THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

2

Advent.

BY E. M. V. M'CLEAN. He is coming ! He is coming ! Heralded by angel strains, Prince of all, aven's wide domains— Lord of The Messiah ! Peace, good-will on earth shall reign.

From their snowy wings there slanted Brighter rays than deck the morn, Peace on earth, good-will," they chanted

"Peace on earth, good-will," the Unto you a Child is born : Seek the Infant Who has Heaven's gl-ry worn. When the heads to be added a solution with the solution of the maiden-Mother's breast, when the night was softly dying In the opai-tinted West, In a stable Where the beasts had sought their rest.

From the Catholic World. A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SKELETON IN THE GARDEN. Towards the close of a certain day in January, some years removed from the present date of writing, a snow-storm was taking place in a Canadian city of note and position in its own country, but lit-tle known, save among the mercantile community, in the United States. The storm was one of the old-fashioned kind. hen the flakes fell softly and thickly, and thought not of stopping for two days at least; when you could not see to any noticeable distance through the feathery veil; and enjoyed many surprising en-counters in consequence; when the air rang with the music of invisible bells and human voices, and when every pleasure-loving heart was bright with the confi-dence of a month's u.interrupted sleighdence of a month's uninterrupted siegh-ing. Those were the good old times cele-brated in story and in song. Nature's generosity in the shape of a snowy, blowy, freezing winter was equalled only by the generous manner in which the Canadians celebrated its coming. In that city the winter has become a memory of the past celebrated its coming. In that city the winter has become a memory of the past, and so many changes have occurred in other respects as to make the period of which we write seem tinged with the romance of a century's distance. Then the woods ran close to the city limits, and followed the utterance of these words, a shifting of seats, a craning of necks, and a occasionally, in spite of aldermanic fiats, still held with their rearguard some of the most popular thoroughfares. Now the virgin forest has fled north-Quip had been commanded to make were t be of a crushing and conclusive nature. ward and only a rim of venerable trees ornaments the surrounding hills, the

the virgin lotest may not verify the survey of a run of verify and only a rim of verify the survey of a consisting and conclusive nature. The individual thus suddenly lifted intonotriety gazed for a moment on the individual thus suddenly lifted intonotriety gazed for a moment on the enemy, with one eye shut after the fash-ion of a sage jackdaw, and then shook himself as though arranging a set of ill natured feathers. His appearance was the rivers. Now the rivers run thin and tremulous to the lakes, shrunk into half their earlier size and deprived of all their lovelines; and the grandchildren of the survey of his forehead, and beakward curve of his forehead, and beakward curve of his neek gave him the air of a wise old bird. His eyes were deepset, brilliant, and hard in expression, through the drifts to the tintinnabulation and his hair, dark and thick, hung straught through the drifts to he tintinabulation of the bells—those grandchildren, I sav, now wait hopefully and patiently for a storm which will give them one hour of pleasant sleighing, and many days of slushy, muddy discontent on the four wheels of a brougham. It was a city slushy, muddy discontent on the four wheels of a brougham. It was a city of simple, homely pleasures in the main, and these abounded to the fullest extent. Nature, like the people, was generous in her giving. In summer there was rain in abundance and cool, dry days; in winter their a the cold fairly sparkled, and the snow fell stant.

the cold fairly sparkled, and the snow fell as it is falling this moment when the story begins, in showers that left marble ap-pearances as common as in the days of the Roman fame. It had been snowing for two days, and indications of the clearing up of the storu were becoming apparent in the increasing volume of sleighbell music; in the rout and roar of the school-children whom care-ful mammas had kept within doors for

had crept from one of the chimneys of the and as the doctor-for of the medical prostately dwelling, and was pushing its deft fingers along a part of the roof quite free from snow. The peril was not immedi-ate. Moreover, the servants had come to fession Mr. Quip's master turned out to be—alighted and came slowly up the steps its late occupant disappeared within the Within the lamps had just been lighted, the rescue, and a sturdy fellow was craw-ling on hands and knees to the spot of dan

their antagonist, crossed swords in an in-

and their soft brilliancy fell upon the panelled walls and rich adornments of the A little relieved from suspense, the rooms with an effect that took the eye of the physician mightily, although he had seen it all many times. Everything was silence of the crowd was soon changed into a murmur; and shortly the readier and seen it all many times. Everything was in perfect taste, and in keeping with the reputed wealth and fine social position of the man whose good fortune it was to hold the highest business reputation in the city. Doctor Killany looked around him with the air of one accustomed to live and more absorbed in the investigance of weit a more forward began to indelge their wit at the expense of their neighbors. Then the laugh followed, hilarity communicated itself with lightning speed to the whole assemblage, and it became clear that as the assemblage, and it became clear that as the danger to the dwelling diminished the necessity of a speedy separation became more urgent. Some of the sleights began to feel their way through the multitude— a proceeding which gave great offence to the majority, and brought down showers of sarcasms and biting repartee, not always of the most refined sort, upon the occu-pants. Others, not caring to risk receiv-ing the same attentions, waited in silence and patience for escape from the situation, but showed plainly enough their distress and disgust. Prominent among these was a gentleman in the rear of the crowd, yet n far enough back to retreat in the more absorbed in the impatience of wait-ing than in actual observation of the costly comforts under his eve. Yet at that moment no picture could have been more distinct in the doctor's mind than more distinct in the doctor's mind than that of the miseralle, dingy bachelor rooms-miserable and dingy for his tastes and ambition, wretched by comparison with all this magnificence-which his in-come could with difficulty support in their tawdry grandeur. The doctor was a handsome man, not extraordinarily good-looking, but with the personal beauty which regular features, fine teeth, bright eyes, a good figure, and a polished man-ner can give to the most ordinary mor-tals. His complexion was to uniformly pale to please, and a certain pinched ex-pression of some of the features gave a are far enough back to retreat in the direction whence he came. His turn-out was stylish and rich, but so subdued in its trappings as to attract more attention and envy from its extraordinary taste and re-finement than from its richness. He sat finement than from its richness. He sat quietly smoking a cigar and throwing con-temptuous glances on those around him. They were as contemptously received as given. The charser ones did not besitate to utter some sharp criticisms on his ap-pearance, ambiguous enough, however, to apply to any gentleman in the crowd, and therefore not to be considered personal by any. Their attentions did not disturb his serenity or banish his looks of scorn. When at last they had become bolder, and their wit was edged with a broader perpression of some of the features gave a rather sinister touch to his countenance. The eyes shifted too often from one object to mother. The mouth had about it the o another. The mouth had about faintest suspicion of cruelty, and in his moments of meditation his brow fell to glowering with the ferocity of a Catiline. His head was intellectual in shape and size, and rested proudly on his shoulders, but the jaw was too massive to make the effect complete, whatever firmness it gave When at last they had become bolder, and their wit was edged with a broader per-sonality, he turned to his companion, who, holding the reins, had been as silent as himself, and said in a peculiarly cold in-sulting tone: "Answer them, Quip," and returned to his cigar and his contempt. An expectant rustle among the crowd followed the utterance of these words a to his expression. Standing under the glare of the lamps, Doctor Killany appeared no ordinary personage. No one would forget to take a second glance at

his pale face and elegant form, wondering, perhaps, that one so favored by nature should be so little favored by grace. The servant came shortly to usher him into the library, where Mr. McDonell stretching of ears-as if the answers which awaited him.

The merchant sat in his easy-chair, near the grate, his face partly hidden by anews-paper, which he did not lay aside at the entrance of his visitor. He was an old man, if judged by the whiteness of his hair and the wrinkles of his face. Care and weariness were its prevailing expression, and these qualities seemed to deeper and broaden when Doctor Killany had entered, and, walking to the mantel, stood with one arm upon the marble shelf in an attitude of superb and yet insufferable familiarity. He was smiling down upon the white-haired gentleman, who, without removing his eyes from the paper, con-"Will you not be seated, doctor? I sup-

"Will you not be seated, doctor it sup-or and I have never been exacting, consid-"Thank you," the doctor answered, "but my stay must be rather short. If you could give me your attention for a few moments I would be deeply grate-

ful." The slightest shade of annovance passed over McDonell's face as he answered: "It is not of so much value, sir, that your gratitude should be at all aroused. Do sit down." "Thank you again," said the doctor smoothly; "but please excuse me. I must feel grateful—extremely so. The minutes of a business man, I have heard, represent so many dollars." asked but little." "Is it nothing," said the doctor, an-gered by the old man's tone out of his uran's tone out of his statements of the province, and a ris-ing power in the political world, is, if jus-"Proof, proof, sir!" cried the mer-chant.

many dollars.

"In business hours, perhaps, but not now," returned the other, with visibly public tribunals, I cannot blast your name restrained impatience.

city and country; but as a poor profes-sional I would not have dared to look up to the heiress with the boldness I at pre-sent assume. You see I am frank." "It is one of your shining qualities," the merchant answered. "Yet, if you would deign to receive a little advice from me do not presume too much on righted; I shall repent through all my remaining years; but spare, oh! spare my child." TO BE CONTINUED.

from me, do not presume too much on this secret matter. Poverty is a great mis-fortune, but not the greatest, and I would

but cunning indifference.

in this?

THE APOSTLESHIP.

We take the following extract from a lecture lately delivered by Dr. O'Callag-han, at Little Rock, Ark.

suffer it in preference to many things. Besides, it has often occurred to me that restitution might as well be made now to those I have wrouged as when I am on my death-bed. It must be made in any event." created life, coming to curse but forced to bless the children of Israel, his eye was "Are there any to whom you could make it?" asked the doctor, with careless to bless the children of Israel, his eye was rivited with awe on the wandering taber-nacle of God, flashing in the golden pomp of morn. With the power of prophecy he gazed beneath the veil of that temporary, shadowy home of God. He saw the manra which the sky had poured upon the hungry bosom of the desert, and near it the rod of Aaron, the blooming sceptre of the Levitical priesthood. types and "That is not to the point," the mer-chant replied, resting his head heavily on his hand; "if they do not live it goes to the poor." "Have you thought of your daughter McDonell raised himself haughtily, and threw an angry glance at the doctor. "I understand you," he said coldly. "But Nano will not fail to follow her

it the cod of Aaron, the blooming sceptre of the Levitical priesthood, types and symbols of a Divine Spiritual Manna, which a Priest infinitely greater than Aaron, a Priest forever according to the Order of Melchisidec, would give in his own Flesh and Blood, to nourish the souls of men in the desert of the world. father into poverty, if it be necessary." "And so to live after him?" questioned "And so to live after him?" questioned Killany, with the slightest suspicion of a sneer in his smiling face. "You do not know your daughter, Mr. McDonell. In spite of her philosophical pursuits, which she pretends teach her to despise every-thing; in spite of the careful education you souls of men in the desert of the world. "How beautiful indeed are Thy taber-nacles, O Lord of Hosts!" Beautiful indeed when thy riches were only beggarly elements, the passing shadow of the "good things to come" which the Paynim saw, how much more beautiful they are to-day to the eyes of Catholic faith, which beholds here the substance of all complexe the thing; in spite of the careful education you have given her at the hands of strange's, Miss Nano has a high appreciation of the advantages of wealth. She has no religion. In fact, she despises all religions. A kind of philosophical morality has usurped religion's place. I believe that, if it were required, she would, as thris-tians eavy parti the sould to ratio this here the substance of all sacrifices, the perfection of all worship, which builds here a "dwelling place for the Lamb of God" whom St. Andrew followed—which sees a whom St. Andrew followed—which sees a sanctuary as precious as the floor of heaven inlaid with patterns of burnished gold, which sees an altar which trembles like the cross of Calvary with the weight of One both Priest and Victim—the Lamb of God tians say, peril her soul to retain this wealth." McDonell stood up, his face as white as the marble mantel, his breath coming in short, quick gasps. "You lie!" he whispered, " ou lie, you slain from the beginning of the world. If you would seek them like St. Andrew the place where the Messiah dwells, come to the door of this House of God, come to The doctor smiled at his anger and the gates of this factuary, built after the pattern in the Mount, come to the altar that rises upon the ruins of Mounts Geia-zin and Mount Zion, come and worship with the angelia beat, came to the fact arnestness. The agony of the father found no sympathy in his heart. An atheist himself, he could not see in the principles which it pleased Miss Nano to profess anything inconsistent with the or-dinary standard of virtue. He said nothwith the angelic host, come to this foun tain of everlasting life, come and know and adore, and receive the "gift of God." ing in answer to the intensely bitter and insulting words of McDonell, but busied himself with the papers, while the mer-chant, bowing his head upon the mantel, endeavored to recover from the sudden storm of anguish which had swept over bis soul. During the silves that inter Your inquiry for the place where the Master of the Apostles dwells, if it be as sincere as the question of St. Andrew. will bring you here, to this new Calvary, to the mediator of the New Testament, to the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus which speaketh better than that of Abel his soul. During the silence that inter-vened neither saw the face which for a moment looked in through the partly-open door, and was reflected darkly, mournfully on the mirrors opposite. When the gen-tlemen resumed their conversation it was On this altar rests the Lamb of God. who taketh away the sins of the world, who by His one oblation hath perfected forever them that are sanctified. All preceding them that are sanctified. All preceding sacrifices had no value of their own ; they gone. "Tell me why you have come here to-night," said McDonell, composedly taking his seat. "What more do you ask for?" "The smallest of favors," said Killany; "and I have never been exacting, considwere efficacious only in as much as the prefigured the sacrifice of the cross. "For it was impossible that with the blood of oxen and goats, sins should be taken away; only the blood of the Lamb of God, unspotted and undefiled, can redeen from sin, can cleanse the conscience from dead works to serve the living God. The sacrifice of the cross is then the centre of all r ligion, the well-spring of grace. It is the fountain from which flow all th

streams of God's benedictions both in the Old and the New Law. Christ as a victim Old and the New Law. Christ as a victim of the cross and on our altars is a magnet or load-stone that draws all things to Himself, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all things to Myself." Both the Jewish synagogue and the Catholic Church were born of the death on the cross, their sacrifices and sacred rites can be explained only by the sacrifice of the area. "There I am weak," the doctor acknowonly by the sacrial rules can be explained only by the sacrial field of the cross, the one foreshadowing and prefiguring that sacri-fice, the Catholic Church continuing it in its full reality. This truth shows us that there is a divine unity in all God's DECEMBER 23, 1881.

of worship, all of which you witnessed to-day, should like night-birds shrink back into the shadowy regions of the dead past. It cannot be, it should not be. Here on this altar where the Divine Master of St. Andrew dwelis, He can say, as He said when the vision of the cross broke upon his soul, "If I am lifted up. I will draw all things to myself. Everything true and good and beautiful is irresistibly drawn to the Catholic altar because everything true and good and beautiful gather around its true centre, the Cross of Jesus Christ. Everything that can sanctify man, whether it appeals directly to his love, or indirectly the note the same is present into the same through the senses, is pressed into the ser-vice of the sacrifice of Calvary, prolonged through the ages. As naturally as the sun flower turns to the sun, so do all things beautiful and good turn to the Crucified

THE IMMACULATE VIRGIN.

How English Catholics of old Sang Her Praises.

The earliest Christian writers in Eng-land exhausted every epithet and title they could find to express the Immaculate purity and perfect sanctity of the Blessed Mother of God. Venerable Bede quotes the words of the Irish poet Sedulius:

"To her we sing Who bore in time the world's eternal King, And peerless in the human race has found A mother's joys by virgin honors crowned."

To Bede she is the "Genitrix incorrupta," the Virgo incompara biliter benedicta"- the Mother undefiled, the Virgin blessed beyond compare. St. Aldhelm calls her "the garden en-

St. Aldreim cans her "the garden en-closed," the fountain sealed up, "the one dove amid the threescore queens," and many other titles called from the mystic Canticle of Canticles. The grave Alcuin writes verses in which

he names her "his sweet love, his honor, the great hope of his salvation, the Queen

of heaven, the flower of the field, the lily of the world, the fountain of life." A manuscipt now in the University Library at Cambridge, called the Book of Cerne, and which belonged to Ethelwald, Bishop of Sherbourne in 760, contains the following prayer to the Blessed Virgin, a clear monument both of the faith and de clear monument both of the faith and de-votion of the Anglo-Saxons in the time of Venerable Bede: "Holy Mother of God, Virgin ever blest, glorious and noble, chaste and inviolate, O Mary Immaculate, chosen and beloved of God, endowed with singular sanctity, worthy of all praise, thou who art the advocate for the sins (peril) of the whole world; O listen, listen, listen to us, O holy Mary. Pray for us, intercede for us, disdain not to help us. For we are confident and know for certain that thou canst obtain all know ior certain that thou canst obtain all know willest from thy Son, cur Lord Jesus Christ, God Al-mighty, the King of Ages, who liveth with the Father and the Holy Ghost for ever and ever. Amen." This and much more we find in the

writers of the Anglo-Saxon Church ; and thus they tried to express the idea of absolute sinlessness and perfect excellence which had been impressed on their minds by their first teachers in faith, and which was developed by their constant study of Holy Scripture and their meditation

the mysteries of Redemption Adam Scot, who wrote about 1180, speaks in the following glowing language of the honor due to the Mother of God : of the honor due to the Mother of God: "Mary is our mistress, our advocate, our sweetness and our life, our hope and our mediatress. She is the Mother of God, the Queen of angels, the conqueror of the devils, the refuge of the miserable, the solace of orphans, the help of the weak, the strength of the just, etc. etc. But these are words which will sooner be exhausted than her pre-reatives will be

DECEMBER 23, 1881.

An Enchanted Island.

A wonderful stream is the river Time. As it runs through the realms of tears With a faultless rhythm and a m rhyme, And a broader sweep and a surge sublime, And blends with the ocean of years.

And blends with the obtain of years. There's a musical isle up the river Time, Where the softest of airs are playing. There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime, And a song as sweet as a vesper chime. And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago, And we bury our treasures there; There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow ; There are heaps of dust, but we love them so; There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fingments of songs that nobody

sings, And a part of an infant's prayer ; There's a lute unswept and a harp without

strings, There are broken vows and pieces of rings, And the garment she used to wear. There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore

fairy shore By the mirage is lifted in air, And we sometimes hear, through the turbu-lent roar, Sweet voices we heard in the days gone be-

fore. When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed isle, All the day of life till night! And when evening comes with its beautiful smile.

And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile, May that "Greenwood" of soul Le in sight.

A JESUIT IN CONGRESS.

Interesting Sketch of a Michigan **Pioneer Priest.**

Editor of The Pilot :- Being down here Editor of The Pilot :-Being down here in Florida for the purpose of founding a Catholic colony, when, by chance, the "Report of the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan, vol. 1, Lansing, George & Co., 1877," came into my hands, J naturally ran through it to notice what trials the pioneer of the country when trials the pioneers of that country met with in their efforts at settlement there. In doing so, I came across some matter I had long been looking for. I had heard, in a vague sort of way, that we had once in this country a Catholic priest as a meber of Congress ; but when, or from where or what manner of man he was, I had never heard, but I found the whole history in the volume I am speaking of. I find the name indexed as Rev. Gabriel Richard Jesuit priest, Vicar-General, etc., and that mention is made of him quite frequently namely, on page, 345, 347, 371, 385, 438 443, 450, 479, 481, 482, 486, 487, 491, and 495. This, to begin with, will give you some idea of how large a space he fill in the annals of the Pioneers of Michi

The first mention of him, on page 345 The first mention of him, on page 345 is merely that his name is published asom-in a list of inhabitants of Detroit in the year 1806: in which list, by the way occurred also the (Irish) names of Thoma Welch, Elizabeth McBride, Hugh R Martin, David McLain, Polly Donovan Sally Donovan, Dr. Wm. McCoskry, John Kinnie, Henry McVay, Wm. Keene, John Meldrum, Sally Nowlen, Robert Com-Matthew Donovan, James McCloskey James McDonald, Daniel Macneal, Thoma Matthew Donovan, James McCloskey James McDonald, Daniel Macneal, Thoma

James McDonald, Daniel Macneal, Thoma Mahony, and George Welch, one in nim-of the whole population. On page 347, Father Richard is men tioned as having lost £250 by the fire o 1805, and Thomas Welch £215.

The mention on page 317 is unimport ant, a mere passing allusion to him in a paper read before the society in 3^{-7}

On p. 385, Fr. Richard is mentioned as having published the first newspape printed in Michigan, namely, the Michigan Say, Detroit, Aug. 31, 1802. On p. 438, the mention of him is as defendant in a law suit, urged agains him, and with success, by Counsello O'Keefe, for the plaintiff. The mention on p. 443, is in thes "Peter Yax comes next. He was a good "Peter Yax comes next. He was a good Catholic, as were also most of the citizem on the river. Fr. Richard visited then twice a year, and frequently stopped with Yax. Yax had three stalwart sons, al fiddlers. The Rev. Father thought thero was too much dancing among the youn people, and prevailed on them when the came together to sing and amuse them solves in some other way. So he told Mr Solves in some other way. So he told Mr Yax that the young people had agreed to amuse themselves without dancing so Now, as the old man's sons wer much. all fiddlers, it rather interfered with hi submit. The next time the Father cam-round he said, "Well, Monsieur Yax, no is much dance among the young people I suppose?" "No, Father, not so much dance, but the young people get the card and gamble. They drink whiskey an get drunk. They curse, they swear. No not so much dance; oh no! not so muc dance. This story shows that the art of specia pleading was not unknown, even away out in Michigan, in the time of Mr. Yax The mention, on p. 450, is in a pape read before the Teachers' Institute of De troit, in 1871, by a Mr. Wilkins, Schoo Inspector of that eity. In this paper Mi Wilkins, while alluding to Father Richar Wilkins, while alluding to Father Richar as "the head of the Catholic Church in th Territory, a man of political power as we as a fine education," said he did not ap prove of educating the masses; a character istic fling for which Mr. Wilkins was nicel roasted in a paper read before the Pionee Society, the next year, by Mr. Girardin of Detroit, to which I will come in du course The mention, on p. 479, is an illustra tion of how grossly an apparently intelli gent, and, doubtless, well-meaning ma may deceive himself when he meddles wit religious matters which he does not un derstand. The paper is "An Account o the Life and Times of Rev. Joseph Hickow read before the society by Rev. E. H. Pil cher, D. D., in 1873." cher, D. D., in 1873." After telling that Mr. Hickex was born near Hartford, Connecticut in 1784, h narrates his wanderings until he bring him to active service in the Methodis Church in Detroit. Dr. Pilcher then says : "During hi frequent visits to Detroit a rather strang intimacy sprang up between Mr. Hickoy and the Catholic priest at Detroit, Mr Gabriel Richard, whose acquaintance h had made. This priest was a perfect gen tleman and a fine scholar, very shrew in making proselytes to his church." H then recounts what he puts forward as theological discussion between Mr. Hick ox and Father Richard, and leaves the in ference to be drawn that Father Richard

When the heathen prophet stood on mist-wreathed Zophine, heaven controlled, his dark mind suddenly bathed with un-

kept within doors for and there doesn't seem to be end and there doesn't seem to be enough and in the broad banners of light that waved across the snowfall from the west, where the sun was struggling, and not wainly to the struggling, and not wainly to the struggling that an old gentleman who was in convulsions, waved across the snowfall from the west, where the sun was struggling, and not where the sun was strugging, and not vainly, to throw his strongest winter light on the snow-bound land and the frozen waters of the lake. Forms were becom-ing more distinct, sudden encounters less numerous, and foot-passengers, although numerous, and foot-passengers, although they had severe struggles in the snowneedn't be afraid to touch me, Johnny, for you're too soft to stand on your own legs. You shouldn't be out without your pana." "A crack in a board wouldn't be harder to photograph Jhan you, dear Mr. Quip," lisped the other. "In a small es-tablishment you are just the one to fill up the cornersthat nobody uses from being too small to get into." "Perhaps you'd like to hire me," said Mr. Quip. "No, no; yet I could assure you of more food than you get in your present quarters." "More drifts, more venturesome. In those streets where wealth and respectability dwelt, ladies in furs, coachmen in liveries, and gentlemen in greatcoats were coming and going to and from every mansion, so eager vere all to greet one another after a long imprisonment of two days. O the cheer-ful, smiling young faces that shone on every side with a brightness which their hearts had stolen from the returned sun ! And the blessed old faces pressed against the windows to see the set of yet I could assure you of more food than you get in your present quarters." "More food to look at, perhaps; but I can do that every hour in the windows of butchers and grocers. You judge, Johnny, like a votary of the superficial world. You may feast on sirlion and honey, as it is said by the poet, and yet you can find peo-ple to swear that you are starved. But ret a ten cent divers at a Dutchersing the windows to see the younger ones departing, with the memories of an earlier and a similar time to lighten up the wrinkles and the fast-dulling eyes! What a sight it was even to the indifferent looker-on! The greetings that were exchanged, loud and ringing as the greet-ings of their own sleighbells! The pretty get a ten-cent dinner at a Dutch eating-house, borrow or beg a stylish rig which cries from the young ladies, and the manly tones of assurance that answered

house, borrow or beg a stylish rig which you never intend to pay for, and you are supposed to live on the fat of the land." And the gentleman heaving a profound sigh, next burst into a series of explosive cachinnations that set all the horses pranc-ing. "Now take my advice, dear friends," he continued blandly, as he saw indica-tions of a break in the blockade: "pay your debts in this world, or the devil will collect them in the next and he exact a and down through the long Up thoroughfares went the sleighs, a winter mosaic of colored robes and silvered harness and sparkling eyes, crossing and re-crossing the same streets, darting into side avenues and appearing again on the fashionable way, turning at times country-wards for a spin on the open roadway, collect them in the next, and he exacts a hundred per cent.; don't take it hard that and occasionally moving snail-like through a retired quarter, where nothing had escaped the mould of shabby gentil-ity save undying love. But at one of the som men can ride in their own carriages while you must steal one or walk-the world is full of such inequalities of for tune, and your satisfaction is that an hour most favored points an awkward blockade must come when all will ride in the same in your heads on all occasions. Adieu." The front rank of the blockade had It was a wide avenue leading occurred. straight to the lake, and bordered just now by the skeleton of trees. The state-liest houses of that time here had their broken as Mr. Quip finished his moral disfoundations, and the bluest-blooded of the city here sheltered their stately exclusivecourse with a prodigious wink in the di-rection of the friendly old gentleman. All ness. On every gate gleamed a silvered inscription, and at every curb was a pol-ished and carved footstone for the horsethe sleighs were in motion. Down and across two avenues the stream went pouring, the horses snorting and plunging gladly at their release from unwilling bondage, and the ladies and gentlemen sparkling and glowing, as to cheeks and gree and convergence with a short but women of the house-for riding was an accomplishment of those days, much as it is now neglected. The blockade was ex-tensive, and began in front of a building eyes and conversation, with redoubled fer vor. Mr. Quip's enemies endeavored to make reply to his last onslaught when the whose roomy grounds and numerous towers bespoke unusual wealth for the proprietor. Sleighs were constantly ar-riving to swell the throng already gathered, movement reached their vicinity; but the bird-like fellow had already received his and, as the dwelling stood at the intersecorder, from the master, and with a bow of tion of two streets, a goodly and hetero-geneous crowd of vehicles was soon ranged

scornful politeness towards them, and a last and powerful wink at the merry old gentleman, had turned off into the drive of those grounds where stood the mansion a little alarm was expressed, for a flame stand powerful wink at the merry old stand powerful wink at the merry old powerful wink at the merry old stand powerful wink at the merry old powerful wink at the merry old stand powerful wink at the merry old precisely," the doctor murmered; "and was your right. I must suffer doubly in your sufferings and my own. O my God!" is on the strength of these relations that of those grounds where stood the mansion a little alarm was expressed, for a flame with destruction.

prettily, and the avenues were block-"It might have been an awkward thing for us," McDonell said, "if the engines of the fire department had become neces-

sary. "So I thought. Miss Nano was in one avenue and I in the other. Neither was able to approach. Imagine our sensations. "They must have been painful," said

McDonell, with an amused smile. "Indeed, indeed they were; but pardon my abruptness, I have come to speak of your daughter." The older gentleman put aside his paper at this, folded his hands, and looked into

the doctor's shifting eyes so long as they remained fastened on him. It was an at-

remained fastened on him. It was an at-titude of confident defiance. "I allow you," he said, with a bland-ness which did not quite conceal the per-emptoriness of his tones, "to associate with Name to dime with her to the state. with Nano, to dine with her, to ride with her. I trust you have not the sublime "To be plain with you I have not the sublime ished such desires," said the doctor hum-bly, 'but subject both to your permission and to Miss Nano's in their expression. I

am not a susceptible man, bnt your daughter's intellect, beauty, and-"Her wealth and position," broke in the

other. "Her wealth and position," continued Killany, undisturbed, "were a combina-tion of good qualities which neither my

"Nor your interest." my interest, if you will so have "Nor it, could easily pass over; and being once prisoner so favorably, you may be sure I am not anxious to escape from my chains.

"Not while the chains are golden, I'll be bound," laughed McDonell. "But you will never have from me—"
"I beg of you, sir," interrupted the distribution of the second second

doctor, with a warning gesture, "for your own sake not to make any declarations which it may pain you to retract before . His manner was gentle and smooth as

usual, but contained a threat in its very noothness.

"Your confidence would be amusing," said McDonell, growing a shade paler, the matter were less serious or our relations other than they are."

speech.

restrained impatience. Doctor Killany drummed the mantle with his fingers for a few moments, and stared at the opposite wall. "You had a narrow escape a short time ago. I saw it from the street; the roof was blazing prettily, and the avenues were block-to risk tha ?" to risk tha ?"

"For Nano's sake, no," McDonell said: "and yet, as I have said of poverty, it is great misfortune, but there are misfor-tunes still greater."

tunes still greater." "To return to the object of this inter-view," said Killany—"and, I pray,leave off your silly innuendoes—I want your per-mission to woo your daughter honorably. It shall be in her power to reject me. I do not ask your influence—no, not even your neutrality. From me she shall never hear of the unfortunate relations that

hear of the unfortunate relations that between us, and if you choose to exist leave her penniles at your death-heur it shall make no difference for me. Can anything be fairer? Could you desire more in the wealthiest son-in-law?" "Nothing more," McDonell answered

carelessly. "I accept your conditions, and, further, there shall be no interference on my part. You have told me that I do not know my daughter. In the respects you have mentioned I do not, and trust that those hideous deformities of character may be as wanting in her as they are glar-ing in you. But this I do know," and smile of loving, fatherly confidence lighted for a moment the gentleman's haggard face: "she will never marry you. Oh! you may exercise the ingenuity and cun-ning of a devil, but she will never m arry

you." "I take all risks," the doctor said gaily. "Faint heart never won fair lady." Behold me in a twelvemonth your "honored son in-law."

"honored son in-law." "i shall bid you good-evening," the merchant said wearily. "You have ob-tained your request. I would say, may you regret the hour when you first asked it, but that I am sure you will." "Good-evening, sir," the doctor coolly responded. "I would also say, may you regret the hour in which you first granted it, but that I am sure you will. Your

it, but that I am sure you will. Your servant, sir.

And he bowed himself, smiling and triumphant, out of the room. For some moments Mr. McDonell remained in his drooping posture at the table. Then he

rose and surveyed his face at the glass. "It must have been truth," he said with a sigh, "or it never would have struck home so keenly. O my child! my child! Through you God will punish me for my desertion of the orphans, for my deser-tion of the faith he gave to me and my fathers, for my love of power and wealth; ons other than they are." But he did not finish his interrupted peech. "Precisely," the doctor murmered; "and was your right. I must suffer doubly in was your right. I must suffer doubly in the doctor murmered is a suffer doubly in the suffer doubly in the doctor murmered is a suffer doubly in the suffer double doub

works, a unity that joins together all times and places, the law of nature and the law of Moses with the law of Christ,

and all with the great centre of unity, the Cross of Calvary. There has been from the beginning but one religion in the world, the religion of Jesus Christ, different in its degrees of completion but one and the same in substance. The first chapter in Genesis is the first page of the religion of Jesus Christ, the first page in the history of the Holy Catholic Church. The whole argument of the Apostle of the Gentiles in his sacrificial Epistle to of the Gentues in his sacrificial Episte to the Hebrews is built upon the typical nature of the Old Law of sacrifice and its hature of the Old Law of sacrifice and its necessary connection with the Law of Christ. It was the shadow of heavenly things. But there can be no shadow un-less there is a body to cast it. There can be no pattern unless there is an original. What is the original? Christ answers the Apostle who was wrapt to the third heavens to drink in the beauty of the eternal altar, Christ, His sacrifice, His priesthood.

And if all this be so, if the cross of And if all this be so, if the cross of Jesus Christ is the only solution to Judaic mysteries; if Our Lord might truly say to the Jews, "For, if you believe Moses, you would, perhaps, believe me also, for he wrote of me," if in the words of the learned Cardinal Newman, "the Pat-riarchal age may be called the pavement, the Mosic coverant the words. the Mosic covenant the superstructure, and the Gospel the roof and perfection of the Temple of Revelation; if all this be true,

as it is, then we may naturally conclude that out of many systems claiming to be Christ's holy religion, that is His which most harmoniously corresponds to that gilded tent and tabernacle of Israel which thrilled with its splendor even the heart of the pagan Moabite prophet long centuries That is His which most perfectly fulfils its rites, for the type must answe to its anti-type, the pattern to its ori ginal.

Could it be that the religion of Jesus Christ, in its first stages, in its shadowy state, should be more rich in its ceremonial pomp, in the Divine ingenuity with which t appealed to the senses and imagination, as well as to the understanding and the heart of man, in the number and magnificence of its sacrifices, than the same relig-ion in its state of completion? Could it be that art and music and poetry should gather as obedient hand-mails around the chair of Moses and be sanctified by the shadows cast backwards from the future

Cross of Calvary, and that, when the chair of Peter; when the Cross was raised in very truth; when the bloody Sacrifice of the Lord control of the construction of the construction. the Lamb of God was really consummated; when the full light of Divine beauty and love was beaming from the pale features of the dead Jesus, that then, art, and poe-try, and music, and the dramatic ceremony

exhausted than her prer gatives will explained, so great is the fulness of her

" Mary is the temple of the Lord. Like Anna in the temple of Jerusalem, let us not depart from it day or night. Let us venerate this temple, let us rejoice and exult in it; let us pray in it and hope in it; and praying, praising, and trusting, let us not depart from it. The humanity of Christ is a holy temple, nay, the holy of holies, in which dwells all the fullness of the Divinity corporally. (Col. ii, 9.) But that temple also is holv, His blessed and glorious Mother, in whom He was con-ceived by the Holy Ghost and dwelt for nine months.

"O most glorious, most beauteous temple of the only-begotten Son of God, open to us the door of thy mercy and elemency: permit us to enter thee, and receive the prayers we offer in thee. We raise our voices to the Lord in thee, that He may hear our voice from His holy temple, and our cry may enter into His

ears. "O my brethren, never depart from this temple; pour out your prayers and declare your tribulation within it. Mary is the Mother of Christ, and the prayer you present through her will be listened to by God, who born for us, yet yielded to be hers (qui pro nobis notus, tuttit esse tuus)."

A reporter heard a novel and effective temperance lecture in a saloon. He hap-pened to be there on business, and while he was talking with a man at one while he was talking with a man at one of the tables two fellows entered and ap-proached the bar. One of them greeted the proprietor as a friend and called for whiskey. "No, Tom," replied the man be-hind the bar; "it's time you let whiskey alone. There isn't a worse drink you could put into your stomach. See here!" And then spilling a quarter of a glass of the whiskey on the bar the saloonist set fire to it. The liquor burned with a steady blue flame, and Tom and his friend gazed at it rather stupidly. One of them held his hand over the flame and remarked : 'It's something like hell, ain't it? "It's something like hell, ain't it? 'Yes," replied the saloon-keeper, "you've hit it just right! That stuff is hell-a liquid-and it hurrs just like the state of the sale of and it burns just like that until even a and it burns just fixe tint did even cast-iron, copper-fastened stomach is eaten through and destroyed. I tell you, boys, you can't do better than leave whiskey alone. That's my experience."

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh how I do wish my skin was as clear "Oh how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How ?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe."