

The Death-Test.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Quenched, the lustre of those eyes, Stilled for aye that bosom's throbbing, And with sobbing, Mourners leave her where she lies.

A. M. SULLIVAN ON THE EMIGRANT POETRY OF IRELAND.

London Universe, May 3rd. On Tuesday evening a numerous company was present at the meeting of the Irish Junior Literary Club in the South London Temperance Hall, Southwark, to hear a lecture from Mr. A. M. Sullivan on the Emigrant Ballads of Ireland.

Mr. M. P. Longford, in opening the proceedings, spoke of his long acquaintance with the eloquent gentleman they had assembled to hear, and said that his task that evening was a very easy one, and as they were all anxious as he himself was to hear Mr. Sullivan, he would not stand for another moment between them and the lecturer.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, on rising to speak was greeted with great applause. He said he had consented most readily to speak to them that night, because his opportunities now were few to contribute something to educate the young to be good and true Irishmen, and Irishwomen, and not the less good citizens of the land in which they dwell, because they loved their native land the better. Nearly every civilized country had a poetry of its own. Scotland was rich in the poetry of the people, as was Germany and France, but England in popular ballad poetry was singularly deficient, because the rural homes of the people had been swept away, and what might have been a thriving peasantry had become a mere set of labourers. You do not find wailing up from the hearts of that people, and taking shape in song and ballad, that loving for the unforgotten land they have left behind them. That most singular fact singles out the Irish emigrant as having some cause peculiar to himself and a character that does not attach to the adventurous wanderer of any other nation in the world.

Ambition. If everybody wore garments of the same quality and lived in houses of a common pattern; if all sorts of pretty nothings were to be had by everybody, and if nobody could be rich enough to make other people envious, perhaps we should have time to stop and be kind to each other, time to be good, to be tender, to love and to be loved. But as it is, the people of the civilized world spend their time fighting with each other for higher places, for more money, for more, more, more of everything.

Better than Diamonds. And of greater value than fine gold is a great tonic and renovator like Kidney-Wort. It expels all poisonous humors from the blood, tones up the system and by acting directly on the most important organs of the body stimulates them to healthy action and restores health. It has effected many marvelous cures and for all Kidney diseases and other kindred troubles it is an invaluable remedy.

out the world, and recited with much elocutionary skill and amidst deafening applause, Thomas Davis's "B. de Eve of the Brigade," as follows: The mess-tent is full, and the glasses are set. And the gallant Count Thomond, president they sang.

"A health to King James," and they bent as they sang. "Here's to George the Elector," and fiercely they laugh'd. "Good luck to the girls we wou'd long ago, Where Stomach, and Bearskin, and Abhain-dubh flow."

Subsequently, the lecturer recited the "Brigade at Fontenoy," and went on to speak of the emigration of later years since the famine, and continued: I have been amongst my countrymen in America. My honoured friend Mr. Redmond and his brother William—(cheers)—have gone over a wider field, and they may have met what I have in crossing the Atlantic, the literal realization of the idea portrayed in one of our emigrant ballads—an old Irishman, a poor grey-headed emigrant, finding his last hour approaching, creeps to the steamer at Boston or New York to come home and die on the sacred soil of holy Ireland.

Always cheerful, with a song on his lips or a whistle like a blackbird, he carries healing in his presence and sunshine in his smile. His heart overflows with love for his odd children, and his hands are ready and tender with the offices of friend and priest. Sometimes his only food for twenty-four hours will be a block of cold corn-bread and a cup of water; but Father Pye makes a joke of even that.

He is a splendid sailor, and his boat and his face are known all around the Point. A few years ago he had a party of friends—priests—in his little craft on the bay. They were returning from St. Inigoos, where the old Calvert chapel is; suddenly, and without warning, a gale sprang up, and the bay ran white and green with foam.

And yet Father Pye has an ambition deep-rooted and strong. It goes with him by day, and floats through his dreams at night; and his individual "intention" and most fervent prayer are for—a steam-boat! Not a double-decker with a brass band, for picnics and festivities; but a small, flat-bottomed steamer, covered in, and holding an altar, enough benches to seat twenty or thirty people, a sail or two for times when the coal-bunkers are empty, and a bell and a whistle to summon a congregation. With this he would run in and out the inlets and coves, and to the islands—everywhere where the Catholics are thirsting and fainting for the word of God and the Sacraments; where the Holy Names are heard only in oaths; where men work, go down to the sea, and die with souls disfranchised by sin—their citizenship in the City of God either forfeited or held in frightful jeopardy for want of "baptism by water and the Holy Ghost."

A Bad Infirmity. The loss of the sense of hearing is both annoying and dangerous. Those suffering from deafness should try Hayward's Yellow Oil according to directions. This invaluable household remedy cured John Clark, of Millbridge, Ontario, restoring his hearing in one week.

THE PRIEST OF THE SLASHES.

BY E. L. D. Ave Maria.

The eastern shore of Maryland is a peninsula, on one side of which the Atlantic thunders and beats, and on the other shore of which roars the Chesapeake. It is connected with civilization by one line of railroad, and during the summer, and until navigation closes, boats ply between Baltimore and its long-scattered line of harbors—Oxford, Cambridge, Trappe, etc. In its heart bloom peach and apple-trees; apricots lead the air with fragrance; the white snow of cherry and pear blossoms fills the orchards, and the fields are green, golden, or white as the wheat, corn and buckwheat ripen. But along the coast the land sinks into salt marshes or slashes, and along stretches of silver sand, stunted, distorted cedars, and wild grass mark the boundary line of the blue.

Far off to seaward are the long, low shoals (for they are little more) of Chingateague, Pungateague, Assateague, and Assawam, with the minor chain of islets—Cedar, Paramore's, Mockhorn's, and others. Between their inner coast and the mainland—like a great hydraulic screw boring into the shore—fret the sounds of Punga and Assateague, and the bays of Chingateague, and Sinepuxent.

The wind shears the herbage flat; the wild ponies herd in the pines or nibble the salt grass and dead fish on the surf-line; the people are poor and simple. Their chief diet, as they say, is "hog and hominy;" their existence is purely intransigent, and even when Death claims them they "drift out with the tide."

These are the people of the slashes and islands, and among their prototypes on the western coast, which duplicates in desolation the opposite shore, dwells and works "Father Pye," as he is called by all his strange parishioners. Descended from Catholics who came over with Lord Baltimore, educated in a university, and gifted with a linguistic talent that makes him one of the first classical scholars of his day, he makes his home at St. Mary's, working harder than the fishermen who wrest their living from the sea and bay—harder than the farmers who struggle with the soil and seasons; starving his body to feed his hungry ones; limiting himself to clothes a costermonger would scorn, so he can clothe his naked; driving, walking, sailing, through summer suns and autumn rains, over miles of roughest country—through winter gales that fill the air with flying sand and the breath of death, to visit his sick, to speed the dying, to comfort the sorrowful, to baptise the newly-born, to marry his people, or, if a spare moment comes, to preach to the "shuckers," many of whom, though gray-haired, have heard of God for the first time from Father Pye.

He had shoved her into the darkness and closed the door. He turned, and catching sight of the little rocking chair he had given her when she was a child, he seized it with one hand and held it aloft and with the other beat it until blood trickled from his fingers.

When he opened the door in the morning there were prints in the mud, as though some one had been kneeling on the ground. His face grew harder as the days passed on. When he met a handsome woman he sneered at her. One day while passing a magistrate's office he heard some one say: "Ten dollars fine and fifteen days in jail." Glancing through the doorway, he saw Mary standing in front of the justice.

A year passed. He sat by the fire at night. A snow storm raged and the wind made the shutters shiver. A dog howled and the old man shuddered. He sat with his head on his hand, looking at the door. The wind blew the door open and Mary fell into the room.

"Oh, don't put me out, I am dying!" He closed the door, and drawing the bed near the fire he lifted her up and put her on it. He bent over her. His face no longer looked like an old wall. "Oh, do not throw me in the snow." "No, my poor angel."

She threw her arms around his neck. "I want to be buried by my mother. She and God have forgiven me."

"And I, the least worthy of all on earth, forgive you. When I saw you my soul grew warm—my soul that was frozen." "There is a God, isn't there?" "Yes, angel, and he has made a heaven of my home this night."

Dear friends who read this, do you remember an old and feeble woman who

wanted to help build a temple to God, but the edict forbade any but the king's skilled workmen to touch the edifice; and she, burning to help, yet knowing she must obey, brought straw and water for the draught horses that hauled the stone? Well, I bring to your notice these floating straws, which show the way Father Pye's pious wish blows. Will you help this skilled worker of the King to build his little floating chapel?

PASSION, PENANCE AND PEACE.

Old man Bromely lived near the city. His wife had been dead for years, and in a strong, almost passionate devotion for his only child, a handsome girl of eighteen years, he toiled without a thought of rest when extreme old age should come, that his Mary might enjoy the little advantages so highly prized by women. One day Mary went into the city, but when evening came she had not returned. The old man walked the floor impatiently, and when the shadows deepened and lost outline with the receding twilight, he grew uneasy and went to the city. He went to several houses and talked with many people, but no one had seen the girl. Cursing a circumstance that should cause him such anxiety, he hastened home, thinking that she might have returned during his absence. She had not come, and again he went to the city and again he returned to find his home cheerless. Early next morning, after a night of torture, he went into the city. A boy met him in the street and handed him a letter. It was from his daughter. "The old, old story of love and deception," were the first words that glared at him. "I know you can have no sympathy for me now, and I will not heap affliction on you by words which you could not so deeply feel in reading as I do in writing. I am gone to look for him—the man who ruined me and your home. If I find him, I will keep him. Steeped in shame, ruined forever, you will never see me again."

The old man turned and went straight to his home. His face looked hard and worn like a weather-beaten wall, and was colorless. He did not bow down to his great affliction, but went about his work. Months passed and no one heard him speak of his daughter. Once, some one, a stranger in the neighborhood, asked him if he lived alone and he replied: "Not entirely. Hell occupies my bed with me."

One stormy night the old man sat by his fire. A dog stopped near the house and howled. Rain poured down and the dog came under the window and howled. The old man arose to drive him away. When he opened the door a voice said: "Father!"

He staggered back. Mary stepped into the room. "Father, don't you know me?" "No!" "For God's sake don't say that! I have come back to you," sinking on her knees. "I have come back to pray for help, for forgiveness. A just retribution overtook him. He was killed in a railroad accident. Let me be your child again!"

"My God, father, you will kill me! Oh, don't put me out! Oh, let me stay by the fire! Heaven!"

He had shoved her into the darkness and closed the door. He turned, and catching sight of the little rocking chair he had given her when she was a child, he seized it with one hand and held it aloft and with the other beat it until blood trickled from his fingers.

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MIRACULOUS CURE OF AN ENGLISH BISHOP. Liverpool Catholic Times. The Rev. Thomas Livius, of the Congregation of the most Holy Redeemer, has made a contribution to Catholic literature which will, undoubtedly, be highly prized. It is a translation of Pere Saintrain's Manual for the Month of Mary—"The Glories of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor." This French work is a beautiful tribute of love to the Blessed Virgin, and it has certainly lost none of its merits in the hands of the translator. The preface to the translation is written by the Right Rev. Dr. Lacy, Bishop of Middleborough, and subjoined is the following letter, dated English College, Rome, March 21st, which the translator has received from his Lordship:—"My dear Father Livius—After having sent off to the printer my little preface, as I informed you in my last letter, my next step was to go, on the 18th, to the shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, on the Esquiline, and offer up the Holy Sacrifice for a very special intention. Our Lady heard my prayer, and vouchsafed me a miraculous cure of an internal ailment which has for the last

nine years caused me much trouble and suffering, and been a sad drawback to me in my work. The cure was instantaneous and complete. At first I could hardly believe it. I felt confused at the thought of a miracle being wrought upon me. It has, however, proved to be not imagination, but reality. I need not say how overwhelmed I felt with a sense of gratitude for such a favor. For the honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, I think this ought to be made known, although, if I were to be guided by own natural instincts, I should prefer my name not to appear. I wish you would get as many prayers of thanksgiving as possible for this extraordinary proof of Our Lady's loving heart. The good fathers at St. Alphonsus are all delighted, and especially Father Douglas." The work contains a history of the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor. The publishers are Buns & Oates, London; Gill & Son, Dublin; and Vanos-Dewolf, Rue St. Pierre et Paul, Antwerp.

A YOUNG BLACK ROBE 'FROM THE LAND OF THE DAKOTAS.'

Western Watchman.

We had the pleasure of greeting in our office this week Rev. J. A. Bushman, a young priest who from his ordination has been engaged in missionary labors among the Dakotas of Northern Nebraska and Southern Dakota. He is a white man, with the physique of an Indian and the heart of an apostle. He is the priest who in February last baptized Red Cloud and five of his principal chiefs, an event about which the papers had so much to say at the time. From him we learned a great deal about the Indians in general and the Sioux in particular.

One remarkable fact is worth mentioning, especially in this month of May. The Sioux or Dakotas are lost children of the Blessed Virgin. They have a tradition that a most beautiful woman, the mother of the Son of the Great Spirit, appeared to their fathers on the Missouri River more than a hundred winters ago, robed in blue, who spoke to them of peace and gave them loving counsel. In memory of this apparition they have adopted blue as the color of their tribe and every Dakota manages to have some piece of blue cloth mixed in his scanty raiment. Of course this tradition has come down from the early Christian missionaries and the Beautiful Woman is doubtless the Blessed Virgin.

Another relic of Christian teaching is the "War Dance," about which so many absurd stories are printed. Father Bushman thus describes it. When any Indian has obtained a signal favor from the Great Spirit, the recovery of a relation being the most common cause of gratitude, he vows that he will shed his blood in thanksgiving. On a certain day of the year they assemble around a rude cross, for it is a cross, and after the medicine man has made a short and shallow incision under the skin of the breast, those who have vows to accomplish insert a cord through their incised flesh and swing around the tree until they tear themselves loose. The torture, he says, is not extreme and is no more than more cultured penitents frequently inflict on themselves. That this tradition is a relic of early teaching concerning the cross and the atonement is, he says, quite evident from the stories they tell of the rite and its meaning. As to the tenacity of the Indian memory there can be no doubt, for the Mic Mac Indians still sing the Gregorian Masses taught them centuries ago by the Jesuit missionaries.

There are eighteen thousand Sioux in the two agencies attended by Father Bushman and they are being instructed and baptized at the rate of twenty-five a day. Owing to the scattered state of the tribe it is impracticable to have large classes and wholesale conversion is impossible.

The two agencies are nominally in charge of the Episcopalians; but the Indians have no use for the preachers. Father Bushman gives as one reason for the dislike the Red Man feels for the preachers, that the latter do not visit them when sick, nor do they baptize their children. And this charge contains the inherent weakness of Protestantism everywhere. That husky religion has no sympathy with the people. It does not enter into their joys and sorrows. When joy is in the house over the birth of a child the preacher is not there. When mirth and happiness meet around the hearthstone on the occasion of a wedding the preacher is not there; or if there, only as an officer of the state to "mitigate in matrimony according to the laws of the state."

When grief and gloom and death stalk into the family circle the preacher is not there, for "he can do no good." Protestantism is a Sunday religion, and the converted savage, like the civilized Christian, wants a religion that extends over the whole week. Protestantism has no religion outside the church and no piety that reaches beyond the twenty-four hours of the "Sabbath." No family prayers; no fixed morning and evening devotions; no system of private worship. Protestantism is a big Sunday Dance and not half as pleasing to God as the Sun Dance of the Dakotas.

This young missionary has come among us to raise the means to build a school and church. The children of the Dakotas are his by free gift of their parents and no amount of solicitation can prevail on the latter to send their offspring to the agency schools. The answer to every demand of the preachers is; "they belong to the Black Robe." Several religious orders of women have asked permission to enter the field of Sioux missionary enterprise, and one community from Ireland has asked permission to labor among them, but there is no house to contain them. Bishop Marty has opened an Indian school at Yankton and Father Euhan has made arrangements for the education of one hundred and forty Indian children. The school will be under the direction of Prof. Karcher, the convert minister who lectured in this city so acceptably last winter. Besides a school Father Bushman hopes to build two churches among the Indians of his charge; at present he says Mass on the prairies under a tent.

A Western man seeks a divorce on the ground that his wife makes bad coffee. Although he seems to have grounds for his action, an effort ought to be made to settle it.

A CONTRAST.

THE SEQUENCE OF WHICH HE THAT RUNS MAY READ.

The following was written some twenty years ago to an English journal, by Mr. Laine, the celebrated English traveler, who, though a consistent Protestant, never permitted sectarian prejudice to color his testimony. He thus describes his experience of Catholicity on the Continent of Europe:

Catholicism has certainly a much stronger hold over the human mind than Protestantism. The fact is visible and undeniable, and perhaps unaccountable. The fervor of devotion among these Catholics, the absence of all worldly feelings in their religious acts, strikes every traveler who enters a Catholic Church abroad. They seem to have no reserve, no false shame, false pride, or whatever the feeling may be which, among us Protestants, makes the individual exercise of devotion private, hidden—an affair of the closet. Here and everywhere in Catholic countries, you see well-dressed people, persons of the higher as well as the lower orders, on their knees upon the pavement of the Church, totally regardless of, and unregarded by, the crowds of passengers in the aisles moving to and fro. I have Christian charity enough to believe, and I do not envy that man's mind who does not believe this is quite sincere devotion and not hypocrisy, affectation or attempt at display. It is so common that none of those motives could derive the slightest gratification from the act, no more than a man's vanity could be gratified by his appearing in shoes or a hat, where all wear the same. In no Protestant place of worship do we witness the same intense abstraction in prayer, the same unaffected devotion of mind. The beggar-woman comes in there and kneels down by the side of the princess, and evidently no feeling of intrusion suggests itself in the mind of either. To the praise of the Papists be it said, no worldly distinctions, of human right of property, much less money payment for places in a place of worship, appear to enter into their imaginations. Their churches are God's houses, open alike to all his rational creatures, without distinction of high or low, rich or poor. All who have a soul to be saved come freely to worship. They have no pews, no seats for genteel souls, and no seats for vulgar souls. Their houses of worship are not let out, like theatres, or opera houses, or Edinburgh kirks, for money rents, for the sittings. The public mind is evidently more religionized than in Protestant countries.

In Catholic Germany, in France, Italy and even Spain, the education of the common people in reading, writing, arithmetic, music, manners, and morals, is at least as generally diffused and as faithfully promoted by the clerical body as in Scotland. It is by their own advance, and not by keeping back the advance of the people, that the Popish priesthood of the present day seek to keep ahead of the intellectual progress of the community in Catholic lands; and they might, perhaps, retort on our Presbyterian clergy, and ask if they too, are, in their countries, at the head of the intellectual movement of the age? Education is in reality not only not repressed but is encouraged by the Popish Church, and is a mighty instrument in its hands, and ably used. In every street in Rome, for instance, are public primary schools for the education of the children of the lower and middle classes in the neighborhood.

Rome with a population of 158,675 souls, has 872 public primary schools, with 482 teachers, and 14,099 children attending them. Has Edinburgh so many public schools for the instruction of those classes? I doubt it. Berlin, with a population about double that of Rome has only 264 schools. Rome has also her university with an average attendance of 660 students; and the Papal States, with a population of 2 1-2 millions, contain seven universities. Prussia, with a population of 14,000,000 has but seven. These are amusing statistical facts, and instructive as well as amusing, when we remember the boasting and glorying carried on a few years back, and even to this day, about the Prussian educational system for the people, and the establishment of governmental schools, and enforcing by police regulation the school attendance of the children of the lower classes.

The Catholic religion adapts itself, in fact, to every degree of intelligence and to every class of intellect. It is a net which adapts its meshes to the mind and the whole.

The Lazzarone is a Catholic, as well as a Gibbon, Solberg, or Schlegel. I strolled, one Sunday evening, in Prussia, into the Catholic Church at Bonn, on the Rhine. The priest catechised, examined, and instructed the children of the parish, in the same way, and upon the same plan, and with the same care to awaken the intellectual powers of each child by appropriate questions, as in our well-conducted Sunday schools that are taught on the system of the Edinburgh Sessional Schools. And what of all subjects, was the subject this Catholic priest was explaining and inculcating to Catholic children, and by his familiar questions and their answers bringing most admirably home to their intelligence? the total uselessness and inefficiency of mere forms of prayer, or verbal repetition of prayer, if not understood and unaccompanied by mental occupation with the subject, and the preference of silent mental prayer to all forms and this most beautifully brought out to suit the intelligence of the children. I looked around me to be satisfied that I was really at the altar of a Popish Church, and not in the schoolroom of Dr. Muir's or any other well-taught Presbyterian parish in Edinburgh.

Mrs. A. Nelson, Brantford, writes: "I was a sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia for eleven years. Always after eating, an intense burning sensation in the stomach, at times very distressing, caused a drooping and languid feeling, which would last for several hours after eating. I was recommended by Mr. Poppewell, Chemist, of our city, to try Nuttall & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and I am thankful to say that I have not been better for years; that burning sensation and languid feeling has all gone, and food does not lie heavy on my stomach. Others of my family have used it with best results." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.