

The Legend of The Lake.

Far, far away, 'neath the grassy slope  
Of a mountain over the sea,  
A fair blue lake lies over at rest,  
And the sunbeams merrily  
Come down by day to shimmer and bathe  
In its rippling clear and bright,  
Where the wonderful stars are multiplied  
Through the peace of the summer night.

'Tis a strange, and late that the boatman  
As he rests on his idle oars,  
A legend of the lake so blue,  
To the strangers on its shores.  
It was many and many a year ago,  
In a summer's night and sweet,  
Where a beautiful village nestled low  
At the base of the mountain's foot.

But a fierce, wild spirit it was that ruled  
And dwelt on the mountain's side,  
And never a man had dared to probe  
The heart of its cavern wide.  
Alas, for the day when they angered him!  
Alas, for the people, then!  
Full well they knew the wrath to come,  
Though they knew not how or when.

There dawned a beautiful summer morn,  
A golden Sabbath day,  
When quietly the little church  
The villagers took their way.  
While the sun in the sky shined bright,  
And the air was filled with joy,  
And out through the lowly vestibule  
Came the people.

That suddenly fell from the mountain top  
A flood of waters as blue  
As the summer sky, and the sunlight shone  
On the waters of the lake so true.  
Till never a trace of the village lay  
'Neath the heavy cloud above,  
And only a fair lake, as at  
Where once were life and love.

And, says the legend, where ever there dawn  
The sun of a Sabbath Day,  
One hears the peals of the church bells toll,  
And the murmur of those who pray,  
In the village 'neath the lake,  
Of that mountain over the sea,  
Where the sunbeams bathe, and the stars at  
Night are living so restfully.

MARY D. BRINE, in Harper's Weekly.

(Written for the Buffalo Union and Times.)

A WINTER STORY.

It was in the winter of 1867, if I re-  
member aright, that I was led by urgent  
business affairs to make a journey  
through the north western part of Ver-  
mont. My route lay through a wild,  
sparsely settled region, as yet unacces-  
sible by means of rail; and as the stage  
which plied between St. Albans, the  
nearest railroad station, and a town to  
the east called Fairfield, did not go ex-  
actly in the direction I wished to take,  
I procured a good horse and sleigh, and  
early in the afternoon set out for my  
place of destination, a scrubby little  
town about thirty miles northeast of St.  
Albans.

I had not proceeded more than half  
the distance when to my great dismay,  
a blinding snow storm was precipitated  
upon the country. Heavy, greyish black  
clouds lowered above my head, and a  
biting wind from the north drove the  
flakes of snow with such violence against  
my face, that I had great difficulty in  
making out the road before me. To  
add to my discomfort, it soon grew very  
dark. I saw that it would be foolhardy  
to adhere to my original purpose, and as  
the nearest village in was several miles  
distant, I concluded to try the hospi-  
tality of the first farm house I should  
meet.

It was not without a feeling of great  
relief that I soon discerned the faint  
glimmer of a light through the thickly  
falling flakes, and turning my horse  
thither, quickly alighted myself before a  
farm house, the size and style of which  
gave evidence of more than usual wealth  
for inhabitants of that wild region. The  
lusty barking of the watch dog had  
already brought the inmates to the door.  
After briefly explaining my situation, I  
was kindly invited to enter, while the  
"chore-boy" was ordered to take my  
horse to the well stored barn and to pro-  
vide it with food and warm bedding for  
the night.

The supper was soon prepared. "We  
are Catholics, stranger," said the master  
of the house, a man of splendid physique,  
still in the fullness of his strength, whose  
full, ruddy face, wore the expression of  
kindness and habitual good-humor,  
coupled with great firmness of will.—  
"We are Catholics, and as to-day is Fri-  
day, we eat no meat. But such refresh-  
ment as we have before us, we most  
willingly share with you." This was,  
indeed, a most agreeable surprise, for I  
had understood that in the country  
north of St. Albans, the settlers were  
Protestants to a man; and so, to have  
happened upon such holy faith when I  
had expected to find only narrow Pro-  
testant sectarianism—for a greater bigot  
than the Vermont Yankee is very far to  
seek—was in truth, a most fortuitous  
and happy occurrence. Nor was their  
surprise hardly less when they learned  
from my reply that I professed the same  
religious belief; and throwing off what  
little reserve might well be expected in  
the presence of a stranger of whose an-  
tecedents they knew nothing, they  
showed nearly as much warmth and  
openness of feeling in my regard as if  
I had been some long absent friend un-  
expectedly returned.

After doing full justice to an excellent  
meal to which I brought the appetite of  
a famished wolf, I seated myself by the  
side of my genial host before the open  
fireplace. Two briskly burning logs of  
maple gave forth an abundance of light  
and warmth, their leaping flames throw-  
ing our little group in weird, living, sha-  
dows upon the opposite wall. "Do my  
left eat the thirty house wife, busily  
knitting some work of her own spinning.  
Every now and then she would look up  
from her work to cast an admiring glance  
on her two sons who sat opposite, one a  
lively, boisterous stripling of about fif-  
teen years of age, the other a grave youth  
some three or four years older, whose  
general appearance gave promise of a  
finely developed manhood. At the feet  
of the younger boy, a large shepherd  
dog was lazily dozing; and as the flames  
at times grew unusually large and bright,  
they made the silhouette of the shaggy  
animal move up and down the wall in  
striking resemblance to a huge wolf. To  
increase the enchantment of the scene,  
the fitful gusts of wind came waiving  
through the chimney like the despairing  
screams of a lost soul. The occasion was  
ripe for story telling. As if by instinct,  
we yielded to the influence of the hour;  
and after I had related several perils  
adventures of my own, my host told me  
the following remarkable narrative.

"In the winter that immediately pre-  
ceded the late war, I entered into the  
purchase of cattle for shipment to the

eastern parts of New England, where  
through a trustworthy agent, I was able  
to dispose of them at a good, round pro-  
fit. The enterprise soon grew to much  
larger proportions than I had antici-  
pated, and after due deliberation with  
my wife, I decided to draw out a large  
sum of money which I had in deposit at  
the St. Albans bank and to invest it in  
my new business.

"One evening in February, shortly  
after the news reached us of the forma-  
tion of the fruitless Peace Convention,  
I informed my wife that I had decided to  
go to St. Albans on the morrow. For the  
time being, she seemed to acquiesce  
in my plans; but after passing a very  
restless night, she tried next morning to  
dissuade me from making the journey,  
saying that her mind was filled with a  
strong presentiment of danger. I did not  
blame her for being ill at ease, for with-  
in the short space of a month, two  
highway robberies had taken place in  
our neighborhood. In both of these, the  
robbers had given proof of their desper-  
ate and ruthless character, by stab-  
bing their victims to the heart. The  
similar manner in which both these  
crimes had been committed afforded  
good ground for believing that an organ-  
ized band of highwaymen was prowling  
about the vicinity; but owing to the  
scanty means of enforcing the laws in  
our part of the country, the wretches  
had succeeded in eluding the grasp of  
justice.

"I myself, however, did not share in  
my wife's fears, and on account of the  
pressing demands of my business and the  
extraordinary mildness of the weather  
—for the ground was bare of snow—I  
was loth to give up my plans. I told  
my wife not to heed her idle fears, as I  
should complete my business transac-  
tions at St. Albans early in the afternoon  
and thus be able to reach home before dark.  
Seeing that I could not be moved from  
my purpose, she made me promise that  
before leaving St. Albans I would visit  
the church, and kneeling before the  
Blessed Sacrament, offer myself to the  
protection of God and His Immaculate  
Mother.

"So kissing away the tears that were  
oozing down her cheeks, I started off in  
my stout country wagon. I had before  
me my favorite horse whom no one drove  
but myself. He was a large, powerful  
stallion, noted in the surrounding coun-  
try for his high mettle and great speed.  
I had brought him up from a colt and  
had him under excellent control. His  
proud, fiery nature needed but a word  
command to prompt him into a rapid  
pace. When he heard him, I never car-  
ried a whip, for a mere touch of the  
lash was enough to render him furious  
and almost unmanageable. On this oc-  
casion he was in excellent spirits, for he  
had not been out of the stable for several  
days. Accordingly, we were not long  
in covering the distance of ten miles  
that lay between our farm and St. Al-  
bans.

"I drew my money out of the bank, and  
after completing the rest of my business  
affairs, made my visit to the Blessed Sa-  
crament, in accordance with my wife's  
request. As I came out of the church,  
my eyes were attracted by some fine  
whips that were displayed for sale in a  
harness shop directly opposite. My  
oldest son, then about twelve years of  
age, had received a pony for a Christmas  
present. He was a large, powerful  
stallion, noted in the surrounding coun-  
try for his high mettle and great speed.  
I had brought him up from a colt and  
had him under excellent control. His  
proud, fiery nature needed but a word  
command to prompt him into a rapid  
pace. When he heard him, I never car-  
ried a whip, for a mere touch of the  
lash was enough to render him furious  
and almost unmanageable. On this oc-  
casion he was in excellent spirits, for he  
had not been out of the stable for several  
days. Accordingly, we were not long  
in covering the distance of ten miles  
that lay between our farm and St. Al-  
bans.

"I drew my money out of the bank, and  
after completing the rest of my business  
affairs, made my visit to the Blessed Sa-  
crament, in accordance with my wife's  
request. As I came out of the church,  
my eyes were attracted by some fine  
whips that were displayed for sale in a  
harness shop directly opposite. My  
oldest son, then about twelve years of  
age, had received a pony for a Christmas  
present. He was a large, powerful  
stallion, noted in the surrounding coun-  
try for his high mettle and great speed.  
I had brought him up from a colt and  
had him under excellent control. His  
proud, fiery nature needed but a word  
command to prompt him into a rapid  
pace. When he heard him, I never car-  
ried a whip, for a mere touch of the  
lash was enough to render him furious  
and almost unmanageable. On this oc-  
casion he was in excellent spirits, for he  
had not been out of the stable for several  
days. Accordingly, we were not long  
in covering the distance of ten miles  
that lay between our farm and St. Al-  
bans.

"I drew my money out of the bank, and  
after completing the rest of my business  
affairs, made my visit to the Blessed Sa-  
crament, in accordance with my wife's  
request. As I came out of the church,  
my eyes were attracted by some fine  
whips that were displayed for sale in a  
harness shop directly opposite. My  
oldest son, then about twelve years of  
age, had received a pony for a Christmas  
present. He was a large, powerful  
stallion, noted in the surrounding coun-  
try for his high mettle and great speed.  
I had brought him up from a colt and  
had him under excellent control. His  
proud, fiery nature needed but a word  
command to prompt him into a rapid  
pace. When he heard him, I never car-  
ried a whip, for a mere touch of the  
lash was enough to render him furious  
and almost unmanageable. On this oc-  
casion he was in excellent spirits, for he  
had not been out of the stable for several  
days. Accordingly, we were not long  
in covering the distance of ten miles  
that lay between our farm and St. Al-  
bans.

"I drew my money out of the bank, and  
after completing the rest of my business  
affairs, made my visit to the Blessed Sa-  
crament, in accordance with my wife's  
request. As I came out of the church,  
my eyes were attracted by some fine  
whips that were displayed for sale in a  
harness shop directly opposite. My  
oldest son, then about twelve years of  
age, had received a pony for a Christmas  
present. He was a large, powerful  
stallion, noted in the surrounding coun-  
try for his high mettle and great speed.  
I had brought him up from a colt and  
had him under excellent control. His  
proud, fiery nature needed but a word  
command to prompt him into a rapid  
pace. When he heard him, I never car-  
ried a whip, for a mere touch of the  
lash was enough to render him furious  
and almost unmanageable. On this oc-  
casion he was in excellent spirits, for he  
had not been out of the stable for several  
days. Accordingly, we were not long  
in covering the distance of ten miles  
that lay between our farm and St. Al-  
bans.

"I drew my money out of the bank, and  
after completing the rest of my business  
affairs, made my visit to the Blessed Sa-  
crament, in accordance with my wife's  
request. As I came out of the church,  
my eyes were attracted by some fine  
whips that were displayed for sale in a  
harness shop directly opposite. My  
oldest son, then about twelve years of  
age, had received a pony for a Christmas  
present. He was a large, powerful  
stallion, noted in the surrounding coun-  
try for his high mettle and great speed.  
I had brought him up from a colt and  
had him under excellent control. His  
proud, fiery nature needed but a word  
command to prompt him into a rapid  
pace. When he heard him, I never car-  
ried a whip, for a mere touch of the  
lash was enough to render him furious  
and almost unmanageable. On this oc-  
casion he was in excellent spirits, for he  
had not been out of the stable for several  
days. Accordingly, we were not long  
in covering the distance of ten miles  
that lay between our farm and St. Al-  
bans.

"I drew my money out of the bank, and  
after completing the rest of my business  
affairs, made my visit to the Blessed Sa-  
crament, in accordance with my wife's  
request. As I came out of the church,  
my eyes were attracted by some fine  
whips that were displayed for sale in a  
harness shop directly opposite. My  
oldest son, then about twelve years of  
age, had received a pony for a Christmas  
present. He was a large, powerful  
stallion, noted in the surrounding coun-  
try for his high mettle and great speed.  
I had brought him up from a colt and  
had him under excellent control. His  
proud, fiery nature needed but a word  
command to prompt him into a rapid  
pace. When he heard him, I never car-  
ried a whip, for a mere touch of the  
lash was enough to render him furious  
and almost unmanageable. On this oc-  
casion he was in excellent spirits, for he  
had not been out of the stable for several  
days. Accordingly, we were not long  
in covering the distance of ten miles  
that lay between our farm and St. Al-  
bans.

"I drew my money out of the bank, and  
after completing the rest of my business  
affairs, made my visit to the Blessed Sa-  
crament, in accordance with my wife's  
request. As I came out of the church,  
my eyes were attracted by some fine  
whips that were displayed for sale in a  
harness shop directly opposite. My  
oldest son, then about twelve years of  
age, had received a pony for a Christmas  
present. He was a large, powerful  
stallion, noted in the surrounding coun-  
try for his high mettle and great speed.  
I had brought him up from a colt and  
had him under excellent control. His  
proud, fiery nature needed but a word  
command to prompt him into a rapid  
pace. When he heard him, I never car-  
ried a whip, for a mere touch of the  
lash was enough to render him furious  
and almost unmanageable. On this oc-  
casion he was in excellent spirits, for he  
had not been out of the stable for several  
days. Accordingly, we were not long  
in covering the distance of ten miles  
that lay between our farm and St. Al-  
bans.

"I drew my money out of the bank, and  
after completing the rest of my business  
affairs, made my visit to the Blessed Sa-  
crament, in accordance with my wife's  
request. As I came out of the church,  
my eyes were attracted by some fine  
whips that were displayed for sale in a  
harness shop directly opposite. My  
oldest son, then about twelve years of  
age, had received a pony for a Christmas  
present. He was a large, powerful  
stallion, noted in the surrounding coun-  
try for his high mettle and great speed.  
I had brought him up from a colt and  
had him under excellent control. His  
proud, fiery nature needed but a word  
command to prompt him into a rapid  
pace. When he heard him, I never car-  
ried a whip, for a mere touch of the  
lash was enough to render him furious  
and almost unmanageable. On this oc-  
casion he was in excellent spirits, for he  
had not been out of the stable for several  
days. Accordingly, we were not long  
in covering the distance of ten miles  
that lay between our farm and St. Al-  
bans.

her promotion of evil that very morn-  
ing of the accident to my horse, of the  
blacksmith's decision, all leaped through  
my mind with electric rapidity; and  
before my perfidious servant and his  
accomplices had advanced three steps, I  
had devised the various means of escape.  
I would jump from my wagon and flee  
through the woods; but to attempt to  
avoid about run so many in my heavy  
riding coat would be sheer folly. I would  
draw my pistol and defend myself to the  
last; but it was in my waist coat pocket,  
and before could intubation my over-  
coat to reach it, the villains would be  
at my throat. Was there then no hope  
of escape? Yes, thank God! The  
whip!

With a quickness I had never known  
before, I snatched the whip out of the  
saddle and dealt my horse a stinging  
blow on the back. He gave a sharp  
snort of fury, and dashed forward with  
such impetuous plunge that the man at  
the bridle was snatched off his feet  
and hurled with terrific violence upon  
the rocks. On I sped through the dark-  
ness, while my blooded assailants,  
cursing with rage, fired a few harmless  
shots about my head. In a few moments  
I was far removed from their murderous  
clutches.

I succeeded in keeping the road  
while speeding through the dark grove  
at such a tremendous pace, has always  
remained to me a matter of great won-  
der. At every step, I expected the  
infuriated animal would swerve to one  
side and dash the wagon against a tree.  
Fortunately, I was spared such a deadly  
accident, and when at length we about  
out from the woods into the open coun-  
try, I breathed a fervent prayer to  
Heaven in thanksgiving for my wonder-  
ful deliverance.

Next morning, the man who had been  
thrown by my horse, was found lying by  
the roadside in a dying condition. His  
accomplish had apparently left him for  
dead. He was taken to the nearest  
farmhouse, where everything was done  
to make his few remaining hours of life  
as comfortable as possible. Before dying,  
he confessed that he and four others had  
plotted to rob and kill me; and that they  
were the very ones who had committed  
the recent highway robberies in the  
vicinity. The leader of this band was  
my own brother whom I thought so faith-  
ful and honest. He died in the arms of  
his mother.

My brother at once organized a tem-  
porary band of police and scoured the  
country in search for the wretches; but  
they managed to escape punishment by  
fleeing over the border into Canada.  
Whether they desisted from their nefar-  
ious work is hard to say. At any rate,  
we have never since been molested by  
highwaymen.

When the farmer had finished, it was  
already very late. So we bade each  
other good night and retired. I took my  
interest to others has led to its appear-  
ance, and reached my place of destination  
out further trouble. So impressed  
had I been with the story, that I pro-  
ceeded to transcribe it as accurately as I  
could. The thought that it might prove of  
equal interest to others led me to its ap-  
pearance in print, under the title of "A Win-  
ter's Story." CARL FRANCIS.

APACHE CRUELTY.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF A COURAGEOUS IN-  
DIAN BOY.

San Francisco Cal.  
The following story of unparalleled  
heroism on the part of three little Indian  
children comes from a correspondent at  
Fort Apache, A. T., who writing on Nov-  
ember 24th, tells of the exciting life that  
is there led on account of constant ex-  
pectation of attack from the dreaded  
Apache.

On November 30th the hostiles attacked  
a camp of peaceable Indians, situated  
quite near Camp Apache. There was no  
warning given to the camp. The poor  
Indians were totally unprepared, and  
suddenly fell the bursting of a thunder-  
cloud the Apaches swarmed in upon them  
and commenced an indiscriminate slaugh-  
ter. Men, women and children were  
ruthlessly shot down. There was no  
mercy shown to the captives. Not till  
the entire camp was exterminated, did  
the Apaches pause to review their dreadful  
work. From fifteen to twenty women  
and as many men, wretched in their blood,  
and did any of them show the faintest  
symptoms of life, they were hacked and  
hewed till death took them from out of  
the power of their tormentors.

As the Apaches turned to depart from  
their work of devastation their attention  
was attracted to three children who had  
escaped the general massacre. Their ages  
were eleven, four and two years. What  
should be done with them was a still more  
crue fate than death at the hands of an  
Apache. Night was approaching when the  
rescue was taken, and so, without  
food or clothing, these three unfortunate  
were left on the desert to be preyed upon  
by wild beasts or die of hunger. Crying  
with fright and cold the three children  
huddled together—too young to know the  
danger to which they were exposed—too  
young to realize the fiendish nature of  
the crime that had been committed against  
them. But one thought was in their  
minds, and that was to reach the post  
where the white man dwelt, and which  
they knew was near their home, in the  
direction where the sun sank at night.

Ere they had dried their tears and  
looked upon them the band of Apaches  
had disappeared. Before the first in-  
direction of home, arose a rampart of  
mountain, with its bleak and dismal

gorges and caverns, inhabited by bears and  
wolves. Along these, past countless  
Jan. 24, lay the track which would lead  
them to the camp of the mercurial white  
man. Then all the bravery of the eldest  
boy came to his aid. He cheered his  
younger brothers by soothing words, told  
them that there beyond the black moun-  
tains were the men who would give them  
to eat and drink, and let them play and  
be merry. His noble example fortified  
the little ones, and giving him their con-  
fidence they started for the mountains.  
For four or five miles the two trotted be-  
side him, till at last, weary and hungry  
and footsore, the two year old child threw  
himself on the earth and said he could  
walk no more. Exhausted were in vain.  
He showed his blistered feet—an answer  
which admitted of no reply. Then, with  
the aid of his brother, the three boy man-  
aged to drag the tired boy on his back,  
and pursued for a few hundred yards his  
wearisome journey. He could walk but  
a few yards at a time. He, too, was hun-  
gry, weak and footsore, and the rest he  
had to make his way. Still he would  
not hesitate. Home was before him—  
home, with all its comforts and happiness.  
He would not let his courage fail, nor  
permit that of his younger brothers to fall.

When the mountains were reached the  
three took refuge in an abandoned cave,  
and there they remained till the dawn of  
the dawn of day. Again the journey was  
undertaken under yet more distressful  
circumstances. They ate of the wild  
berries that they found, and breaking off  
the tender twigs chewed them to procure  
some nourishment. But not one of the  
determination desert the little hero. He  
perused and threatened, alternately car-  
ried and made his little charges walk, until,  
after forty-eight hours of almost super-  
human exertion and forty-five miles of  
travel, the post was reached.

There is but one feeling in the post re-  
garding these children, and that is that  
the Government should take them as its  
wards, educate them and train them, for  
the heroism which they have already  
shown gives the promise that if turned in  
the right direction there is in all three  
the stuff of which heroes are made.

WHY AMERICANS LIKE THE  
CHURCH.

Western Watchman.

Ever since our civil war a gradual decay  
of Protestantism is noticeable and in-  
crease and corresponding increase and  
growth of Catholicity. The war only  
showed what Protestantism was, an un-  
certain appendage of the State, standing  
or falling as it stood or fell. It showed  
moreover that it was a thing of no great  
of base purposes and groveling aims; a  
man-made church; poor and weak; and  
unstable as its maker. When the people  
of this country went to war in 1861, the  
Protestant churches all took up arms.

On the other hand the terrible storm  
that swept over the land during those four  
terrible years stirred not a stone, shook  
not a spire, stopped not a service in any  
Catholic Church from the Lakes to the  
Gulf. The Catholic press knew not of  
political lines and the chaplains of the  
Northern armies were received by South-  
ern Catholics without a question as were  
the priests of the South in the churches  
of the North. When the war was over,  
there were no wounds to heal in the Catho-  
lic body ecclesiastical, and to-day the  
Catholic Church is as one as she was before  
Sumter was fired on. A correspondent of  
the London Post writes of the Catholic  
clergy of the United States pays them the  
following tribute:

They (the priests) exert a curious influ-  
ence over the minds of a great mass of  
men who owe them no spiritual allegiance.  
"Indifferentism" exists among the Ameri-  
cans to a far greater extent than is gen-  
erally supposed. The men who have been  
brought into this mode of thought have generally  
been educated Protestants, but their  
church has wholly lost its hold upon them,  
and they have drifted away into what is  
not exactly Infidelity, but what practi-  
cally comes very near to it. If live in a  
boarding house on the avenue, or in an  
American friend to me the other day,  
"where there are twenty-five gentlemen  
and fifteen ladies. Three of the gentle-  
men, two of which are Catholics, go to  
church; had other twenty never go. Seven  
of the ladies are Catholics, and go to  
church; the other eight never go. And I  
think you will find this proportion all  
over the country among the richer part  
of the community." Now these "indif-  
ferent Americans" somehow or other  
manage to conceive, a curious respect and  
esteem for the Roman Catholic priest—  
a respect and esteem, I am sorry to  
say, which they in nowise extend  
to the Protestant clergy. They see  
these Catholics hard at work, devot-  
ing their time to a service which has no  
earthly reward, and denying themselves  
all share in the joys and delights of this  
life; and doing this, by the way, not with  
sour faces and canting voices, but heartily  
as a matter of business, as if they liked it.  
The Protestant clergyman of New York  
has his fine house, his pretty wife, his  
family of beautiful children, his books,  
and \$10,000 a year to live on; and he  
gives, in return for all this, two sermons  
a week. The Catholic priest on the other  
hand, lives in a humble parsonage, at the  
back of his church; he is the servant of a  
parish of 25,000 souls; he says Mass every  
day, and two Masses every Sunday; he  
hears confessions by the hundreds; he  
buries the dead, he revives the  
fainting, baptizes the babies, is the father,  
friend and counsellor of all the poor in his  
parish; he has to descend into the dark  
cellars, or toiling up the narrow stairs of  
tenement houses to carry the viaticum to  
the dying; is found at the hospital, the  
jail and the house of correction, and  
wears himself out in endless toil; and all he  
gets for it is the food he eats and the  
clothes he wears. Now this  
American who decries and humbles  
himself in the dust, and who hon-  
ors earnest and honest work,  
and, in spite of all his prejudices, he in-  
sensibly conceives an admiration and  
respect for this priest, and thinks that he  
would like to do him a good turn

"When we first went into action," said  
a gentleman who had served as a volunteer  
in the late war, while relating to me some  
of his adventures, "our brigade was very  
nervous, and as we had to stand still, and  
occasionally to receive some stray shots  
from the enemy, we felt uncomfortable  
and in need of something to stiffen us up.  
In the course of half an hour the line in  
advance of us had a number of men shot  
down. It was an Irish regiment; and  
presently I saw their chaplain, a Catholic  
priest, going through the field, kneeling  
down by each wounded man, and staying  
with him for some minutes, although the  
bullets were rattling around quite lively.  
Our chaplain, who was a Methodist min-  
ister, all this time was lying behind a hay-  
stack, reading his bible and drinking but-  
termilk. I have had a liking for a Roman  
collar ever since."

NEWFOUNDLAND.

ADDRESS AND FERRATION TO THE VERY  
REV. M. F. HOWLEY, D. D.

Evening Telegram, St. John, Nfld., Jan. 14.

At a meeting of the Roman Catholics of  
St. John's, held in the Star of the Sea  
Hall on the evening of the 30th ultimo, it  
was unanimously agreed that an address  
and testimonial would be presented to  
the Very Rev'd Dr. Howley, on the occa-  
sion of his appointment as successor to  
the late venerated Right Rev'd Monsignor  
Sears, P. A., of West Newfoundland.

A committee to prepare the address and  
make arrangements for the presentation  
was appointed, of which the following  
gentlemen were selected to act as chair-  
man, treasurer and secretary, respectively:  
Messrs. M. J. O'Mara, M. H. A. L. O'B.  
Farlow, and M. H. Cartwright, M. H. A.

In accordance with this arrangement a  
deputation composed of the committee  
and a large number of the friends of the  
very rev. gentleman waited on him last  
evening, in the Episcopal Library. The  
Chairman introduced the deputation and  
explained, in very felicitous and highly  
complimentary terms, the purpose for  
which they were assembled, and presented  
him with the address and a purse contain-  
ing one thousand dollars.

The Very Reverend Dr. Howley ac-  
cepted himself at some length in words of  
deep emotion and earnest feeling, and  
then gave his Reply to the Address. We  
append the Address and Reply:—  
ADDRESS:

To the Very Rev. Michael F. Howley, D. D.,  
Very Reverend and Dear Sir,—On  
behalf of the Catholics of Saint John's we  
beg to tender you their sincere congratu-  
lations upon your appointment as suc-  
cessor of the late lamented and beloved  
Monsignor Sears, in the Prefecture of the West  
Coast of Newfoundland.

We can assure you Very Reverend and  
Dear Sir, that your career as a priest and  
Confessor is thoroughly appreciated by the  
people of St. John's, in whose welfare you  
have always taken such an active interest.  
You have ever evinced warm feelings  
in the advancement and improvement of  
your native land, and although it is a  
matter of deep regret to us, that the  
spiritual and temporal, which have so  
closely connected us for the past fifteen  
years, should suffer even a temporary  
severance, still we believe, though hun-  
dreds of miles will separate us, the re-  
membrance of your zeal will ever dwell  
in our hearts, and we will ever dwell  
with dutiful attention on the field of your  
duties to Mother Church and common  
country.

We hope and trust, Very Reverend  
Dear Sir, that the All-wise Providence  
may bless and prosper your undertakings,  
and that in the new sphere of your labors,  
health and contentment may be your lot.  
In conclusion, we ask your acceptance  
of the accompanying purse, as a slight  
token of fond remembrance from the  
many friends who will always look for-  
ward with pride and pleasure to your  
happiness and future advancement.

MICHAEL J. O'MARA,  
Chairman.  
MICHAEL H. CARTWRIGHT,  
Secretary.

St. John, January, 1886

REPLY.

GENTLEMEN AND DEAR FRIENDS,—As  
in your elegant address, you speak of me  
in the dual character of citizen and priest,  
so I shall endeavor, in replying to you,  
to keep before my mind the corresponding  
relationships on your parts of fellow-  
townsman and faithful children of the  
Catholic Church.

To say that I cannot find words to ex-  
press my feelings, on such an occasion as  
this, would be to make use of a stereo-  
typed common-places; but you all know  
that I have never before been placed in  
circumstances such as the present. It has  
never devolved on me to have to reply to  
an address of congratulation, such as the  
one just presented to me. But there are  
many other reasons which render it diffi-  
cult for me to give utterance to all I feel  
when the fact is brought so clearly before  
me that I am about to part from you.

When I listen to the elegant words, with  
which you dwell upon my real and other  
good qualities, I cannot but think that  
you have allowed your good will and  
kindly thoughts to outstep the limits of  
exactness, and have indulged, perhaps to  
some extent, in an exaggerated estimate  
of my merits. In fact, I think if we had  
such a thing as a literary *Permettez-Moi*,  
I should be inclined to say that you had  
violated some of its provisions! Being,  
however, as you all know, a sort of  
amateur poetaster myself, I suppose I can  
make allowance for this little license,  
especially when you have not confined  
yourself to a mere verbal exaggeration  
of your virtues. But have accompanied  
your words of praise with this most gen-  
erous gift as a practical testimonial of  
your sincerity and earnestness.

Poet and all that I pretend to be, I can-  
not disguise that my mind is somewhat  
affected by the utilitarian spirit of the  
Nineteenth Century; and, like the late  
Mr. Dorrit, she is worldly enough to feel  
the true intensity of sentiment contained  
in such a "little testimonial," and to thor-  
oughly appreciate the musical rattle of  
this crisp new cheque.

While, then, admitting that you have  
exaggerated the estimate of any qualities  
of mind I may possess, it would be trans-  
parent hypocrisy on my part to disown  
that I have, during the past fifteen years,  
given all my best energies to the service  
of the spiritual and temporal of the good  
people of St. John's. No one knows better  
than I do my shortcomings and defects; but I

will yield to no one at least in my affec-  
tion and love for this my native country  
and for her good and noble people, every  
one of whom I look on as a brother or a  
sister.

You are all aware that I might have  
chosen other paths to advancement, other  
fields to labor in, in the beginning of my  
ecclesiastical career. But I felt my heart  
so drawn to Newfoundland, that the pros-  
pect of any honors or positions could not  
reconcile me to stay away from her. I  
felt that any gifts of mind or energies of  
body, which an All-wise Providence might  
have bestowed on me, belonged to New-  
foundland and her people, and should be  
spent and exercised in her service.