At the Lake of the Woods.

[An Incident of the Canadian Press Excussion, 1882.]

Twas a vision of radiant beauty
Which yet in the memory thrills,—
The isle-dotted Lake of the Forest
Framed in with the emerald hills?
How serene was Heaven's azure above us,
And how bright were the waters below.
Not a breath stirred the placid surface
Where with radiance the lake was aglove.

Light mantied the many-hued forest,
On the hills reaching up to the sky
And down to the clear, tranquil waters
Where inverted the tree shadows lie.
High noon on the lake and the hillside,
High noon in our hearts was it now;
All the warmth of the summer day glory
Was glowing on cheek and on brow.

We were five score souls that had journey.
To spy out this wonderful land.
And tell to the world all its beauties,
New springing on every hand.
And gay were the songs we were singing,
As we floated the green islands by,
Aud merry our heart-laughter ringing
Made the echoing mountains reply.

Harkt a crash on the rocks in the passage, Two fair, wooded islands between;— 'Ts our shuddering boat gives the message; Do our fears tells us all it may mean?— It passed like the cloudlet's swift shadow, The shock of a moment's alarm; Then away' speeding o'er the calm water We dreamed not of danger or harm.

But death wrought beneath in the darknown The treacherous waters crept in But death wrought beneath in the darkness, The treacherous waters crept in, And our craft in the wave was slow sinking Like the heart's dire descent into sin! Who thought to thank Heaven for safety, As scatheless we stood on the shore? Or dreamed that ere day had departed Our boat would be seen never more?

Twas a picture of glorious beauty,
Which yet in my memory thrills.—
That many isled lake in the sunlight,
Framed in with the forest-clad hills.
But the memory mingles with sadness
Forour boat buried deep on the sands,—
For the voice now lost in the distance,
And "the touch of a vanished hand."
—MOLINE,

Moneton, N. B., 1st October, 1882.

## IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Forty days in the great desert of the sea—forty days camped under cloud-canopies, with the salt dust of the waves drifting over us. Sometimes a Bedouin sail flashed for an hour upon the distant horizon, and then faded, and we were alone

ravens, brooding over a slimy hulk, through whose warped timbers the sea oozed—that was the sort of picture that arose before me. I looked further for a again; sometimes the west, at sunset, looked like a city with towers, and we bore down upon its glorified walls, seekcrumb of comfort : ing a haven; but a cold grey morning dis-pelled the illusion, and our hearts sank back into the illimitable sea, breathing a Beyond the gathering and the strewing I shall be soon: Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going.
I shall be soon. long prayer for deliverance.
Once a green oasis blossomed before us and down my spinal column: the mar-row congealed within my bones. But I recovered. When a man was supped full

-a garden in perfect bloom, girded about with creaming waves; within its coral cinc-ture pendulous boughs trailed in the waters; from its hidden bowers spiced airs stole down upon us; above all, the triumphant paim trees clashed their melodious branches like a chorus with paratively brave. A reaction restored my cymbals; yet from the very gate of this cymbals; yet from the very gate of this paradise a changeful current swept us onward, and the happy isle was buried in of the ill-fated Petrel resumed his lugu-

onward, and the happy isle was buried in night and distance.

In many volumes of adventure I had read of sea-perils: I was at last to learn the full interpretation of their picturesque horrors. Our little craft, the Petrel, had buffeted the boisterous waves for five long weeks. Fortunately, the bulk of her cargo was edible; we feared neither famine nor thirst. Moreover in spite of the continuous gale that swept us out of reckoning, the Petrel was in excellent condition, and, as far as we could meither famine nor thirst. Moreover in spite of the continuous gale that swept us out of reckoning, the Petrel was in excellent condition, and, as far as we could judge, we had no reason to lose confidence in her. It was the grey weather that tried our patience and found us wanting: it was the unparalleled pitthing of the ninety-ton schooner that disheartened and almost dismembered us. And then it was wasting time at sea. Why the word was the wasting time at sea. Why the winds the property was the waste of the continuous gale that swept us this: He once knew a lonesome man who the state of the contraction of the minute of the minute of the minute of the minute of the months—who saw all his contracted the months—who saw all his comrades stave and die, one after another, and the months—who saw all his comrades the minute of the minute of the minute of the mi then it was wasting time at sea. Why were we not long before at our journey's end? Why were we not treading the vales of some savage island, reaping our rich reward of ferns and shells and gorgeous lutterflies?

It me the first: day after day the winds increased and finally a cyclone burst upon her with insupportable fury. The brig was thrown upon her beams-end, and began to fill rapidly. With much difficulty her masts were cut away, she righted, and law in the trough of the sea rolling like a

reward of ferns and shells and gorgeous butterflies?

The sea rang its monotonous changes—fair weather and foul, days like death itself, followed by days full of the revealments of new life, but mostly days of deadly dullness, when the sea was as unpoetical as an eternity of cold suds and blueing.

I cannot always understand the logical fitness of things, or, rather, I am at a loss of the sea rolling like a log. Gradually the gale subsided, but the hull of the brig was swept continually by the tremendous swell, and the men were driven into the foretop cross-tree, where they rigged a tent for shelter and gathered what few stores were left them from the wreck. A dozen wretched souls lay in the trough of the sea rolling like a log. Gradually the gale subsided, but the hull of the brig was swept continually by the tremendous swell, and the men were driven into the foretop cross-tree, where they rigged a tent for shelter and gathered what few stores were left them from the wreck. A dozen wretched souls lay in the trough of the sea rolling like a log. Gradually the gale subsided, but the trumple of the brig was swept continually by the tremendous swell, and the men were driven into the foretop cross-tree, where they rigged a tent for shelter and gathered what few stores were left them from the wreck. A dozen wretched souls lay in the trough of the sea rolling like a log.

I cannot always understand the logical fitness of things, or, rather, I am at a loss to know why some things in life are so unfit and illogical. Of course, in our darkest hour, when we were gathered in the confines of the Petrel's diminutive cabin, it was our duty to sing psalms of hope and there have been but we didn't. It was a time of It was a time of mutual encouragement; very few of us mutual encouragement; very few of us were self-sustaining, and what was to be gained by our combining in unanimous despair?

Our weather-beaten skipper—a thing of clay that seemed utterly incapable of miraculous manner. Several enormous miraculous manner.

Our weather-beaten skipper—a thing of clay that seemed utterly incapable of any expression whatever, save in the slight facial contortion consequent to the mechanical movement of his lower jaw—the skipper sat, with barometer in hand, eyeing the fatal finger that pointed to our doom: the rest of us were lashed to the last the skipper sat, with barometer in hand, eyeing the fatal finger that pointed to our doom: the rest of us were lasted to the wind to madness they were fed in an almost imitations manner. Several enormous sharks had been swimming about the brig for some hours, and the hungry sailors were planning various projects for the capture of them: tough as a shark is, they would willingly have risked life for a few raw mouthfuls of the same. Somehow, raw mouthfuls of the same. doom: the rest of us were lashed to the legs of the centre table, glad of any object though the sea was still and the wind fix our eyes upon, and nervously vaiting a turn in the state of affairs

awaiting a turn in the state of analts, that was then by no means encouraging. I happened to remember that there was some sealed letters to be read from time some sealed letters to be read from time to be read from time some sealed letters to be read from time that one of the times had come, perhaps the last and only, wherein I might break the remaining seals and receive a sort of parting visit from the for-

tunate friends on shore.

I opened one letter and read these prophetic lines: "Dear Child,"—she was twice my age, and privileged to make a pet of me,—"dear child, I have a presentiment that we shall never meet again in

This dear girl's intuition came near to being the death of me: I shuddered where I sat, overcome with remorse. It was enough that I had turned my back on her would have been considered unpardonand sought consolation in the treacherous bosom of the ocean-that, having failed to find the spring of immortal life in human affection, I had packed up and emigrated, content to fly the ills I had in search of change; but that parting shot, below the waterline as it were, that was more than I asked for, and something more than I could stomach. I returned to watch with the rest of our little company, who clung about the table with a pitiful sense of momentary security, and an expression of pathetic condolence on every counten-ance, as though each were sitting out the

When the food was all gone save a few

courage was noteworthy, and it was his indomitable will that ultimately saved him.

One by one the minds of the miserable men gave way: they became peevish or delirious, and then died horribly. Two, who had been mates for many voyages in the seas north and south, vanished mysteriously in the night: no one could tell where they went nor in what manner, though they seemed to have gone together.

Somehow, these famishing sailors the save and fell upon the water; figures moved to and fromen, living and breathing men! Then men, living and breathing men! Then men, living and breathing men! Then crusty old sea-dog whose memory of wrecks and marine disasters of every conwrecks and marine disasters of every conceivable nature was as complete as an encyclopedia. This "old man of the sea" spun his tempestuous yarn with fascinating composure, and the whole company was awed into silence with the haggard realism of his narrative. The cabin must have been air-tight—it was as close as possible—yet we heard the shricking of the wind as it tore through the rigging, and the lone hiss of the waves rushing past us

wind as it tore through the rigging, and the long hiss of the waves rushing past us with lightning speed. Sometimes an avalanche of foam buried us for a moment and the Petrel trembled like a living thing stricken with sudden fear: we seemed to be hanging on the crust of a great bubble that was, sooner or later, certain to burst and let us drop into its vast, black chasm, where in Cinmerian darkness we should be entombed for ever.

The scenic effect, as I then considered. would be saved; they were as confident of their own doom, and to him they enwould be saved; they were as couldent of their own doom, and to him they entrusted a thousand messages of love. They would lie around him—for few of them had strength to assume a sitting posture—and reveal to him the story of their lives. It was most pitiful to hear the confessions It was most pitful to hear the confessions of those dying men. One said: "I wronged my friend: I was unkind to this one or to that one; I deserve the heaviest punishment God can inflict on me;" and the scenic enect, as I then considered, as unnecessarily vivid; as I now recall it, it seems to me strictly in keeping and thoroughly dramatic. At any rate, you might have told us a dreadful story with almost fatal users. punishment God can inflict on me;" and then he paused, overcome with emotion. But another took up the refrain: "I could have done much good, but I would not and now it is too late." And a third cried out in his despair: "I have committed unpardonable sins, and there is no hope for me. Lord Jesus have mercy!" lmost fatal success.

I had still one letter left—one bearing this suggestive legend: "To be read in the saddest hour." Now if there is a sadder saddest hour." Now if there is a sadder hour in all time than the hour of hopeless and friendless death, I care not to know of that something charitable and cheering would give me strength. A few dried leaves were stored within it. The faint The youngest of these perishing souls a mere lad: he too accused himself bitterly. He began his story at the beginning, and continued it from time to time as the sixty of resulting more down, searned with the search of the sea spirit of revelation moved him: scarcely an iacident, however insignificant, escaped him in his pitiless retrospect. Oh the keen agony of that boy's recital! more fragrance of summer bowers reassured me: somewhere in the blank world of waters there was land, and there Nature was kind and fruitful: out over the fearcruel than hunger or thirst, and in com-parison with which physical torture would have seemed merciful and death a blessful deluge this leaf was borne to me in the return of the invisible dove my hand had sent forth in its extremity. A

scenic effect, as I then considered,

song was written therein, perhaps a song of triumph: I could now silence the

clamorous tongue of our sea monster, whe was glutting us with tales of horror,

for a jubilee was at hand, and here was the first note of its triumph.

I paused. A night black with croaking

A tide of ice-water seemed rippling up

Beyond the parting and the meeting I shall be soon: Beyond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulse's fever-beating, I shall be soon.

I read

While the luckless Perle drifted aim lessly about, driven slowly onward by varying winds under a cheerless sky, sickness visited them; some were stricken with scurvy; some had lost the use of their limbs and lay helpless, moaning and weeping hour after hour; vermin devoured them, and when their garments were removed and cleansed in the salt water, there was scarcely sunshine enough to dry them before night, and they were put on again, damp, stiffened with salt, and shrunken so as to cripple the wearers, who were all blistered and covered with The nights were bitter cold: someboils. The nights were bitter cold: sometimes the icy moon looked down upon them; sometimes the bosom of an electric cloud burst over them, and they were enveloped for a moment in a sheet of flame. Sharks lingered about them, waiting to feed upon the unhappy ones who fell into the sea overcome with physical exhaustion, or who cast themselves from that dizzy scaffold, unable longer to endure the hearters of lingering death. Flocks of the horrors of lingering death. Flocks of sea fowl hovered over them; the hull of sea-fowl hovered over them; the full of the Perle was crusted with barnacles; long skeins of sea-grass knotted themselves in her gaping seams; myriads of fish darted in and out among the climbing weeds, sporting gleefully; schools of porpoises leaped about them, lashing the sea into foam; sometimes a whole whale blew his

long breath close upon them. Everywhere was the stir of jubilant life—everywhere but under the tattered awning stretched in the feature of the Park. in the foretop of the Perle.

Days and weeks dragged on. When the captain would waken from his sleep -which was not always at night, however,

for the nights were miserably cold and sleepless—when he waked he would call the roll: perhaps some one made no answer; then he would reach forth and touch the speechless body and find it dead. He had not strength now to bury the corpses in the sea's sepulchre; he had not strength even to partake of the unholy feast of the inanimate flesh; he lay there in the midst had not strength even to partake of the unholy feast of the inanimate flesh; he lay there in the midst had not strength even to partake of the unholy feast of the lay there in the midst had not strength and then, when she was alone are in with pathing whatever in

sheltered them. A cord was attached to the shrouds, the end of it carefully laid in silence and despair. By this time their scanty resources were exhausted, and not a the mouth of a bottle slung in the rig-ging. Down the thin cord slid occasional scanty resources were exhausted, and not a drop of water remained: then their tongues were loosened, and they railed at the Almighty. Some wept like children, some cursed their fate: one man alone was speechless—a Spaniard with a wicked light in his eye, and a repulsive manner that had made trouble in the forecastle more than once. cops: one by one they stole into the ottle, and by morning there was a spoonful of water to moisten those parched lips
—sweet, crystal drops, more blessed than ears, for they are salt-more precious than pearls. A thousand prayers of grati-tude seemed hardly to quiet the souls of the lingering ones for that great charity

of heaven.

There came a day when the hearts of God's angels must have bled for the suf-fering ones. The breeze was fresh and fair; the sea tossed gaily its foam-crested waves; sea-birds soared in wider circles, and the clouds shook out their fleecy folds through which the sunlight streamed in through which the two ghosts were staking, as ever, of home, of earth, of land. light, the brig gave a sudden lurch and dipped up one of the monsters, who was quite secure in the shallow aquarium besolid and broad. Oh, to pace again a shallow approach the company of the secure without the company of the compan whole league without turning! Oh, to pause in the shadow of some living tree! -to drink of some stream whose waters flowed continually—flowed though you drank of them with the awful thirst of rest for another day; some ate till they were sick, and had little left for the next one who has been denied water for weeks, meal. The Spaniard with the evil eye greedily devoured his portion, and then and weeks, and weeks !-- for three whole months-an eternity as, it seemed to

grew moody again, refusing to speak with the others, who were striving to be cheer-ful, though it was sad enough work. Then they pictured life as it might be if God permitted them to return to earth once more. They would pace K mouthfuls that one meagre eater had hoarded to the last, the Spaniard resolved street at noon, and revisit that capital restaurant where many a time they had feassecure a morsel at the risk of his life. ted, though in those days they were un-known to one another; they would call It had been a point of honor with the men to observe sacredly the right of ownfor coffee, and this dish and that dish, and a whole bill of fare, the thought of which made their feverish palates grow moist able. At night, when the watch was sleep again. They would meet friends whom they had never loved as they now loved them; they would reconcile old feuds and ing, the Spaniard cautiously removed the last mouthful of shark hidden in the last mouthful of shark maden in the pocket of his mate, but was immediately detected and accused of theft. He at once grew desperate, struck at the poor wretch whom he had robbed, missed his orgive everybody everything; they held imaginary conversations, and found life very beautiful and greatly to be desired; and somehow they would get back to the blow, and fell headlong from the narrow platform in the foretop, and was lost in he sea. It was the first scene in the nournful tragedy about to be enacted on little cafe and there begin eating again, and with a relish that brought the savory tastes and smells vividly before them, and that limited stage.

There was less disturbance after the dis-

together.
Somehow, these famishing sailors seemed to feel assured that their captain the ghosts staggered to their feet and cried the ghosts staggered to their feet and cried the ghosts. the gnosts staggered to their feet and cried to God for mercy. Then they waved their arms, and beat their breasts, and lifted up their imploring voices, beseeching deliver-ance out of that horrible bondage. Tears coursed down their hollow cheeks, their limbs quaked, their breath failed them; they sank back in despair, speechless and

forsaken.
Why did they faint in the hour of deliv erence when that narrow chasm was all that separated them from renewed life? Because the barque spread out her great white wings and soared away, hearing not the faint voices, seeing not the thin shadows that haunted that drifting wrack. The forsaken ones looked out from their eyrie, and watched the lessening sail until sight failed them, and then the !ad with one wild cry leaped towards the speeding barque, and was swallowed up in the

sea.

Alone in a wilderness of waters! Alone, without compass or rudder, borne on by relentless winds into the lonesome, dreary, relentless winds into the lonesome, dreary, shoreless ocean of despair, within whose blank and forbidden sphere no voyager ventures; across whose desolate waste dawn sends no signal and night brings no reprieve; but whose sun is cold, and whose moon is clouded, and whose stars withdraw into space, and whore the insufwithdraw into space, and where the insuf ferable silence of vacancy shall not be broken for all time. O pitiless Nature! thy irrevocable laws

argue rare sacrifice in the waste places of

God's universe!

The Petrel gave a tremendous lurch, that sent two or three of us into the lee salt water. There was a moment of aw-ful silence; we could not tell whether the NOORDINARY MAN WOULD DREAM OF VENlight of day would ever visit us again; we thought perhaps it wouldn't. But the

Yes, he did. God sent a messenger into Yes, he did. God sent a messenger into the lonesome deep, where the miserable man was found insensible, with eyes wide open against the sunlight, and lips shrunken apart—a hideous breathing corpse. When he was lifted in the arms of the brave fellows who had gone to his rescue, he gried "Crast Call to m. I saved "Crast them some provisions and tobacca and

for dawn and fairer weather.

Somehow, my mind brooded over the solitary wreck that was drifting about the sea. I could fancy the rotten timbers of inanimate flesh; he lay there in the midst of pestilence, and at night, under the merciful veil of darkness, the fowls of the air gathered about him and bore away their trophy of corruption.

By and by there were but two left of all that wife pine grows the captain and the last of the perturbation. that suffering crew—the captain and the boy—and those two clung together like ghosts, defying mortality. They strove to be patient and hopeful: if they could not eat, they could drink, for the nights were dewy, and sometimes a mist covered to be slowly drawing her down to be patient and hopeful: if they could not eat, they could drink, for the nights over her, and laid hold of her masts, and were dewy, and sometimes a mist covered to be slowly drawing her down them—a mist so dense that it seemed into its bosom. There was not an audible sound, and scarcely a ripple upon the sheltered them. A cord was attached to water, but when the waves had climbed a spirit out of which has sprung nothing into the foretop, there was a clamor of affrighted birds, and a myriad bubbles shot up to the surface, where a few waifs floated and whirled about for a moment. It was all that marked the spot where the

Perle went down to her eternal rest.
"Ha, ha!" cried our skipper, with something almost like a change of expressomething atmost like a triange of expression of his mahogany countenance, "the barometer is rising!" and sure enough it was. In two hours the Petrel acted like a different craft entirely, and by and by came daybreak, and after that the sea went down, down, down, into a deep, dead calm, when all the elements seemed crawled out of the close, ill-smelling cabin to dry ourselves in the sun: there, on the steaming deck of the schooner, we found new life, and in the hope that dawned with

it we grew lusty and jovial.
Such a flat, oily sea as it was then! So transparent that we saw great fish swimming about, full five fathoms under us. A monstrous shark drifted lazily past, his dorsal fin now and then cutting the surdorsal fin now and then cutting the sur-face like a knife and glistening like polished steel, his brace of pilot-fish dart-ing hither and thither, striped like little

one legged harlequine.

Flat-headed gonies sat high on the water, piping their querulous note as they tugged at something edible, a dozen of them entering into the domestic difficulty: one after another would desert the cause, run a little way over the sea to get a good start, leap heavily into the air, sail about for a few minutes, and then drop back on the sea, feet foremost, and skate for a yard or two, making a white mark and a pleasant sound as it slid over the water.

The exquisite nautilus floated past us, with its gauzy sail set, looking like a thin slice out of a soap bubble; the strange anemone laid its pale, sensitive petals on the lips of the wave and panted in ecstasy; while he hung in the ratlines and tos down the salt-stained shrouds. The aftertheir lips would move and the impalitable morsels roll sweetly over their noonwaned; the man at the wheel struck There was less disturbance after the disnce, as though each were sitting out the st hours of the others.

One particular bane that night was a fact, the captain was the only one whose the horizon with jealous eyes; never for the moon wanted, the man at the wheel state to the two bells—it was the delectable dog-watch.

It had become a second nature to scour the doment sailors seemed broken: in fact, the captain was the only one whose the horizon with jealous eyes; never for the man at the mean at the wheel states the delectable dog-watch.

It had become a second nature to scour the horizon with jealous eyes; never for the man at the man at the mean at the mean at the second nature.

There was less disturbance after the disappearance of the Spaniard: the spirits of the doment sailors seemed broken: in fact, the captain was the only one whose the horizon with jealous eyes; never for the man at the mean at the mean at the mean at the spirits of the boundary that the believe the spirits of the horizon with jealous eyes; never for the man at the mean at the spirits of the particular base.

fervid sky was flushed; it looked as though something splendid were about to happen up there, and that it could hardly keep the secret much longer. Then came the purplest twilight; and then the sky blossomed all over with the biggest, ripe st, goldenest stars—such stars as hang like e fruits in sun-fed orchards; such stars as lay a track of fire in the sear such stars. as lay a track of fire in the sea; such stars as lay a track of fire in the sea; such stars as rise and set over mountains and beyond low green capes, like young moons, every one of them; and I conjured up my spells of sa vage enchantment, my blessed islands, my reefs baptized with silver spray; I saw the broad fan leaves of the banana droop the same and through the in the motionless air, and through the tropical night the palms aspired heaven-ward, while I lay dreaming my sea-dream in the cradle of the deep.

## A PRIEST'S HEROISM.

Planting the Cross Among Cannibals-God's Providence over a Catholic

Missionary.

The Rev. Father McNab, well known as an enthusiastic friend of the aboriginies, is a man who does good by st ealth, and would probably blush to find it fame. He is one of those self-devoted, utterly unselfish missionaries, who in all ages of the Christian Church have sacrificed the comforts of home, and the social inter-course of friends, and relatives, and risked their lives daily in their desire to carry
"the glad tidings of great joy" to some
nation wrapped in the starless and cheerless night of UNINTELLECTUAL AND SAVAGE BARBARISM.

Father McNab is a missionary of the peripatetic school, and his attempts to civilize the blacks are governed by a definite object and a fixed system of operations. For some considerable time he has been engaged among the blacks in the has been engaged among the blacks in the Cardwell district, with the double intention of establishing friendly intercourse and inducing them to come into the settlements, and work a little occasionally corners of the cabin; a sea broke over us, bursting into the companion-hatch, and half filling our small and insecure retreat; the swinging lamp was thrown from its socket and extinguished: we were enveloped in total darkness, up to our knees in oped in total darkness, up to our knees in considerable area of land exclusively with aboriginal labor. Father MeNab travels fearlessly among when the second of the cabin; a sea broke over us, bursting into the companion hatch, and work a little occasionally for the plantations. On Herbert river, for the plantations. On Burgnes, planter, is credited with having remarkably succeeded, clearing and planting a considerable area of land exclusively with aboriginal labor. Father MeNab travels fearlessly among

we thought perhaps it wouldn't. But the Petrel rose once more upon the watery hilltops and shook herself free of the cum. Tam O'Shanter point, and Dunk Island, bersome deluge; and at that point, when she seemed to be riding more easily than usual, some one broke the silence; "Well, did the captain of the Perle live to tell the tale?"

Tam O'Shanter point, and Dunk Island, have an evil reputation as bloodthirsty cannibals, who have killed and eaten a large number of white men during the tale?" Nab visits these notorious localities and holds interviews with the blacks, and suc-

true; then he fainted, and was nursed through a long delirium, and was at last restored to health and home and happiness.

Our cabin-boy managed to fish up the lamp, and after a little we were illuminated: the agile swab soon sponged out the cabin, and we resumed our tedious watch for dawn and fairer weather.

Somehow, my mind broaded solitary are solitary as a solitary and specific properties and solitary are solitary. appearance. They have come now to regard him as a friend, and though in that case his life is comparatively safe, he mast remember that he carries it in his hand and may be sacrificed to any sudden caprice or suspicion, or one of those sudden spasms of uncontrollable ferocity to which all savages are sensitively liable. Some of these he found reatterlarks amiable and the spands of the world, the world of the world, and I have not chosen you out of the world, because the world loveth you." Do not chose he found reatterlarks a miable and all savages are sensitively liable. Some of them he found particularly amiable and disposed to be friendly, while here and there he met with men of a specially ferocious looking type, not at all likely to in-

but mutual murder and miserable reprisals and deeds of purposeless ferocity, a majority of which were caused by a mutual ignorance of each other, and the absence of mediators who would have arranged for friendly advances and paved the way for mutual concessions. The Myall blacks of the north coast regard the white man as a dangerous foe, who TAKES GREAT DELIGHT IN SHOOTING THEM As an exhibitanting species of recreation; the white men, on the other side, treating the blacks as treacherous savages, deserv-ing the earliest possible extermination. If Father McNab is successful in forming to have gone to sleep after their furious warfare. Like half-d owned flies we material, he will have accomplished a material, he will have accomplished a rare and difficult work. If he succeeds in inducing the blacks to come in and work for the planters he will be entitled to substantial public recognition. There are enough blacks on the north coast their relies? Does it not make light of their relies? Does it not despise the sacrivers to work all the plantations for many years if they cared to do it. In the awful presence which dwells upon our THE BLACK GAVE VALUABLE ASSISTANCE To the settlers in felling timber and pulling and husking corn, and even yet they are useful to the back settlers on the Tweed, the Richmond, and the Clarence. Working among sweet juice and sugar and molasses would be still more congenial, and if a few were persuaded to come in, and were kindly and liberally treated by the planters, they would encourage others to follow, and so in a little time a large number might be advantageously utilized among the plantations. If this can be done at all, Father McNab is

JUST THE MAN TO DO IT, For his Caledonian determination, allied to intelligence and genuine benevolence, must command success, if success is possi-In the meantime it will be inte and we leave the subject with a sincere soul-felt hope that the good old mission. the Petrel rocked softly, swinging her idle canvas in the sun; we heard the click of ary will come unscathed and triumphant the anchor-chain in the forecastle, the blessedest sea-sound I wot of; a sailor sang dertaken to encounter.—Townsville, Australia, Herald.

> "ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

## "POPULAR" CATHOLICS.

Cardinal Newman

Cardinal Newman.

Here is a grave matter against you, that you are so well with the Protestants about you; I do not mean to say that you are not bound to cultivate peace with all men, and to do them all the offices of charity in your power. Of course you are, and if they respect, esteem, and love you, it redounds to your praise and will gain you a reward; but I mean more than this; they do not respect you, but they like you, because they think of you as of themselves; they see no difference between themselves cause they think of you as of themselves; they see no difference between themselves and you. This is the very reason why they so often take your part, and assert or defend your political rights. Here, again, there is a sense, of course, in which our civil rights may be advocated by Protestants without any reflection on us and with ants without any reflection on us, and with honor to them.

We are like others in this, that we are

men; that we are members of the same State with them, subjects, connected subicts, of the same sovereign; that we have a dependence on them and have them dependent on us; that like them, we feel pain when ill-used, and are grateful when well-treated. We need not be ashamed of a fellowship like this, and those who recognize it in us are generous in doing so. But we have much cause to be ashamed, and much cause to be ashamed and much cause to be ashamed. and much cause to be anxious what God thinks of us, if we gain their support by giving them a false impression in our persons of what the Catholic Church is, and what Catholics are bound to be, what bound to believe and to do; and is not this the case often, and the world takes up your interests, because you share its sins?

Nature is one with nature, grace with

Nature is one with nature, grace with grace; the world then witnesses against you by being good friends with you; you could not have got on with the world so well, without surrendering something which was precious and sacred. The world likes you, all but your professed creed; distinguishes you from your creed in its judgment of you, and would fain separate you from it in fact. Men say, "These persons are better than their Church; we have not a word to say for their Church; but Catholics are not what they were; they are very much like other men now. Their creed certainly is bigoted and cruel, but what would you have of and cruel, but what would you have of them? You cannot expect them to con-fess this: let them change quietly, no one changes in public, be satisfied that they are changed. They are as fond of the world as we are; they take up our politi-cal objects as warmly; they like their own way just as well; they do not like strict-ness a whit better; they hate spiritual ness a whit better; they hate spiritual thraldom, and they are half ashamed of the Pope and his councils. They hardly believe any miracles now, and are annoyed when their own brethren officiously pro-claim them; they never speak of purga-tory; they are sore about images; they avoid the subject of indulgences; and they will not commit themselves to the doctrine of exclusive salvation. The Catholic doctrines are now mere badges of party. Catholics think for themselves and judge for themselves, just as we do; they are kept in their Church by a point of honor, and a reluctance at seeming to abandon a and a reluctance at seeming to abandon

and a rejuctance at seeming to abandon a fallen cause."

Such is the judgment of the world, and you, my brethren, are shocked to hear it; but may it not be that the world knows more about you than you know about yourselves? "If ye had been of the world," says Christ "the world would have it ways, but because ye are not of have its own; but because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you." complain of the world in putting to you more than is true; those who live as the world give color to those who think them of the world, and seem to form but one party with them. In proportion as you put off the yoke of Christ, so does the and think well of you accordingly. highest compliment is to tell you that you disbelieve. O my brethren! there is an eternal enmity between the world and the Church. The Church declares by the mouth of an apostle, "Whoso will be a friend of the world becomes an enemy of God;" and the world retorts, and calls the Church apostate, sorceress, Beelzebub and antichrist. She is the image and the mother of the predestinate, and, if you would be found among her children when you die, you must have part in her reproach while you live. Does not the world scoff at all that is glorious, all that is majestic in our holy religion? Does it not speak against the special creations of God's grace? Does it not disbelieve the possibility of purity and chastity? Does it not slander the profession of celibacy? Does it not deny the virginity of Mary? Does it not cast out her very name as evil? Does it not scorn her as a dead early days of the coast rivers of New South Wales, from the Hunter to the Clarence, our believing that what it calls bread and wine is that very same Body and Blood of the Lamb which lay in Mary's womb and hung on the cross! What are we that we should be better treated than our Lord, and his mother, and his servants, and his works? Nay, what are we, if we be better treated, but the friends of those who treat us well, and who ill-treat Him.

## It has Entered the Capitol Buildings.

It has finally gained its point and no less a personage than the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, Mr. D. W. McDonnell, Ottawa, thus indorses the Great German Remedy: "St. Jacobs Oil is a splendid remedy. I used it on my is a splendid remedy. I used it on my left hand and wrist for rheumatism, and left hand and wrist desired to be. Mrs. found it all that it is claimed to be. McDonneil used it for a most severely sprained ankle; by steady use of the article for a few days a complete cure was effected. St. Jacobs Oil does its work very satisfactorily and also rapidly; such at least is my opinion.

A. Chard, of Sterling, in a recent letter, states that he met with an accident some time ago, by which one of his knees was severely injured. A few applications of Hagyard's Yellow Oil afforded immediate

NOV. 10, 1882.

St. Teresa's Thorns. ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

Written for the Tri-centennial o October 15, 1882; and dedicated wi tial regard to her devoted childre calced Carmelites of New Orlea

In a quaint old Spanish city,
'Neath the sunny Spanish skies
In a shrine of gold and crystal,
Set with gems (like angels' eyes
The heart of St. Teresa
To-day uncovered lies. And around it throng the pilgrin Who from rise to set of sun, Come to venerate the relies Of that valiant Spanish nun; And to muse upon the wonders Which that little heart hath do

That little heart, yet mighty.
Incorrupt and pure and sweet,
As when, of old, at Aylia,
The rapture and the heat
Of a burning, yearning scraph
In its pulses bravely beat:

From its flesh (where once an ar Pierced it through with shini From the sacred wounds, once g With a mingled fire and fear, The mystic thorns are growing, Which the kneeling throng re Oh! see-the sunlight glistens Ohl see—the sunlightglistens
On those thorns! How came t
Mark those streaming eyes, and
To that cry so like despair!
"By thy thorn-piere'd heart, Ter
Hear thy children's pleading !

And the heart behind the crysta Seems to beat and burn and a And, from out the deep recesses Where the thorns mysterious The blood-drops, red as roses, Seem about to overflow.

And a wailing voice and tende Floats above the golden shri over all the jeweled splendor Where the myriad tapers shi A tearful voice and tender, Drifts along the list'ning line

"O my children! O my people (Soft the silv'ry accents chim "All the earth is drunk with e All the world is drench'd with And the malice of the devil Brims the bitter cup of Time!

"On the apex of the ages, They have nailed the Crucific And before Him and His ange They assault His Church, Hi They renew His dying anguist And His chosen ones deride! "O my people! O my children Do ye marvel that there dar Thorns stupendous, thorns tre Thro' my sorely-outraged he In these days of sin and cand Almost rending it apart?

"Lift your eyes a little higher Look above this brilliant si There are thorns amid that fir But they crown a Heart Div O my glowing love's Desire' Shall that crown alone be T

"Shall that Heart alone, my By those cruel thorns be ret Shall we sit among our pleast In our selfish sins content, Till the last drop of Thy brob Bruised and bleeding veins

"God forbid it! O my childr Let me share my Master's 'Round my pulseless heart ir Sharp and jagged, rough ar (Tho' the piercing points div Angels! press it firmly dow "And if burning love, my Je
With Thy Heart one thorn
If a sinless, deep devotion
Can one wound Thy Boson
Then Terea's Thorns shall i
Into roses fresh and fair."

In the quaint old Spanish c'Neath the sunny Spanish From its shrine of gold and Set with gems (like angels The heart of Saint Teresa Gives its answer grave an

-Ave Maria.

PURGATOR

A Leaf from the Note 1 Theologia

(From the Irish Ecclesia 1. The following paper troversial. Putting asid question at issue between Catholics as to the existe tory, I purpose to to points, the consideration fix the attention of all of own future, a charitable sympathies brethren.

brethreu.

2. Every sin committed after it in the soul two guilt or stain of sin "macula peccati,") as as God, and the debt of purporne") due to the distance of the punishment due to nal, the everlasting tween mortal sin is for punishment is also forgarticle of Catholic faith mission of the guilt of the soul of the single of the guilt of the soul of the soul of the soul of the guilt of the soul mission of the guilt of eternal punishment, the temporary punishment in the words of the Cou 6, ch. 14; sess. 14, ch. God does not "always punishment together That this temporary ally if due to mortal mains, greater or less, is by theologians; and in clearly from other poin

trine.
3. This temporary 1 wholly, or in part, it celled in this life by p works of mortification have been entirely can not enter heaven. So this life, it must be st And this is purgatory

4. Purgatory, then, ing, in which souls dep before entering heave ishment due for past
5. On the subject of
doctrines are solemnly
First, that there is a the debt of temporal sin is discharged. Se detained there are rel ges of the faithful, b holy Sacrifice of the two points there are interest, on some of lute certainty, moral of the certainty of fair a strong probability left completely in t form any opinion.

6. According to th of theologians, the I subterraneous, situa bowels of the earth : place, whether close logians hold, or ren lutely uncertain. I dence of God ("se