

ON THE S. S. VANCOUVER.

Some Notes of a Trip Across the Atlantic.

Visit to Col. Stevenson's Home at Moville—An Ancient Castle.

The Professor and His Dog Isaac—The Man in Checks—A Little Rough Weather.

The steamship Vancouver of the Dominion line sailed from Liverpool on the afternoon of Thursday, Aug. 22nd. The New Brunswick Forester delegates were not long in making themselves at home. Through the courtesy of the company's agent in Liverpool they were placed together at table. With them were Fred Cook, the well known Ottawa newspaper man, Rev. A. B. O'Neill of St. Joseph's, and W. Northwood of Ottawa. The New Brunswick delegates were J. McAtister, M. P., G. G. Scovill, M. P., F. W. Bimmerman, Wm. Kinghorn, Le Baron Coleman and the Sun man. A. W. Macrae remained in London on business and will sail about Sept. 5th. The eight Protestants at the table unanimously elected Father O'Neill chaplain of the party, and the genial clergyman and professor proved a delightful companion. When some of us went ashore at Moville and returned with some orange hued marigolds as souvenirs, he freshly granted us indulgence for they were Irish blossoms.

The passage from Liverpool to Moville was pleasant and we awoke in the morning to find the steamer coming to anchor off the town. We had to wait there about seven or eight hours for the latest mails and passengers, and after breakfast a party of us decided to go ashore and visit the picturesque ruin called Green Castle. A boatman took us off, and we were no sooner ashore than we were separated and lost among the army of jaunting car drivers who swarmed there. St. John coachmen are not in the reckoning with the jarevs of Moville. It was quite a long time before we could detach ourselves from the mass and get together for consultation, and even then we were hedged about by a forest of whips and pellets with words. Finally Messrs. Halifax and Cook, W. C. Smith of Halifax and the Sun man ran the gauntlet and mounted one car, and Messrs. Kinghorn and Coleman presently emerged from the press on another, and we were off. The other drivers were not complimentary. One of them told our party that we were a bunch of mere easy riders, and that she would drop dead on the road. We were convinced, however, that the animal was not of that persuasion, and concluded to hold on. Our driver assured us that his horse had run in a hackney race the day before and had the staying qualities of a machine. We took his word for it, and were not disappointed, for the hardy little fellow carted along the smooth road with perfect ease. Our friends were assured that they were riding behind a cow. Truth appears that he had been mistaken for a cow, but not having proved good milkers, since we insisted on making a bargain before we started, the jarevs were somewhat incensed. "I'll leave it to yourself, sir," was a benevolent suggestion the sign of a man who had business pleasure on that basis.

The countryside was less attractive at a close view than when seen from the steamer's deck. There were fertile fields, but a good many intervening patches of sterile soil, where broom and heather were the only crops. The driver kindly informed us that the tall yellow blossomed ben-weeds (ragwort), something like our own golden rod, seen in such profusion, were the horses of the fairies in years ago, which the little people would mount and ride when they pleased. The children of the peasants and took them abroad for a night's airing, always bringing them back before morning.

We had three miles to drive to the ruins of Green Castle. Two old beggar women accosted us and asked for pennies, and we saw many bare footed children besides the low, whitewashed and thatched roofed cabins by the roadside. Beside each cabin was a heap of turf, the only fuel available. In some of the cabins, judging from their size and the number of children, the families must have been sorely pressed for room to move when all were inside.

When we reached Green Castle a woman from a neighboring house crossed a little field with us, opened a small door in the massive outer wall and told us to go in. We only saw one section of the place. There is another part reconstructed, and apparently used as a sort of fortification and barracks. But where we were only the outer walls and some towers and arches and isolated masses of masonry were standing. We walked over the grassy spaces, admired the skill of the arch builders, looked down the seaward face of the wall, plucked leaves from the ivy that matted it with vivid living green from base to summit, and climbed up to get a view from the top of one of the mounds. We were told at first that there were no records of the building of this castle, but a gentleman better informed said it probably dated from the twelfth or thirteenth century. The walls are mostly of small, thin stones, and the immense weight supported above some of the comparatively slender archways shows how well the workmen knew their work. We had seen many castles, but were none the less interested in this ivy manted ruin by the shores of Loch Foyle, voiceless, yet speaking to us of the days when hearts instinct with life's conflicting passions dwelt within its sentry-guarded walls.

We went out, and the modern sentry met us at the gate. We placed some passwords in her extended palm, and were permitted to return to our jaunting car, where an old woman and some children offered to sell us necklaces of Irish shells, bunches of heather, garden flowers, and pots of shamrock. On our return journey we alighted at a favorable spot, clambered up a

rocky height and plucked bunches of heather for ourselves.

Mr. Cook learned that Col. Stevenson, who was one of the ten or twelve delegates to Canada a couple of years ago, lived near Moville, and on enquiry our driver told us we would pass the colonel's home. Our party of four decided to call, and so were driven down a winding, leafy avenue to the handsome mansion, which is on the shore of the loch only separated from the water by a bit of green lawn and a verge of rocks. Behind and on both sides of the house lay a beautiful garden, protected by thick shrubbery and tall trees. We saw fuchsia growing all around the garden wall in the form of hardy, stout stemmed shrubs ten to fifteen feet high, such as none of the party had ever seen before. They were a perfect mass of rich blossom and presented a picture of rare beauty. They flourished in other parts about Moville, but we saw them in such profusion and vigor nowhere else. On emerging from the drive way in front of the house we were intensely gratified to find the Canadian flag floating from a staff there, in honor of the Vancouver's arrival. Col. Stevenson was not at home, but Mrs. Stevenson and her father, Mr. McCorkle, greeted us with true Irish hospitality and insisted that we should go into the house for a short time at least. We spent a delightful half hour, for Mrs. Stevenson proved a charming hostess, and she told us that the colonel, who was over at Portrush to witness a regatta that day, was constantly sounding the praises of Canada, which he longed to visit again; and he has been instrumental since his visit here in directing a number of emigrants to this country. The colonel has a large estate in West Meath as well as his place at Moville, and is a gentleman of means and influence. Before we left the premises Mrs. Stevenson went out into the garden, regardless of a brisk rain shower, and decked out with large and beautiful flowers that made us the envy of all beholders when we boarded the steamer again. Our last sight of Mrs. Stevenson was when several hours later, the Vancouver steamed out of the loch. As we passed the house she came out on the flag staff, with the flag of our own Canadian Home. This we saw through our glasses, and the pretty house by the shore, embowered in greenery, with a graceful woman and the flag of our country in the foreground made up a faraway scene almost as cherishing when other scenes and incidents of the trip shall have gone beyond recall.

Moville is not a large town. It is only a large village. But it is a picturesque place. The driver told us the population was about a thousand. An English driver in Leamington told us the population of that large and beautiful city was also four thousand. Probably if we had asked a London cabman the population of the world's metropolis he would have said four thousand. There are folks almost as reliable as a Canadian census.

The harbor at Moville was quite a busy place while we were there. The City of Rome, the palatial Anchor liner, with over a thousand people on board, was there, also the Peruvian of the Allan Line, waiting like ourselves for late passengers and mails. The Peruvian sailed before, and the City of Rome shortly after us. Our own steamer was crowded. There were over six hundred people on board. We had no sooner got away from the Irish coast than we struck a nasty sea that tossed us about a bit and sent the spray flying over the vessel's bows. The crowd on deck soon thinned out, and there were evidences of seasickness. Our own party, having but recently crossed the Atlantic, and having also crossed the Irish sea four times since the straits of Dover, were quite brave, although the other with the remedy for seasickness took it and a lower berth as measures of precaution.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday were days of varying degrees of misery. The sea was rough, the sun refused to shine, the steamer pitched and rolled just enough to make weak stomachs rebellious, and the weather was cold. The only cheerful place was the smoking room. It was always crowded. The men played whist, told stories, formed pools on the run of the ship, and smoked. There was one cheerful passenger. He first appeared to us in a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, in a most dismal pattern and color, with boots constrictor stockings and tan shoes. He wore no hat. From beginning to end of the voyage he wore none. A hideously repulsive young bulldog at the end of a cord, was his companion in several of his tramps on deck. The dog's name was Isaac, and after he had violated the proprieties in one of his promenades among the passengers the pair were alluded to somewhat sarcastically as "Isaac and the dog pup." When it was learned that the companion of the dog was a clerical professor and a very clever man, and even after he had appeared in scrupulously correct evening costume and proved himself a capital singer, the effect of the first impression was not removed. Nobody would excuse him for masquerading in a gamekeeper's rig and possessing such a dog. But he was a young man of notably muscular build, and as it leaked out that he was one of the most accomplished boxers in the country, and as the bulldog was manifestly worthy of his name, the male passengers suppressed their desire to learn if the pair could swim. When people got better acquainted the professor was chaffed a good deal in the smoking room, and was asked if he would not wear a hat for at least an hour or two, even if he had to compromise by taking off his shoes. When it was remarked that going about bareheaded would prevent baldness, one man said he had never seen a bald headed donkey anywhere, to which the professor tartly replied by counselling this person to keep an eye on his looking glass.

And there was another cheerful passenger. He appeared in a sporting suit of checks so large and loud in pattern that he would be a conspicuous figure at a fancy dress carnival. He explained confidently to an acquaintance that he would not think of wearing such clothes in London, but in America everybody wore them. In the smoking room one evening, when

he was discussing a financial problem, and the best means of accumulating wealth, Mr. Prowse of Charlottetown suggested that a good way would be to get his checks cashed. "What checks?" queried the other. "These," quoth Mr. Prowse, pointing to the pattern of the questioner's ankle. The man nodded, the checks had been cashed. At least they were not in evidence. It was arranged that before reaching Montreal, Mr. Hicks of that city, who auctioned the pool tickets during the voyage, should put up Isaac and the checked suit, but the sale failed to come off.

In such cheerful manner did we relieve the tedium of the voyage. Tuesday was a somewhat perilous day for those on deck. A heavy north-west gale lashed the sea to fury and those who ventured to see rough weather were gratified. The steamer rolled a good deal, and there were some who trembled. Now and then a wave would get on deck on the windward side, and the spray go clear over the house and cause a stampede on the other side. Several passengers went below, and the captain and several other more got heavy falls on the slippery deck, one lady having to be assisted to her stateroom. "There is a comical aspect to this," said G. R. Parkin to a Sun man, as they staggered toward each other on the deck. "I thought you were going to be a lady slid off her chair upon the deck with a thud. The two sprang to her aid, and the three got to the saloon door when another lurch sent them like a shot down to the rail, in a heap. The thing was not half as funny as it looked, for the lady was almost as large as the two men, and she was an English lady, crossing for the first time, observed as she balanced herself during a particularly vigorous lurch, that she had much more profound respect for Columbus than ever before.

On Wednesday the sea was calmer and we saw a couple of porpoises and a whale. A land bird perched on the rigging for a long time, and later the shore of Belle Isle was in sight. From that moment things took on a cheerful aspect. People who had obstinately staid below all the way across now began to appear on deck, and listless and weary as they were, they were glad to see the sun. The steamer made remarkably good time all the way across. The first day's run from Moville was 292 miles, the second 332, third 337, fourth, 344, fifth, 338, sixth 341.

On Thursday, Dr. Redmond Roche, the ship's doctor, busied himself preparing the programme of a concert for that evening in aid of the seamen's orphanage. The entertainment came off in the first cabin, which was crowded. Very Rev. Dean Norman of Quebec presided, and G. A. Harlow of Montreal was the accompanist on the piano. There were songs, piano, violin and guitar solos, recitations, original sketches and a quartette, eighteen numbers in all. The participants included ladies and gentlemen from widely separated portions of the world, and there were some not without experience on the stage. One rarely enjoys as good an amateur entertainment, and very often pays good money for a less pleasing performance on the professional stage. That was the case here. There were some character recitations and character songs that would bring down the house anywhere. The spirit of the affair was light and breezy, as suited the temper of those who had been seasick and were now once more in sight of land and in calm waters. The lower portion of the programme was by Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., of St. Joseph's, and the Sun man. Rev. Father O'Neill recited, with the omission of some purely local references, his poem first delivered before the alumni of St. Joseph's this year, and the other two were such as appealed to all, in contrasting past and present, and looking on into the future, and the poem was recited by its author with fine dramatic effect. "I had no idea you could be so serious," said a passenger later, who had just before complimented O'Neill on a charming companion with always a cheery word or a bright retort.

When the turn of The Sun man came his knees were weak and his natural strength somewhat abated. He had spent some valuable hours in his stateroom that afternoon, with pencil and paper. Prudence forbids any reference to the effect produced when he submitted the result, but here is what he read. It will serve as a very good illustration of the condition to which a great mind may be reduced by a sea voyage.

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pleasant voyage. A sixth wiped away a tear. And all of them, with a cordiality I have never seen surpassed, accepted from me a slight token of my regard. It was a proud moment. If the people of my own town, especially those who had occasionally borrowed a trifling consideration, could have seen me that morning, they could never afterwards have the nerve to suggest, as they sometimes do, that an instant, however small, would be acceptable. But I would be a long time in my own town before so many persons would manifest such marked solicitude for my welfare. If I could strike one good season for borrowing, at home, I would go abroad to live. It is so sweet to be appreciated.

But I set out to write a diary of this voyage. We are crossing the Irish sea. It was on the shore of this sea that the Marconi lived. It so happened that I was in the vicinity of this day when the mistress of the house is not at home.

Friday, Aug. 23.—Isaac made his first appearance on deck this morning. He was not looking well. Either he had not slept well, or his breakfast had been indigestible. At the Atlantic voyage. I believe he has sinister designs with regard to a fellow passenger, for he dogged that gentleman's footsteps persistently, and wore a most villainous expression all the while. He is almost as uncompanionable as the gentlemanly, but the acquaintance with yesterday.

With the free and easy air that I had supposed was characteristic of life on shipboard, I approached this man and said: "We are having a rather pleasant passage." He looked at me, went over to the side of the ship and threw up his breakfast. I assumed that that was a new way of giving expression to the slang phrase, "you make me sick." So I went away and left him. It is not as easy to make acquaintances on shipboard as I had thought. Those familiar with my dogorous qualities, and the gentleness of the female heart would perhaps have trembled for the peace of mind of a young lady whom I approached. We had not been introduced— but who wants an introduction on shipboard. Assuming my most agreeable air, I said to this young lady, "you are a capital sailor." "Sir," she said, "you are entirely mistaken." "Ah, sur enough," I said. "Quite so. What I wanted to say was that you are not a capital sailor." "Sir," she said, "you insult me." That settled it. I hauled off for repairs, and am still under the weather. It is amazing how foolish a man can be made to feel by a pretty woman whose dignity has been ruffled.

Saturday, Aug. 24.—I spent a considerable portion of the day in cogitation. We are homeward bound. We are about to run the gauntlet of the customs officers. Hence the cogitation. I am a good citizen and an honest man. Though I often join fervently in the hymn which begins, "I would not steal," it is always with a mental reservation. For I would not steal, not even from my neighbor's deck chair. Holding strong convictions, it would not square with my conscience were I to try and conceal that web of costly dry goods among the clothing in my trunk, and hoodwink the officers. It would not be fair to the country—my own Canadian country. It would not be fair to myself. I will not do it. Perish the thought. I will wrap the stuff around my body, under my waistcoat, and go ashore with a clear conscience. I will keep the eleventh commandment, which says, "thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods." I am very much interested in a gentleman who frequents the smoking room and sometimes comes on deck. I am not acquainted with him, but he appears to be a very pleasant and companionable man, and I hope to know more of him before we reach home. He is a good talker, a good looking fellow, and all that. But when he comes on deck the pattern of his pantaloons is so loud that it drowns the noise of the engines.

One of the passengers enquired today if we would have a chance to go inshore on the banks of Newfoundland. He was informed that we probably would not, but his informant added that the shooting on the banks was excellent. Both of them were sent below and the doctor instructed to administer cod liver oil.

Sunday, Aug. 25.—There were three interesting incidents today. They are recorded in three words—breakfast, lunch, dinner. There was also a service in the saloon, but the passengers were rendering tribute to the captain's power. The Canadian persuasive manner in which his claims are pressed, the latter received much the larger collection.

Monday, Aug. 26.—I have been reading Byron again. Here is part of a stanza: And I have loved thee, Ocean and my joy Of youthful hopes, onward; from a boy I wanted with thy breakers. Byron was a great poet. But he aggravates me sometimes. I have been borne like a bubble on the ocean for several days now, but if any man mentioned joy to me this bubble would surely burst. As to waltzing with breakers and that sort of pastime, Byron may have it all. Frisking on a green hillside is good enough for me. To sail through summer seas, lulled to rest by the soft murmur of gentle waves; to behold the golden splendor of sunrise on the sea, the iridescent glory of the parting waves around the vessel's prow, and the brilliant hues that mark her pathway far astern; to see the declining sun go down in liquid fire on the far horizon's rim, and watch the myriad stars come out on high and glass themselves in even more ethereal loveliness upon the bosom of the waters, is surely an experience for which the soul might yearn, and one to linger in the memory while merrily remained. But that is not crossing the North Atlantic—not this trip. The chaplain at our table has written an account of a voyage in these waters last year, that is almost as glowing as some of Tom Moore's descriptions in Lallah Rookh. Our chaplain is a good man, and means well, but he has the most fer-

tile imagination I ever knew. When we get ashore I propose to direct the attention of his bishop to this little weakness. If, for example, in the course of his duties as a college professor, he should give rein to his imagination, he would endeavor to persuade the young men of St. Joseph's that the marshes of Tantram were the genuine Elysian fields of which poets of all ages have dreamed, his usefulness as a teacher would be somewhat impaired.

Tuesday, Aug. 27.—Break, break, break, on thy cold gray rocks, O sea. But the elegant dinner I lost today will never come back to me. My friend the judge sat down on the deck today. It was done without precipitation. We have had some performance of athletic feats today, and my early untiring in holding a side hill plough was of great service when the deck declined to an angle of thirty degrees or more from the horizontal.

Wednesday, Aug. 28.—I hear that our table has been styled the beer table. It has probably because we had some beer on the table today. If we had ordered it to our staterooms we might still have been regarded as champions of reform. What a mistake that was. Thursday, Aug. 28.—There is a new passenger on board today. A fairy princess has appeared. Her nationality is a matter of violent dispute, and the constitutional authorities are at variance, as usual. But we make our best bow to the little stranger. The entrance of our hearts for the day at least, and pray fervently that however fiercely the storms may beat, or the seas may rage, there will always be a guardian angel hovering with wings of sheltering love about the pathway of the little baby girl, the maid of the Vancouver.

GENERAL NOTES. The concert realized a goodly sum of money for the purpose for which it was arranged. It was well on to midnight before the programme was exhausted, yet nobody was in a hurry for the end. Rev. F. B. Saer, Mrs. Saer, with two children and nurse, were passengers. They have been abroad for some time and Mr. Saer has gathered material for a course of lectures on the modern aspect of Greece and Italy. Both he and Mrs. Saer were delighted to have the captain's acquaintance, and charged the Sun man with messages of remembrance to their friends in this city. Mr. Saer is now located near Portland, Me., and hopes to visit St. John this autumn, perhaps during exhibition time. G. R. Parkin, Mrs. Parkin and family, who were also passengers, would have liked to come down to New Brunswick, but were anxious to get settled down in Toronto. Mr. Parkin looks forward with great interest and enthusiasm to his work there as principal of Upper Canada College. Rev. Father O'Neill was in Paris and its environs this summer as the special representative of the Ave Maria, a well known Roman Catholic family magazine, published at Notre Dame, Indiana, the American headquarters of the Holy Cross. He was for a year or two on the staff of that journal, and his impressions of that series of letters during the next year. Those familiar with his work do not need to be told that he is a brilliant and descriptive writer. Henry M. Am, of the geological department, Ottawa, came out on the Vancouver. Discussing one day with the Sun man the beautiful park-like appearance of continental, and especially English landscapes, he said that he was very much interested in a gentleman who frequents the smoking room and sometimes comes on deck. I am not acquainted with him, but he appears to be a very pleasant and companionable man, and I hope to know more of him before we reach home. He is a good talker, a good looking fellow, and all that. But when he comes on deck the pattern of his pantaloons is so loud that it drowns the noise of the engines.

Among the passengers were three young ladies, sisters from Chicago. They had been enjoying a summer holiday in England and Scotland. One of them confessed that the course of instruction in schools in their country does not provide for giving students any starting amount of information about Canada, and that perhaps the people were too ready to accept the statements of disgruntled exodians as to the condition of affairs and the sentiment regarding annexation in this country. For her part, if she were a Canadian, she would first see as she was assured by our Canadian do with regard to our mutual relations, and she believed furthermore that the people of the United States had a higher regard for the English than for any other nation, and would come to England to reside if she were best by a combination of other powers. The Canadian listener made a note of the fact that there are some really nice, sensible and agreeable people in the windy city. At least they were getting there as fast as distance and circumstances would permit—three of them. They took with them a copy of "Where Breezes Blow," and a request to tell holiday seekers out west what charming summer resorts the eastern provinces of Canada provide.

There were no less than thirteen clergymen on board, including Dean Norman, Rev. Canons Mills and Sanson, Rev. Messrs. Saer, O'Neill and Troop, and Rev. Wilberforce Lee, a returned missionary. But if one were to attempt to make a list of all the interesting people on board it would require a volume of large dimensions. The last two days of the voyage were pleasant, the trip up the river to Rimouski being delightful. The officers of the steamer—Capt. H. C. Williams, first officer Richard Jones, chief engineer L. Murphy, Dr. Roche, and chief steward and purser A. Latimer, are capable and agreeable men, and the staff looked well after the comfort of the passengers. When the tender with the lower province people on board drew off from the steamer's side by the swarm on the decks, and returned in feeble measure by the smaller group. Despite some rough weather the trip had been on the whole a pleasant one, and the comrades of a week parted company with some feeling of regret.

The lower province people spent nearly twelve hours on a special train of an engine and two cars between Rimouski and Moncton, which led a passenger to remark by way of contrast that when he landed at Queenstown there were just six passengers for Dublin; a special train was put on and took them and the mails through to Dublin at the rate of fifty miles an hour. A. M. B.

A BORN LAWYER. (N. Y. Tribune.) Even in his infancy Justice Strong's mind seems to have had a legal bent. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman—a classmate at Yale and warm personal friend of Associate Justice Stephen J. Field's father. According to one of the stories relating to the boyhood of the future associate justice, he abstracted a cake from the family table, which was spread for some festive occasion. The loss was not discovered until the family and guests were scattered at the table, and nothing was said about it at the time. After the guests had departed, however, the reverend father of the young epicure said to him: "Don't you know, my son, that in taking that cake you broke one of God's commandments?" Question 82, responded the young hopeful, who had the catechism at his tongue's end, "Is any man able perfectly to keep the commandments of God?" "Answer 82. No mere man, since the fall is able in this life to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word and deed."

What reply, if any, was made to this by the boy's father is not a matter of record, but it will be generally admitted that the future jurist there and then fairly won his first case. A CANADIAN DOCTOR? London, Aug. 25.—At Marlborough corner's court, Dr. Thomas held an inquest with reference to the death of Mary Ann Godwin, 65, cook, who resided with her married sister, Mrs. Hardy, at Crawford street. Deceased, it appeared, had been suffering from an ulcerated leg, and was otherwise ailing, and her sister had called in a gentleman named Evans, whom she regarded as a doctor. Goodwin expired suddenly on Thursday. Dr. Horseman was then summoned. He had made an autopsy, and had estimated that death was due to syncope while the deceased was suffering from a large and weak heart. The organ was double its normal size. —G. Evans, Cambridge street, Paddington, was called into the box.—Coroner: You are not a duly qualified man?—Witness: I am a Canadian. I am a graduate of the University of Toronto. I am registered over there, but not here. I saw deceased two days before her death. She was fairly well then, but her ulcerated leg. I gave her some ointment. I know she was weak—fatty degeneration.—Verdict in accordance with Dr. Horseman's testimony. CONVINCING. A hustling advertising canvasser representing a metropolitan journal called upon Mr. Smith, the well known merchant, the other day, and after referring several times to his paper as the most wonderful journalistic success of the century, requested an order. "Your paper may have a large circulation, but again it may be practically worthless as an advertising medium." "Quite the contrary, my dear sir," insisted the agent. "The paper I represent is the greatest medium on earth. Why? Because a man, a lady in Brooklyn found a purse containing \$100. She advertised in our columns for the owner, and next morning had to summon ten policemen to keep the crown in check!"—Truth. DIDN'T PRAY AGAINST THE BAROMETER. On one of his European tours a Pittsburg gentleman happened to reach the famous Tyrol country during a disastrous drought. The prospects of the farmers were most discouraging. Indeed, any of their complaints were daily becoming louder and deeper. A polite priest in charge of a country parish had taken advantage of this condition of affairs to impress upon his people that this was probably a chastisement for their sins. At first they were somewhat skeptical and defiant, but as the effects of the drought upon their crops became more apparent, and finally supplicated the holy father to intercede in their behalf with the powers that controlled the dews and rains. Having a reliable barometer in his study he told them he would do what he could for them. At last he directed them to pray for rain and he would do likewise. They did so, and their prayers were answered by copious showers. "Do you really believe in praying for rain?" said the traveller to the priest. "Most assuredly," he replied, "but not against a rising barometer."—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette. In Greenstead in Essex there is a Saxon church of wood, and in Willingdale Lee, in the same county, there are two churches in one yard.

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