

FEB. 20, 1886.

The Chapel Bell in Ireland.

Along the dew-gemmed fields and woods, Over the shamrock-spangled hills; Through the green earth's shades, Above the murmur of the rills, Glad sounds are ringing soft and clear, On Irish grounds, as never more I'll wait beside my cottage door, Or in the present, grassy vale, The summons sweet of chapel bell.

The ship is anchored in the bay, And ere another Sabbath light, shines on the churchyard, old and gray— The storied pinnacles, the altar white, The grave, the altar and the cot— And every memory-haunted spot, All shall have faded from my eye, Even friends I loved so warm and true; Sad eyes shall weep a long farewell, To Ireland, home, and chapel bell.

Our fathers met in days of old In lonely cave or green hillside; In secret there the beads were told, And there by silent prayer's Crucifix, Came down from heaven in lowly guise To warn their hearts and dry their eyes. From nature's shelter to the rock, Their footsteps left a gory track; On gibbet dark, in convict cell, They died who loved the chapel bell.

How often in the days to come In secret there the beads were told, And there by silent prayer's Crucifix, Came down from heaven in lowly guise To warn their hearts and dry their eyes. From nature's shelter to the rock, Their footsteps left a gory track; On gibbet dark, in convict cell, They died who loved the chapel bell.

A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE.

A Non-Catholic Writer Discusses the Heroism of Jesuit Missionaries.

THEIR CHIVALROUS DARING OVERTHROWS THE TALE OF KNIGHT ERRANTRY.

A recent article in the Edinburgh Review, entitled "The French in North America," and which deals with certain books lately published in Boston by Mr. Parkman, contains the following tribute to the heroism of the Jesuit missionaries in Canada. The fact that the writer shows throughout his article that he has no sympathy with the Catholic Church makes his testimony in this instance all the more weighty:

"The heroic courage and unselfish zeal could have Christianized North America. The missionary annals rival in deeds of chivalrous daring, the tales of knight errantry, or the legends of the Saints with which Ignatius Loyola soiled his sickness. Fervent in their Master's cause, strong in religious enthusiasm, they labored in North America with all-embracing activity to advance the interests of their Order, of the Papacy, and of France. Directed, disciplined, impelled, restrained, by one master hand, yielding obedience as complete as that of a corpse, they impressed on the world the tremendous power of their organization. If Xavier alone has become canonized Saint of Christendom, many of his brethren were heroes of no common name. In China, Japan, Tibet, Brazil, California, Abyssinia, and Caffre land, they performed miracles of self-denying devotion.

"Above all, in North America, men like Le Jeune, Brebeuf, Garnier, and Chaumont braved famine, solitude, insult, persecution, and torture, tasted day after day the prolonged bitterness of death in its most appalling forms. At first the labors of the Jesuits were among the Algonquin children. But no permanent results could be obtained among the wandering Algonquin hordes. Le Jeune determined to establish a mission among the numerous Huron tribes who lived in the Western lakes. In 1634, Brebeuf, Daniel and Devot left Trois Riviers for Lake Huron. The hardships of the voyage, which lasted thirty days, were so severe that even the iron frame of Brebeuf almost succumbed.

"Partly from the fear of offending the French at Quebec, partly from superstitious awe, the Jesuits were permitted to settle and to build houses in the Huron town.

"In France the utmost enthusiasm was aroused for the Missions; Brebeuf's 'Relation' produced a prodigious effect; as time passed on more Jesuits crossed the sea to aid in the work of conversion. The central Mission House, near Lake Huron, served as a residence, hospital, magazine, and refuge in case of need. The Huron towns, all named after Saints, were divided into districts; to each of which two priests were assigned. The Missionaries journeyed singly or in pairs from village to village, till every Huron town had heard the doctrine. Their circuits were made in the depth of winter, for it was not till November or December that the Jesuits settled in their village. The Jesuits paid for their lodgings with needles, beads, awls, and other small articles. They taught the Hurons to fortify their towns, doctored the sick, instructed children, and preached to adults. But converts were hard to make, and harder still to retain. But if the Jesuits converted few of the savages, they gained personal influence. Their disinterestedness, integrity, and blameless lives gradually told upon the Indians. Their patience and tact were never at fault.

"Their most determined enemies were the sorcerers, medicine men, and diviners, who swarmed in every village. To the Hurons the priests appeared as rival magicians. They looked upon the black-robed strangers as 'Okies,' or supernatural beings, masters of life and death, controlling the sun and moon and the seasons. They attributed to them the changes in the weather, the scantiness or abundance of their crops; they came to them for spells to destroy their enemies, and for charms to kill grasshoppers. Brebeuf foretold an eclipse, and his prophecy was fulfilled; the natives therefore failed to obtain rain; nine Masses to Saint Joseph broke up the most obstinate drought. But the triumph was not an unmitigated advantage. Pestilence and small-pox decimated the people, the

DEVILS LAKE.

MISSIONARY WORK OF THE BENEDECTINE FATHERS AMONG THE SIOUX INDIANS IN NORTHERN DAKOTA.

Washington, January, 1886. Away up in the north of Dakota, not far from the Canadian frontier, is a lake, about 60 miles long and 10 miles wide, called Devils Lake. I could never find out satisfactorily why this lake was named after the devil. It is, perhaps, because in former times wild hordes of various tribes of Indians, who had temporarily settled here, did spread terror and horror in all directions from this place about Devils Lake. I could never find out why the name of this lake was given to it because the Indians here always exercised a great influence over the Indians residing here and by witchcraft, holy dances, etc. they called them, by exorcisms, and devils service in manifold forms, made this poor, self-concocted people his loyal and willing servants, or probably the lake itself has something horror exciting for itself. The Rev. Father Marty placed this mission under the powerful protection of St. Michael two years ago, and it has already here verified itself: "Michael pugnavit cum dracone et fecit victoriam, Michael fought with the serpent and gained a great victory." The Indians who are living around this lake, and are now applying themselves so peacefully to farming and Catholic religion, were ten years ago not quite as harmless and friendly disposed as they are to day. For the good Sisters had come to fly before a band of such Indians and ask for protection in the neighboring Federal Fort Totten; one of the Sisters carried the viaticum, and the other Sisters seized such articles as they could find. The priest, a Canadian, who happened to be here ten years ago had also to take flight in haste after his return. The Sisters who are now in charge of the school, came here ten years ago from Canada; only two years ago they had besides the schools a fine hospital, wherein the sick Indians received the necessary medical treatment and nursing. But on a cold day in February, during a severe storm, a fire broke out and laid the entire edifice in ashes; the convent, the chapel, the hospital, everything was destroyed. Fortunately no lives were lost. Since we have no hospital, the Sisters make from time to time the rounds, looking for sick Indians to their huts, and if they find one at the point of death, they remain day and night by his bedside, giving him spiritual and bodily consolation.

115 Indian children are at present residing in the school-house at this place. Besides tuition in reading, writing and arithmetic the girls receive instructions in cooking, baking and other feminine employments. During the past year several pupils, who had married in accordance with the Christian rite, were married in a pleasant home and are leading an exemplary Christian life, and are also visited regularly by the priest. The good Sisters do not fail to keep a maternal eye upon their former pupils; they visit them frequently and see that the young wife keeps the house neat and tidy, looks after the children properly, does her work regularly, mends and irons her clothes, and particularly that she does not omit her prayers at home. That the Indians here have made good progress in farming, an inspection of their fields, which are all fenced in, will give convincing proof; many Indians cultivate from 40 to 50 acres. They plant wheat, corn, potatoes, etc., and gather so much, and out of the proceeds of which they buy agricultural implements, horses, provisions and clothing. The Indians at this place do not receive any more rations from the government, but such of them as distinguish themselves by industry and good behavior, receive horses, wagons and clothing from the government as a present. The Christian school Indian brings one or two sacks of wheat as a Christmas gift to the missionary.

Now we will relate how the Indians here consecrate the Sunday. No matter how cold, or stormy the weather may be, rain or snow, the chapel is always crowded on Sunday. On Sunday mornings there are always two divine services held, for otherwise half of the congregation would have to stand outside of the chapel. They come even in the midst of winter from a distance of 10 to 16 miles to church, some come in sleighs drawn by oxen or ponies, the poorer ones come afoot in the severest cold. Some bring a lunch, while others return contentedly home after divine services with an empty stomach.

All singing during the service, and indeed with might and main. Before and after High Mass, before the sermon and before the Catechism, the singing is conducted in the Indian language, but during the High Mass only Roman choral songs are recited, and indeed with great precision. At vespers also everything is accurately sung in accord with the vesperal. An Indian youth, 15 years old, plays the organ, and although we here do not yet belong to the Cecilia Society, we are nevertheless true Cecilia in heart and deed. The Indians like to sing, they have strong, melodious voices, entirely appropriate for the Gregorian song and many an old Indian has learned to read during the winter, so that he should also be able to sing at church from the book. It is almost incredible, how quickly many of the Indians learn to read and write. On these holy days the whole congregation goes to the holy Sacraments, old and young all approach with great joy and devotion the Lord's table. There are about six such Communion days for the whole congregation during the year. On these days the St. Joseph's Society prepares, in an adjoining Indian house, a frugal repast, where at noon all can satisfy their appetites. But the members of the St. Joseph's Society go regularly once a month to the holy Sacraments.

Not more than three years ago, the priest had constantly to combat against the nonsensical dancing; generally on Saturday towards evening the great drum could be heard in all directions and then themselves in a fantastic manner, dressed their bodies with all possible colors,

In a Dangerous Condition.

Any man, woman or child is in a dangerous condition when neglecting a constipated state of the bowels. There can be no perfect health without a regular action of this function. Burdock Blood Bitters cure constipation by imparting a healthy tone to all the secretions.

NATIONAL PILLS purify the Blood, regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

A Seasonable Item.

During the breaking up of winter, when the air is chilly and the weather damp, such complaints as rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, croup, and other painful effects of sudden cold, are prevalent. It is then that Hagar's Yellow Oil is found truly valuable as a household remedy.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

BY M. C. WALSH.

"Father, I have a favor to ask of you," observed Amy Archdale, a beautiful girl of twenty, as her father came home from business one summer evening. "Well, Amy dear, what is it you wish?" asked Everett Archdale, who was accustomed to grant every reasonable request his fair daughter made. "Have you a vacancy in your office for Robert Alger?" she asked, timidly, looking up into his calm face, anxiously. "Robert Alger," repeated Mr. Archdale, reflectively, "how happens it that you take so much interest in the young man?" Amy blushed and said earnestly, "Oh, papa, if you knew what a hard struggle the poor widowed mother has to get along, you would not need to ask that question; and now Robert has returned from the West and is anxious to support, or even assist her, but cannot get a position."

"Well, my dear child, that is really too bad, but it is no affair of mine; still I am disposed to do what I can to alleviate distress; so if you will have Mrs. Alger send Robert to the office to-morrow, I will see what I can do for him."

"Oh, thank you! thank you, papa," And the young lady's face became radiant with a flush of pleasure. Amy Archdale was the only child of Everett Archdale, Esq., and heir to his fine fortune and extensive estate of Elmwood. Mr. Archdale was a wealthy merchant, who owned quite a number of ships engaged in foreign trade. After dinner Amy dispatched a servant with a note to her friend, the Widow Alger, notifying her to send her son to the merchant's office on Weybosset street the following day. Accordingly the young man presented himself, and after a brief examination, Mr. Archdale being very well satisfied with his penmanship and general business qualifications, as well as his neat appearance and gentlemanly deportment, at once engaged him at a salary of ten dollars a week, which the young applicant was very glad to accept. He applied himself eagerly to his duties, and at the end of six months was promoted to the full charge of the books with a largely increased salary. At length Mr. Archdale was so well pleased with Alger that, noticing his health was being impaired by too close application to business, he determined to send Robert away on one of his ships as supercargo, hoping that a change of air and scene would prove beneficial. Both Robert and his mother esteemed Miss Archdale highly for her kindly assistance and sweet disposition; and the former had learned to love her, though on account of the disparity in their social standing he felt obliged to suppress all tender feelings other than those of sincere friendship. Still when at length he bade her adieu and sailed on the Etta Fairfax, it was with the fondly cherished hope that he might by a judicious investment of the funds saved from his salary be able to lay the foundation of a comfortable competence, and in the future reach that station which he felt it was essentially requisite to attain in order to be able to support the pretensions of her character. Shortly after his departure Amy invited Mrs. Alger, a bright, clever little woman, educated and refined, to take up her abode in the Archdale mansion and be her companion, to which the widow gratefully assented. Amy had many eligible admirers, and one among them, Gilbert Ashwood, was her favorite suitor. This gentleman, an aristocratic young attorney, was engaged to be married to the vivacious little beauty. Time elapsed, and the ship upon which Robert Alger had sailed was reported lost!

It was now nearly a year since that deplorable event, and the Widow Alger was still dwelling at the Grange, her associations with Amy Archdale being in a measure a compensation for the loss of her son. She still, however, maintained her belief in his escape; refused to abandon hope, and the conviction that Robert was yet alive her greatest consolation. One day a sad calamity befell Everett Archdale. His business suddenly collapsed, and he found himself a bankrupt and almost penniless!

Fast Young Men.

Most cities and large towns are cursed with a lot of useless young fellows who seem to have no object in living but to enjoy themselves. They are in most cases the sons of respectable and industrious parents. They are known as "fast young men." They are drones in society. An investigation of the cause which makes a respectable boy become a "fast young man" will show that there is something wrong in the system of training up the youth in this country. The want of that solid instruction which can be given by parents and guardians, that inculcates the duties each one owes, first to his Creator, and next to his fellow-men, who had devoted his youth to some useful purpose would be an ornament to society. The petted boy is in danger of developing into a fast young man. Having his wants and every wish gratified, he loses his balance, associates with vicious companions, frequents the theatre and gambling hell, and before manhood is a gambler like a trooper and wallows in mire of impurity. He looks down on his father as an "old fogy," and is not a little ashamed of his origin. Late hours, vicious companions and dissipation complete his character, and he is ready for any crime. The local council of the things of fast young men. The evil existence of this class is working unutterable injury to society. Parents and those who have the care and guardianship of youth should never permit a "fast young man" to enter their house. We fear that parents too frequently forget the duties they owe their children. We would remind them that, though the civil law does not take cognizance of dereliction of duty in this respect, there is a higher, holier law, before whose dread tribunal they will have to render a rigid account of the trust placed under their care.—Pacific Catholic.

Does Mr. Archdale reside here?

"He does, sir," replied Amy; "please come in." And she led the way to the humble little parlor, followed by the visitor, after which she retired as Mr. Archdale entered the room. "Mr. Everett Archdale?" queried the stranger. "Yes, sir." "Well, Mr. Archdale, I am the young man who purchased your estate to-day." "Yes!" "Then you do not know me?" asked the visitor standing up and casting aside his false beard and other disguises. "As I live, it is Robert Alger!" exclaimed Mr. Archdale, in astonishment. "That is my name, sir," admitted Robert (for it was indeed he). Explanations followed. The ship upon which Robert had sailed, nearly two years since, had foundered in the Indian Ocean on her outward voyage. Himself, one of the mates, and two sailors were the sole survivors! They had embarked in one of the quarter-boats, and after having drifted about under the brassy glare of a fierce tropical sun for three days, and spent four dreary nights tossing about on the desolate waste of waters, they were eventually picked up by a passing ship and brought to Australia, where Robert had until recently remained. He had managed to secure his money before leaving the sinking ship, and once engaged in business at Sidney, intending, if successful, to return home after a while and surprise his mother. His business enterprise prospered; and at the end of the first year he had accumulated a snug little fortune. He remained six months longer, and then determined to return home, as he felt assured he had made enough money to afford him a handsome capital with which to engage in business in his native city—Providence. Accordingly he came home, via San Francisco. Daring his wanderings in the West he had heard nothing from his partner for some years, he determined to visit the place on his way home. He did so, and was surprised to find his claims in the hands of strangers and paying handsomely. On inquiring, he learned that his partner was dead and these strangers had taken full possession three or four years since, usurping all rights. As he still retained his papers, however, he placed the matter in the hands of a lawyer, who was instructed to institute immediate proceedings against the invaders. Mrs. Alger was nearly overcome by the intensity of her joy when she was led into the room to meet her long lost son. And when the good mother held her boy in her arms and wept with great joy, the scene was indeed an affecting one to those present. Amy greeted the wanderer with the cordiality of sincere friendship. Robert had heard the whole story of her heartless lover's treachery, and sympathized with the maiden in her double sorrow. "This was mainly the incentive that had prompted him to assume his disguise and purchase the homestead when it was sold by the Sheriff. "Oh, Mr. Alger, how kind you were to buy our house and save it from strangers! I shall certainly feel privileged to visit your mother frequently when she takes up her abode there," said Amy, as she followed him to the gate, when he was about to return to his hotel. "So you shall, Miss Archdale," he faltered. "But—why can you not take up your abode there, too?" He hesitated, for his heart throbbled so wildly that it seemed to check his further utterance. Finally, however, he made a desperate effort to control his feelings and contrived to murmur: "As my wife, dearest Amy, for God knows I love you with all my heart!" An ecstatic feeling of joy thrilled through Amy's frame as she sweetly murmured: "So be it, Robert; you are a noble man, and I can desire no better husband." Needless to say that when they were married Mr. Everett Archdale returned to his former home. Robert's lawyer out West soon after communicated with him, naming a handsome figure which he had been offered for all right and title to the mines, and the young man instructed him to sell. So after all the Archdales were restored to their old home through the instrumentality of the widow's son.

Business Principles.

Uncle Rastus—Kin I kerlick a little bill, Mr. Robinson?

Mr. Robinson—What is it for, Uncle Rastus?

"Fits for sawin' dat las' col'd ob wood, sah."

"But I paid you once for dat job."

"Is yer sho'?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"Has yo' got er receipt?"

"Receipt? No."

"Den I tell yo' what ter do, sah. Yo' give me de money an' I givs yer a receipt for it. Den's a bizness principle, and we doan neberber one ob us hab no mo' trouble 'bout de account."—Life.

A Bad Breakdown.

It is a common thing now a days to hear one complain of feeling all broken down with a faint, weary, restless, languor, with strength and appetite nearly gone, and no well defined cause. This is general debility, which Burdock Blood Bitters promptly relieves, and most invariably cures.

A Wise Choice.

In selecting a remedy for coughs and colds the wise choice is to take one that loosens the tough mucous clings to the air passages. Such a remedy is Hagar's Pectoral Balsam, which promptly breaks up hard colds and their troublesome effects.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove Worms and Cause, quicker than any other Medicine.

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