

Florence Vane.

I loved these long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;

A Mining Industry - One of God's Heroes in Rough Garb.

I see you're looking for my finger-ends;
you'll look a good while to find 'em;

I see you'd like to know how I come by these 'ere stamps. Well, I rubbed 'em off on coal an' slate an' rock—like you grate horse-radish.

I was working then at the Night-hawk, an' me an' Chunky was together; we was always together; lived under one roof you may say; yonder's the house—second o' them black double ones—No. 3 was his'n, No. 4 was mine.

Chunky he had a stepmother. She was real good to him, but he said she made him kind o' homesick for his own mammy. So he staid with us a good bit o' the time. When we started pickin' slate—that was at the Chenoweth—we worked alongside, an' my mammy she used to give Chunky his bath in our kitchen 'cause we had big tubs, an', besides, there were five on 'em over to Chunky's to get washed. Well, six days in a week, as soon as he was dried off an' dressed, he'd say: "Sure'n I'm obliged to ye, Mrs. Deane"—only he called it Dane, 'cause he was Irish, Chunky was.

We kep' a cow, an' after work me an' Chunky used to go after her. She had the run o' the whole mountain, and sometimes we'd catch her down to Soldier Creek, then ag'in way up by the Whippoorwill, or maybe she'd be off on the Back Track. Often it'd be after dark when we'd get home; then my mammy she'd give us both some supper. One I lamed my toe going barefoot, so I couldn't walk for a long time. Chunky he went after the cow himself, an' my mammy she didn't want him to do it without pay. But do you think he'd take pay? No, he wouldn't; he said he was making it up square for the supper an' scrubbin's she'd given him. He hadn't no dark corners to him, Chunky hadn't.

I was a little older than him, an' bigger, so I left the breaker first an' went inside to tend door. Then we couldn't get out at the same time; but Chunky'd stay around an' wait for me. When I come up on the lift, there he'd be sitting under the trestling, his eyes most dancing out of his face, and he'd say: "Here y'are Frid!" He couldn't say Fred, you know, being Irish.

After I got to be door-boy he wasn't content to stay in the breaker, an' he sought for promotion; but just then we had a new mine boss come. He was a Welshman an' he did nothing but try to get rid o' all that wasn't of the same name. At any rate he'd put in none new but Welshman. He hated the Irish; but he couldn't hate Chunky, 'cause nobody couldn't do that, you know, so he didn't turn him away, but he wouldn't advance him.

When Chunky was seventeen an' I was near nineteen—I'd got to be driver then—we made up our minds to quit the Chenoweth. The Night-hawk was just built, an' the mine belonged to the Rainbow Company. We liked the superintendent an' the boss there, an' David Davis was getting too much for us. He went beyond what a boss is meant for.

So we applied at the new place and got laborers' positions together. This suited first-rate; we went down and up in company, ate our dinners together, an' went snacks, if the one of us had anything better than the other in his pail.

Then I got married. Taint much good getting married on laborers' wages, but youngsters want their own way, an' I had mine. I scratched on awhile; then the first baby made me jump around a little more lively. I went to mining and the boss set me to work in a new vein.

This was hard on Chunky. You see, when you get married your mind's took up away from old friends. My woman an' me liked to have Chunky sit with us and talk, an' then we liked to have him go.

But Chunky he felt kind o' lonesome, an' when I was moved he couldn't stand it very good. One day he says: "Wouldn't ye like to have me working for you, Frid? Maybe the boss'll let you exchange laborers with Thornton." Thornton was him we'd worked for together. Then I see how he felt the separation, an' I says to him: "All right."

Thornton didn't like it much, 'cause

Chunky'd been the best fellow at the Chenoweth, an' he was the best at the Night-hawk—anywhere you'd put him he'd be the best; but the boss was with us, an' so it got fixed that I was to have Chunky, an' Thornton was to have one o' my men.

Then Chunky was happy, an' I liked it, too, for by that time I was getting kind o' used to being married, an' looked round a bit. Besides, when there was two babies 'stead o' one—an' it wasn't long 'fore there was two—twasn't so peaceful to home; so I got in the way o' going to Chunky's house, or walking with him like we did when we was lads.

Well, do you know we growed that thick ag'in that my woman she got jealous. She said Chunky an' me was too fond of each other; but Chunky said: "Is it me ye're beginning to be jealous of now Mis Frid?"—that's what he always called her—"sure an' ye had a right to be so always, for I've never let him out of my heart."

He'd stuck to me tight, that's the truth, an' he never let on that I'd dropped him for a while. He was true-hearted, Chunky was. He had a soft spot in him for babies, too. He could get my little ones to sleep quicker'n their mother could. The biggest one and him was great friends—he was always having her along on a walk—she'd not cry a bit when she was on Chunky's shoulder.

Well, things went along pretty good, and then come the winter when my third baby was born. That was a boy, an' we was some proud to our house. But you'd think our pride was nothing by the side o' Chunky's; he just took that baby for his'n.

We wanted to call it Patrick Edward—that was Chunky's real name—but Chunky he said we must call it Fred or he'd go to law about it; an' one day, before we'd come to a conclusion, in walks Chunky with a silver mug marked Frederick Deane; from his friend Patrick Edward Mulroy. So that settled it.

All this time Chunky was only doing laborer's work. I couldn't no ways coax him to leave me for a better position, though the boss'd given him anything he'd ask for. It just seemed that by the side o' the pleasure o' working in my company wages was no account.

One day, when I'd been urging him, he says with a kind o' trembling in his throat: "I'm all right, Frid; let me stick to you till the end." An' he did, Chunky did.

Next spring, when little Fred was going on six months old, Chunky said to me: "I've transferred me money in the savings-bank to the name o' Frederick Dane, Jr."

"An' what made you do that?" says I. "Because it's me pleasure to do it," says he, an' I knowed there was no turning Chunky when he made up his mind; so I dropped it.

On the twenty-ninth of April we went down to our work, me an' Chunky, like we'd always done. My other man was sick, an' we too worked alone. There wasn't many working near us—our chamber was the last in the vein.

Chunky had just sent up a car, an' the driver boy told us it was high on two wheels when he left the foot o' the shaft. So I said we'd quit an' eat our dinner. I went an' fetched our pails from the gangway where we'd hung 'em away from the rats, an' I was just handing Chunky his'n when he cried out sudden: "Look out!" an' I didn't look out none too soon, for the whole roof came down between us an' the gangway, an' there we was boxed up in the chamber like we'd been trapped.

Chunky blowed out my light quicker'n a wink, an' I blowed out his'n, an' for a minute we said nothing. Then we both begun to holler. But we didn't waste breath that way long; we knowed the cave-in'd be discovered soon or late, an' then we'd be missed.

So we sat down an' waited. Waiting in the dark an' all over ever pleasant, but when you're not certain you'll ever see light ag'in it's like being alive in your coffin. At length I says to Chunky: "We'd better eat something—we'd never let go our pails."

"All right," says he, "but let's only take a wee bite, for maybe we'll require more before we get out."

"Like enough," I says, but I didn't know what I was talking about then. Well, they say we was in there ten days; if they'd call it ten months I'd believe 'em easier. We hadn't no way to tell the time, an' it seemed like we'd set there a week without moving, when Chunky says:

"If they're not coming to dig us out, it's ourselves as must dig."

I'd say: "Chunky, we can't live it out; an' he'd say: "We must try to."

The only way we knowed we hadn't been there for months was the way the victuals lasted us. Chunky was getting awful weak though. I knowed it by his voice, an' by the sound of his digging. He wasn't ever so strong as me, and he couldn't keep up on such short fare.

I didn't know how 'twas, but the victuals held out wonderful. We only took a few mouthfuls at a time, but after I'd eat a good many times, my pail didn't get no lower. I mentioned this to Chunky, an' he says: "Maybe it's a miracle the saints is a-working for us." He believed in the saints, Chunky did; he was better'n I was every way.

At length he got so weak he couldn't work no more; I had to scratch along by myself. Now an' then we thought we heard picks outside, an' that kep' us up some, but we wasn't sure.

After Chunky got so weak I didn't like to take my sleep—'twas kind o' like leaving him alone. Once when I was resting a bit, an' trying not to shut my eyes, I spoke to him so he'd know I was awake; but he didn't answer me. That sacred me, an' I touched him. He was breathing, but his body was like a bag o' bones.

Then a thought hit me on the side o' my head, an' I felt for the dinner-pails. Chunky's was empty an' mine was more'n half full. Then I knowed why he was so weak; he'd chawed loud an' made believe eat, but he hadn't took a mouthful.

This beat me all to pieces, an' I just set there an' cried, an' that woke up Chunky. He says—his voice was like a baby's—

"What's got ye, Frid?" An' I busted out: "What made you do it, Chunky?" An' Chunky he didn't say nothing at all. Then he heard me at the dinner-pail an' he knowed what I was after, so says he: "I'm past eating now, Frid." An' I asked him ag'in what made him do it; an' first he was still like he'd died, but soon he says, choking a bit:

"I knowed there wasn't enough for the two of us."

That made me mad, an' I says, speaking kind o' strong: "You've as much right to live as me."

Then Chunky he put up his hand an' felt round for my face, an' he patted me like he used to pat little Frid, an' says he: "No, ye've the best right; ye're the one as got the babies, Frid." An' I couldn't say more, 'cause Chunky'd take his own way anyhow.

This was about the last talking he did, only to say a little prayer now an' then. Well, you may know I didn't enjoy my bites much after that. I wouldn't a' touched another crumb but for hurting Chunky's feelings; he'd made me swear I'd do my best to keep alive. But I was growing weak myself by this time.

The day Chunky died I heard the picks outside for sure, but I went on digging to keep from going crazy. I was beginning to go out o' my head an' I didn't know when I was took out. They said I was high dead what with the foul air I'd breathed, an' the starving and the grieving; and indeed I was sick a long time. But I got well again—all but my finger-ends; they never growed back.

My boy Fred he went to pay-school on the money what Chunky left him. He's a heap better educated than his daddy ever was, or Chunky either; but all the education in the world won't never put a soul in him like Chunky had.—Edith Boulton, in Catholic World.

Mr. Editor—In reading over the life of Daniel O'Connell a few days ago I came across the following, which was written by himself; and, if you think it worthy of space in your valuable journal, you might kindly publish it for the benefit of some of your readers to whom it may be new.

Yours respectfully, M. J. FAY.

- 1. To avoid a wilful occasion of temptation.
2. To appeal to God, and to invoke the Holy Virgin and the saints in all real temptations.
3. To say the Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity every day.
4. To repeat as often as may be a shorter form.
5. To say daily, and as often as may be, a fervent Act of Contrition.
6. To begin every day with an unlimited offering of myself to my Crucified Redeemer; and to conjure Him, by all His infinite merits and divine charity, to take me under His direction and control in all things.
7. To meditate for at least half an hour each day if possible—longer if God pleases.
8. To fly to thy patronage, etc., and St. Bernard's prayer to the Blessed Virgin, as often as convenient daily.
9. Ejaculations, invocations of the Blessed Virgin, Guardian Angel, and the saints, as often daily as may be.
10. To pray daily to God, His Blessed Mother, and the saints for a happy death, and as often as may be.
11. To avoid most carefully small faults and venial sins, even the smallest.
12. To aim at pleasing God in all my daily actions; and to be influenced by love of God in all, rather than hope or fear.

THE CONTENTED COLONEL.

A Connellsville, Pa., pension agent having received word that an old soldier named J. H. Harrington, living back in the hills, was anxious to secure a pension, recently started out to hunt the veteran up. He learned that Harrington and his wife lived in a cabin in a wild part of the country, with no neighbors within sight.

The agent found the cabin, but as he approached it he was halted by the most surprising array of dogs that he had ever seen or heard of. Dogs of all breeds and all sizes rose up about the cabin like ants on a hill, and their yelping and baying and barking and snarling almost frightened the agent out of his wits. He stopped at a safe distance from the dog-surrounded cabin to await developments. As he waited he noticed that there were cats mixed up quite plentifully with the dogs, and cats perched on stumps and stones here and there, and one big tom cat strode defiantly along the ridge pole of the cabin's roof.

A minute or more passed before the agent saw the least evidence that there was any human life about the place. Then the door of the cabin opened and a decrepit old man appeared in the doorway. He said something to the dogs and they "charged" on the instant and lay flat on the ground as quiet as mice and motionless.

"Come in, said the old man. "They won't hurt you." The agent entered the cabin, stepping over a dog here and there, and passing between a couple elsewhere, but not a dog as much as turned its head to look at him. The room he entered was the whole size of the cabin. An enclosed flight of steps with a door at the bottom indicated that there was an upper apartment. A shoemaker's bench, with cobbler's tools scattered about it, stood at one end of the room, where the floor was littered with chips of leather and old boots and shoes. But the wonder of the interior was its cats. There were as many cats inside as there were dogs outside. White cats, black cats, Maltese cats, tiger cats, gray cats, yellow cats and spotted cats, and a miscellaneous collection of equally variegated kittens in all sorts of positions were on the floor, and on the window sills, on the chairs, the work bench, the table, and wherever they could find a spot to loiter, doze, stretch, or play. The old man brushed a couple of cats off a chair and bade his visitor sit down. The agent sat down. Instantly the two cats jumped on his lap and resumed the nap the old man had disturbed. Noticing the look of surprise the visitor cast about on the cats, the old man said:

"These hain't all o' 'em! Lemme see," looking the cats hastily over, "Siskyhammer, Blue Jumpyater, Yaller Breeches, Monogahally, Bloody Run, and Sinyamahonn' hain't here."

"You Siskyhammer!" cried the old man in a shrill voice. Almost instantly a cat jumped up on the window sill on the outside and gazed through the window.

"That's Siskyhammer," said the old man. Then he called: "Blue Jusyater, Yaller Breeches, and Bloody Run." There came a sudden scrambling down the stairway and a scratching at the stair foot. The old man opened it. Three cats jumped out and rubbed themselves against his legs.

"There they be!" said the old man, highly pleased with his pets. "Now who be you?"

The agent introduced himself and found that the old man was Harrington, the veteran he was in search of. After learning from the old soldier that he had been in nearly every hard battle of the "rebellion" in all saddest, severely wounded eight times, and obtaining all the data he required for the pension, the agent went a little into matters personal.

"I see you are a shoemaker," he said to Harrington. "No, you don't!" replied the veteran. "You don't see anything of the kind! I hain't a shoemaker, and if I was I wouldn't be able to work at it. It's all I kin do to 'tend to the dogs and cats. My wife's a shoemaker, though. That's her kit. She earns the livin' for us. She's gone to take a pair o' boots home that she's ben solin' an' neelin' for a man that lives five miles over the hill yonder. She'll be back 'fore long."

All this time the dogs had been lying flat on the ground outside, just as their master had left them. The agent brought up the subject of the dogs, and the old man and he went out doors. Harrington spoke to the dogs, and they all jumped up and scampered about. There were sixteen of them.

"I had twenty," said the veteran, regretfully, "but Rosecrans, Sigle, McClellan, an' Pope died on me this winter. Ev'ry one o' them dogs is named after a General in the army. They're all sound as a nut 'cept General Meade, over yonder. He tackled a wildcat 'other day, an' she chawed his leg half off 'fore he killed her. But he'll get over it. We got nineteen cats and more is 'spected. The 'ol' women gives a good many o' 'em away when they're kittens, but if we let 'em grow up wunst they stay with us till they die. After I give a cat a name I can't leave those named cats arter rivers an' creeks, an' if I had forty cats ev'ry one o' 'em I'd know it's name, an' I'd come when I called it, if it was a mile away 'and as for them dogs, they kin go where they please if I hain't told 'em to stay here. I got 'em broke so that arter I tell 'em to charge there hain't one on 'em but whin't'll lay there till he starves if I don't give him the word to git up."

The veteran's wife did not return while the pension agent was at the cabin, but he learned from people living in the vicinity that she had

worked at the cobbler's bench for years to support her husband and the dogs and cats, of which they never kept less than the number at present on hand. The woman was an excellent shoemaker, and was entirely contented with pegging away day after day to keep things going for the "Colonel," as she called her husband.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

THOS. A. DWYER, M. A.

Science and religion manifest their deepest harmony in that which they teach. Science conducts us into the outer court of the great temple of nature where we view the effects; but religion lifts the veil, tears away the scenery, and we behold the Divine Hand that flies the machinery. Both unite in showing us that there is a chain of mutual dependence running through all the kingdoms of nature, through all ranks of animated beings from the mightiest archangel to the worm in the dust; and, furthermore, that this chain is linked to the throne of God, from which an energy proceeds which keeps in harmonious play the vast machinery of the universe.

Science and religion proclaim certain limits to the human mind. The mind of man is susceptible of high development; yet, however great his intellectual acquisitions, or however wide the range of his mental powers, there are limits beyond which he cannot transcend with safety; there are boundaries beyond which lie vast regions which the human intellect cannot explore. The soul stands trembling on the confines of new wonders, whilst the sweet voice of Religion calls gently upon her ear: "The secret and hidden things belongeth unto the Lord," and thus, after our loftiest efforts and highest achievements, we are made to admire the wisdom of Him who has spread out the vast fields of knowledge before our minds.

We live in a period of time upon which intelligence has shed her most genial rays and thrown a lustre around the walks of literature, so that all may call the choicest flowers that grace the ample fields of learning. Our institutions of learning are like so many radiating points of knowledge. But while men are exulting upon the influence of literature upon society; while philosophers are pushing their investigations still further into the hidden recesses of nature, and one genius after another, like meteors, pass over us, it is to be found that the intellectuality of man attracts more attention than his morality or religion.

Man should cultivate both mental and moral powers; let science be the compass to guide our bark through life, but religion must be the pole star by which its variations are to be corrected. We can conceive of nothing more horrible or dangerous than the intellectuality of a man soaring above the masses whilst the moral is dragged through all the filth and pollution that can degrade our species. If we pay a studious regard to the development of the two natures the soul may cultivate so as to gather all her mighty energies to a point of concentration, and put forth influences which shall change from the murmuring rivulet into the laughing brook, swell into the bounding stream and widen into the magnificent river, rolling its refreshing waters through all the valleys of society, conveying blessings to thousands; and as the splendor of the midnight heavens is reflected upon the watery surface so will the remains of Divinity in man be reflected upon the world from his cultivated mind.

On the other hand, if the mind is improperly developed it will roll its influences upon society in an impetuous current, arresting the attention of the world by the ruin that attends its headlong course. Planets would shoot from their orbits and roam madly through trackless regions of space unless bound by a powerful agency to their centre; and so the mind, unless bound by a moral influence to God, will run through all the dark wastes of sin and have its God-like lustre quenched in the gloom of despair.

Society has but little to apprehend from an uncultivated man; but the man of towering abilities, nursed by intellectual training, and skilled in all the arts of the wicked, may lay schemes that would ruin an empire. The learned Atheists of our country have opened fountains which are ever sending forth streams of iniquity, rolling their dark waters over many a bright mind, blasting its moral and intellectual aspects; for as well might we expect the flowers to bloom and blush, the rose to bud and blossom where the sulphurous lava rolls its fiery waves over the earth, as to expect virtue to flourish in a mind under the influence of Atheism.

Science and religion exert a reciprocal influence on each other in man's cultivation. Perhaps I could not present to the mind of the reader a man in whom there is a more equal development of the intellectual and moral forces than in the much revered and esteemed Archbishop Walsh of Toronto. His mind is one of the loftiest capacities, enriched with all the graces of literature, adorned by all the discoveries of science, and possessed of all refinement that religion can impart. In him we have a good model of a properly developed soul; and whether we behold him in the pulpit, or seated in his study, or pontificating at the altar, we are thrilled by his eloquence, charmed by his conversation, and edified by his profound piety and devotion.

Byron and Shakespeare, though brilliant stars in the literary firmament, would doubtless shine with a more dazzling splendor had their powers

been reared in a religious atmosphere and had their capacities unfolded to the genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Science may improve the perceptive faculties, cultivate the reasoning powers, strengthen the judgment and impart great energy to the action of our minds; but religion starts where science stops, and introduces us into a higher and nobler sphere of thought; and there the mind may grasp and grasp and take in knowledge and yet not be able to gather infinity within her mighty sweep of thought; there she may soar without the possibility of reaching the height of God's perfections and dive without ever fathoming the depth of his glory.

Harmony between the intellectual and religious nature of a man will elevate him to the highest possible pitch of human happiness. Human happiness is always in proportion to the range and extent of the moral and intellectual powers; and we do not hesitate to lay it down as an axiom that the men who take the widest range of thought with a corresponding improvement of their moral powers rank highest in the scale of human happiness. When men shall once appreciate the value of science and religion a change will come over the spirit of their dream, and a renovation in the constitution of society will take place.

The scientific and religious man has innumerable sources of enjoyment; planting himself in the great temple of nature and witnessing all the agencies at work that minister to his comfort he may well consider himself rich. Such an individual lives in an entirely different world from the man whose thoughts never soar beyond the lowest sphere of appetite and gratification; his life is, as it were, sailing in a sea of thought; pleasures springing from every point in the universe flow freely through every avenue into his soul; his mind is associated with all that is elevated and pure; his language and his desires soar away above the gilded toys of this world, finding no object worthy their capacities until they rest in God. Truths big with importance burst in upon the mind, and rise in progressive series each bearing matter of new and mighty import. In grappling with these his soul rises to its loftiest exercise, and he feels an influence pervading his spirit filling it with that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory. He beholds the vast aspect of the universe spread out before him, lit up with innumerable fires to cheer the quiet night, worlds rising on worlds and creations vast standing out to his view, where the Deity reigns in all the grandeur of His perfections, peopling immensity with His wonders, moving in the greatness of His strength His unlimited empire.

The scientific and religious man bows down in adoration before the wisdom of his Maker, as he reads on the unfolding pages of time that all these myriads of glowing worlds shall have their lustre quenched and their brightness marked with desolation and decay; but, turning within himself, he is assured that his soul, with all its knowledge and piety, shall survive the darkest scenes that may convulse the universe. In contemplating all this, well might he exclaim with the poet, "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!" The scientific man who views the works of the Almighty hand in this light occupies a proud eminence, one which overlooks all the enchantments of a giddy world; he looks down to the dust whence he rose with eagle strength and pities those who drifted about on the restless current of a world's applause. To such an eminence it is the privilege of man to aspire, and to such an eminence it is the office of science and religion to elevate him.

Carmelite Monastery, Falls View, Ont.

Who are Catholics in the Church of England?

A straw will show how the wind blows; and a phrase employed by an Anglican paper in speaking of the late Archbishop of York suggests questions which we imagine our High Church friends would find it very hard, or quite impossible, to answer. "The late Primate," says our contemporary, "gave us Catholics some very hard knocks." Clearly, then, the late Primate could not have been a Catholic himself—or at least he must have been one without knowing it. Then, who are the Catholics of the Church of England? Is the Bishop of Liverpool, who boasts that he is a Protestant, and is about to aid a secular court in deciding the case of a Brother Bishop—is he a Catholic? The members of the Synod of the Irish Church, who have just made a formal declaration against sacramental confession—are they Catholics? The members of the Church Association who the other day applauded the protest that they would have no ecclesiastical law, and shouted "Down with the Bishop!"—are they Catholics? It is trifling with words to say that they are. But if they are not, the Church of England is, even on the Anglican theory, a composite body, some of whose Bishops, clergy and laity are Catholics, while a very large number of them are not. Can anyone seriously suppose that to belong to such a body is to be in the Catholic fold?—Liverpool Catholic Times.

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