"Well, you shall judge for yoursell, inhervenilation was always a hobby of mine own, and there
is fine stope for indulging it at Bradford."

The early train on Monday morning bore me
away from the hills and valleys of Glenleven, from
the gray minster, and the clear river bubbling
among its rocks, and the granite peaks and quiet
woods among which I had spent a fortnight so rich
in bright and ennobling thoughts that it seemed to
me as if I had been out of the busy world for a
twelvemonth. An hour or two brought us to the
smoke and ashpits of Bradford; and the spell was
rudely broken. Grant twitted me a little on my
pensive mood, and my reluctance to return to common life, and took me to the house of his engineer,
telling me it was an excellent school for curing a
man of day-dreams. He was soon busy with plans
and sections, and I could not but marvel at the versatility of his mind, which could so easily turn
from subjects of profoundest interior interest to the
practical details of machinery and ventilation. He some subjects of profoundest interior interest to the practical details of machinery and ventilation. He spoke like a man who understood what he was talking about, and evidently enjoyed the endless explanation of doors, and double shafts, and weight of atmosphere that sounded in my ears like a Shib-

"Drybones will be here to-morrow," said Grant, at last; "and before he comes I shall have an ex-amination of the Hen and Chickens myself."

"The Hen and Chickens!"
"Yes, my dear sir, we name our mines hereabouts, and this particular mine rejoices in that name, owing to the multitude of cuttings proceed-ing from the main shaft. It was once considered the most dangerous mine of the district, but we have tried this plan of double shaft ventilation, and we redeemed its reputation. I think we shall the Drybones a thing or two."
"How far is it from here?"
"About two miles, and the horses are at the door;

so before returning to civilized life come and take your first lesson in mine engineering."

D We mounted and rode off, and on the road he explained to me the system of ventilation which had been introduced into this particular mine, of which I retain only the general recollection that one shaft and force through the mine, leaving it by another; that these two shafts were at a considerable distance one from the other, and that the workings in the mine were furthermore, divided into different compartments or "panels," as they were called, isolated one from another by certain strong doors, the object being, in case of an accident occurring in one of them, to prevent its extending to the others. But the most important system of doors was at what he called the "Little Shaft," in a part of the mine which, for one cause or another, most often generated the bad air. It was the business for one gang of men to open these doors at certain hours and close them at others, according to the part of the mine in which the workings happened to be going on; and by a careful attention to the system and regulations he had devised, all accidents had now, for a considerable time, been prevented.

"The shaft we are going to inspect first of all," he continued, "is the great shaft; the little one is a mile and a half away on the other side of the hill but Dymock, the engineer, tells me that the men are at work on this side, and I am anxious to ascer-tain if the whole thing is in order before Drybones

begins his visitation to-morrow."

We reached what Grant had called "the Great Shaft." I am not a professor, dear reader, and can only explain this much, that when a mine is ventilated by two shafts, one shaft is necessarily longer and deeper than the other, and the weight of the air column, therefore, heavier than at the shorter shaft. This coness the air to be forced in at the long shaft This causes the air to be forced in at the long shaf and out at the short one; and entering pure and wholesome, the air travels through the mine, issu-ing forth at the further end clogged with noxious gases. The "Great Shatt," then, was the spot where gases. The "oreat Shau, then, was the epoch that the air was forced in. Grant inspected the machin-ery, received a number of details from the overser in attendance, and was informed that one hundred and eighty men were actually at work on the northern side of the mine. The "Little Shaft" was on the southern side, and no miners were at work on that side; but a certain number of men were on duty there attending to the doors, for the purpose

Grant proposed a walk to the Little Shaft, leaving from the heathy moors of Glenleven), and descend from the heathy moors of Glenleven), and descending on the other side to a spot where a few sheds, some machinery, and a signal house, with a telegraph communicating with the works at the other side, indicated the locality we were in quest of.

But where were the men? Not one was visible. "In the shaft, I suppose," said Grant, a supposition wishly discalled on approaching the mouth of the

quickly dispelled on approaching the mouth of the aperture, which displayed the necessary arrange-ments for descending it, prepared and ready for use; no one, it was evident, had as yet gone down. Grant looked thoughtful, not to say perplexed. Presently he caught sight of a shock of hair and a ranged jacket in one of the sheds, and advancing to the spot, laid hands on a wild-looking boy, who "Hallo! whom have we here? Who are you, my

No answer.
"Where are the men on duty?"
"I doant know."
"Are they in the shaft?"

"Doant know, tell 'ee."
"Now, my lad, see here," said Grant. "That overseer will be here in an hour, and if he finds no one here but you, and you refuse to answer his questions, it will be the worse for you. Come, none of that," as the creature tried to free itself from the strong grasp; "you'll stay where you are; and if you don't want all the bones in your body broken when the overseer comes, think better of it, and tell me where Jones and the other fellow are at this

moment."

The boy scratched him head, and fidgetted about in sore distress for a minute or so, and then came out the reply: "Well, I guess they're at the

"The Feathers!"

"Aye, the public. Jones is father to I, and he bid we wait. I be Tim Jones."

Grant gave a groan. The little public house on the road to Bradford, rejoicing in the sign of the Prince of Wales' Feathers, had proved too strong in its attractions for the guardian of the Little Shaft. After a moment's silence he resumed his interrogatory. "See here," he said, "you'll just run off to the Feathers, and tell your father the Duke of Leven is

waiting for him here. Now be sharp."

And leaving hold of his collar, Tim darted off

And leaving noid of his collar, Tim darted off down the hill, and disappeared in the road.

"Isn't it enough to break a man's heart?" said Grant. "Turn where you will, do what you will, elways confronted with the country's evil genius, the curse of drink." And he paced to and fro with the curse of drink." And he paced to and fro with an air of deep pre-occupation. In a few minutes Tim returned in company with a big man, who, judging by his appearance, was not the better for his sojourn at the Feathers. He surveyed the Duke his sojourn at the realistics. The sojourn at the reply to with an air of stupid amazement, and in reply to his questions gave an incoherent answer which too plainly betrayed the fact that the visit to the ale se had not been a brief or passing one. Grant ed to the boy. "Is this your father?"

Then where is he, and why didn't you bring

Then came the fatal reply: "Father's drunk."

THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE;

OR.

THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"He said some very civil things about your notions on that head when I saw him in Edwards."

"Well, you shall judge for yourself; mine-ventisis fine stope for indulging it at Bradford."

The early train on Monday morning bere me away from the hills and valleys of Glenleven, from the gary minster, and the clear river bubbling among its rocks, and the granite peaks and quiet woods among which I had spent a fortnight so rich in bright and ennobling thoughts that it seemed to me as if I had been out of the busy world for a strephene at the surface of the plant of the proposition of the

"Three quarters of an hour or thereabouts." "Three quarters of an hour or thereabouts.

"And this fellow would get over the ground in half an hour. Well, we must try what can be done." He tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote the following words: "The two men drunk; doors unopened. Signal all the men out of the

wrote the following words: "The two men thank," doors unopened. Signal all the men out of the mine. Send us a gang at once to see to things here."—Leves.

Folding it up, and directing it to the overseer, he gave it to the boy, with half-a-crown, and bade him run for his life with it to the Great Shaft. "If you are quick and faithful, you shall have the same sum when you return, now lose no time, but be off." when you return; now lose no time, but be off."
The boy grinned at sight of the silver, and set off at

"The boy is frightened," he said, "and has made off. Well, there is only one other chance. Here, you fellow," addressing the man, who by this time was partially sobered, "can you trust yourself to handle the winch, and lower the bucket?"

"Aye, sure, but who'll be going down?"

"I shall," said the Duke, firmly; and in another the bucket and seizing.

moment he had entered the bucket; and seizing the chain, gave the signal to lower away. "Grant!" I exclaimed, "don't be so mad; why the fellows will be here in a moment; what can you

"Leave go, Jack, it's all right; I must see to those

"Is there danger, then?"
"To the hundred and eighty men on the other side of the pit there is, if they are not out of the

"Let me go"
"Stuff! What could you do? You don't know a door from a donkey.'

"But you?"
"I could find my way blindfolded. Why, Jack, I
have planned the whole business; I've been in and out here a dozen times at least."

I implored, but all in vain; he gave the signal, and the man lowered the winch: Grant nodded to and the man lowered the winch: Grant nodded to me with his bright, frank, fearless look, "All right,

Jack: say a Hail Mary," and he was out of sight.

I tried to still my fears—fears of what? After all, I knew not. I paced up and down, whether for hours or minutes I could not tell. At last, looking towards the hill, I caught the welcome sight of a dozen men descending the road towards the shaft.

I waved my hat to note them onicker, and in my I waved my hat to urge them quicker, and in my impatience set out to meet them. We were near-ing together when there was a low sound, as it were far beneath my feet, a slight trembling of the earth,

and a cry from the men. I sprang forward, crying, 'The Duke! the Duke!"
"Where?" said the overseer, who led the party.

"In the shaft—alone."
"Then God rest his soul!" he exclaimed; "that was an explosion." * * * * *

We hastened to the shaft, and whilst some tele graphed for more aid, others prepared to clear the shaft and descend without loss of time. Before long the whole gang were on the spot; for Leven's nessage to signal the men out of the mine had cleared the workings and saved the men from the danger. They were all there, the hundred and eighty men he had so nobly saved; many of whom a short week before had been burning him in effigy.

And as the rumor of the accident spread, and women and children came hurrying in dismay to the pit's mouth, loud were the expressions of joy and thankfulness to find fathers, sons, husbands, al safe and sound. But how was it with Leven?

An hour or two of work sufficed to answer that juestion. The shaft was cleared, and when the working party who had volunteered to explore ame to the surface, they bore him with them, and aid him on the grass, and in another moment I

was kneeling beside him.
Yes, he was dead. Not a mark of exterior in-juiry. The breath of the fire had not touched him. A sweet smile on his face, a smile of inexpressible peace, but life had been extinct at least an hour. The cause of his death was not the actual combus tion, but what miners call the "after-damp," that is, the mixture of bad gases caused by the explo-

I do not stop here to speak of my own feelings, or those of the men around me. Some sensations are not keenly felt from their very intensity. This blow had come with a shock which, for the time, stunned me. I could act, and speak, and nove, and give orders, but at first I could not think

only gradually did the truth, the whole truth, break on me and deluge me with anguish; and I under-stood that a noble life had been consummated by a death of sacrifice, and that in very deed and truth he had given his life for his brethren.

CHAPTER XVI. THE END.

We carried him to Oakham. He was so con pletely the last of his family that we should have been perplexed as to whom to commit the direction of affairs had it not been for his secretary, Mr. Dymock, who placed in my hands a scaled packet which has been given into his keeping by the Duke the evening before he had last left Oakham. It was directed to myself. I opened it, and found his will, drawn up and signed with the usual formalities, and a brief document declaring Sir John Ripley, myself, and Oswald, his trustees and executors. es, and a brief document declaring Sir John Rip y, myself, and Oswald, his trustees and executors and myself sole guardian of Edward Wigram, his

This sufficed to enable us to act; and as we knew that he had already fixed on Glenleven as the place of his interment, intelligence of what had happened had already been sent to the monastery; and or our arrival at Oakham we found the abbot, Werner and some others of the monks waiting to receive

Werner and the other brethren gently and reerently prepared him for his last rest, and then was we came to know that not care nor toils alor had done the work of age, but that he, who had sacrified his life to charity, had also been used to offer his body to God by the longer and more lin

offer his body to God by the longer and more lingering sacrifice of penance. There were the rough hair shirt, and the iron chain, and the sharp crucifix. I beheld it all, and then, when I recalled the frank, joyous voice, and inartificial manner, I marvelled at the power of self-repression, the exquisite ingenuity with which he had hidden from curious eyes every one of his higher gifts of sanctity.

Until all was ready for his removal to Glenleven, we laid him in the little chapel, before the golden tabernacle and there hour after hour we watched

tabernacle, and there, hour after hour, we watched beside him whilst there crowded in from all por-tions of the country round all whom he had served, and helped, and ministered to young and old, Catholics and Protestants, gentle and simple, to look on him, and pray beside him, and take their last farewell.

But there was one who came and would not go

I shall only touch on the last scene of all; the gorgeous ceremonial which bore to his resting-place the last Duke of Leven, followed by half the country, and all his tenantry, and by the colliers whom he had died to save, and who walked in the long procession, praying for, and blessing their benefactor. I will say nothing of all that, and of the bitter tears we shed, as we laid him at the feet of his father, and felt that one had gone out from among us who belonged to a higher sphere than men of a common mould.

We read his will; and all were startled and amazed to find that there was little left to dispose

amazed to find that there was little left to dispose of. Oakham Park, and a modest estate attached to it, were devised to Edward Wigram; certain other lands and properties were left to be administered in trust for the maintenance of hospitals, schools, and other charitable institutions he had founded; but the vast wealth he had once possessed had all but disappeared, and of his Australian millions

there remained not a farthing.

The news spread about, and gradually the truth came to be understood. The Duke, the greatest millionaire of England, had died worth comparawhen you return; now lose no time, but be off."
The boy grinned at sight of the silver, and set off at a round pace.

I only imperfectly apprehended the state of things, but I saw that Grant kept an anxious lookout on the road to detect the first appearance of the relief party. But half an hour passed, and no one vet appeared.

I miluonaire of England, had died worth comparatively nothing, because he had been steadily carrying out the purpose of his life to obey the precept of the Gospel: "to sell all, and give to the poor, and follow Christ." The truth, when known, produced a powerful impressing, especially among his own young men at Oakham, many of whom followed the example of Knowles, and embraced the faith The domestic chapel soon became insufficient for the wants of the Oakham congregation; and gladly recognizing the opportunity thus given me of carry ing out one of Leven's dearest wishes, I resolved ate a portion of my own wealth to the erec tion of a church.

I chose a spot close to that part of the plantation I chose a spot close to that part of the plantation where, years before, he had held me over the precipice and saved my life. There the new parish church of Oakham has arisen, dedicated to St. Alexis, and designed by Werner, who watched over every detail with loving eyes. It is my monument to the memory of my friend, and a thank-offering for that friendship which I number among the choicest graces of a not underty life.

the choicest graces of a not unhappy life.

In the completion of this undertaking I have been not a little assisted by the ardor of one whose story I have as yet left incomplete. The Duke's death hastened the work which the influence of his words and character had commenced in the heart of Florence Oswald. She was received into the of Florence oswaid. She was received into the Church within the same year, and my readers will not probably be greatly surprised to hear that two years later she became my wife. She shares with me the care of my little ward, to whom, as she often says, she owes, in no small degree, the gift of faith. And I think, if there be a desire in both our bearts it is set to train him that in after years he faith. And I think, if there be a desire in both our hearts, it is so to train him that in after years he may worthily fulfil the trust committed to him, and realize our dear Grant's ideal of "the Christian

LITTLE BETSY.

Adapted from the French of "Jacques Normand" for the Freeman's Journal.

I was travelling in Ireland with a few friends After some time, we found ourselves on the south-west coast, crossing through Connemars, the poorest part of that terribly poor country, lying between Galway, on the one side, and Clifden and Westport on the other.

If anything can give an awful impression of barrenness and misery, it is surely Connemara. An immense sorrow seems to weigh on this corner of the earth. You don't see any cultivation; to your left, low and naked plains extend to the sea; to the right, a chain of bare mountains, looking as if they had been ravaged by a vast configuration, and you travel through immense spaces without meeting a chief.
village, or even a house. When you do meet one after journeying a couple of hours, it is simply four reaches

thread of blue smoke.

As soon as one passes in front of one of those cabius, a bunch of children rushes out, from five to twelve years old, bare footed, pale and regged, yet often with faces which artists in search of a model for the Divine Child would delight in.

out of the race, About eleven o'clock in the forenoon we were not far from Ougtherard, where we were to lunch. For several hours a young girl about twelve years old had been following our coach. Out of a band of five or six children, whom we had outstripped on the road, she was the only one to hold out.

She was slender and quite tall for her ege; very brown, with a charming head, of the fine Irish type and with large blue eyes. Her cheeks were flushed by the exertion of the race, and her mouth, widely opened to inhale the air, showed teeth gleaming like pearls. A rough bodice of coarse cloth, with a poor old ragged petticoat, formed her whole costume, and gave a glimpse of a breast and shoulders so white and delicate that they must, it seemed, have

been bruised by a rough garb.

Poor little thing! It saddened one's heart to Suddenly she uttered a cry, raised her arms and

Suddenly she uttered a cry, raised her arms and fell on her face. We stopped the coach at once; but it was almost nothing. A sharp peoble had slightly cut her foor, which was bleeding a little. We asked her who she was and where she came from. She told us her name was Betsy, and she lived in Ougtherard. We bade her come into the coach with us and we would bring her there. She looked at us, evidently not understanding. We had to repeat the same thing two or three times. When she understood, she blushed with pleasure, and flashed on us a long gaze from her beautiful eyes, beaming with gratitude. To ride in a coach! What joy! It was, without doubt, the first time

ard, a poor village of some forty houses.

We gave two shillings to the child. She could not believe her eyes. As she was limping somewhat I was afraid that the cut in her foot might have been irritated by her long race; so I went into a shoe store, the only

one in the place, and bought her a pair of shoes. Betsy had been looking at me all the time, considerably puzzled, and eyed me curiously through the little window of the shop. When she saw me come out and hand her the shoes, which I told her were for herself, it would be impossible to describe her astonishment. She was altogether dazed. She her astonishment. She was altogether dazed. She did not dare to take them surrounded by three or four little girls, who were also looking on with wide open eyes, she stretched out her hand, then with-

At last, when I insisted firmly on her taking them, she seized the shoes and fled skipping with delight, without ever saying "Thank you!"
"What a little savage!" I thought. And I

in the inn.

We had just finished lunch and were about entering the coach, when I felt a little hand taking hold of mine and trying to draw me away. It was

Betsy.
"Come, sir," said she, "please, come

"Come, sir," said she, "please, come."

"And where do you want to bring me?"

"To our house; it is quite close by."

I followed her; my companions did the same, a little puzzled by the proceedings. She led us to the bottom of a narrow lane before a humble cottage. She pushed open the door and we entered.

It consisted of a single apartment with hardly

It consisted of a single apartment with hardly any furniture, gloomy and poorly lighted.

An old woman was spinning at the little window; it was the grandmother. In one corner was the bed of the grandmother, and, beside it, that of the child.

At the foot of this little bed Betsy showed me, with great pride, a shelf, covered with white linen, on which rested the image of St. Patrick, the cherished patron of Ireland, and, between two bunches of flowers, the little shoes I had bought for her. The whole formed a pleasant and smiling little spot in the midst of all this misery.

The poor little thing was gazing on them with admiration, almost with devotion, as if at the relics of a saint.

"But you ought to put them on your feet," I

"But you ought to put them on your feet," I said to her, laughing.
She appeared astonished, almost angry:
"Oh!" she cried, "never! they are too lovely!"
We put some money into the hand of the grand mother and said good bye to Betsy. But she would not leave us yet, and went with us as far as the coach, which she followed with her eyes as long as she could get a sight of it.
A month afterward we were passing the same route, returning from Clifden to Galway. We halted at the same little village, but we missed little Betsw. Before leaving this country, which,

haited at the same little village, but we missed little Betsy. Before leaving this country, which, doubtless, I shall never see again, I rasolved to pay a visit to the child who had interested us so much. I knocked at the door of the poor cottage, but as nobody opened I raised the latch and entered. A sad sight met my eyes. Around the little bed of Betsy, lit by three smoky candles, knelt three old worker restiling the prepare for the dead. As soon women reciting the prayers for the dead. As soon as I appeared the prayers ceased and every head was raised. One of the old women came towards me; it was the grandmother; she had recognized me. Big tears were running down her wrinkled

"Betsy!" I murmured, "Betsy—"
In a few words, which I guessed at rather than in a rew words, which I guessed at rather than understood, she explained to me, in a low voice, that Betsy had caught the fever and died that very morning. I drew near the little bed. The pale face of the child was resting peacefully; her long black hair was scattered in thick curls over the pillow; her lovely blue eyes had been closed. With her thin little hands she clasped to her heart the image of S: Patrick and the two little shoes.
"Daring the whole time that she was sick," said

the old woman, "she would not part with them. I will bury them with her, as she asked me before

The tears came to my eyes. I bent over the poor child and gently kissed her forehead. Poor little Batey!

A SWEET STORY.

On a cold and foggy evening a tall man, leaning mon a stick, was going painfully slong the Rue Mszarine, Paris. His clothing, insufficient to protect him from the biting of the northeast wind which that evening blew with great fury, consisted of a pair of summer pantaloons, and of an old over coat buttoned up to his chin. A broad-brimmed hat, slouched down over his face, left in sight only his beard and the long white hair that fell upon his stooping shoulders. He carried under his arm an object of oblong shape, wrapped in a plaid handker-

He crossed the bridge and the Place du Carrousel, village, or even a nouse. When you do meet one after journeying a couple of hours, it is simply four walls of rough hewn stones without cement, with a low, blackened roof through which issues a slender thread of blue smoke.

The crossed the brage and the Pace at Carrotse, reached the Palais Royal, and made the tour of the garden, stopping several times; then, as if the floods of light and the savory odors of the delicious viands prepared in the restaurants had made him sick at heart, he turned away with a trembling gait, and came out at the Cour des Fontaines. There he raised his head, seeing light in all the windows of that industrial buman hive, where life and labor go on with a busy hum. He sought shelter under an model for the Divine Child would delight in.

Uttering strange cries in a language half-Irish, halfEnglish, they will run after the stage-coach for
several miles. With a suppliant hand, they offer
you woulden socks, or blackthorns, the national
weapon, or a little nosegay of the lovely, pale
flowers that are gathered on the sides of the mountains. As they run by the side of the coach, panttains. As they run by the side of the coach, panttains, a pany rice after all years are the side of the coach, panttains. The bound is the strange of the side of the coach, panttains and the sought shelter under an
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the string at the corner of the narrow street forming
the string at the corner of the narrow street forming
the supplied to the street of the the plaid handkerchief, exposing to view a violin, felt along the strings to see if they were all there, tuned them up with a trembling hand, folded the handkerchief and laid it under his chin, placed the tion, but what miners call the "after-damp," that is, the mixture of bad gases caused by the explosion, and resulting in suffocation.

They laid him in one of the sheds, and we telegraphed to Glenleven and Oakham.

They laid him in one of the sheds, and we telegraphed to Glenleven and Oakham.

They continue this monotonous chant a long time, "A penny piece sir; or ly a penny!" is repeated in chorus sgain and again. Their poor voices, shrill tressing, so discordant, that two or three street and laid it under his chin, placed they reload to the renon and Indian war, and the dean displayed violin upon it, and began to play something so discordant, that two or three street and laid it under his chin, placed they reload to the renon and Indian war, and the dean displayed violin upon it, and began to play something so discordant, that two or three street and laid it under his chin, placed they something so discordant, that two or three street and laid it under his chin, placed they something so discordant, that two or three street and laid it under his chin, placed they something so discordant, that two or three street and laid it under his chin, placed they something so discordant, that two or three street and laid it under his chin, placed they something so discordant, that two or three street are knowledge concerning the history of those or three street and laid it under his chin, placed they something so discordant, that two or three street are knowledge concerning the history of those or the search of the reaction and laid it under his chin, placed the street and laid it under his chin, placed the street and laid it under his chin, placed the street and laid it under his chin, placed the street and laid it under his chin, placed the street and laid it under his chin, placed the street and laid it under his chin, placed the street and laid it under his chin, placed the street and laid it under his chin, placed the street and laid it under his chin, placed the street and laid it under his chin, placed the street a off saying that "that was a tune to bury the devil with" A dog lying not far away began to howl and passersby quickened their pace. The poor man, discouraged, seated himself upon a step in the passage way, laid his instrument upon his

knee, and murmured:
"I cannot play any more. Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" and a great cob came up from his heart

At that instant three young men came sauntering along the dark and narrow passage, humming an air then in vogue :

Lorsque deux eleves du Conservatoire,

At first they did not see the old violin player One of them nearly stepped upon him, another knocked his hat off, and the third was greatly surprised to see the old man rising and coming out of the shadow.

"Pardon, monsieur. Have we hurt you?"
"No," replied the old violinist, leaning over with difficulty to pick up his hat, which one of the young men hastened to hand him, while his comrade, see-

ing the violin, said : "You are a musician, monsieur?"
"I used to be," sighed the poor old man, and two

great tears ran slowly down the furrows of his cheeks. "What is the matter with you? Are you suffer-

ing? Can we help you?'
The old man looked at the three young man; then he handed to them his hat, saying:
"Give me something for charity's sake. I can no longer earn my living by playing the violin, my fingers are crippled with rheumatism, my daughter is dying of consumption and of want."

There was so much of real sorrow in his voice that the young fellows were moved from head to foot. They quickly put their hands in their pockets and drew out all they contained. Alas! the first found fifty centimes, the second thirty centimes, and the third a piece of resin; total, sixteen sous for relieving so much misery. It was very little. They

looked at each other helplessly.

"Come, friends," cried the one who had questioned the unhappy old man; "let us take hold, all three of us, and with good will. He is a fellow artist. Adolphe, takes the violin and accompany Gustave, while our friend Charlie takes up the col-

joined my companions, who were already at table out with your best piece to draw the people to.

Under the expert fingers of the young virtuoso the old man's violin resourded joyously and the "Carnaval de Venise" came out with extraordinary "Carnaval de Venise" came out with extracrdinary brilliancy. All the windows opened, passeraby flocked around, applause burst out on all sides, and many pieces of sliver fell into the old man's hat, placed in good view under a gas light. After a panse of a few minutes the violin began to prelude.

"Now, Gustave, it is your turn," commanded Charles.

Charles.

The young man indicated sang, "Viens, Gentille Dame," with a warm, superb, and resonant tenor voice. The hearers, delighted, cried: "Bis! bis!" and the collection went on increasing, the

crowd becoming more and more dense.

The originator of the idea, seeing that their success and the receipts had been so great, added:

cess and the receipts had been so great, aduce :
"Now, then, to finish, the trio from Gulliaume
Tell.' Adolphe, my old man, while you are accompanying us make the most of your bass notes and
I, with my charming voice, will come in on the
baritone to the beet of my ability. Now, Gustave,

baritone to the best of my ability. Now, Gustave, my fine tenor, for some high notes, and the larks will fall down already roasted."

The trio commenced. The old man who, until then, had remained passive, not daring to believe his eyes or his ears, fearing that he was the victim of a delusion, drew himself up to his full height, his eyes sparkling, his face transfigured, and, esizing his expenses of the heat the time is such a stick, he commenced to beat the time in such a mas-terly way that under his direction the young musicians electrified and excited the crowd which withcians electrined and excited the crowd which with-heid neither its applause nor its money. Silver pieces rained down from the windows and came up from all the pockets, and Charles had all he could do to pick up what fell outside of the hat.

The concert finished the crowd dispersed slowly, for droll remarks were going the rounds and every.

for droll remarks were going the rounds and everybody stopped to listen:

"Ob, those are no street players, they, are too
swell for that," "What a fine spread they will have
with all that cash?" "Mon Dieu, but there was
money for you!" "I wish I could have seen their
faces, but there was no way to do it? They were
too well mufiled up!" "And the old fellow with
his stick, he used it like a drum-major!" "I tell
you, those are artists playing out a bet!" "I've
been to the G-and Opera and they don't sing any
better there!" "And the fiddle, didn't it sound better there!" "And the fiddle, didn't it sound well? Tickled me all up and down my backbone! "And the fiddle, didn't it sound These and other remarks of the same kind were

heard in the dispersing of the audience.

The young men approached the old one who was almost speechless with emotion.
"Tell me your names," he cried, "that my daugh.

ter may mention them in her prayers." The first one said : "My name is Faith."

"My name is Faith."

"And I am Hope," added the second.

"Then I am Charity," said the third, at the same time laying down the hat brimful of money.

"Ah, messieurs! messieurs! you must know at least who it is you have helyed so generously. My

name is clopper. Ism an Alsatian. For ten years I was leader of an orchestra in Strasbourg. I had I was leader of an orchestra in Strasbourg. I had the honor of bringing out the opera of 'Guillaume Tell' in that city. Alas! since I left my country misfortune, sickness and poverty have overtsken me. You have saved my life! Thanks to this money, I shall be able to return to Strasbourg, where I sm known, and where my daughter will find friends. Her native air will rectore her to health. Your young talents that you have put so simply, so nobly to the relief of my necessities will be blest, and I predict that you will be great among the great." great.

"So may it be!" replied the three friends.
Then, taking each other by the arm, they went

their way.

Noble fellows! They have no doubt forgotten this revel, where their souls alone were feasted, but if you are curious, my dear readers, to know how the prediction of old Chappner was fulfilled I can, though committing a grave indiscretion, reveal to you the names of those three pupils of the con-servatoire, whose modesty will certainly be shocked at this disclosure So much the worse for them, but we will risk it at any rate. And then who knows but perhaps these lines will fall under the eyes of the daughter of the old Aleatian, who would be very happy, no doubt, to know to whom she owes her

life.

The tenor was Gustave Roger; the violinist, Adolphe Harmann, and the collector, Charles

THE TICONDEROGA GHOST.

When the late Dean Stanley was in the country he spent an evening with Bishop Williams in Hart-ford. The conversation had turned to the subject of the French and Indian war, and the dean displayed

Campbell of Inversught? Well, there happened, shortly after the defeat of Edward the Pretender, to be a meeting of gentlemen in the west of Scotland, whose conversation turned upon political subjects. It was dangerous ground, for part of them were in favor of the family of Hanover, and the rest were partitans of Charles Stuart. The discussion waxed hot, and at length swords were drawn. The quarrel was only ended when one of the contestants fell dead. There lived at that time, as they do to-day, near the place of the quarrel, the family of Campbells of Inversugh. Duncan Campbell was then the bells of inversing. Duncan Campbell was then the head of the clan, and to him the unfortunate man appealed for protection. With the usual hospitality of a highlander, the Campbell granted him shelter, and swore to defend him in his misfortune. The following day the startling news came to the chief that the murdered man was his own cousin, and that ha was abalantar the chief of and that he was sheltering the slayer of a kinsman That night the cousin came to Campbell in and demanded of him vengeance for his death. The honorable soul of the chieftian revolted from any treachery, and he told his guest of the dream. Again night came, and again the cousin appeared asking for retribution. Unable to break his vow, Campbell sent his guest away to the mountains under a strong escort and trusted he would at length sleep in peace. But at dead of night came that ghastly visitor and said in tones of anger: 'Dangnasty visitor are the can Campbell, we shall meet at Ticonderoga.' The highlander awake next morning with a great feeling of rellef. Ticonderoga was a word he had never neard, and whether the spirit referred to a realm of the other world or was inventing words to scare him he neither knew nor cared

him he neither knew nor cared.

"Years went by, and at length Duncan Campbell found himself a major in the Scotch Rangers under Abercromble, in the expedition against the French on Lake George, in the summer of 1758. The army, the largest ever assembled in America up to that time, had sailed down the river in a thousand bests and landed near its outlet. To the Secret. boats and landed near its outlet. To the Scotch major the name Ticonderoga, against which point the expedition was directed, had sounded with an awful and ominous import. His colonel, by name Gordon Graham, who knew the story, endeavored to cheer his drooping spirits, but it was with a heavy heart that the Highland chieftian prepared his men for attack. The story of that day's disaster is well known; how the brave Lord Howe fell early in the No sooner said than done. All three drew the collars of their coats, pulled their hair down over their faces and their hats down over their eyes.

"Now, then, for it, and all together? Adolphe,"

"Now, then, for it, and all together? Adolphe," action; how the brawny Scotchman attempted to

Edward. Just ! Gordon Graham after the battle, cousin came to Campbell, we h Such," said the the 'ghost story heard it from Inversuph, the Inversugh, the tunate Duncan. The bishop h terest to the te

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peculiar chance in America who Written f CATHOLICA

BY THE REV. A

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