

time planned, because she is known to be your only child, and because it is said she has a large fortune, and it is now supposed she never will escape, if she escape at all or murder her life, but by accepting some thief or murderer, or follower of O'Hanlon's, as a husband, and therefore, ought by degradation or dishonor await her. But good heavens! Captain Ludlow, aid me in holding this unhappy man in his bed. Alas! alas! he is going stark, staring mad. Help! help! help! these below stairs! help! help! or this poor distracted father will destroy himself!

CHAPTER VIII.

Upon both sides of the small apartment in which Ebenezer Lawson lay, and in rooms not larger than his, there were, at the moment of the outbreak of rage and agony described in the last chapter, three persons. In one of the rooms Vincent Fitzpatrick and the individual John Elliott, had called "Mr. Brown," and in the other, sitting alone, the old man who had sat opposite to Ludlow and Lawson in the coffee-room, and in the attempt to insult whom Lawson had received the wound which now confined him to his bed. The cries of Elliott for "help" did not induce any one of these three persons to respond to his call; for it so happened that in both rooms had been heard much of the conversation which had preceded Lawson's maniacal demonstrations of grief, rage, and despair. Instead of aiding Elliott, or rendering the smallest assistance to Lawson, Vincent Fitzpatrick and his friend remained in their room, and the old man descended to the coffee-room.

"What villains these are!" said the old man to himself, "and yet what miscreants are they victims to? Strange that the very weapon which Lawson was employing to destroy the peace and happiness of another's family should be turned against himself, and the misery and despair to which he was about to consign his neighbor, should have overwhelmed himself, and converted his stable homestead into a mass of ruins. I was right in sending an anonymous letter to Kathleen to put her on her guard against both Lawson and Ludlow. I must now address to her another, recommending to her never to stir outside the house, or at once to betake herself to England. I must afterwards see if I cannot contrive the means, either here or in England, to bring about an interview between her and Vincent; and on the success of that interview I look to the restoration of the fortunes of the Fitzpatrick family. Meanwhile, I must endeavor and ascertain who are the persons who have run away with Lawson's daughter. I strongly suspect that the strange story which John Elliott last night told in the coffee-room, of the boasting young French woman, as a partner in an Irish Popish plot, has something to do with this abduction. I must see Elliott again, and try if I cannot detect those wretches in the commission of their rank crimes. It is impossible this delusion as to the Popish plot can be much longer maintained, whilst every fact tending to show the wickedness of those who have promoted it, can but serve to its speedier explosion. That which these plot-makers are aiming at is as plain as light to my eyes; they are seeking to deprive a good and brave prince of his inheritance, to exclude my friend, my patron, and my benefactor, the Duke of York, from the throne, and the ultimate object aimed at is, the promotion of that which they call 'the good old cause,' the cause of crime, of anarchy, and tyranny—the re-establishment of a republic in England and Ireland. In fighting against those anarchical principles, I have suffered much, lost much, and am prepared to lose my life. My opponents, to retain their ends, have stopped at the commission of no wickedness; they have employed against my last sovereign all the arts the demon himself could suggest, and to deprive the future king of his rightful crown, they are now invoking, from the very dregs of society the vilest and most abandoned wretches, and by flagrant perjuries, sending the innocent to death, and bedewing the very Gospel itself with blood! The courts of law, which ought also be courts of equity, are converted into so many shambles; for an oath may be good in law, and yet carry a man to the devil on the point of conscience. So writes to me about this 'concocted Popish plot,' my honest old friend, Roger L'Estrange; and how just are these his remarks as to the popular delusion existing with respect to that plot: 'TREASON was called truth and faith; SLAVERY was only liberty of speech; PERJURY was hallowed by the lips and credit of a king's evidence; FORGERY (if detected) was but a mistake; REBELLION, a true Protestant association; A SHAM NARRATIVE passed for the discovery of a damnable, hellish, Popish plot, and the people were stirred up and instructed to hate and persecute the Papists, in despite of the evangelical precept, that bids us love one another; SUBORINATION was authorized under the name of reward; MURDER was recommended, under the varnish of public justice.'—These are the views of an honest, sincere, truthful, and conscientious English Protestant, upon the present persecution of us Catholics; and how just, also, are his opinions as to the manner in which this persecution against them has been moulded, managed, and directed! 'As to the time-faction had the ascendancy of the government, and the multitude bore down all before them like a torrent, the witnesses led the rabble, the plot-mongers led the witnesses, and the devil himself led the leaders; for they were to pass to their ends through subornation, perjury, hypocrisy, sacrilege, and treason.'

"Yes," continued the old man, "that is the truth, the plain, simple truth; treason is at the bottom of all this business, and for the sake of promoting that crime, every other is committed. It was so in the old rebellion, which ended in the decapitation of Charles I. That rebellion was popularized in England by denunciations of Popery and Irish Papists, and false accusations against my countrymen, of having stained their hands with a 'general massacre' of Irish Protestants. And now the same arts are renewed, and again we, the Catholics, are victims, and suffer by the sacrifice of our lives, and the spoliation of our properties, and all this upon false accusations which have not, in themselves, even the semblance of truth. Our present sovereign is despoiled of his prerogative, and his successor is sought to be debarred of his rights; and in the name of a republic, the reign of Cromwell, the reign of the thirty tyrants, 'of Cromwellian major-generals,' is sought to be reimposed upon the British dominions.

"But that which I see," added the old man, "that which is plain to every candid and impartial mind, the multitude will not see—they cannot discern; for they are blinded by passion, by ignorance, and by prejudice. But will it be always so? I hope not, I trust not, and the best and surest means of putting an end to it is, to do 'that which I am now doing—to follow the villains into their private lives; to see how they employ their time, and how they are turning to their own selfish purposes, and converting to their own wicked ends, the power which they are now permitted to exercise. It is well that they

practise against each other the same arts that they have employed for our destruction. And now then, if possible, to trace out the perpetrators of the abduction of Lawson's daughter. Drawer," said the old man as he entered the coffee-room; "tell your master I would wish to speak with him, the first leisure moment he can spare me."

"Master Elliott," said the old man to the host, "I was engaged writing on a matter of some importance to myself last night, when I heard you telling of some curious discovery with respect to an Irish Popish plot, in which, as I fancy, a Welshman had some concern. I did not pay much attention to the matter at the time; but I have since been thinking about it. Perhaps you would let me know the particulars; and, whilst you do so, aid me in drinking some of your own excellent claret, which would, in my judgment, do credit to the table of the Grand Monarque himself!"

"Your very good health, sir," said John Elliott, willingly complying with the invitation thus given him. "You are one of those guests I most reverence; for you are a good judge of a good glass of wine. My wine comes direct from Bordeaux, and it is sent to me, it is so served to my customers. I charge a high price; I have, I avow it, not only a fair, but a large profit on what I sell; but that which I buy is sold in the same condition in which it reached me—the only difference between the article as it was manufactured from the vine, and as it is disposed of by me, is the time it has been in my cellars."

(To be continued.)

THE MISSIONS AT ST. LAURENT.

THEIR ORIGIN—INTERESTING ACCOUNT.

(Translated for the New York Freeman's Journal from Les Missions Catholiques.)

The Rev. Father Fourmond, O.M.I., has written to us from Saint-Laurent Mission, Canada, under date of September 1, 1878, as follows:

"I am going to try to give an idea of our young mission to the readers of Les Missions Catholiques. We have here even the Grandin Post Office. The English Government, as a mark of its respect and gratitude, has given the name of our venerable Bishop to one of its postal stations in these remote regions. "The Saint-Laurent Mission was commenced in the Fall of 1870. A number of half-breed families settled on the southern branch of the Saskatchewan, some twenty-five miles from Carlton, the chief headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company. Desiring to have a priest among them, they sent one of their number over to the Island of La Croix. Rev. Father Moulins consented to spend the winter with these good people, and his presence was productive of much good among them. The idea of founding a permanent mission among them not having been decided upon as yet, Father Moulins had to go to Lake Caribou.

"In the following Spring (1871), Rev. Father Andre, from the house at Saint-Albert, was appointed by Mgr. Grandin to go and take the place of Rev. Father Moulins and to accompany the band of winter sojourners on their hunts over the prairies. "Father Andre then returned to Saint-Albert. Mgr. Grandin gave him an assistant in Rev. Father Bourguin, and the two Missionaries reached their destination on the 8th of October of the same year. These Christians built a chapel and a log house with thatched roof. In the summer the rain penetrated on all sides, and in the winter the inmates froze, notwithstanding a large heater.

"But, if the founders of the Saint-Laurent Mission had much to suffer, the piety and fervor of the faithful afforded them great consolation. They came every morning to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, and every evening they gathered around them to listen with docility to their familiar instructions. "Providence gave our people a plentiful year by sending into their vicinity large herds of buffaloes. These good Christians testified their gratitude to God in a most touching manner. The Missionaries had told them about the trials of the Holy Father, of the duty of loving him, of praying for him, and even of helping him. In spite of their poverty, they took up a contribution among themselves of buffalo skins, to be sold for the benefit of the well-beloved Father of all the faithful. This collection amounted to 600 francs, and subsequently merited a Brief from the illustrious Pius IX., to our Christians.

"It was four years before the people could make up their minds to establish a permanent colony by laying out farms as advised by the Missionaries. The prairies and their herds had still too many attractions. On a farm it is necessary to work from morning till night, and, sometimes, to endure great privations, whilst the chase, to say nothing of the charm about it, affords the means of living without much labor. To spend whole days on horseback or in a wagon and, then, after firing a few shots, to smoke a pipe, drink tea and make good cheer under a lodge or tent, is the ideal of life with our Indians and half-breeds. The majority of them, as long as they can find a few buffaloes to keep them from starving, even if they are obliged to hunt them for whole weeks together, will never have the courage to give up their nomadic life. It is useless for us to tell them over and over again, that they can never be truly civilized unless they abandon this wandering and savage life, so full of dangers to their souls as well as to their bodies. The wilderness, ever a source of weariness and disgust to the civilized man, is especially so to the Missionary, who encounters the severest trials of apostolic life, but to our Indians or half-breeds, it is a land of enchantment, to which they feel themselves irresistibly attracted. So much is this the case that, after leading the life of a colonist for years, after having, with great trouble, acquired a few agricultural implements and a little stock, after building a house, clearing land, cultivating a garden, if the half-breed hears that a herd of buffaloes has been seen within a week's or ten days' journey from his habitation, he hitches up his wagon, loads his goods upon it, sells his stock or takes it with him, and starts off, happy and contented, smoking his pipe; he forsakes his farm, and away he goes in search of new adventures.

"This wandering feature in our half-breeds has rendered the task of the missionaries a very difficult one. It was only after four years of counsel, and effort, that Fathers Andre and Bourguin succeeded in settling a certain number of half-breeds about one day's journey beyond the place first selected, and which they called the winter-quarters of the little town. This new site had the advantage of being still nearer the prairies, which they could not reconcile themselves to giving up altogether, and combined, moreover, all the requisites for an agricultural settlement. The rising colony was placed under the patronage of the glorious Saint Lawrence. This was four years ago. Now, a modest Chapel of Roman architecture, a presbytery, a school, some out-houses, and stables, rise up among the delightful groves that skirt a little lake

on the left bank of the southern branch of the Saskatchewan, near the road leading to the English colony of Prince Albert. Both banks of this majestic river are covered with farms and houses, inhabited by about one hundred families.

"One mile from here, on the banks of the magnificent Lake Sibikabakahigan, we founded a third mission, not far from the trading house established some three years before, by the English Company of Stowart & Hughes, competitors of the Hudson Bay Company. The buildings at our new station, which are under the patronage of the Sacred Heart, are forty feet long; twenty-five feet wide, and fifteen feet high. They consist of a Chapel, a School, and a Mission House. Quite a number of houses have already sprung up all around them.

"What is most remarkable about the settlement is that it was established largely with Protestant money. Mr. Douglas Stewart, the head of the above Company, paid half the expenses; Mr. Moore, of Prince Albert's, contributed half the shingles for roofing; some Protestants subscribed nearly 400 francs for a bell; another, an honorable gentleman of the Hudson Bay Company, gave 300 francs towards the establishment of a Sisters' School. Finally, the builder was also a Protestant. The Sacred Heart has blessed these generous Englishmen. Some have become converts, among others the builder of the Chapel is now one of our best Catholics, and best colonists. The others have prospered in their business. "The governor of the North-West Penney, residing at Battleford, came last month to visit the Sacred Heart Settlement. He expressed his surprise at finding it already so far advanced.

"One day's journey from the Mission of Saint Laurent, on the other bank of the northern branch of the Saskatchewan, opposite the post at Carlton, Rev. Father Moulins is engaged in establishing the Mission of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Is it not right that Mary Immaculate should have a place by the side of her adorable Son, in the hearts of our children of the woods and prairies? For, it is their love for Blessed Mary, the Mother of God, that makes us overlook all their faults and rudeness. Follow the half-breeds wherever you will, at home, on their journeys, on the hunt, night and day, you will find them with their Rosary, which they call *Ayane-heu-minak* (the beads of the good prayer), and it is in reciting it that they find strength, virtue and consolation.

"We will have to establish many more missions, and especially schools and orphanages. On the one hand, Canadian immigration is beginning to reach us, sending us, as an advance guard, those who are poorest in spiritual and temporal things. On the other hand, the different Indian tribes that inhabit this region, having made their treaties with the government, and who are getting ready to establish themselves on the reservations allotted to them, have a better appreciation of the necessity of prayer, and become converted. At Saint Laurent we have eighty-five Indian lodges to evangelize. For their use alone we require a priest, two schools and an orphanage. All we can do for the present is to visit them from time to time, to keep alive their good dispositions and to keep Protestant ministers away from them.

"Hardly two months ago Father Andre and two Missionaries were among some two hundred and thirty lodges, assembled on the large prairie, to receive the government subsidies. Many of the Indians were still pagans. They nearly all, however, attended the solemn Mass, celebrated by Father Andre; the neophytes went with joy at the sight of so touching a scene. There were two ministers present, one a Presbyterian, the other an Anglican. Notwithstanding all their efforts to draw off the Indians, not one of them yielded to their importunities.

"How many things there yet remain for us to do! If we were not so poor, how many children we could rescue from barbarism, misery and death! How many Indians we could win over to the gospel and to civilization!"

Men With Tails.

Mr. Goldie, the naturalist, who has passed eighteen months in New Guinea, has, among other matters, informed the Brisbane Courier that his party came in contact with a tribe of natives in the interior whose custom "suggested to him the probable origin of the rumors that have been always current of a race of tailed men in some remote corners of the globe." These natives wear artificial tails of such cunning construction as to entirely mislead a casual observer. They are entirely naked, except for the caudal ornament, which is a plait of grass fastened round their loins by a fine string, and depending behind to about half way down their legs.

Fox Hunting in Kentucky.

(From the Lexington (Ky.) Press, March 20.) In view of the fact that the red foxes are becoming very numerous in this county a move is on foot to organize a fox hunting club. The idea is to purchase a pack of fox hounds, procure the services of a huntsman, and a master of the kennel, whose duty it will be take care of the dogs. The club will wear red coats and yellow pants, and their horses will have the tails squared. The number of gentlemen to comprise this organization will be limited to fifty—twenty-five from the country and twenty-five from the city.

About Marriages.

The dying wish of Matthew Crooks, a San Francisco millionaire, was to witness the marriage of his daughter, and the ceremony was performed at his bedside, several weeks before the time that had been appointed. The deceased desire of Mr. Hayden, of the same city, was to break the engagement of his daughter, and he made her promise on her knees to discard her lover. Detroit has had a variation of the common foreign Count matrimonial episode—the husband running away with the bride's money and jewelry, but proving after all to be a real Count. A young woman engaged a section in a sleeping car at Pittsburg, blushing explaining that she would be joined by a husband at Harrisburg. When the train arrived at Harrisburg, a young man got aboard with a clergyman, who married him to the purchaser of the section, and the honeymoon tour was at once commenced. A rustic couple dashed into a Washington oyster saloon, and implored the proprietor to get them married as soon as possible. They had eloped, and parents were on their track. The oyster man not only summoned a Justice to tie the knot, but provided stews for the party after the ceremony. Miss Locke married Mr. Aiken in Denver, Col., on his assurance that he was, as she phrases it, "a wealthy Christian gentleman"; but within four days she learned that he was a professional horse thief, and parted from him. Miss Kuggan's wedding day was appointed in Clurberne, Texas, and she made herself ready; but in the morning she received a note from her faithless lover inviting her to come and see his marriage to another girl. She committed suicide.

Latest About Louise Lateau.

Account of a Recent Visit to the Stigmatae of Bois d'Haine, by a Missions.

(From the Northwestern Chronicle.)

On the afternoon of October 31st, 1878, I left Louvain, accompanied by several friends, for Bois d'Haine the birth-place of Louise Lateau.

We arrived at our destination about 7 p. m., but, finding that the little village could boast neither an hotel nor a railway station, we were obliged to pass the night at Manage, a neat and business-like town situated about a mile from Bois d'Haine. A brief sketch of the now universally celebrated "stigmatist" of Belgium may not be out of place. Louise Lateau was born in Bois d'Haine on January 30, 1850. Her father was a very modest farmer, what is called here "un petit cultivateur," owning about an acre of ground; fortune certainly did not smile on him; in the eyes of the world he was indeed poor in the extreme, but in the sight of God he was rich for he possessed those virtues which adorn the Christian soul and assure its happiness.

THE DESIGNS OF PROVIDENCE.

are replete with mysteries. The birth of Louise, this child of grace and benediction was apparently the sign of great calamities for her family. Her mother in giving birth to her narrowly escaped death, and having contracted a dangerous and lingering illness, she remained for over two years bed-ridden. The support of the family in the meantime depended solely in the father who overtaxed his strength, and being attacked by the small-pox he died at the age of 23 years.

LOUISE.

At this time two months old, caught the disease from her father, and, as her sisters, Rosina and Adeline were still too young to render assistance to their mother and to her the family was reduced to the last extremity. Destitute of all human aid, it seemed that their last hour had come; but God, the Beginning and End of all things, looked down propitiously upon them, and when least expected delivered them from danger. The life of Louise is full of incidents which show how Divine Providence has been watching over her from her earliest childhood, how she has been prepared in the school of suffering to bow her will in humble submission to the will of God.

WHEN A LITTLE OVER TWO YEARS OLD.

she was rescued from death by drowning by her mother and elder sister. When but eight years of age she was installed as nurse to an aged invalid, whom she tenderly nursed for six months, and shortly afterwards she filled the same office at the bedside of one of her aunts. In the meantime she was also obliged to drive cows to the pasture, and on one occasion was violently thrown to the ground by one of the animals, and trodden under foot by another. She received serious internal injuries, and a severe illness succeeded, from which, however, she happily recovered. Thus schooled in affliction she learned to love suffering; her charity soon knew no bounds, she who was so tried by adversity, was always ready to lend a helping hand to the sick and needy. An occasion soon presented itself for the exercise of her self-sacrificing devotedness. In the year 1866, the cholera broke out in Bois d'Haine, and was making sad havoc in the little village. The zealous pastor was unable to meet the wants of all. He made an appeal to charity, and Louise alone, having received permission from her mother, responded. From that moment her time was spent in burying the dead, comforting the dying, comforting the sick, assisting the poor, in a word practising the virtue of charity in the most sublime degree—and all this at the tender age of sixteen years. What a lesson for the young of our day. Amid these labors and fatigue, Louise seemed to enjoy excellent health, but shortly after was attacked by an illness which soon brought her near to the grave; she received the last Sacraments and bade adieu to her disconsolate family, when suddenly she was impelled to ask Almighty God to restore her to health. She felt that her prayers were heard, and announced to those around her that she would soon visit the church, and, contrary to all expectations, when life had all but fled, she rose, as she had predicted, from her bed of sickness, went to the church and received with her customary fervor our divine Lord in the holy Eucharist. It was during this sickness that Louise received the stigmata or sacred wounds of Christ Crucified, on her feet, hands and side. Later on, the marks of the Crown of Thorns became perceptible. Every Friday since the first stigmata appeared she has experienced, and continues to experience, all the tortures of the Passion and death of our Redeemer. In former years blood flowed from all the wounds; but during the past two years it oozes forth only from the wounds on her hands—except on some great feast day, when it flows likewise from the wound in the side.

BESIDES THE STIGMATA.

she has the most sublime ecstasies, during which a most celestial expression overspreads her whole countenance. While in ecstasy she is conscious only of the voice of ecclesiastical authority or of the proximity of sacred or consecrated objects; she understands and participates in all the prayers of the Church, which are recited in her presence, no matter in what language expressed. At the age of eleven Louise made her first Communion, and on account of her marked fervor and humility she was allowed to approach the Holy Table every fortnight; later, by her fervent and repeated requests, she obtained permission to receive daily, and during the last eight years the Blessed Sacrament has been her only nourishment, the sole sustenance of the material life as of her spiritual. I will now endeavor to relate briefly what I witnessed at Bois d'Haine: Our little party left Manage at 6 A. M., on the feast of All Saints, for Bois d'Haine, and after a brisk walk of twenty minutes over the open country, we arrived at the neat and newly built church of the village. After hearing Mass we met the venerable Cure, who had already given us permission to assist at the Communion of Louise and be present at the ecstasy which takes place every Friday between 2 and 3 P. M. A procession was formed to accompany the Blessed Sacrament. We arrived at the house at 7.30 P. M., and shortly after repaired to the chamber of Louise, to which the Blessed Sacrament had been carried. Who can describe the feelings and emotions which arise in the soul when one sees for the first time this soul so highly favored of God! In a little room, scarcely 8x10—on a low wooden couch lies the saintly Louise. Opposite the bed is a small window near which is placed a small table, covered with a snow-white cloth; bearing a wooden crucifix, two candles and a vase of holy water; this table is used exclusively for the Blessed Sacrament. At the head of the bed stands a cane-bottomed chair; in the right corner, at the foot of the bed; hangs a picture representing the Passion of our Saviour; over the bed hangs the Formula of the Benediction: sent her by

the immortal Pius IX., at the head of the bed is a simple steel engraving of B. Maria Alacoque. These articles constitute the entire furniture of the room, about which reign an air of

THE MOST SCRIPTURAL NEATNESS.

There were quite a number present at the Communion of Louise, and the room was literally packed. While the priest recites the prayers before Communion, Louise is lying on her back, her eyes are closed and her face is covered with a deadly pallor; she gasps for breath, her mouth repeatedly opens and closes and the distortions of her face denote that she is suffering the most acute agony—her lips are parched and bloodless, and one would conceive her to be in the last agony of death. When the great moment has come, and the priest pronounces the words, "Domine non sum dignus," and conveys

THE SACRED HOST.

to Louise, her agony seems to become more intense; but from the instant that the adorable particle is received she gives no signs of life. She is "mystically absorbed," and unconscious of everything going on around her. She remains in this state for twenty-seven minutes. During the "mystical absorption," the linen cloth in which her hands had been enveloped during the night was removed, and we saw, for the first time, the stigmata. The hands and wrists were covered with blood, which had also saturated the sleeves of her calico sacque. She had been bleeding since Thursday at midnight, and the blood had coagulated around the stigmata, which are on the back of each hand. The cure requested a physician, who formed one of our party, to remove the clots of blood; he did so, and we could then plainly see the blood oozing out slowly but continually. Before retiring, which all do before Louise comes to, in order to avoid unnecessary embarrassment, each visitor passed in turn by the bed-side to contemplate and admire the striking scene; they touched and kissed her hands, which were icy cold; some placed their rosaries on them, and thereby procured a little of the blood, which they will preserve with jealous care and devotion. This scene has been enacted weekly for the past eight years. What reverence and devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar does it not excite in the hearts of those who have had the privilege of witnessing the communion of Louise! How their faith is strengthened in the Real Presence before this wondrous triumph of the Holy Eucharist!

IN THE AFTERNOON.

our party again gathered before the little cottage of the Lateau family, and awaited somewhat anxiously the coming of the good Cure, Monsieur l'Abbe Niels, who made his appearance at five minutes past two, and immediately entered the cottage to ascertain whether Louise has as yet entered into the ecstasy. With the exceptions of her pastor, high dignitaries of the Church, and medical men commissioned to make experiments, no one is allowed to be present when she enters into the ecstasy. At 2.15 P. M., the Cure returns to inform us that we may enter, and in a few moments we find ourselves in the presence of Louise, who is sitting upright in bed; her hands are extended in prayer, her eyes, of light blue, are widely opened and steadily fixed on high, in the directions of the picture of the Passion—they seem fixed in the contemplation of a far off apparition—from time to time we perceive a slight twinkling of the eyelids and a slow movement of the pupils as though they were following attentively the different persons of a distant procession. The face that before was so homely is now truly beautiful, it is lit up with an expression of celestial happiness—but suddenly a change comes on, the smile of gladness turns into a look of mingled pain and longing as if she were about to lose some cherished object, which she would fain retain, and in another instant she falls back heavily on the bed and gives no sign of life. Several of the visitors who possessed relics now asked the Cure for permission to present them to her, which was kindly granted. I will only mention the presentation of

A RELIC OF THE HOLY CROSS.

This was held at some distance from her—both out of reach and sight—but she rose immediately, without the aid of her hands, to a sitting posture and endeavored to grasp it while an expression of ineffable sweetness diffused itself over her entire countenance. The relic was then handed to her, and clasping it with great eagerness her attention seemed to be augmented—tender sympathy and compassion were depicted in her looks, a sweet smile played about her mouth which gently opened displaying a full and handsome set of teeth. The relic was then removed from her hands, though it was with reluctance that she relinquished it. Shortly afterwards pain and suffering were depicted on her face. She seemed to breathe forth a prayer replete with all the sentiments that a fervent and pious soul can contain; her eyes were greatly dilated and seemed to implore mercy. Suddenly she appeared to be a prey to the most cruel terror, and fell back on her pillow with a dull, heavy sound, as though she were a corpse. The priests present then began to say Vespers, and when they came to the "Magnificat anima mea Dominum." The first two verses were recited, but the third one being intoned by the Cure, the following one was caught up by the visitors, and thus alternately the verses of this sublime hymn of praise and thanksgiving were wafted up to the Most High.

THE SALVE REGINA.

was then sung, and it had the same effect on Louise, namely, she remained sitting upright; her hands extended; her gaze lost as it were in the infinity of space; her every look expressing joy or sadness according to the sense of the prayers that those about her were saying, and which, nevertheless, she could neither hear nor understand; for during the whole hour she was unconscious of all that was going on around her.

AT THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

at the words, "Miserere cordi Domini" or "Miserere," a bright smile illumined her whole countenance. The hymns finished, Louise fell back as an inanimate body would fall. It is now nearly three o'clock P. M., a religious silence reign throughout the little chamber, the looks of all are fixed on Louise, who suddenly rises to a sitting posture, the hands extended forward as though she would fly to Calvary's Mount to relieve the suffering Jesus during the last few moments that preceded His death on the Cross, (for be it remembered, the different scenes of the Passion are represented to her during the ecstasy) on her face are painted successively the most lively expressions of tender compassion, acute pain, and fervent prayer. Then passes a scene that can never be effaced from the memory. The whole body gives signs of the greatest terror and suffering, the eyes closed and simultaneous with the first stroke of the clock, as it strikes the hour of three, Louise falls back as though dead, the mouth opens, and the arms are extended on the bed in the form of a cross. "Consummatum est," it is consummated. The end of the ecstasy is near at hand; Louise is about to return to real life, and all must leave the room. The Cure follows, and after a little chat with him, we bid adieu to the

home and birthplace of the saintly Louise. This, dear readers, is what passes at Bois d'Haine every Friday afternoon.

LOUISE CARRIES ENGRAVED IN HER VEIL—PLASH

the blood-stained banner of Christ, the emblem of our Holy Religion—the Cross. Louise on the bed of suffering recalls to man the last and scene in the work of his redemption. She is, as it were, the safeguard and glory of our religion in Belgium, the blessed instrument of Divine mercy, destined to dissipate the doubts, conquer the incredulity and excite the fervor of thousands of souls, not only in this little country, but throughout the world. Whether the wonders that characterize the life of Louise Lateau, the humble and suffering handmaid of the Lord, are miracles or not, is not for us to judge; for the Church, who alone has power to speak in such a case, has not as yet decided; ever prudent in her undertakings, she is waiting the right time and occasion. Distinguished scientists and medical doctors from every quarter of the globe have endeavored to find a solution of the problem that would accord with the laws of nature alone, thereby rejecting all supernatural agency; but so far their search has been in vain. Whatever it may be, it is one of the greatest amongst many marvels that are marking the passage of this 19th century over the Ocean of Time. Whoever has had the happiness to assist at the ecstasies that take place every Friday, quits the humble home of Louise Lateau deeply moved and affected. . . . His mind is pre-occupied with the strange phenomena he has seen, and if he possesses the precious gift of Faith, his soul breathes a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to Him who has deigned to give in the person of Louise a striking proof of His infinite mercy and omnipotence, and who has verified in the person of this humble daughter of the Church those words of St. Paul. "But the foolish things of the world hath God chosen that He may found the wise, and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong."

P. L. C.

[For a full account of Louise Lateau and her marvellous life we refer our readers to the admirable little tract translated and edited by Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, Vice-President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, Ireland, for the Catholic Review and published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay St. New York.]

The Plague of Rabbits.

New Zealand, like Australia, groans under the rabbit pest. A Mr. Cowan killed 26,000, on 29,000 acres, in four months. The cost of destroying them was three pence each, or over \$1,670, and the skins only fetched half that sum. A member of the Legislature said that they had rendered whole districts worthless. It is estimated that a couple of rabbits will in four years increase to the enormous total of 250,000.

The Burmese Question.

RANGOON, April 2.—The authorities here have announced that the Indian Government maintains a defensive attitude, and will avoid all rupture with the King of Burmah unless brought about by overt acts of aggression and insult.

LONDON, April 2.—A Rangoon special says the official announcement and warring policy of the Indian Government has produced a bad effect, as it is considered an acknowledgment of weakness. The King of Burmah has summoned all his subjects capable of bearing arms.

Howell.

Howell is making money as well as fame out of his feats on the track. Not only does he take back to England the fortune that fell to him in Gilmore's Garden, but purses are offered to him for exhibition walks in different cities. He has just finished a few miles run in Philadelphia for which he received \$500, and a Boston manager gives him as much more for a similar performance. While Weston was popular he used to receive \$100 for walking two hours at rural fairs. Howell will take back more money than will most of the best artists of Mapleson's opera troupe. There are few of the professional or business men of New York who have made as much in a year as Mr. Howell has made in a month.

The Prince Imperial.

Like the knights of old, the young Prince Imperial of France has gone to the wars to win the lady of his love. It is said to be a fair case between himself and the Princess Beatrice of England. Prince Louis's father, the late Emperor, stood very high in the regard of Queen Victoria, she has a strong sympathy for his mother, the widowed Eugenie, and she is an ardent advocate of the cause of the son. With a military reputation acquired at the Cape, he will return and demand the hand of the princess. Having won his spurs, the queen will not oppose the match. Young princesses live a life of seclusion, and the attachment of Beatrice for Louis is probably on the principle that a young girl kept in solitude will fall in love with the first suitor that presents himself.

"Gloomy Prospects."

Mr. MacIver, in the Times, says that no other nation at present has such gloomy prospects as Great Britain, and the balance of trade is overwhelming against England. He says he sees nothing except ruin for the home industries, whether manufacturing or agricultural, if the present state of things is allowed to continue. The export trade from Liverpool to the United States is so small that whenever the restrictions on the importation of United States cattle are removed, gentlemen are prepared to put additional steamers to the trade, and deliberately intend to make the outward voyages with ballast only, without joining in the scramble for the little outward freight, which the other owners have been recently carrying as ballast at merely nominal rates.

Drunkenness Increased in Maine.

Neal Dow is ever ready to claim great and good practical results for the prohibitory law in Maine. Mr. Ingraham, a member of the Legislature, recently said, in an official report, that drunkenness had increased and business interests declined. Mr. Dow replies that there is not a distillery or brewery in the State, and that the importation of liquor is exceedingly small. He thinks that \$500,000 a year would cover the value of all the liquor smuggled in. "Our vast West India trade," he says, "used to be little else than sending lumber of many kinds to the islands, and taking home rum for our own consumption, and molasses to be converted into New England rum in our distilleries, also for home use. In those old rum days the people were poor and unthrifty; now, everything in the State, in that respect, is reversed, as the result of the vast saving; direct and indirect, coming from the law which has driven the rum trade out." Portland, in 1866, lost 10,000,000 in a conflagration, but its valuation is now greater than ever, having gained \$80,000,000 last year under prohibition; while Boston, with free rum (license), lost \$70,000,000; and New York and Brooklyn, with rum enough, have not gained, I think,