THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

My Cross.

Only a tiny cross; plucked it from a mountain fir, wreathing it in soft, gray moss, it in memory of her,-Yet-'tis a cross!

2

Only a soft, gray cross; alf-concealed, full many a thorn raiting there, beneath the moss, erce the bosom where 'tis worn, This wee, sweet cross.

Only a thorny cross, Unconscious of the pain it gives: Lifeless the fir, faded the moss, Yet, while the hand that plucked them live It is my cross.

THE WIZARD OF SAINTE MARIE

Wm. Seton in The Catholic World.

CONTINUED. "Well, if you must leave me," spoke

Weepanee, "come back before the first snow, but come not as a destroyer of Ste. Marie." "Your dear scalp will be safe in Marie." "Your dear scalp will be safe in my hands," replied Atsan. "And my father-will you save him, too?" continued "We will adopt him as well as you

you shall both be made Iroquois." * In was these last words of Atsan which most was these last words of Atsan which most infuriated the sachem, and now while Weepanee and her lover embraced for good-bye he muttered: "I am a squaw, indeed! Ob! why have I buried my indeed! Oh ! why have I buried my tomahawk ? I'd give all my beaver-skins my birch canoe, my priceless wampum belt for a tomahawk."

belt for a tomahawk." "Love your enemies and bury the hat-chet," answered the wizard in a sarcastic voice, which Weepanee and Father Dan-iel heard, and they immediately turned their faces toward a c'ump of laurels a

their faces toward a cump of laurels a few feet distant. We may imagine the wonder of the Christian Indians of Ste. Marie the fol-lowing day to see their chief absent him-self from Mass Nor would Onitarho pause at noon to say the Angelus; and there father Daniel accosted him he seemed to have renewed all his old-time friendship. Among the gossirs many things were whispered about Weepanee, who had not been seen since the previous her father had forbidden her to leave her done and begin to chant my death-song." "Alas! the way is dark ; I an bewildered. Oh ! what must I do?" groaned Ontitarho, burying his face in his hands. "Bid the mod wing to face in his hands. her father had forbidden her to leave her

The missionary was, of course, well-nigh heart-broken at what had occurred. He knew that Weepanee's love for an Iroquois had been discovered by Ontitarbo, and that the latter had seen both himself and Weepanee conversing with Atsan. Nor did he doubt that the wizard was the author of all this trouble ; and it was sad to think where it might end.

Ontitarho's example was ere long fol-lowed by others, and within a week a score or more of young men, who had never altogether approved of the mission ary's exhortations to peace and good-will towards their enemies, formed a circle around the wizard while Mass was going on in the chapel and listened with delight to his exciting descriptions of combats be-tween Hurons and Iroquois, from which the former always returned laden with countless scalps. "And how much more the former always rectified inden with countiess scalps. "And how much more glorious are these trophies of victory," exclaimed Okitori, "than the stupid beads which the Blackrobe has given you to count your prayers by." Whereupon, one by one, his hearers tore their rosaries apart and trampled the fragments under

Iroquois warriors, he will take the Black-Father Daniel, however, was not sorry robe under his protection." The chief made no response ; he was in to see that precautions were being taken to prevent a surprise by the Iroquois who, he knew, would be on the war-path tears, and so was Weepanee. They were still weeping when a harsh voice outside before many months. He exhorted his pious flock to devote some hours daily to strengthening the palisade. "And those still weeping when a narsh voice outside was summoning Ontitarho to appear. "Come forth," growled Okitori, who was armed with a tomahawk— "come forth and redeem your promise. I will wait no of you," he said, "who in your zeal for religion have buried your tomahawks longer; my patience is exhausted." In another moment Ontitarho was facing him. "Are you ready?" asked the wizard must dig them up again. For great will be the blow to the faith in the Huron land, if this mission of Ste. Marie be de-"I am," answered the sachem. "I acknowledge that the Blackrobe is deserving As time wore on, and Weepanee still death : he is a secret friend of our deadli did not appear. Ontitarho was more and more plied with questions concerning her. But to nobody would he reveal the cause est foes. Where is he?" "In the mission-house, teaching Huron children to love house, teaching Huron children to love the Iroquois," answered Okitori, with a grim smile, "Then lend me your hatchet," said Ontitarho. Weepanee, who had heard what was said, was about to utter a shrill cry, which would undoubtedly have proved her death-knell, when, with a heavy thud, down dropped Okitori half-way across the threshold, and spattered over the floor were his brains. "Well But to nobody would he reveal the cause of her punishment: he merely said that she was alive. And the poor girl suffered much during the long hot summer, fan-ning herself with the wing of a wild turkey and with never a soul to speak to. Only' once a day did her father bring her food and water. On one occasion Okitori brought her a drink, but she dashed the over the floor were his brains. "Well done, father !" she exclaimed, springing forward and bending with savage delight cup in his face, and he came not a second Poor Ontitarho ! his father's heart all over the quivering corpse of the wizard. "Well done!" echoed Ontitarho, spit-ting upon it. "But now I must haste this while was torn with anguish. That his only child, in whom he took so much pride, should be enamored with a hated Iroquois, and that the latter should talk ting upon it. "But now I must haste away and lead Father Daniel into the forest, whether he will or no. For great will be the uproar when Okitori's friends dis-cover what has happened. They will of his tribe adopting both himself and her, was enough to drive him distracted. And in cortain things his mind did, indeed, appear to wander. Nor would be believe that Father Daniel, whom he had once so thirst for his scalp-perhaps, too, for Scarcely had the chief spoken when revered, was not what Okitori said h was-a spy and worthy of being put t death. "And if I was deceived in him, in yells and screams were heard without the pulisade, and in a few minutes in through the gateway pell-mell rushed hundreds of whom may I trust " he would ask. The wizard was certainly playing his part well. In his hands he held the life terrified men and women, crying out: "The Iroquois are here! The Iroquois of both Weepanee and the priest. If he breathed a single word of what he knew In the great confusion which followed this startling alarm nobody heeded Okit-ori's mangled remains. Warriors, snatch-ing their bows and tomahawks, hastened regarding Weepanee she would immedi-ately be stoned to death by the other squaws. And this her unhappy parent was well aware of. Therefore, in order to meet the advancing enemy; trembling mothers clasped their pappooses to their breasts. Weepanee clung to her father. But Ontitarho broke loose from her, and, was well aware of. Therefore, in order to bribe the wizard to hold his tongue, Ontitarho gave him gift after gift. He gave Okitori first five, then ten, then twenty beaver skins; and when ten, flourishing aloft the wizard's gory hatchet, took his place among the foremost defenthese presents were declared not sufficient, he gave him the skin of a grizzily bear. ders. Meanwhile, surrounded by a crowd of old folk and those too young to fight, Finally he made him a present of his birch canoe—the largest and finest of any was Father Daniel. He was giving them was rather Daniel. He was giving them his last blessing, after which to the post of danger he bent his steps; and soon there was plenty for him to do. Many a dying Huron received absolucanoe on the lake. Yet still the wizard kept hinting that his tongue would not keep silent unless he received more gifts. "More, more, more!" he would say, "or I will reveal that your daughter is betion, and among these, with tears of repen-tence, crawled the valient Ontitarho; an trothed to an Iroquois." "Mean, avaricious wretch!" muttered arrow had pierced his breast, and as his life-blood ebbed away he murmured the name of Weepanee. "Baptize her, my father," he said—"Daptize her. For I wish the unhappy chief one day: "I am half tempted to dash your brains out and afterward to kill myself." to meet her in heaven; every Huron of Ste. Marie must perish to day. "Oh! seek Weepanee and baptize her." But while Okitori was thus impoverish-But while Okitori was thus impoverish-ing Ontitarho he had actually wrung from him a promise to murder Father Daniel. Yet why did the sachem hesitate to keep his promise? Even the wizard, subtile as What the sachem predicted seemed too likely to come true. Desperately as the Hurons were defending the town the assaults of the Iroquois was like unto a whirlwind of demons; in full strength they was, was unable to account for the Jesuit's life being spared week after week; and he would sometimes whisper in Ontitatho's ear: "Keep your promise. The Blackrobe is hateful in my sight. whirlwind of demons; in full strength they palisade there was no resisting them. Their tom. Brooklyn Examiner.

Kill him soon; I am growing impatient." Still Ontitarho's hand refused to strike the blow, because Weepanee had said: "Father, if a single hair of Father Daniel's head is touched I will proclaim aloud my own guilt; all who hear my voice will know that I am bound by an undying love to an Iroquois, and then I shall die a cruel death." ahawks spared neither man, woman nor child, with the exception of Father Dan-iel and about twenty others; for this day's victory would not end to the taste of the victors without a bonfire of prison-

ers. "I claim these as my captives," spoke Atsan, grasping Weepance and the priest by the arm

a cruel death." Nor was Father Daniel ignorant of the imminent peril which hung over him. Ever and anon he heard ominous threats, while Okitori grew so boldly impudent as to curse him from the very threshold of the mission-house. Once he even suc-ceeded in breaking up his catechism class. When the priest walked through the town many of the young men frowned and clutched their tomahawks, and sometimes little children snat at him. Yet never a But Father Daniel, who espied hard by a dying Huron, was resolved at all hazard to shrive him and give him absolution. to shrive him and give him absolution. But hardly had he escaped from Atsan's protecting hold when he was pounced upon by a number of yelling savages. "Let us begin the bonfire with the pale-face," cried these. In a brief space the missionary was bound to a stake. "Why does not your pale-face God save you

missionary was bound to a stake. "Why does not your pale-face God save you now? Is your God a squaw?" cried a mocking voice. "Are you hungry?" shouted another Iroquois. "If you are, here is something to eat." And so saying, in derision he threw the victim an ear of earn to whose hurse were providerially little children spat at him. Yet never a thought of flight entered Father Daniel's mind. He fervently prayed that Ontit-arho might come back to the faith and that the wizard might be confounded in corn to whose husks were providentially

that the wizard might be contounded in his wickedness. Where souls were to be saved, there Father Daniel would abide : Ad majorem Dei gloriam. One rainy morning towards the end of September, after the wizard and Ontitarho had had a long and angry talk together, the sachem entered his daughter's prison-chamber with a very distressed counten-ance. "What troubles my father ?" in-anized Weenance in tender accents : for corn to whose husks were providentially clinging a few raindrops. By a superhuman effort Father Daniel freed his hands, and, catching the ear of corn, he bent over Weepanee, who, des-pite her lover, had flung herself at his feet; and now, even while the torch was being applied to the pine fagots scattered around him, he administered to the brave will bartism. Yet indeed Weepanee had ance. "What troubles my father ?" in-quired Weepanee in tender accents; for she loved him dearly, albeit he had kept girl baptism. Yet indeed Weepanee had run very great risk in order to receive her so long in solitary confinement, and perhaps made it impossible ever to meet Atsan again. "Tell me, father, has Okitthe sacrament. Already the sparks were singeing her robe; nor was it easy for the sacran

Atsan to save her. "Now is our only chance," spoke the latter presently in a hurried whisper, and pulling her away from the circle of howlori been urging you anew to kill the Blackrobe?" "Yes," answered Ontitarho; Blackrobe?" "Yes," answered Onitario; "he has been pressing me harder than ever to fulfil my rash promise. But, es-tranged though I am from Father Daniel, 'twill break my heart to kill him. But the wizard, who, alas ! knows the great power he wields, has threatened that if I procreating on hour lower he will ing Iroquois, who were dancing about the writhing form of Father Daniel, dimly visible through the smoke and flames. "Come, come quick," he said. And with this Atsan snatched her in his arms and with the fleetness of a deer made off toward the forest.

This night, at the stillest hour, when the Iroquois had fallen asleep after the fatigues of the battle and the excitement of torturing to death the Huron prison-ers, Atsan stole back to the site of Ste. Marie, and, threading his way amid the smoulaering remains of the houses, he sought the spot where Father Daniel had breathed his last. Peering above the ground was the charred stump of the post to which he had been tied, and, as Wee panee had requested, he stooped and gathered as much of the hallowed ashes as good priest to flee-flee toward the rising good priest to hee nee to ward the rising son," answered Weepanee.
"Flee!" ejaculated the sachem, looking up. "Oh! he would not budge an inch: he knows not fear. What a glorious Huron brave he would make, could he he was able to carry away in both hands. Then, just as the dawn began to break in the east, he and Weepanee—the latter with many a tear—plunged deeper into the forest. On and on they journeyed nuron brave he would make, could he only change his skin and learn to hate the Iroquois! Why, Father Daniel would rather be eaten by wolves than to flee." "Well, if he tarries here his life may be been even there y a settinged West until, after travelling half a moon and enduring much hardship, they came once more in view of the water. It was a charming spot, just where Lake Superior falls into Lake Huron. "And in these oon be in great danger," continued Wee soon be in great danger, continued wee pance. "If the Iroquois attack us-as I expect they will before the first snowflake drops—think you that he will escape from the massacre which will follow?" "But may we not heat off the attack?" said Ontitbright rapids and long, sweeping eddies fish must abound," spoke Atsan. "Yes, let us pause here," said Weepanee. "And we will name our new home after the dear one where I was born and which Father "Has your heart become so wedded Daniel loved so well. "For your sake I, too, love the name of

arho. "Has your heart become so wedded to the Iroquois that you believe they are certain to be victorious? O my child! shame, shame, on you!" "But they are coming in tremendous force," pursued Weepanes cannestly. "And I implore you to make Father Daniel, whether he will or no, flee toward the rising sun. Escort him yourself into the forest, show him the trail, forbid him to return; and as my Atsan will doubtless be at the head of the Ste. Marie," said Atsan, touching his lips to hers. "Therefore let us call it Ste. to hers. Marie." "And with drops from this pure, spark

ling current let me baptize you," said Weepanee. "Then we shall both be Christians." Many years afterward, when the first white Atsan will doubtless be at the head of th

explorers came here, a big cross was found planted at the edge of the water, and planted at the edge of the water, and crosses, too, were faintly visible cut in the bark of some of the trees. They likewise found a few Indians settled near the rapids—a happy, innocent band, who still retained such traces of the Catholic faith

as Atsan and Weepanee had bequeathed to them. These red men have now disappeared, but this beautiful spot is known to-day as the Sault de Sainte Marie. THE END.

THE POET-PRIEST'S HEROES.

LUTHER'S PUBLIC CHARACTER, AS DESCRIBED BY REV. DR. ALZOG IN HIS UNIVERSAL CHURCH HISTORY.

Luther closed his career of a Reformer as he had opened it, breathing hostility against the Pope, and uttering driveling contradictions like the following: "The Pope is the most holy and the most devil-ish of fathers." His teachings, like his life, are full of inconsistencies. Shortly before his death, he declared that the Shortly Scriptures contained mysteries and un-fathomable depths, in the presence of which one must humbly bow his head. a question naturally presents itself to the mind of the reader: how was it possible

mind of the reader: how was it possible that a made-over religion, fixed up by such a man, should have been adopted by so many? In reply to this question, we append some of the causes which Cardinal Hergenrother brings forward to account for the spread of Protestantism : "Like the heresies that were before it, Protestantism had its rise in the pride and is the reasons of its founders. The rea-But however numerous and glaring may have been the inconsistencies of Luther's life and teachings, he was always at one with himself in insolent pride and selfsufficiency, and in the testament contain-ing his last will showed his usual impatience and contempt of all the accepted forms of human right and law. Judging Luther by the wonderful activin the passions of its founders.

ity and tunultous excitement of his life, he is one of the most remarkable men the world has ever produced; but regarding him in his character as a reformer of the Church, he made the most disastrous Church, he made the most disastrous failare of any person who ever attempted that difficult task, for the reason that he was totally destitute of the necessary vir-tues of chairty and humility. Arrogantly rejecting the authority of the Church, he soon learned that he had acted precipitately and unwisely, and was forced to shelter him self behind it to successfully defend himself against his adversaries. That he pos-sessed courage is undeniable; tut it is equally true that his courage frequently degenerated into foolish bravado. His degenerated into foolish bravado. His activity was ceaseless and untiring, and his eloquence popular and captivating, his mind quick, his imagination brilliant, his character unselfish, and his temper profoundly religious. This cvermataing religious sentiment, so characteristic of his system, contrasts strangely with the habit-ual blasphemy and sarcasm of his langu-age. Hence, Erasmus said that he was a age. Hence, Lrasmus said that he was a compound of two personalities. "At times," says the scholar of Rotterdam, "he writes like a nostle and again he taks like a fool." His jests are so coarse, and his thrusts so reckless, that he seems utterly forgetful of the figure he is cut-ting or the spectacle he is presenting to ting, or the spectacle he is presenting to the world. When I pray (i. e., say the

Our Father), said Luther, on one occasion I can't help cursing the whole time. Whil declaiming against the use of arms in vin-dicating the rights of religion, he put forth principles and employed language that might have done honor to a Jacobin of the nighteenth conture. An account of the eighteenth century. Apparently frank and honest in his advocacy of a unlimited freedom in interpreting the Holy Scriptures, he refused to his adversaries the right which he vauntingly arro gated to himself; and while proclaimin the glorious prerogatives of free inquiry conducted himself toward his most de voted adherents, and most intimate friends Melanchthon among the rest, as a tyrant and despot. So imperious was he and despot. So imperious was he in the assertion of his magisteria in the assertion of his magnetized authority, and so exacting in its exercise, that Melanchthon confesses: that in his own case, it amounted to a degrading slavery. (*Tuli servitutem pacea deformem*). When it is further borne in mind that Luther was is further borne in mind that Luther was oth a glutton and a drunkard, having se little regard for ordinary proprieties that he brutally wrote to his wife, in a letter dated July 2, 1540: "I am feeding like a Bohemian and swilling like a Ger "17. Most of the apostles of Protestantman, thanks be to God," that in speaking of marriage, the most sacred of s cial in stitutions, he gave utterance to thoughts so indecent in language, so coarse and revolting, that one seeks in vain to find an apology for him in the lax morals of that lax age; and that he employed this lan-guage not alone at table but in his pub-lished writings, and public addresses, one

feels bound, apart from any consideration of the perversity of his principles or the falsity of his teachings, to say that he is hardly such a person as would be singled

JOSEPH G. BIGGAR. but in the hope of enriching themselves with the property of the Church. The harm he did to the Church, was indeed Pen Portrait of the Great Irish Obstructionist.

harm he did to the Church, was indeed great; but while bringing incomparable disaster upon others, brought no advantage to himself. His name will be memorable in history for all time, but as a name of infamy and dishonor. Now that the rot-ten branches have been lopped from the vine of the Church, the sound and living ones will thrive and flourish all the better for their absence." After reading the life of Martin Luther, a question naturally presents itself to the In the October number of the Manhat-tan, a magazine published in New York, Mr. Thomas P. Gill has an excellent article on the "Irish Parliamentary Party," from which we extract the following sketch of Mr. Joseph G. Biggar, the popu-lar member for Cavan:

lar member for Cavan : Long before many prominent members of the Irish party dreamed of entering Parliament—before even Mr. Parnell him-Parliament—before even ar. I anten mi-self was a member of the House, Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar, member for Cavan, had inaugurated the policy which first made the Irish party an effective force in Biggar is the the English legislature. Mr. Biggar is the father of "obstruction." In the American House of Representatives obstruction is a familiar tactic; there it is called "filibus-tering." But in the English Parliament, until that April night in 1875, when Mr. The reasons of its spreading so widely are to b found in the political, religious and liter. Biggar drove the Commons into con-sternation with his memorable five ary conditions of the time and especially hours' speech, obstruction proper was unknown. Mr. Biggar had in local and personal circumstances. Every thing seemed to favor the new teaching; learned, during his parliamentary experience that no attention was paid to what the Irish representatives had to say, whether they supported a bill or opposed one. He resolved to put an end to this neglect by using the forms of the in particular: "1. The civil governments of the day had been gradually estranging themselves from the Church; "2. A dislike of Rome, long in many ways nourished, had been greatly strengthened by loud cries of abuse; "3. The inclination of many chronic malcontents to any innovation; to this neglect by using the forms of the House to block English legislation until what he had to say was listened to. Mr. Parnell entered Parliament in 1875 he "4. Seductive ideas of independence of thought; of soul liberty; of a universal

became an ardent ally of Mr. Biggar's, and both began in concert that career of obstruction which culminated in the secespriesthood, etc. "5. The passions which the Reformers kindled and inflamed, viz: intellectual vanity, self-sufficient without the Church's help to derive the truth from Scripture; avarize, gloating itself with the goods and sion from the moderate leadership of Mr. Butt, and the FORMATION OF AN ACTIVE IRISH PARTY,

with Mr. Parnell as leader and Mr. gar as its first lieutenant. The policy of obstruction, in itself objectionable, is the right of small minorities, who have no no fasting, no confession of sins, etc.; "7. Remnants of former heresies; "8. The scientific contest between the other way of making themselves felt. It was quite effectual with the Irish party, and, if it is not oftener resorted to by them now, it is because the necessity "9. Carelessness of the episcopacy and has almost disappeared; the House is now willing to listen to men who, it knows, partial perversity of the clergy; "10. Personal influence of the Re-formers, who with their popular elohave the power to insist upon being heard, whether it likes or not. Joe Big-gar, as he is familiarly called by his friends, quence perfectly understood how to abuse s one of the "characters" of the House. In reality a man of great shrewdness and breadth of mind and of the warmest of honest Irish hearts, he adds to an intense hatred of England and all things English -which is his master-passion-a humor teaching: the giving of the chalice to the laity; the use of the vernacular at divine is a hunchback, and his appearance adds service; "14. Individual interpretation of the gar in his glory it should be on one of the subject of the ensignment of the gain in its gory it should be only only of the subject of t talk to empty benches or

salvation; of invalidity of conventual vows; of the harmfulness of celibacy and AMID THE BELLOWINGS OF BRITISH RAGE. On Wednesday evenings, for instance, the good-works; "16. And more than all, the violence of debate must summarily close at 6 o'clock, and the member who has been speaking princes and cities, who after the expulsion of Catholic priests forced the people to hear the "New Gospel;" thus in many places continues the debate next day. Biggar wants to obstruct a measure, the people were torn away from the old Church by brutal force. With insidious fraud Catholic rites were for a long time preserved, and the old forms of religion kept intact so that the blinded people might not be aware of any essential change in their faith; Higgar wants to construct a measure, and he enters smiling with his pile of blue books. The moment he rises there is con-sternation, for the faithful Commons know that Mr. Biggar, with one eye on the clock and another on the blue book, will go on eking out his speech with extracts, read in a grating and monotonous voice, until the minute-hand marks the ism were base hypocrites who according to circumstances preached the Catholic or the voice, until the minute-hand marks the hour of six. At first they howl and shriek, and then turning round and talk-ing in loud voices to each other, play the indifferent. But it is of no avail. Mr. Biggar reads on placidly, caring nothing whether they hear him or not; all he wants is to talk the House out. At such times howely, Loa Birger seems trans-Protestant loctrine; "18. In the early Christian centuries faith was propagated by the martyrdom of heroes in the true Church of God, with whom Protestant so-called martyrs can bear no comparison; Protestantism was propagated by civil power, and at the same time enslaved and made desolate." times homely Joe Biggar seems transfigured. A light o'er-spreads his face; those quaint and elfin features look glori-fied. It is Mr. Biggar's hour of rapture No Room for an Adulterer. -he is in possession of the supreme en joyment of worrying the detested Briton. St. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, cried out to the nation: "To arms! Draw the sword! The land is ia-vadel!" No sooner did Henry's myrmi-MR. BIGGAR'S HAPPY HUNTING-GROUND is among the four or five hundred stolid mediocritics of the rank and file of the British representation. There he goes arms! Draw the sword! The land is in-vadel!" No sooner did Henry's myrmi-dons land in Ireland—no sooner was the voice of the sainted Archbishop of Dublin heard, than the sword of Roderick O'Con-nor sprang from its sheath, and waved, bright and glorious, over the land. From the chores of the Western Ocean he about seeking victims. There are certain English members over whom Mr. Biggar exercises a sort of mesmeric influence These are country members who occasion-ally desire to get off a speech in order to make a show of doing something before their constituents. The member for Mud-ford-on-Podge rises with the carefully prepared copy of his oration, which he is going to mail to the Madford Weekly Bulthe shores of the Western Ocean he marched to the Eastern coast of Ireland. He had around him his army; he rallied his chiefs, and they came. Strongbow, with his forces, landed on the coast of Wexford. Roderick knew the geography wark of the Constitution, in his hand. He looks nervously round for Mr. Biggar. of his country, and he knew that, havin taken Wexford, the probable course of Happiness ! The tormentor is not to Raphites : The totated has scarcely got through his opening sentences when Mr. Biggar pops up like an imp from a bench right oppsite him, and, seating himself in a conspicuous place where all the House can see him, and curling up his legs till his chin rests between his knees, BESINS TO LEER AND SNIGGER AT THE HONORABLE MEMBER, and to interject load "heur-hears" at the most absurd points. Invariably this proves too much for the poor victim, who breaks down in his speech before the House has got to understand what he had been talking about. Whereupon Mr. Biggar retires to the lobby and treats himself to a tectotal drink. It would make quite an interesting volume to dethe invader would be to march over th een. He begins, but he has scarcely got hills of Wicklow and the plains of Kil dare, on to the city of Dublin; and there fore he, with his army, stood with thei for the invader. But there was a traitor make quite an interesting volume to de-scribe the thousand and one crafty ways in which Mr. Biggar "lays for" the little bills of such members as this. One has a bill with reference to a little water-works; another wants a new gas company char-tered for some country town. Surely Mr. Biggar will let these alone, or cannot know of them even. After long waiting, the opportunity for introducing one of these bills at last arrives. The member produces it—and discovers that the little innocent is dead, with Mr. Biggar's knife stuck through its body. A "blocking motion" of the evil genius has caused it to be shelved "till that day six months;" Will you let them suffer ? when and the member withdraws broken-hearted with a peal of uncanny laughter from somewhere on the Irish benches ringing in his ears.

NOV. 2, 1883.

Domine Que BY MRS. SUSIE

Near to Rome's decayin In the well-known Al Stands a small and hun Where the pilgrim st Domine Quo Vadis cha Is the name they call And an old tradition te How it came that nam

Peter, Christ's Impulsi In a Roman prison is Doomed to die by cruei At the dawning of th

But his watchful frien How he might escape And besought him, for And for their sakes, t Peter yielded, and at r Swift from Rome an Reached the Appian V Suddenly in awe and

NOV. 2, 1888.

For the He

So the Saviour stood . Clothed in majesty a With the glorious light Shining in his match

Sweeter than the flow Was the fragrance of And his brow was cro Through his sacrific

"Domine, quo vadis?" The disciple to his I And the Master smite But the smile washi And the answer piero "Since thou wilt no Needs must I in pain Suffer death again f

That thy place be no Journey I to Rome On his knees, repents Stayed his base, ig

And the morning fou In his prison cell a For the Saviour's dyi Had not been endu So they built this wa Thus to consecrate Where the Saviour s To endure a marty

THE SCOTTISH

The true story of t ation is one which s for use in Great Brits bably no subject on the people, both in I have been so grav public instructors ublic have been w "Reformat English disgraceful in its or which it was carried acter of its leaders; responding revoluti surpassed it in the was conceived and disastrous nature o common idea in Sc still is that John K the politicians wh aided and abetted being persons who to strike a fatal civilization in thei heaven-inspired ap achieved the religi cipation of their day this notion fin works of leading 1 works of leading i really would apped issipate such fict public mind of Er concerned, foredo attempts, however from time to time wins in the long think that a 'Reformation' "Reformation style are calcula able use. Elabe are good in their but it is out of the they will be per-the reading public the reading public if attractive in s face evidence o their authors, are of widespread in opposite fate. belongs the boo mot, in the cou

pages, shows in guage what the his fellows reall

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In order the pose the chara formation" of

the weakness of the people; "11. The jealousy of France toward the mighty house of Hapsburg; "12. Several mistakes of representatives of the old Church in opposing the new heresy; "13. Flattering institutions of the new Bible tion by faith alone; of the enslavement of the human will; of the assurance of

priesthood, etc.

treasures of Church and convent :

humanists and the scholastics:

"6. Protestantism made religion easy

"Whether you like it or not, whether ou think it or not," said Father Abram J. Ryan, the "poet-priest of the South," to a large audience in the Church of St. Agnes, in East Forty-third street, recently, we are all hero worshipers. The world worships success, and heroes are those who achieve success in whatever walks of life they may be." In Christ, the speaker said, was found the principle of all spiritual heroism. Christianity had prouced the greatest heroes that the world

had ever seen. The words of the "poet-priest" were uttered in an earnest, positive tone, and were accompanied by gesticulation which, although simple, was strikingly graceful. The listeners saw before them a blackcassocked priest of rather large stature, with a broad, fat face and a high forehead, beneath which were a pair of half-closed eyes. Long, flowing, dark hair, streaked

with gray, covered the well-shaped head, and at times stray locks half concealed the high forehead. A sleepy expresthe high forenead. A steepy expres-sion seemed to cloud the good-natured face at first, but the speaker soon be-care deeply interested in his theme of "Heroes, Secular and Saintiy," and his half-closed eyes developed a wonderful Pallavicini.

expressiveness and from between his tightly closed lips issued words of stirring and persuasive eloquence. Father Ryan said that it was true that heroes were children of fate, but the world's greatest heroes were those whose heroism was based on the divine spirit of Christianity. The sacrifices and noble deeds of the laborers sacrifices and noble deeds of the laborers in the Church were extolled, and the speaker paid a high tribute to the women who gave up the world's pleasures entirely to serve God and God's creatures. With stern impressiveness Father Ryan said: "I have read in a newspaper a statement made by somebody that often nunneries are little better than houses of prostita-

tion. The answer to such a statement is a cowhide and a blow. The higher degree of heroism practiced by these self-sacrific ing women cannot be correctly judged by the low standards of some men's lives." The heroes of Christ die, but their memories remain and are perpetuated through all ages by magnificent temples. Father Ryan took pride in the fact that he was a

Southerner, and in alluding to Colonel Ingersoll as one of the nineteenth century heroes said that he was glad that Ingersol had not been a Confederate Colonel. Brooklyn Examiner.

out as having received a vocation to

inaugurate and carry out a moral reform. It has always been characteristic of those who have had any success in carrying out reforms in the Church that they began their work by first reforming them selves, and it is hardly necessary to remark that this was not buther's method. To dis cover the notes of a reformer in the un governable transport, the riotous pro-ceedings, the angry conflicts, and the intemperate controversies which made up the life of Luther, presupposes a partiality

amounting to blindness. "It must be evident," says Erasmus, "to the most feeble intellect, that one who raised so great a storm in the world, who always found pleasure in using language either indecent or caustic, could not have been called of God. His arrogance, to which no parallel can be found, was scarcely distinguishable from madness; and his buffoonery was such that it could | swords in their Celtic hands, and waited not be supposed possible in one doing the work of God." ork of God." His character is accurately portrayed in and to his country. The traitor to Go

allavicini. "The products of his prolific allavicini. "The products of his prolific enius," says the distinguished historian a devil from hell in his character; first of the Council of Trent, "were extravagaet treason to his country, and secondly, and abnormal, rather than choice and correct, resembling more some gigantic off-spring of immature birth, than the shapely tie that has always been so inviolabl preserved in Ireland. He had taken th babe brought forth after the lapse of nature's appointed time. His intellect wife of O'Rourke, Prince of Breffni, from babe brought forth after the lapse of nature's appointed time. His intellect was vigorous and robust; but its strength was expended in pulling down, not in building up. Gifted with a tenacious memory, he had acquired a vast deal of erudition, which he poured forth, as the occasion demanded, in impetuous torrents resembling a thunder-storm in its angry and destructive fury, rather than the re-freshing rains of summer. that briefthan the re-freshing a thunder storm in its angry and destructive fury, rather than the re-freshing a thunder storm in the re-freshing a thunder storm in the re-freshing a thunder storm in its angry and destructive fury, rather than the re-freshing a thunder storm in the re-freshing a thunder storm in the re-freshing the store and the store and the store and the store the store and the store and the store and the store and the store mathed the store and t freshing rains of summer, that brighten and gladden the face of nature. He was island of saints, should not afford stand. ing-room for an adulterer .- Rev. Thomas an eloquent speaker and writer; but his eloquence was more like the whirl-wind, blinding the eyes with a cloud of dust, N. Burke. That poor bedridden, invalid wife, sis-ter, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop than the placid flow of a peaceful fountain, delighting them with light and color. His Bitters. language was such that, throughout the

so easily cured ! whole of his works, not a single sentence Mr. W. A. Wing, Westport, writes: can be found wholly free from a certain wish to inform you of the wonderful re-sults which followed the use of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oll and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A cough of six months' standing had recoarseness and vulgarity. Courageous to temerity in prosperity, he was cowardly to abjectness in adverse fortune. Pro fessing his readiness to remain silent if his adversaries would do the same, he clearly adversaries would do the same, he clearly A cough of six months' standing had re-showed that he was actuated, not by a mctive of zeal for God's glory, but by feelings of jealousy and self-love. Princes were among his followers; but they became such not from any desire of forwarding his cause, health.

Messrs. Mitchell & Platt, druggists, Lonand ont, write Dec., 1881: We have sold Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil since its first introduction, and we can safely say, no medicine on our shelves has had a larger sale, or gives better satisfaction. We always feel safe in recommending it to our customers.

Wilmot wisely genuine religi some centuries lic sovereigns, their successo that civilisatio of which still manners and couraging edu A great revolu menced which sequent reign were altered encouraged, 1 the poor amp the source fro tion and in monuments reformation. John the Abbeys burgh, still arms to Hear favorable in art and refi the effects o mation, anin cism, and di it is only no of Protestar to the tru Church, so and his foll prove that had really against the ence of the the Second Bruce. . to the en First leadi forward, a laws and c fixed the learning, wide and

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encourage wars with