

Curious Epitaph.

The following curious epitaph is copied from a monument in Dunkeld, 21st Nov. 177, and was buried in the church.

BETHLEHEM.

THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTHPLACE.

A Member of the United States Congress writes a Letter from the Holy Land.

Bethlehem, Oct. 10.—I propose three letters for your readers as to Bethlehem, Jerusalem and the birth, death and ascension. I begin at Bethlehem.

leaf mountain called the Tomb of Herod. It is high and round. It is the scene of a massacre of Franciscans, but it sinks into nothingness, as Herod did, compared with those he persecuted, along with that dim vision, shining hard and bluish like steel, twenty-five and more miles away through avenues of black and gray sun-bathed mountains. That is the Dead Sea.

"Ruth and Lake" cries out our guide. "Ruth and Boaz, rather," I responded, with a pleasant thought, too, of Naomi, the mother-in-law, and with curious eyes over the rolling, bleak, and now dry fields, where the ever new, ever old tale of female devils is located.

Our guide calls a halt at the foot of the hill. We are at a singular square tomb. It is not unlike those domed temples which we have seen in the burial of holy men in Algiers and Syria. It is the tomb of Rachel. Surrounding it are the slovenly tombs of Mohammedans, with their rough gravestones lying loosely in dirt and dust.

Who is this strange man we see sitting wearily at the arched door of the tomb? What brings this pilgrim here—he of the grizzly beard and long, unkempt hair? He is no Arab—no Hebrew. He wears no bournous of stripes and no dark gaberdiene; only a plain black garment, which he wears like his feet, with travel.

How the hardy olive can find sustenance on such "stony ground" is a miracle. We are happy in a breezy day, which mitigates the fierceness of the sun. What a crowd of people now are upon the road going to Bethlehem and Hebron, and to Beersheba even to Rehoboth! Nine out of ten of these are upon donkeys and camels, and more than three-fourths have their eyes sore or shaded, and these are Arabs, whose eyes are sometimes gray in color, but generally of stripes, brown and white, which reminds us of the dress of our penitentiaries, depending in the face of the wearer.

"Ah! this is fine land!" we say ironically to the guide. "Good land! I guess it is," responds the guide, who is from the State of Maine, "or it wouldn't hold up so many stones and rocks. Good deal of heft about it."

Then we pass the Greek convent of Elijah, where other stories are told, not now worth the repetition. But from this point the cities of Bethlehem and Jerusalem are visible—"twined in mutual being" birth, and death. From this eminent point, too, can be seen the sugar

in which the magi are offering gold, frankincense, and myrrh. She sat apart upon a stone under the shade of the archway, nursing a babe. Her hair had that rich Auburn and ethereal fineness with which Murillo favors his madonnas, which are likenesses, by the way, of his Andalusian wife.

Bethlehem has 4,000 people and 500 houses. Many of the houses are substantial. The streets are so narrow that our guide has to ride ahead and employ people to move impediments out of the way. It is said the people are handsome. That reputation may come from the rubly cheeks of David, or the green of Ruth, or the picture of the Madonna. One thing it has is any beauty or good in it, it is Christian, for it is par excellence the Christian town of Judea.

Let us enter this place of the Nativity which has been honored, as is well fixed, since the second century. Over it, in the third century, the mother of Constantine erected that church which is the oldest in the world. Some of its columns are from the temple. Here in one corner of the church we perceive a lonely hermit. He is a nun. He has been twenty-five years in this village, drawn, like many others, by the wildness of his vagaries about the unknown world. He is a Chaldean, and he is a pilgrim, like us—and from Russia. He is a Greek priest from the Volga, and lives spiritually upon Jordan's stormy banks, waiting for the peaceful shore; and really upon Jordan's arable banks, waiting for the rains to fructify his fields.

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The priest at this spot makes the "tragedy divine" as well as intelligent. We are welcomed to the convent by him. Like most of the Catholic priests in the East, he speaks French; our guide sends me to a favorite chateau. He writes in French, and he writes in Latin, and under his direction and with lighted tapers, we take our devotional way below. Many tombs line the dark path, and among them is the tomb of St. Jerome. It is his patience, goodness and scholarship the world respects. Jerome was shown as the chapel of Joseph, where the angel appeared to tell him to fly to Egypt. If these are apocryphal traditions, they do not detract from the fact established by scholars and antiquarians, and confirmed as well by what St. Jerome wrote, as by the selection of this spot for his duties and fasts. He believed to be the place, as his life and death bore witness. Never did art consummate so splendid a representation of self-abnegation as that wherein Domenico portrayed the last scene in the life of this well in his life as by his death, his faith in the goodness and glory of the Gospel whose good tidings were chanted first in the stony walls of Bethlehem.

Don't as we may as to the Milk Grotto, the Shepherd's Grotto, the Magi's Well, David's Well, and the burial of the 30,000 innocents ordered by Herod here; doubt as to the shepherd's fold, the altar of the "wise men"; doubt—doubt that Christ was born immaculate and miraculously; but one thing is indubitable—that Christ was here born, and that from this Nativity sprang a light "which before we never saw in the world," and for the faith in whose beneficent and heavenly guidance thousands have perished as martyrs, and millions have risked their souls' salvation! What place can be more holy, unless it be that consecrated by His death!

There are said to be only two places in this Holy Land superior in sacred associations to this place: Jerusalem and Nazareth. To my mind, Bethlehem has no superiors, unless it be Jerusalem. "Why" will occur to the learned Bible student

and to the veriest child who has read the Gospels. Bethlehem is not one of the mountains which encompass Jerusalem, the royal city. It is not the scene of sacrifice and sepulchre; but it is the scene of the nativity and of the Magi, and of the angelic song which ushered in the purest and greatest life ever clad in flesh. Among the hundreds of books of travel and descriptions of this country, the Bible is the best guide book after all, and in many ways. In no one way is it more so than in its references to this spot, over which the star shone and the angels chanted of peace. No amount of Jansenism, exaggeration, tradition, or superstition, no surrounding, however venerable, detracts one beam from the radiance of that star, or gives one dissonant note in the seraphic hymning which filled the heavens with a new-born genius of painter and sculptor and their gifts and worship, the choir of angels, the awe-struck shepherds, the flight into Egypt, the beautiful face of the Madonna, with its golden aureole, and the majestic, masterful and melancholy features of Him who became here the subject of love and adoration. What place, therefore, in all this calcined country now so many centuries made desolate, is so alluring as its fruitful themes, whether for studio or library, for the orator or artist, for the disciples or crusader!

Although Bethlehem was called "little among the thousands of Judah," and at a time when Judah felt her thousands of thousands from her well-tilled terraces and valleys, she is great among men, and will be great so long as her story remains. How often has the story been told to loving hearers! From the little Catholic church at the North Cape, but a year old, which we visited under the midnight sun and amid the summer snows, to the splendid Church of St. Sophia, which dates 1000 years ago; across wastes of time and oceans of space, over dark continents and isles "gilded by eternal summer," this story of the manger is a theme as sacred to kings as to peasants; as dear to the leper of Ramel as to the emperors of earth.

The locus in quo of such a story even though it were almost lost in tradition must be a part, the mass on some of the wonders of the world. The skeptic cannot wonder at the fact that the event has, as the Apostle phrased it, "turned the world upside down." Well might Gamaliel say that this work, proceeding out of this little village, if it were of men, would come to be overthrown. The evidence is that to what a moral and religious work has been accomplished by its energy! Beginning at this small fountain, what a fruitful spreading stream of light for the irradiation of the dark problems of our world! The angels above chanting the millennial dawn; but nevertheless I did not cease to believe that in "this city of David had been born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Nor will I unto my last moment believe otherwise than that for this advent the greatest upon our earth was "glory should be given to God in the highest," and that out of it shall eventually come "on earth peace, good will to men!"

DEVILISH DANCING.

The young woman who would dare to whirl in the fashionable round dances in the presence of a Catholic father or mother, would indeed be audacious; and the Catholic father or mother who could permit his child to give up her presence in the Raquet, the Gelman, or the other inventions of the devil, must have lost all claim to respect. The old-fashioned quadrilles and country dances: innocent enough when properly conducted, might possibly be restored, if the young man who can not aspire to obtain invitations to the fandanges of "society," joins with other young men and arranges a series of dances for the winter. He hires a hall and pastes bills on the walls announcing that the "Rosebud Coteries" or the "Siamrook Social" will give its second "annual" on a certain night. Then he invites his "girl," and the other young men of the Coterie do likewise. An un-instructed looker-on might imagine that the "girls" thus invited to go out with a young man whom their parents may know only by name, and to remain with him from early in the night until early in the morning, are persons of no reputation. On the contrary, it is no unusual thing for a young girl of respectable parents and good reputation to do so. Having been whirled in the arms of a man all night, she walks or rides home to her father's house at dawn; very often she has a latch-key. She bids good-bye to her escort at the door and creeps up stairs, while the old people sleep peacefully, certain that their daughter can take care of herself!

This is an exceptional case. It is a link in the peculiar chain of customs we call American. It is a custom prevalent among people who call themselves Catholics. And so callous have these free and easy principles, that they pretend to see no wrong in it!—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, weak stomach, night sweats and the early stages of Consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" is specific. By druggists.

"HE TURNED OUT BAD"—POPULAR VERDICT.

To-day they that run read. In cars, in ferry-boats, in the hurrying crowd of the street, the people read. Daily papers or novels are the means of instruction or amusement. The man in the prime of life hurrying to business in a street-car holds a paper in his hands. When he returns home at night he buries his head again in a paper. The boy on his way to school sandwiches a story-paper between his geography and his arithmetic; the girl reads in snatches a love-story, having hurried through her lessons. In all classes, in all conditions of life, there is a thirst for reading, and thirst satisfied on what ever it finds. And what it finds is poison, ever it finds. A book need not be openly obscene to be poisonous. A parent may indignantly deny that his child reads immoral literature, because he sees no manifest indecency or blasphemy in the books of the young woman who reads the good example and careful guidance of a father turns out to be the fashion to shift parental responsibility; and some parents try hard to persuade themselves that they are the victims when they are really the destroyers. And he who lets his child feed on the poisonous literature of the time, who does not seek to direct him, who does not apply the antidote of Catholic instruction, deserves to cry out, with that wail that sounds through the centuries, "My son Absalom! My son Absalom! Who would grant that I might die for thee!"—when too late.—Freeman's Journal.

NO CATHOLICS NEED APPLY.

Hardly more than twenty-five years ago, in New York, when people advertised for servants, good and bad, were excluded Catholics. One day an advertisement of this kind appeared in one of the principal papers of that city. A poor young Irish girl presented herself at the address indicated, furnished with the customary references. As she was exhibiting her papers, one after another, to the mistress of the house, the latter suddenly said:

"But, first of all, are you or are you not a Catholic?" "Certainly, ma'am, I'm a Catholic, thank God!" was the young girl's reply. "Then you could not be a Catholic?" "I am a Catholic, ma'am," replied the lady. "I absolutely will not have a Catholic in my house."

"Yes I read your advertisement," humbly answered the young girl; "but what difference does it make, ma'am, whether I am a Catholic or not, if I am a faithful and honest servant and serve you faithfully?" "Try me, ma'am, and if you are not satisfied with me you can send me away."

The lady made no reply to this wise and modest answer, but fixed her eyes on the young girl. Something in her simple and modest exterior attracted her, and she said:

"Well, you may come, and I will make the experiment." For many weeks the poor girl was subjected to a great deal of persecution on the part of the family and the numerous servants of the house; her religious practices were mocked and ridiculed in every way. But the young Christian's faith was invulnerable, her patience was equal to all her trials. Some months passed in this way, when an epidemic of scarlet fever broke out in the city, and two of the children were taken with it. This was the signal for a general stampede among the other servants. The Irish girl alone remained at her post, with generous, courageous fidelity; she watched the sick children day and night, lavishing every attention upon them, with the tenderness of a mother, until they were completely cured.

A few years later a new misfortune fell upon the family: a sudden failure carried off their fortune, and everything had to be sold. There was a small piece of old family furniture in the house which tender associations made very dear to the mother's heart. The young Irish girl knew this, and understood what it cost her mistress to part with it; therefore, though it brought a high price, she bought it out of her savings and placed it in the room of the mother of the family. When the lady returned, the first thing which met her eyes within the four walls was the cherished piece of furniture which she supposed she had seen for the last time.

"Is it possible this is still here?" she exclaimed, quite pale, and trembling with emotion. "Yes, ma'am," replied the young girl. "It will never leave here; it is yours." "I bought it for the pleasure of giving it to you."

The heart of a woman, particularly of a mother, is moved with even less eloquence than this. Her eyes filled with tears, and she fell upon the neck of her servant, saying: "Oh, what a beautiful religion! You! Your heroic devotion to my children overcame me, but to-day has finished your work. It is ended. I am resolved to embrace your religion. I will be a Catholic."

Ancient Rome decreed a laurel crown for her courageous mother who saved the life of a Roman citizen. Think you God will not reserve in heaven a more beautiful, a richer, a more glorious, above all one more durable crown, since it is eternal, for a mother who at the price of similar sacrifices shall have saved, not the body, but the soul of a Christian; even though the heroic soul to be crowned is only a poor servant girl—Irish Faith in America.

THE MACCARTHY MORE.

A descendant of McCarthy More, King of Munster, had in his possession the crown, sceptre and other regalia appertaining to his ancient dignity and family. He had also a cup said to be made from the cranium of an ancestor of Brian Boru, whom the MacCarthy had slain in battle. It was highly polished, and had a lid of silver. Another descendant of McCarthy More is now (1833) living in very humble circumstances in the county of Cork, and he has in his possession the title-deeds of the vast estate of that great family in that country.—Dublin Penny Journal.

Many people go out of their way to make enemies, and somehow or other they are but indifferently well satisfied at their success. If you have injured a neighbor, make amends. It is no humiliation in acknowledging an offence—the humiliation was in the doing of it.

My King. Let me love with lifted eyes; Let my eyes stand strong and bright Firm his feet upon the earth Bare his brow before the sky

Helpful be his kindly hands, Wise early words and counsel clear And brave the gracious words, Into which his mind is wrought,

Helpful be his eyes and sure, Part their reach and fine their power To discern the souls of men, And the needs of every hour.

Gentle be his loving care, Tender true his tone of blame Lord and master of my life Be he in good truth as name.

May I stand beside him well, Aiding, earnest, free to rise, His heart in love and grace, Proudly love with lifted eyes —AURELIA FUBBER, in Home Jo.

DECEMBER 16, 1881.

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