THE CELTIC TONGUE

hts Popularity in European Countries—Its Struggle for Existence in the World,

(From the Monitor.)

Well nigh sixty years age Dr. Pritchard, in his splendid work entitled "The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations," first drew at-tention to the importance of the Irish language. This distinguished writer, skilled in linguistic learning, deemed the ancient lan-guage of Ireland of vital importance to all whe make any pretentiens to Philology, on account of its affinity to the "Sansorit, Greek and the Germanic Languages."

A decade of years had barely finished their course, when a man of Irish birth and lineage entered with well-directed energy and great arder on the ordiness work of preparing for publication a grammar of Erin's national tongue. He was marvelously qualified for such an undertaking, and scholars from the different universities of Europe have borne testimony to the success and ability with which he has discharged the self-imposed duty. Dr. John O'Donovan was a man et great natural gifts and magnificent acquirements. Among the scholars and philologists of any age or country he may be considered eminent, and in Ireland his researches and patriotic achievements have made his name as imperishable as the granite cliffs that guard her Western coast.

In 1845 his "Grammar of the Irish Language" first appeared. It was founded on a very practical knowledge of the spoken language, and a thorough and intimate acquaintance with Irish literature both ancient and modern. So clear and comprehensive was this work that it enabled great minds in many parts of Europe and America to pursue the study of our national language and literature with pleasure and appreciation. Other great minds there were, such as Prof. Eagens O'Curry and Vallancey, who devoted much means and remarkable erudition to the resuscitation of our ancient language.

Professor Max Muller, lecturing on languages, shows pretty clearly that the European races, before starting from their original location in Central Asia, possessed a common vehicle of exchanging ideas. Emigrating from the common centre they moved westward in mighty waves. The earliest of these migrating bands, on reaching the sheres of the Atlantic, according to this grave authority, was "represented by the Celtic diamired by those who are competent to judge. of late in the Irish copital enlarging his himself in the Euglish isuguage. The ma-terials on which he has labored are to be found without stint in Ireland, notwithstanding the vandalism of the Anglo-Norman inald of some of these old writings the Ossianic sive.

Society of Dublin demenstrated the "famous The McPherson fraude." But it is in continental school and of the Cenvent de Notre Dame, libraries that most of the M.SS. of ancient accompanied by their respective teachers Ireland are to be found. They were taken marched to the church in procession and took thither by Catholic Missionaries who went their places in the front. The reversed forth to found monasteries, and spread the sisters of the House of Providence were also light of the Gospel in other lands. It was, present to manifest their love and esteem for however, during the trouble with the Danes, and again from 1641 to the treaty of Limerlok, that the Priests and nobility took with them a great deal of the literature of their native land into France, Spain and Italy. Hence we find, here and there, in the writings of the monks, references to Compositiones lingua Hibernica vetusta scriptae. At 3 30 o'clock p.m. a deputation of the This old language of Hibernia was for the following pupils of St. Francis Xavier school, such materials, according to his own testi-mony, that Professor Windisch complied "A Professor of St. Catherine's Cellege, Camby Miss M. A. Nolan, the first assistant of the bridge, England. Besides Zeuss and Winscheol: disch there are on the continent of Europe, To Very Rev. C. H. Gauthier, Dean of Brock-Professors Zummer, Nigra, Ascoli, and many other eminent men of letters who are well versed in Irlsh lore and have mastered all the difficulties of the lingua vetusta. In the United States there are at least two distinguished men of letters who take a deep interest in and are quite conversant with this dear old language

"Whose youth beheld the Tyrian On our Irish coast a guest."

Professor Curtin, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, who was bern of Irish parents in Wisconsin, is among the very first of living linguists. During his first year in Harvard College he took up the study of Hebrew and Irish, and so well did he succeed in the latter study that before the close of the term he read the New Testament entire. For the purpose of perfecting himself in this venerable tongue, he visited Ireland two years ago, and spent the summer months among the people of Connaught. There is a work now in press from the pen of this gifted Irish-American which has for title, "The Folk Lore of Ireland." In the preface of this work I find embodied the self-same idea which has been advanced in Max Muller's " Lectures on Linguages."

"Gaelic mythology, writes Professor Curtin, "contains many myth facts which have perished elsewhere. The Gaelic language shows that the Celts left the home of the Aryan race at a period far anterior to any of the other migrations." This is the verdict of the majority of philelogists, and a fact which lends importance to the speech of Erin's elder days. Its development will assist very [materially in the difficult task of tracing back to one common origin the different nations of the earth.

In viewing the facts just stated, and noting with pleasure the interest taken by strangers in the study of the Irish language, that comparative indifference with which patriotic Irishmen regarded their national language and literature is to me a matter of no little surprise. Here in the city of San Francisco, where the men of the Irish race have attained to that high seedal standing for which they are well qualified by salents and integrity, there is a school under the auspices of the "Gaelle Literary Society," for the resuccittation of our ancient language. A few gen-erous and noble spirits have organized this school, and struggle perseveringly to main-tain it, and enlarge the sphere of its utility. They have succeeded to a degree that exceeds even their ewn sanguine hopes. Already many members of this Philo-Celtic Society

· 1865年,1967年186日

supervision, affords great pleasure to all these readers who are familiar with the dear eld tengue.

But it is a tact, remarkable and deplerable, that a great number of leading. Irish-American citizens seem to take no interest in the Its Antiquity and Importance mevement towards perpetuating the language in which the history of their race is ensurined. It is the key that looks the hidden treasures of the Past;

> 4 And it bears back our spirit On history's wings To the glories of Erin's High heroes and kings,
> When the proud name of Gael
> Swelled from ocean to shore,
> Ere the day of the Saron
> And Northmen of yors.

If thy sons, beloved language, Endeavor to win Thy release from the tomb Thou art sepulched in ; Thou shall shine as she sun, To revive and relume The annals of Erin,

Come, then, to the rescue, Ye sons of the Gael, With the ardor that swelled in The breast of MacHale, And the fame of our Fathers, Now buried and cold. Shall rise with their language

And shine as of old.'

Long shrouded in gloom.

I shall new conclude this paper with the hope of returning in the future to consider Irish manuscripts of which there is no dearth, according to the Ray. Dr. O'Conner, author of Veteres Rerum Scriptores Hiber nicorum, a man of wast learning and match-A CELTIC SCHOLAR. ess energy. San Francisco, Nev. 5, '89.

TRIBUTES TO DEAN GAUTHIER

Monday, November 4th, 1880, will long be remembered as an auspicious day by the Catholic population of the parish of Brockville, Brockville: because of the grand festivities that were solemnized on the above day, in honor of the great St. Charles Barrameo-the patron of the worthy and esteemed pastor of the mis-

sion—Very Raverend Dean Gauthier.
At 8 o'clock a.m. a large congregation as sembled in St. Francis Xavier church to assist at the solemn high mass, which was cele-brated by the Very Reverend Dean; having for deacon, Rev. J. J. Kelly, pastor of Younge, and Rev. Jas. Collins, C.C., of the Deanery, as sub deacon. St. Francis Xavier's full choir was in attendance, and rendered most harmoniously and successfully "Farmer's Mass," in B fist, the "Sanctus," and "Agnus Dei" being taken from "Millards Mass," in G. Mrs. Shields sang the "Incarlect." For this reason alone the study of the natus Est" in her usual inimitable manner, Irish language must be of rare interest to while, at the "Offertory," Miss Carrie modern philologists. And it is. Ever since Braniff sang most artistically "Millards Ave the publication of Dr. O'Donovan's work the Marie." The other soloists were Misses M. laterest has been waxing warm and strong. Webb, C. Braniff, M. Poulin and Mr. O. K. The mantle of Dr. O'Donovan has fallen on a Fraser, who aquitted themselves in such a German named John Caspar Ziuss, whose manner as to merit the encemiums of all pre-Grammatica Celtica is a work everywhere ad- | sent. Great praise is due to Miss M. Braniff. precentress of the cheir, for theefficient train Professor Zenes has epent considerable time ing she has given her musiciaus, and for the beautiful "marches" she so ably discoursed knowledge of this great subject and perfecting at the beginning and at the end of the cere-

The church was very beautifully decorated, the altar being tastefully ornamented with natural and artificial flowers, the numerous vaders. There is a goodly number of Irlan lights of different colors symmetrically armanuscripts still extant in the Royal Irish ranged, presenting an agreeable coup d'ocil Academy and Irlaity College. Through the which made the ceremonies the more impres-

The pupils of St. Francis Xavier separate their devoted Pastor and Guide.

At the close of divine service Rev. Father of ireland ! Kelly advanced to the altar railing and grate fully thanked the congregation and the choir, in the name of the Very Rev. Dean, for their manifestation of loyalty and affection in attending in such large numbers.

most of them a sealed book. It was from James Shields, Mathew McGovern, Philip such materials, according to bis own testi. Kelly and Louis Fournier waited on the Very Rev. Dean and escorted him and Rev. Fathers Uoncise Irish Grammar" which, by the way, Kelly and Collins to their school, where this has been translated a short time since by a beautiful and expressive address was ably read

Dear Father we greet you, 'Tis pleasure to meet you, We bid you kind welcome on this natal day, To our school poor, and lowly—
For the purpose is holy
brings you among us, a kind word to say
And we feel that your blessing

Is gained when addressing Our Priest, and Pastor, so humble and true; So once more we tender

Our welcome, and render A portion of honor, where honor is due.

Dear Father, your labor, And love for your neighbor Have rendered you dear to the rich and the poor; While your prudence, and learning

And careful discerning, made you respected by thousands, 'bit sure, So we are proud of our pastor,

And our pulses beat faster When we see him thus honored by citizens all; So we tender our greeting By once more repeating

Dear Father we greet you no doubts us appal

While our voices are blending, Our prayers are ascending, To Heaven's high altar, that God will pro

long
Your life, our dear pastor,
And we beg that the Master
Of earth, and of Heaven will shield you from

wrong ; For we know your patron. Like a loving matron.
Will daily watch o'er us and favor our

prayers; And will carry them to Him, And afterwards sue Him, To bless us, your children, and case all our

Signed on behalf of the teachers and pupils of St. Francis Xavier,

Jas. T. NOONAN E. HURLEY

M. A. NOLAN, The address was accompanied by a very elegant gift which was presented by Master

manner, invoking God's blessing on the boys, whom he styled "the hope of the parish." Roy, Fathers Kelly and Collins also spoke in terms of warm appreciation of the happy event, after which the Rev. Fathers retired. At 7.30 p.m. teck place at the Convent de Notre Dame a most pleasing vocal and instru-

and Collins dress to the convent where the cordial reception awaited them.

The hall was neatly feationed; streamers of various colors pendant from the centre of the hall and caught up at the extremities by wreather of many colors, gave the apartment on all of fets. an air de fete.

Many very attractive medallions were preminent on the walls, among which we noticed: "Thy Joy on Earth," "Thy Crown in Heaven," "Day Sacred to Gratifude," "L'Allegresse regne dans os sejenr," "Ten Thousand Welcomer to the Day we Love," "Vivat Paster Bonus," "Nemo tam Pater," "Health, Joy, Happiness," etc.

The fellowing programme was admirably executed by the pupils :—

1. Duet—" Tam O'Shanter," by Misses

Emma Morency and Lily O'Donahee. 2. Complimentary song (with accompaniment of bell.), "Ring, Ring," by the school choir.

3. Festal Greeting.
4. Duet—"Qui Vivi Galop," by Mirses
Mary Connel and E. Morency.
5. Dialogue—"A Leason in Geography,"

with accompaniment, was highly appreciated by the audience.

6. Recitation—"The Legend of Bregers," Proctor, was in choir, pleasingly declaimed.
7. Duet—"Happy Hearts" Galop, by Misses May and Gerty Downey, delighted the crowded auditorium.

8. Comic song—"Twas the Cat," by Misses L. O'Donahoe and B. Johnston,

elicited repeated applause.

9. Chorus—" Festal Day."

10. Pieno solo—" Simiramie and Grande Fantaisie Dramatique," by Archer, Miss Annie Bradley. 11. Comic song-" Three Maids Under one

Cap," was eleverly acted by Miss Bertha Doddridge and L Flannigan. The address by Miss Toress Oavanagh was charmingly spoken in these words, in behalf of the rev. sisters and the pupils of the convent de Notre Dame :-

Very Rev. and Beloved Father .- Despite the gloom with which autumn has invested nature, despite the chilling winds and frowning skies, a ray of summer sunshine still lingers in our midst.

In vain has the flowery goddess winged her flight to climes more genial, in vain does bleak November chant in mournful cadence, the dirge of departed summer, the glad anticipation of this bright feast, has made sun-shine within our hearts, and prolonged for our enjoyment the charm of verdant field and flowery meadow.

Reverend and dear father, it is no fictitious joy that elevates your childrens, hearts to-night, no, but the genuine feeling which is prompted by gratitude and affection. Availing ourselves of this happy occasion of your patron saint's feast, we come to renew the homage of our love, respect, and esteem. Conscious of our inability to acquit ourselves in a manner worthy of this noble task we call upon the aid of the muses.

Poetry, song and music have essayed to interpret these sentiments of which the poet has said, "Feelings there are no language can express, as in the heart are depths, too deep for idle guess."

Oh, that they might tell you how sincerely we appreciate your paternal kindness. Ever selicitous for our welfare, your wise council and gentle admonition are a stimulating encouragement to our progress in the practice of virtue and religion, and a powerful incen-tive to aid us in our ascent of the rugged path oflearning. Your smiles of approval at our success render study a delight, rather than a labor. In acknowledgement of all those favors, what can we offer you, beleved father ? In vain may we hope ever to repay you, earth has no reward for such deeds, we look above, there is our hope. The voice of grati-tude pierceth the skies and reacheth the throne ceeding years renew this festive scene of a happy family assembled to greet this 4th of November, as one of the grandest days of the

To the Gentlemen of the School Board : DEAR SIRS—We welcome you most cordially and avail ourselves this feative occasion to thank you for your devotedness to the cause of Catholic education and for the interest you take in all that pertains to the welfare and success of our school. In the prayers and good wishes which each day we form for the health and happiness of all those who labor for our well-being are remembered our kind friends of the Catholic school board. that God may bless and reward their zeal and prosperity may crown all their under-

takings.
Speeches were then delivered by each of the reverend gentlemen and also of by members of the school beard, testifying their good will and earnest readiness to co-operate with their reverend paster for the advancement of Oathelic education and the providing of suitable school accomedation.

The guests then dispersed to their homes delighted with the amusements of the evening and expressing the desire that the next feative meeting would be as enjoyable and carry off the same laurels as the present testal day.—Spectator in the Brockville Recorder.

DOMAIN OF SCIENCE.

NEW SEMI-INCANDESCENT LAMP.

M. Henri Pieper, Jr., of Liege, has brought out a new type of semi-incandescent lamp. The lamp consists of two horizontal rods of copper, set in a line with each other, but separated by a space of about 3-16 of an inch.
A thin fluted carbon rod is set vertically, and rests upon the ends of the copper rod, forming a bridge across. The current passes through the copper rod and through the point of the carbon rod, which is thereby rendered brilliantly incandescent. The cop-per reds are supported on spring hinges, and if the carbon should break they will rise slightly until two contacts at their outer ends come inte action, thue automatically short-circuiting the lamp. The wear of the copper rods is exceedingly slight, the carbon only being consumed. Some lamps of this type have been sent to the Paris exhibition.—Scientific American.

ANTIQUITY OF ELECTRICITY. Thales, a Greek philesopher, who lived 600 years before Christ, is said to have known the electrical propensities of rubber amber, Otto von Gueriene, in 1647, constructed the first electrical machine. Franklin, in 1648, killed a turkey by electricity, and reseted it by an electrical jack before a fire kindled by the electrical spark. Perhaps this was the carliest actual use of electricity. As long age as 1747 electric shocks were sent over short distances, Relsen, in 1795, by using thirty-aix wires, one for each letter or character, sent messages over small distances. Merse simplified the telegraph, using only one wire, instead of from thirty to thirty-six wires. His first public message was " What had God wrought?" This was on May 24th.

of his patroual feast, and Rov. Fathers Kelly and Colline drave to the convent where the JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND

CRUCIFIXION

The grandest work of Art in America, pronounced by the clergy of all creeds, and by the thousands of people who have visited it, as unequalled anywhere for magnificence of conception, beauty of colors, harmony in composition, and so LIFE LIKE that one feels actually as if on the sacred ground. THE ORUCIFIXION scene is a marvelions work, alone worth coming many miles to see, apart from the CITY, Mount OLIVET, MORIAH, MIZPAH and ZION. This grand PANORAMA to be seen at the OYCLORAMA; corner St. Catherine and St. Urbain streets, Montreal. Open every day from morning till 10:30 p.m., and on Sundays from 1 to 10:30 p.m., Street care pass the door.

A POWERFUL INVIGORATOR.



It supplies NOURISHMENT for FLESH, MUSCLE and BONE

Vice-President, Mr. Vail, Morse's assistant, telegraphed the news to Morse in the capitol.

Morse told Wright, and the convention was astonished to get a dispatch from him declining the nomination. The convention wouldn't believe it, and sent a committee to Washington to get reliable information. This was doubtless the first news telegram l cent.

SOUNDING STONES IN BRITTANY.

Not far from the town of Dinan, in Brittany are several large stones which have the remarkable property of giving out when struck a clear musical sound. These stones, according to Nature, are composed principally of the mineral known as amphibele, and are of a roughly prismatic shape, about twenty feet in length. They are not erratio bowlders brought by ancient glaciers, but have been broken off from the neighboring strata and worn into their present shape by the action of the waters of the river and sea, as, at the point where they are found, the waters of the river enter into a small bay and are forced back by the rising tide twice a

There are numerous similar stones in the vicinity which show the same phenomens, but none so perfectly as the one described. The property of producing a musical note is very different from that of the "singing sands" which occur in various parts of the world, and is, undoubtedly, simply due to the hard, close grained structure of the rocks, as well as the position in which they are placed, those giving the clearest notes being lifted up from the ground and supported at a few points only by other similar stones. A species of feldapar known as phonolite, or clinkstone, gives similar sounds when struck by the hammer.

TOO GREAT VIBRATION IN WATCHES. A very troublesome fault with some of the

best class of Swiss watches is a too great vibration, causing the balance to strike the bankings. It is most often found in watches having large wheel teeth with straight in-clines. The more modern practice is to curve the acting face of the teeth, and a slight alteration of the tooth diminishing the incline at the heel of the tooth will always diminish the amount of vibration.

A LEGEND OF ALL SOULS DAY.

occasionally by fierce gusts of wind and rain. The fisher-boats are all in port, the small ones drawn up high on the beach, the larger securely anchored. But this is not due only to the storm. Even if it were the fairest of weather, no Dieppe fisherman would set sail to-day. It is All Seuls day—the feast of the dead, the commemoration of the loved and lost. The dead live still in the tender rememberance of those left behind. Tears shed in prayer for the departed have no

bitterness. But the heartless and ungrateful man who fishes to-day will be everywhere followed by nis double—a whantom fisher in a phantom boat. All signs fail him, all fish cacape his net. Again and again he draws it in empty. If he persist, at length he thinks himself rewarded. His net is so heavy he nearly swamps his boat in the endeavor to draw it in; and horrible to say, his catch is only grinning skulls and disjointed human bones. At night, tossing on his sleepless pillow, he hears the ghostly "white car" rolling through the silent street. He hears his name called in the veice of the latest dead of his acquaintance, and dies himself before the next

All Souls' day.

Spite of the bleak and rainy weather, all the good people of Dieppe, or rather of its finer suburb, Le Pollet, are gathered together in church. Rude as it is, weather beaten, discolored, grey-green, like the unquiet ocean it overlooks, Notre Dame du Poilet is still grand and ploture que. It has suffered both from time and desecration, as is seen by its broken carvings, emp'y niches, and ruined tombs. The altars are plain, the ornaments few and simple. On the wall of the Lady chapel hang two rusty chains-the vetive offering, it is said, of a sailor of Le Pollet, ence a slave to Pirates. Miraculously rescued by our Lady, he returned to his native place only to sing a Te Deum in her chapel and hang up his broken fetters therein; then, retiring to a neighboring monastery, he took upon bimself a voluntary bondage which love made sweet and light.

It is the solemn Mass of Requiem, and almost noon, though the sombre day, sub-dued yet more by stained glass windows, seems like a winter twilight. The church is all in deep shadew except the sanctuary with its lofty-burning lamp, and its altar decked with starry wax-lights. Black draperies hang about the altar, black robes are upon the officiating pricess. The slow, mournful chant of the Dies Ire, sung by a choir invisible in the darkness, resounds through the dim, lefty aisles.

Motionless upon the uneven stone pave-ment kneel the people, a dark and silent mass, only relieved here and there by the gleam of a snewy cap or bright-colored kerchief, for the fisher felk, and, indeed, all the peasantry of thrifty Normandy, drees in serviceable garb, of sober colors. There is one little group apart from the rest of the congregation; not all one family, for they are too unlike. They seem to be drawn together by some common calamity or dread. First is an old woman, perhaps seventy years of is an old woman, perhaps seventy years of before them lies the open bay. It is past midage, and looking as the Norman peasants night, but the pier is growded. There, truly. have achieved remarkable preficency. Not a few of them can read and write the Gaelian pleasingly and well. They have procured Irlah department in the Monitor, which is edited under their

tied over it. A string of large beads hangs from her bony fingers. Her eyes, singularly bright for one so aged, are raised to the blackvelled orneifix, and tears glisten upon her brown and withered obceks. Her arm is drawn through that of a slender young woman, and near them is a little girl, round and rosy. All three are dressed nearly alike, and all say their beads, though not with the same tearful devotion. Anxiety and wearlness are in the young girl's pale but pretty face; and the child looks anddued, almost frightened, by the gloom around her.

Behind them kneels a comely matron, a little child clinging to her gown; near her two fishermen, one eld and gray-haired. The other, who is young, has an arm in a sling; he kneels upon one knee, his elbow en the other, and his face hidden in his hand.

They are two households over whom hangs the shadow of a calamity, perhaps all the greater because of its uncertainty. Two months ago Jacques Payne and his son sailed for the fishery. Jacques Suchet and his cousin, Charles Rivaud, completed the crew; for Jean Suchet, disabled by a broken arm, remained at bome with his grandmother and sister. The sesson proved unusually stormy. Two fishing boats of Le Pollet narrowly escaped the terrible recks of the Norman coast; and one of these reported seeing a vessel, resembling that of the Paynes, drifting past them in a log, with broken masts and cordage over the side. They halled the wreck, but heard no reply, and concluded that the crew had been swept overboard, or possibly had escaped in their Weeks had passed since this vague bu:

terrible intelligence had reached the stricken families. Old Mere Suchet had at once received it as conclusive. She wept and prayed for the bold young fishers, the hope and comfort of her old age. Not so Manon Payen. No one dared condole with her, not even her old father Toutain. Life hitherte had gone so well with her! Her husband loved all prayed for rain, but their prayers were her; her son was her pride and delight; of no avail. The heat has been great, and her rosy Marie and little toddling Pierre filled her cottage with laughter and sun- many people have to travel great distances to shine. Grief was so new, and strange and frightful. What! her husband and son taken from her at one blow? No, it baked. Many people have died through want could not be! It was too dreadful! God of water. could not be se cruel! Besides, there were no better sailors than the Payens, father and of the Almighty. We answer to its supplication, may you be long spared in health and in the enjoyment of every blessing to your loving children of Brockville, and may succeeding years rapew this fastive seems of a vigorating air, remembered with delight by | Pineard was not positive it was their vessel all who have ever been in Normandy, has he had seen; how could he tell in a fog? given place to a damp, chilly heaviness, broken | No; she was sure they were safe. They had put into one of the islands. They would not risk a dangerous journey in stormy weather just to tell her, what she knew already, that they were safe.

To Mere Suchet's Matilde, the bethrethed of Jacques Payen, how much better and clearer was reasoning than the submissive grief of her plous old grandmother? Young people cannot easily believe the werst when it concerns themselves. Mathilde could not pray for the repose of the souls of her lover, brother and cousin. With the passionate, impatient yearning of a heart new to sillio-tion, she besought the Blessed Mother for their safe return. Her brother Jean did not try to destroy her hopes, though he would not say he shared them.

As time passed on and brought no news of the absent, the hearts of these two poor women grew faint and sore; but they refused to acknowledge it to one another, or even to themselves. Their days passed in feverish, and often vain endeavors to be cheerfu and busy; their nights in anguish all the more bitter because silenced and unconfessed. On All Souls' day old Toutain and Mere Suchet had wished to have a R quiem Mass offered for the lost sailors, but Mathilde wept aloud at the enggestien, and Manon forbade it instantly, positively, almost angrily.

Manon had borne up well through the sad funeral services of the church, She smiled upon her little ones and returned a serene and cheerful greeting to the curious or pitying friends who accosted her. All day she had carried the burden of domestic cares and duties, while her heart ached within her becom and cried out for solitude. Now at night, alone with her sleeping babes, the agony of fear and pain, so long repressed, takes full possession of her sinking heart. Mingled with the roar of the treacherous sea she hears the voices of husband and son, now calling loudly for help, now borne away on the fiful wind. She sees their pale faces, with unclosed eyes, floating below the cruel green water, their strong limbs entangled in the twisted cordage. Now great, gleaming fish swim around them. Oh! it is too fearful. From her kness she falls forward upon her face and groams alond. But on a sudden she hears a stir with—a sound of repressed voices and many harrying feet. Hope is not dead within her yet, for she springs to the window with the wild thought that it is her absent returned. No, 'tie but a group of fishermen on the way to the pler; but Pinsard stops to tell her, with a strange thrill in his rough voice, that there is a fishing beat coming into part !

Mahon screams to her father to watch the little ones—she must go to the pier—then flies out into the night. It is not raining. and she returns to snatch her weakned and sobbing babe, and wrap him in his father's woolen blouse. She does not know when Matilde joins her ; she is scarcely conscious of the warm exultant clasp of her hand, Jean

is there, too, agitated but grave.
As they turn the angle of the village atreet

broken, pebbly shere the two women kneel to thank Ged; but they can only lift up their volces and weep.

veloss and weep.

"They are not safe yet," says Jean shert.
ly. "The wind takes them straight upon the plan. They will need all our halp."

The crowd make way instantly for the breathless women. The lightness keeper stands ready with a cell of rope. The fisher, men range themselves in line, tighten their helit, and wait to draw the friendly hawser. Great waves thunder against the long plan. belts, and wait to draw the iriendly hawse. Great waves thunder against the long pier, sending showers of spray high above the pale crucific at the end against which the women lean. Now the moon, emerging from a light cloud, sends a fixed of pale radiance upon the wassel's dock. It is they! Jacques Payer in at the halor wasner Jacques stands upon is at the helm; young Jacques stands upon the ganwale.

The light-house keeper threws his repe; the fishermen rules their musical, long, drawn cry. Jacques catches the repe, but in allence; and allently the orew make

fast.

"It is their vow!" cries Manon, dar.

the wendering men. ing forward among the wendering men.
"They will not speak until they sing Te Deum at Notre Dame for their sais re-

Ressaured, the men pull in vigorously but to no effect. Again, and yet again, but the ship does not move. A moment since it cane on swift as the wind; new it seems anchored on swift as the wind; new it seems anchored forever not fifty yards away. They can see plainly every object upon the deck, where the silent crew stand gazing towards the pler. Even Manon and Matilda have selzed the rope, and draw with the strength of terror. Breathless, unsteady, large drops of sweet standing upon their faces, they pause irreso. lute. Stretching her arms toward her husband, Manen holds out her babe.

A white mist rises out of the sea and hange like a veil between them. Sad, reproachful voices rise out of the waves, some near at hand, others far out. An loy wind lifts the mist and carries it slewly away, clinging for a moment like a shroud around the crucifix, The cable falls slack in the atrong hands that graspit. The ship is gone-vanished with. out a sound; but far away echoes a sciema chorus, "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me.'

THOUSANDS DROWNED.

In Chinese Ploods-Pive Hundred Families Swept Away in One District.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 12.—The steamer Oceanic arrived from Hong Kong yesterday. Reports from along the Yang Isee river show that the herrors of the Yellow river floods of two years ago bid fair to be repeated. The waters of the river have ricen to an extraordinary height and Hunkew Band is under water. This means that the river has risen a great many feet above its normal level at this season. There is terrible suffering all along the river and in many extensive districts the crops, which were already late, have been ruised, while there must have been enormous loss of life. Five hundred families were drowned at Wang Choo, while in one district ten thousand people are homeless. For thousands of miles around Shan-ghai the country is flooded, yet the province of Fo Kien is suffering from drought, no rain having fallen since the early part of August in that district. On August 26th the officials nearly all the creeks and wells are dry and

Recent widespread failures in the tea trade In China have had a curious effect on ruined ing to mest their oreditors. One merchant committed suicide and many have disappeared. Such a disastrous end to the tea season was never known before.

One lady said to another: "Have you been to church to-day? we had a most beautiful sermon on training children." No, I was at home deing it," was the reply.



IMPORTANT NOTICE.

An early application for advertising space in THE TRUE WITNESS will ensure first-class positions. We invite correspondence in this connection from Advertising Agencies and the general business public. Only a limited number of columns of the paper will be given up to advertising, so that those taking advantage of this feature will at all times be certain of having their announcements prominently set forth to the reader.

> J. P. WHELAH & CO., 761 Craig Street.

The state of the s