

Albano.

The lake lies calm in its mountain crown,
And the twilight gleams on its azure down...

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

The deluge took place in the year of
the world 1656 or B. C. 2348. The most
remarkable event after the deluge and
before the call of Abraham was the confu-

The patriarchs, from Noe to Abram,
inclusive, were Noe, who as we have said
lived 950 years, Sem who lived 602 years,

God said, "I am, and my covenant is
with thee, and thou shalt be a father of
many nations. Neither shall thy name
be called any more Abram; but thou shalt
be called Abraham; because I have made
thee a father of many nations.

In his hundredth year was a son Isaac
born to Abraham. And Isaac took for his
wife Rebecca, the daughter of Bethuel,

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Baltimore, Tuesday, Bishop Simpson, of
that church said:
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cars that were blasted with the burning
wind, and in seven years of famine to come
which shall be fulfilled in the order;
Behold, there shall come seven years of
great plenty in the whole land - Egypt;
after which shall follow other seven years
of so great scarcity, that all the abundance
before shall be forgotten, for famine
shall consume all the land, and all the
treasures of the earth shall be destroyed...

The interpretation and the counsel so
pleased Pharaoh that he appointed
Joseph himself overseer and ruler over
the land. The seven years of plenty and
the seven years of famine came. During
the latter period the sons of Jacob,
Joseph's own brethren, came into Egypt
to purchase corn, for the famine pressed
heavily also in their land. They knew
not for a time that it was to their own
brother, whom they had so cruelly
wronged, they had to address themselves
for the prime necessities of life. But
Joseph after some time revealed himself
to them, "I am Joseph, your brother,
whom you sold into Egypt. Be not afraid,
and let it not seem to you a hard case
that you sold me into these countries;
or God sent me before you into Egypt
for your preservation. Make haste and
go ye up to my father and say to him,
thus saith thy son Joseph: God hath
made me lord of the whole land of Egypt;
come down to me, I beseech thee.
Which when Jacob heard, awaking as it
were from a deep sleep, at first believing
not the words of his sons. But seeing
that Joseph had sent with his brethren
he said, "It is enough for me if Joseph
my son be yet living. I will go and see
him before I die."

Then Jacob with his entire family
removed into Egypt and remained there
till his death, when his body was taken
by his orders and buried in the land of
Canaan. Joseph himself died at the age
of 110 years, leaving two sons, Ephraim
and Manasse, whom Jacob his father had
blessed and adopted before his own
death. After the death of Joseph the
children of Israel increased and sprang
up in multitude and grew exceedingly
strong as to fill the land. The Egyptians
were seized with dread and jealousy at
the rapid increase of the Hebrews and
resolved to persecute and oppress them.
But persecution and oppression seeming
only to enhance and accelerate the growth
of this remarkable people, the Egyptian
king and people rebuked their cruelty
towards the children of Israel. But God
in his mercy towards his chosen people
raised up for them a deliverer in the
person of Moses, of the tribe of Levi.
Moses, whose life had in infancy been
miraculously saved, had been brought
up in the court of the Egyptian king.
At the age of forty years, Moses having
killed an Egyptian whom he saw
oppressing an Israelite, one of his
brethren and kindred, was obliged
to fly into Midian, where he
remained for forty years, till directed
by God to return to Egypt to deliver his
people from bondage. Moses on return-
ing to that country did wonders before
Pharaoh and demanded the release of his
people. The Egyptian monarch refused
the petition of Moses, and his heart was
hardened against the people of God; then
God afflicted the Kingdom and people
of Egypt with divers plagues. It was only
when the Lord slew every first born in
the land of Egypt, from the first born
of Pharaoh, unto the first born of the
captivity woman that was in prison, and
all the first born of earth, that the King
relented and calling Moses and Aaron his
brothers, said: Arise and go forth from
among my people, you and the children
of Israel; go sacrifice to the Lord as you
say: Then under the guidance of Moses
and his brother the children of Israel
after a bondage of four hundred and
thirty years in Egypt hastened to leave
that land. No sooner had they set out
than Pharaoh, summoning a mighty army
resolved to pursue and destroy them.
But God again saved his people. At the
command of Moses the Red Sea divided
to offer passage to the children of Israel.
Pharaoh follows them into the passage
in the sea, but the waters returning into
their usual channel overwhelmed and des-
troyed him and his mighty hosts. This
wonderful incident in the history of the
people of God is beautifully narrated
by Bishop Heber in his magnificent poem,
the "Passage of the Red Sea."

With heat or labour'd and the length of
way,
On Eilat's beach the hands of Israel lay;
'Twas silence all, the sparkling sands alone;
Save where the locust trill'd her feeble tone,
Or hither soft in drowsy cadence came,
The wave's low whisper or the camel's bell.
'Twas silence all - The rocks for shelter lay;
Where, waving light, the sea's shadows lay
Or where, from far, the rattling vapours
make
The noon-tide semblance of a misty lake:
While the mute swain, in careless safety
spread,
With arms enfolded, and dejected head,
Dreams of his world's ruin call, his lineage
high.
And late reveal'd, his children's destiny.
For not in vain, in thiraidon's darkest hour,
Had sped from Amram's wand the word of
power;
Nor bled the dreadful wand, whose gale-
like way
Could lure the locust from her airy way.
With reptile woe, and all their proud abodes,
And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's gods.
On shield
From fiery rain your Zoa's favour'd field;
Oh helpless gods, withy the curdled blood
Taint the pure lotus of your ancient food,
And fourfold night the wandering earth en-
chain.
While Memnon's orient harp was heard in
vain,
Such musings led the tribes, till now the
west,
With milder influence on their temples
prest;
And that portentous cloud which, all the
day
Hung the dark curtain o'er their weary way.
(A cloud by day, a fire by night, it bright,
Boll'd back its misty veil, and kindled into
light.)
Soft as the eve - but, ere the day was down,
Tall waving banners streak'd the level sand;
And wide and dark along the horizon red,
In sandy surge the rising desert spread.
"Mark, Israel, mark!" - On that strange
sight intent,

in breathless terror, every eye was bent;
And busy action's face increasing hum.
And female voices, shriek, "They come,
they come, they come! In scintillating
show,
O'er the mass the brazen lances glow;
And sandy clouds in countless shapes con-
bine,
As dragons or extend the long tanantuous
line;
And fainter's keener glance e'en now can
trace
The threatening aspects of each mingled
race.
For many a cool-black tribe and ean spear,
The hirling guards of Misraim's throne,
were here.
From distant Cuth they troop'd a warrior
train,
Sialah, green isle, and Senaar's martyr
plain;
On either bank their fiery courses check
The parched and stoney sons of Amalek
While close behind, inured to feasts of blood,
Look'd in Behemoth's spalls, the tall Shan-
galla stride
'Mid flying helms, and bucklers rough with
gold,
Saw ye how swift the scythed chariots roll'd?
Lo, these are Israel's lords, lords of Atrih's
tates.
Old Thebes hath pour'd through all her hun-
dred gates
Mother of armies! - How the emeralds
Where, flash'd with power and vengeance,
Pharaoh rode.
And stoted in white, those brazen wheels be-
fore,
Atrih's swarthy wizards bore;
And still responsive to the trumpet's cry,
The priestly sistrum marmur'd - Victory!
Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's
glom?
Whom come ye forth to combat? - Warriors,
whom?
These docks and herds - this faint and weary
train -
Red from the scourge and recent from the
chain?
God of the poor, the poor and friendless savel
Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave! -
North, south, and west, the sandy whirl-
winds fly
The circling hours of Egypt's chivalry.
On earth's last margin through the weeping
train -
Their cloudy gale moves on - And must
we strain the music of the sky?
'Mid the light spray their snorting camels
stood.
Nor batted a fetlock in the nauseous flood.
He comes - their leader comes! The man of
God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward trends. The circling waves re-
lent
In hoarse deep murmur from his holy feet;
And the chas'd surges, inly roaring, show
The land, wet sand, and coral hills below.
With limbs that falter, and with hearts that
quail,
Down, down they pass - a steep and slippery
del.
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hur'd,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;
And flowers that blish beneath the ocean
green.
And eaves, the sea-eaves' low-roof'd haunt,
Dove, safely down the narrow pass they
tread.
The heaving waters storm above their head;
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Eilat's hills its latest rays.
And not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night.
In their van, along that dreadful road,
Blaze'd broad and sized the brandish'd torch
of God.
His metal glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave;
While his best beams sun-like heat supply,
Warn every wave of a fever's hot day.
To them alone - for Misraim's wizard train
Involve for light their monster gods in vain;
Cowards heap'd on clouds their struggling
sight confound.
A tenfold darkness o'er broods above their line,
Yet on they fare, by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's
bed.
Till midway now - that strange and fiery
show'd his dread visage lightning through
the storm,
With writhing splendor blasted all their
might.
And broke their chariot wheels, and marr'd
their courses' flight.
"Fly, Misraim, fly!" the ravenous floods they
see,
And fiercer than the floods, the Deity,
"Fly, Misraim, fly!" from Eilat's coral
island,
Aaiah the prophet stretched his dreadful
wand.
With one wild crash the thundering waters
sweep,
And all waves - a dark and lonely deep.
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmur
rose,
As mortal walling swell'd the mighty blast;
And strange and sad the whispering breezes
bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.
TO BE CONTINUED.

Catholic Women.
At a Methodist meeting of women in
Baltimore, Tuesday, Bishop Simpson, of
that church said:
"Education of women exert the greatest
influence on the age, and they have lost
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SOME OLD FORTS BY THE SEA.
Now let my readers accompany me to
that narrow strait which connects
New Brunswick with Nova Scotia and is
known as the Isthmus of Chignecto.
When Port Royal and La Tour were first
erected, the settlements of France and
England were very insignificant, but
now we come to a time when Quebec
and Montreal were towns of considerable
importance, and the English colonies
were rapidly increasing in population and
wealth. In the middle of the last cen-
tury the French had a fort at the mouth
of the Missisquoi, one of the streams
which empty into Cumberland Basin.
Those were times when there were many
approaches entertained by the British
authorities in Port Royal and Halifax as
to the good faith of the large settlement
of Acadia French who had in the course
of a hundred and fifty years established
themselves in the most fertile section of
the province. Under these circumstances
the erection of Fort Beaussejour, in the
vicinity of Beaussejour, one of the most
important French Acadia settlements,
near the site of the flourishing town of
Amherst, induced Major Lawrence to
send a British force to the Isthmus of
Chignecto, and build another fort on the
opposite side of the river, which was
named after the Governor himself. Then
in the course of a few years a series of
hostilities between the French and the
English, but the final result was the
destruction of the village of Beaussejour
and the capture of Beaussejour, which
was then named Fort Cumberland - a
name which has since been given to a
large and prosperous county, the birth-
place of Sir Charles Phipps. With the
history of every French fort in Acadia
the name of some famous Frenchman is
intimately associated. The heroism and
perseverance of De Poutreincourt and La
Tour throw a halo of romance around the
early annals of Acadia. The name of La
Loutre, for some years one of the French
missionaries, can never be forgotten in
any sketch of the history of Beaussejour
and Beaussejour. His enemies describe
him - and no man in Acadia had more
enemies among the British - as a com-
pote of craft and cruelty, and it is quite
certain that he hated the English, and
resorted to every means, whether fair
or foul, to prevent their successful settle-
ment of Acadia. That beneath his black
robe beat the courageous heart of a sol-
dier, the following incident of the siege
of Beaussejour shows full well: When the
commandant, Vergor, was almost driven
to despair by the perils that threatened
him, LeLoutre alone appears to have
preserved that composure which, to do
him justice, never deserted him in the
hour of danger; and the day after he
walked on the ramparts, smoking his
pipe, and urging the men to renewed ex-
ertions, though the bullets whistled all
around him. It is truly said that, had
the spirit of the inhabitants been always
preserved to that of the priests, Beaussejour
would not have fallen as soon as it did.
The country around the old forts pre-
sents a charming combination of pastoral
and water scenery. Here, too, is a large
expanse of marsh-land, where some of
the latest cattle of America find a
luscious pasture, and the farmers grow
rich in the course of a few years. The
landscape presents a vast sea of verdure
relieved by the Cobouqu Mountains in
the distance, by glimpses of the sea, by
clusters of white houses, and by placid
rivers which wind through a country
where nature has been most lavish in
its gifts. No traces now remain of Fort
Lawrence, the site of a few years ago
on its exact site; but we can still see
the ruins of Fort Cumberland, a short
distance off, across the stream. It is in
the shape of a pentagon, or fort of five
bastions, which once mounted thirty or
forty guns of large calibre. We can see
the remains of the old barracks and the
French and English in the old times.
The casemates were very recently in a
good state of preservation, for they were
made of solid brickwork. Every spot of
ground has its historic associations. As
we passed, a few summers ago, into one
of the casemates, we recollect the story
of a havoc made by a British shell
which came directly through the cen-
tre of the casemate, and killed several
French officers, as well as an Englishman,
while they were seated at breakfast. Treachery, accord-
ing to tradition, was at the bottom of this
tragedy. The tradition is that a French-
man, having some designs of vengeance
to carry out against his officers, had
directed the British in the fort opposite
how to aim directly into the casemate,
and gave the preconcerted signal with a
handkerchief, when all the officers were
seated at breakfast. The shell was aimed, as I
have shown, with unerring precision.
On a free-stone slab near the site of
Fort Moncton - the name afterwards
given to Fort Gaspareau, which had been
erected by the British in 1758, and was
still to be seen a rudely chiselled and
very grammatical inscription, which re-
calls the perious times of Acadia:
"Here lies the body of Sergeant Mackay,
and eight men killed and scalped by the
Indians, in bringing fire-wood, Feb. 25,
1755." This fortification contained an
acre of ground, and was well built. The
entire rampart and casemate across a
tract of marsh, as well as the contour of
the walls, can be ascertained without
difficulty by the curious tourist. The
entire site of Moncton, an impor-
tant station on the Intercolonial Railway,
is named after the captor of the Gas-
pareau fort.
Now we must leave the Peninsula of
Acadia and turn our attention for a few
moments to the Isthmus, or Cape Breton.
The cape from which the island takes its
name is a large point of land jutting out
into the Atlantic. Cape Breton, while
occupied by France, was highly valued
as an entrepot for the shipping engaged
in by the French Canadian and West India
trade, as well as for the large fleets
which have been fishing in North Ameri-
can waters ever since the Basque and
Breton sailors discovered the value of the
fisheries. So important did the French
consider the position of the island - a
sentinel, as it were, at the approaches of
the River St. Lawrence - that they
erected a formidable fortress on one of
the noblest harbors of its Atlantic coast,
to which they gave the name of Louis-
burg, in honor of Louis Quinze.
The harbor of Louisburg, which is two

miles in length and half a mile in breadth,
with a depth of three to six fathoms,
communicates with the open ocean by a
channel only half a mile in length
and one-third of a mile in width, the
average depth of water being seven
fathoms. The great facility of access
from the ocean was probably one of the
principal reasons why this harbor was
chosen in preference to others which are
larger and otherwise preferable. Ap-
proaching the harbor from the eastward,
more than a hundred years ago, the
stranger could see the city surrounded
by massive walls bristling with cannon.
Standing out like sentries in advance of
the fortress are three small, rocky
islands, protecting the harbor from the
Atlantic. Upon one of these, called
Goat Island, there was a battery mount-
ing thirty 25-pounder guns. On the
northwest shore, directly facing the
entrance of the harbor, stood the Grand
or Royal Battery, armed with twenty-
eight 42-pounders and two 81-pounder
guns. This battery completely covered
the entrance of the harbor, as its guns
could rake the locks of any ship attempt-
ing to force a passage. The town
itself was situated between the promontory
lying between the south shore of the
harbor and the sea, and occupied, in-
cluding the walls, an irregular quadri-
lateral area of 100 acres. The walls
of the fortress were constructed according
to the first system of the celebrated
French engineer, Vauban. All the
authorities agree that in the circuit of
the walls there were embrasures for 148
guns, though they differ widely respect-
ing the number of guns actually mounted.
The most prominent building within the
walls was a stone structure called the
citadel, standing in the gorge of the
king's bastion, with a moat around the
town. The entrance to the citadel was
over a drawbridge, with a guard house
on one side and advanced sentinels on
the other. Within the citadel were
apartments for the Governor, barracks
for the garrison, an arsenal and a chapel
which served as a parish church. There
was also under the platform, or terre-
plein, a magazine well furnished at all
times with military stores. The other
public buildings within the walls were a
general storehouse, an ordnance store-
house, an arsenal and powder magazine.
The nursery and hospital of St. Jean de
Dieux were situated in the center of the
city - the latter being connected with a
church and well laid out in wide, regular
streets crossing each other at right
angles, six running east and west, and
seven north and south. Some of the
houses were wholly of brick or stone, but
generally they were of wood upon stone
foundations. The materials in many
cases had been purchased from New
Englanders, then, as now, always ready
to trade with anybody who could pay
well. Between the years 1720 and 1745,
Louisburg cost the French nation the
enormous sum of nearly \$5,000,000 and
still, as a French historian informs us,
the fortifications were unfinished and
likely to remain so because the cost had
far exceeded the estimate, and it was
found that such a large garrison would
be required for their defence that the
Government had abandoned the idea of
completing them according to the original
design.
This formidable fortress, the American
Dunkirk, sustained two sieges, both of
which have been fully described in the
histories of this Continent. It was first
taken by the New England colonists, led
by Pepperell, who received a baronetcy
for his eminent services, and was other-
wise distinguished by the British Govern-
ment. Cape Breton, by the Treaty of
1763-la-Chapelle, again became a French
possession; but only thirteen years after
its capture by the colonists it fell once
more into the hands of the large naval
forces under Boscawen and Wolfe. Sub-
sequently, the English government, fear-
ful that Louisburg might again be seized
by France, ordered that the fortifications
should be destroyed to the ground, and the
cannon and valuable building material
distributed in Halifax or elsewhere. Old
houses can still be seen in Nova Scotia
whose foundations are made of stone
brought from the French fortress a cen-
tury ago. Some fishing huts now stand
on the site of the old city, while a few
vessels in fishing boats are the only
tenants of the harbor where the Cana-
dian and West India fleets anchored in
old times.
It is very easy nowadays, with the as-
sistance of a map and a guide, always to
be found on the spot, to trace the lines of
the old fortifications and the site of the
principal buildings. The most promi-
nent objects among the ruins are some
bomb-proof casemates, which serve as a
shelter for cattle in stormy weather. The
roofs are covered with stalactites of the
color of oyster shells - at least that was
the case when the writer last visited the
place. The guide is sure to offer you a
drink out of the well said to have be-
longed to the Governor's mansion.
The battery on the left at the entrance
of the harbor has long since yielded to
the encroachments of the waves, and no
signs now remain of the hulls of the
French frigates that were sunk during
the second siege, and the ribs of which
were plainly visible on a calm day not
many years since. The visitor can always
purchase relics of the days of the French
republic - old locks, keys, gun-barrels,
shells, for instance - as they are being
constantly dug from the cellars or washed
ashore by the waves. In the course
of a few summers ago a Boston tourist
discovered an interesting gem which is
now in an American Museum. Like
most of the relics which have been found
in Acadia, this relic consists of a
wrought-iron bar, an inch and a half in
diameter, nearly four feet long, attached
at one end to an iron joint, with strong
attachments to fit solid stone masonry.
Near the top end of the bar is fastened
a chain consisting of several strong links,
which had also been attached to the
masonry. The chain was still fast in the
lock when it was discovered. Every
part of the structure was made in the
strongest manner, capable of great resist-
ance, and weighed some hundred pounds.
Although somewhat wasted with rust,
its shape was as perfect as it was the day
it was made. This lock evidently be-
longed to the Queen's Gate, near the
eastern or sea-end of the walls of the
fortification.
As a tourist stands upon the brow of
the ruined ramparts and surveys the

present aspect of Louisburg, he cannot
fail to be deeply impressed by the
intense loneliness and desolation of the
scene. The contour of the grass-covered
walls is boldly outlined, and the large
casemates look like so many black ovens
rising out of the green fields. To the
southeast stretches the ocean; to the
north rise the cliffs from which the
lighthouse flashes forth its beacon of
warning from eve to daybreak. The land
towards the interior is low and covered
with a small growth of birch, while the
houses are small and scattered. Early in
the morning and late in the afternoon
the harbor presents an animated spec-
tacle, as the fishing-boats, of which there
is a large number, dart merrily through
the water; but at noon of a summer's
day, unless there are vessels in port, the
scene is inexpressibly lonely. The tinkle
of a cow bell, or the cry of a circling
gull, alone startles the loneliness of the
ruined fortress. Our thoughts naturally
fly back to a century ago, when a stately
pile of fortifications and buildings stood
on that low, green point now only cov-
ered by a few grass-covered mounds to
tell the story of the past. Port Royal,
La Tour and Beaussejour were but compar-
atively insignificant forts, while Louis-
burg was for years one of the strongest
fortified towns in America; but all are
now alike in their desolation and ruin.
Nothing but historic tradition remains
of the old buildings in which the French-
man of the last century talked with his
comrades
of sentries and retiring of trenches, tents,
of palisades, frontiers, parapets;
of bastilles of cannon, enfilera,
of prisoners, carcasses of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of heavy fight."
JOHN GEO. BOURNOR.

FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE.
Father Sloane's Appeal in the Basilica,
Ottawa.
A large congregation assembled in the
Basilica on Feb. 11th, to hear a sermon
which was preached by Rev. Father
Sloane in aid of the suffering poor of the
Basilica parish. The choir of the Child-
ren of Mary were present and rendered
the musical portion of the services in
excellent style. The preacher selected
for his text the words of St. Paul, "I im-
plore thee for my son whom I have begot-
ten in my bonds, Onesimus." After
having spoken of the effect with which
St. Paul addressed himself to the master
of this converted slave, he said that the
members of the St. Vincent de Paul
society had presented to their notice not
one Onesimus, but many, in the persons
of the poor among them in whom we all
had a lively interest, and implored the
congregation to have compassion on
them. Although they were poor many
of them would probably be indebted to
their poverty for their eternal welfare,
because the poor were the friends of the
world's Redeemer. No doubt his
observations would, to a certain ex-
tent, be unnecessary, because he
knew the object of his sermon
was one which was calculated to
excite charity without any words of his,
yet his affection for the poor made him
feel it his bounden duty to say a few
words in their favor. It was his duty
to encourage zeal for the poor and to point
out the magnificent promises which
Christ had made to those who aided in
the suffering and distressed. Almighty God
himself had become a debtor to the
charitable when he took upon himself
the form of man, and he had stated, "He
who giveth to the poor lendeth to the
Lord," and "as ye have done unto the
least one of these, ye have done unto me."
He asked his audience to go in
spirit to the judgment seat and near the
Lord securing mercy unto those who had
obeyed his instructions by helping the
poor, when he would acquit himself of
his obligations to the charitable and re-
turn the favors he had received at the
hands of men. Of course, he said, this
thought might arise in the minds of many
that he should have shown them that
they might obtain some more immediate
reward, but he drew their attention to
the uncertainty of human life and that
at any time we were likely to be called
upon to have judgment passed upon
our works on earth. Martyrs had shed
their blood and anchorites had
buried themselves from mortal gaze to
obtain heavenly rewards; but we were
not called upon to do this, for we could
obtain the same rewards in an easier way,
by giving of our earthly goods to Christ's
suffering poor. In eloquent language
he dwelt at some length on the consoling
effect of almsgiving as a means of grace.
He drew attention to the promise God
had made in the following words: "When
thou shalt have pity on the calamities of
the needy, and shalt satisfy the hungry,
I will cause my light to shine forth in
the midst of thy darkness, and I will fill
thy soul with heavenly splendor; no
voices shall ever penetrate thy bones; I
will rescue thee from them; I will place
springs of living water in thy heart and
wash thy stains away; and I will receive
thee into my bosom there to enjoy eter-
nal repose." The preacher next alluded
to the power almsgiving had for the
conversion of sinners, and said those
who had wept in vain over an err-
ing husband, father, son or brother, and
who had wept Heaven with supplica-
tions for them apparently in vain, should
not be discouraged but should have
recourse to almsgiving, and thus soften
the heart of the Almighty. Almsgiving
would also relieve the suffering of many
of our friends in the other world, and
therefore he entreated them to give
liberally to the poor, not so much for
their sake as for that of their departed friends.
He hoped that he had thrown some light
on the souls of at least a few among the
audience, and that those who had
received no light had at least received
encouragement to persevere. He con-
cluded by appealing to his congregation
to go on in their calm but glorious career
of charity, knowing as he did that the
alms they gave would return to them
in the form of a crown of glory that
would be placed on their heads by the hands
of those they were now about to relieve.
At the close of Father Sloane's elo-
quent discourse a handsome collection
was taken up in aid of the poor of the
parish. - Ottawa Free Press, Feb. 11.