance. In 1626, vessels to the number of 150 sailed thither from Devonshire, and England and began to supply the demand in Spain and Italy. The sea, however, was still severely harassed by pirates.

Lord Baltimore afterwards returned to England, and through the favor of King Charles I. was enabled to found a flourishing colony on the more genial shores of Maryland. The settlers, sinking into comparative neglect, seem to have given up all attempts at agriculture, devoting their whole attention to the fishery, which they carried on by stages from the coast. At this time, too, the French began to extend their fishing, and to become active rivals of the British. In 1635, the King granted them permission to cure and dry fish, on paying

five per cent. of the produce. In 1660, they formed a settlement in Placentia, which they long continued to occupy.

Such is a brief description of the early settlement of Ferryland, but the traditions, handed down from one generation to another, would lead us to believe that Ferryland was inhabited even before the days of Lord Baltimore. There is much to be seen in this historic old settlement, notably the foundation of Lord Baltimore's house, and several cannon on the Isle aux Boles, which was at one period fortified by the English. There are also several more cannon scattered around.

### THE "MASS ROCK" AND THE "GAZE."

The most interesting information received about this locality was the history of a peculiar shaped rock on the back or top of a high hill called "The Gaze." This stone is called, to the present day, the "Mass Rock," and tradition has it that it was there the priests hid, during the persecution of the early settlers at Ferryland, previous to any account given by our great prelate, the late Archbishop Howley, in his invaluable Ecclesiastical History, celebrated the Holy Sacrifice. Those were in the penal days in Ireland, and of course the persecution followed the priests to this country. The origin of the name "The Gaze" is easily arrived at. When the priest was about to celebrate Mass, it was necessary for the people to keep a sharp lookout for the warships, naval officers and others, who were even ready to interfere with the sacred duties. There are traces of the celebration in the performance of the former settlers at Ferryland in the shape of land being once cleared in small patches, a considerable distance inland, and the marks of the potato ridges are still there, but no person can give any account as to who performed the work, or built the stone walls which are to be seen around quite a distance from the sea-shore. One old man, now over 80 years of age, told Sgt. Fitzgerald, when he was stationed at Ferryland, that his grandmother often told him that her grandfather told her that she could remember the priest celebrating Mass on the top of "The Gaze." Such information takes us back to the very earliest settlement of Ferryland, and it is needless to say, is quite authentic.

### A STORY OF SHOAL BAY TREASURE.

About the end of the eighteenth century piracy existed, both in the North and South Atlantic, and in one case

a vessel coming from Ireland to Newfoundland was chased by one of those buccaners. The captain of the emigrant ship called all the male passengers, and offered them weapons in the shape of guns, pistols, cutlasses, etc., to defend the ship against an attack by the pirates. The young Irishmen, ever ready for a fight, thanked the captain, but said that they had more dependence in their good black-thorn sticks than in the weapons, as the former would "never miss fire," and they were better used to them. On the pirate ship nearing, and viewing the large number of strapping young men on the deck of the emigrant ship, they thought it more prudent to postpone their attack, and, after a short time, they retired.

About 130 years ago a pirate ship was chased by an English man-of-war near the coast of Newfoundland, and the pirate seeing that he was cornered for the land, the man-of-war following him. The pirate ran his vessel into a place called Shoal Bay, a small fishing harbor between Bay Bulls and Petty Harbor, about 10 miles South of St. John's. The captain of the pirate ship sent a boat's crew ashore to bring their treasure, which consisted of gold, silver and precious stones in 14 packages, each one as much as a strong man could lift. After the boat landed the captain, seeing the man-of-war closing in on him, committed what was, at that time, considered the first duty of a pirate, viz., put a match in the powder magazine and rather than be taken blew up his ship, with all hands, except the boat's crew, who went ashore to bring the treasure. The crew of the boat that went on shore consisted of about 10 men, and after bringing their treasure they "took to the woods," missed the path leading to St. John's, and went astray. They all died in the woods except one man, who made his way to Holyrood in Conception Bay. This man, who was an Irishman, made his escape from Newfoundland, and went to the Southern States of America. When dying about 80 years afterwards (70 or 80 years ago) he told the secret of the buried treasure in Newfoundland to a young countryman of his, who lost no time in coming to Newfoundland. When he arrived in St. John's, it was in the Spring of the year, and not knowing any person he could trust, he shipped for the fishery at Petty Harbor, for the summer, his object being to become better acquainted with the people and the surroundings. During the summer he made friends with another Irish-

## "THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD."

Calm on the list'ning ear of night  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains;  
Celestial choirs from courts above  
Shed sacred glories there,  
And angels with their sparkling lyres  
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply,  
And greet from all their holy heights  
The day-spring from on high;  
O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves in solemn praise  
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the lofty strain  
The realm of ether fills,  
How sweeps the song of solemn joy  
O'er Judah's sacred hills?  
"Glory to God!"—the sounding skies  
Loud with the anthem ring,  
"Peace to the earth—good-will to men,  
From heaven's Eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!  
The Saviour now is born,  
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains  
Breaks the first Christmas morn,  
And brighter on Moriah's brow,  
Crowned with her temple-spires  
Which first proclaim the new-born light  
Clothed with the Orient fires.

Shall Christian tongues this day be mute,  
And Christian hearts be cold?  
Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven  
O'er Judah's mountains roll'd,  
When nightly burst from Seraph harps  
The high and solemn lay  
"Glory to God!"—on earth be peace,  
Salvation comes to-day."

NOTE.—About forty years ago, this fine old hymn, with an equally fine old tune, was sung in St. Mary's Church here during the Christmas season. It was a favourite with the late Archdeacon Botwood and the Choir under the leadership of the late Mr. James Winsbrow. At that time the only "musical instrument" used in the Church was a "tuning fork," but the singing was very good and very hearty.

To some of the older readers of the Telegram who were members of the congregation, and especially those of the Choir now living, the hymn and tune, as well as the names of Archdeacon Botwood and Mr. Winsbrow will recall happy memories.  
Christmas, 1920.

man, named Michael Monahan, whose home was at the Riverhead of St. John's, and, I understand, that there are descendants of the latter still residing in St. John's. The Irishman from America told Monahan the secret of the buried treasure at Shoal Bay, and showed him a map of the place, particularizing the exact spot where the treasure was to be found. They made arrangements that when their time would be up at the fishery in the fall (October) they would get a couple of other reliable men and go to Shoal Bay and secure the treasure, but, unfortunately, an accident happened to the man from the United States, which entirely spoiled their well-arranged plans. In going down through his stage one morning before daylight, he fell through a hatchway and was killed. Tradition has it that it was the ghosts of the pirates that killed him.

When Monahan's time was up at the fishery, he formed a party, which consisted of three others—all "trustworthy men. They made every preparation and went to some expense so as to meet every requirement. They went to Shoal Bay, and camped about a quarter of a mile from the place where the treasure was buried.

### APPEARANCE OF THE GHOSTS.

The purpose they had in camping was to wait until after midnight to commence their work, as the ghosts of the pirates which they expected to encounter would be gone to rest, as they usually do after the witching hour. But "they reckoned without their host," for shortly after night-fall, according to Monahan's statement, the camp was surrounded by pirates. His companions became paralyzed with fear and fell on their faces and never stirred till daylight, but Monahan was made of sterner stuff. He stood his ground and kept the fire blazing all night. He said that the pirates, looking in the camp, reminded him of a "fair gap" in Ireland, when the people would be looking to see what was going on. Of course this ended his trip to Shoal Bay, and not for all the wealth in the world would his companions remain in that locality.

### NO "SPIRITS" NOW.

There have been several other attempts to locate the buried treasure since that time, notably, the expedition led by the late John Doyle, and another by a well-known citizen still in the flesh, but all without success. A man who was one of Doyle's party told me informant that he did nothing himself, but one of the men collapsed, and a dog that they had with them went mad. Some people say that the reason the Shoal Bay treasure has never been found may be attributed to the fact that the land has changed its formation by a great landslide, upheaval, or some other cause since the pirates buried their ill-gotten wealth. However, I consider that the possibility of seekers after the Shoal Bay treasure meeting with nocturnal interruptions from the

"spirits" will be considerably minimized in the future, as Prohibition has abolished all hopes and inducements to the disembodied pirates to visit this subterranean sphere in search of spiritual comfort and consolation, unless they have an inclination to the qualities of moonshine, which, not likely, as during their repeated raids on both land and sea they always provided themselves with the Mountain Dew, Black and White, Hennessy's 3 Star, first shot Jamaica, a variety of wines from sunny Spain or Portugal.

Anyhow there is one thing certain if any of our treasure seekers in the future should be successful, locate the bullion and raise it to the surface, they will have no difficulty in providing a good fat turkey and geese for their Christmas dinner, and I am sure we all wish them success—and the readers of the Evening Telegram Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

## Bethlehem.

Bethlehem, the town "where it is always Christmas," is a very beautiful place even to-day. Of its ten thousand inhabitants, six thousand are Catholics, and almost all the rest belong to the Orthodox Church. The town where Christ was born is shown in the Church of the Nativity, and there can be no reasonable doubt but that it is the authentic spot of Christ's birth. A silver star is placed upon the floor with the inscription in Latin "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

The inhabitants of Bethlehem are happy and cheerful people and the costume has not changed much since our Lord's Day. The men, in the great turbans and flowing robes, the women in their beautiful dress, seem to be engaged in a perpetual drama of the Nativity. A traveller tells us: "The women all wear long, white veils stretching nearly to the ground; but the case of the married women the veil is draped over a high head-dress called the mitra, somewhat in the shape of a turban, but covered with golden coins—the wearer's dowry. The dress itself is richly embroidered in squares of blue, red, and gold. I should like to see a picture of our Blessed Lady clad in the dress of the women of Bethlehem."

Thoughts of Bethlehem are appropriate for us this holy Christmas season. Let us often go there in spirit and worship the Christ-child in the company of the three kings from afar—Catholic Register.

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