

THE CELTIC TONGUE

Its Antiquity and Importance

Its Popularity in European Countries—Its Struggle for Existence in the World.

(From the Monitor.)

Well nigh sixty years ago Dr. Peitchard, in his splendid work entitled "The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations," first drew attention to the importance of the Irish language.

A decade of years had barely finished their course, when a man of Irish birth and lineage entered with well-directed energy and great ardor on the arduous work of preparing for publication a grammar of Erin's national tongue.

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.

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.

The mantle of Dr. O'Donovan has fallen on a German named John Caspar Zins, whose Grammatica Celtica is a work everywhere admired by those who are competent to judge.

Professor Curtin, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, who was born of Irish parents in Wisconsin, is among the very first of living linguists.

"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."

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.

supervision, affords great pleasure to all those readers who are familiar with the dear old tongue.

"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 Saxon And Northern men of yore.

If thy sons, beloved language, Endeavor to win Thy release from the tomb Thou art sepulchred in; Thou shalt shine as the sun, To revive and relume The annals of Erin, M.C.C. Long shrouded in gloom.

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."

I shall now conclude this paper with the hope of returning in the future to consider Irish manuscripts of which there is no dearth, according to the Rev. Dr. O'Connor, author of Veteres Rerum Scriptores Hibernicorum, a man of vast learning and matchless energy.

TRIBUTES TO DEAN GAUTHIER.

Monday, November 4th, 1880, will long be remembered as an auspicious day by the Catholic population of the parish of Brookville, because of the grand festivities that were solemnized on the above day, in honor of the great St. Charles Borromeo—the patron of the worthy and esteemed pastor of the mission—Very Reverend Dean Gauthier.

At 8 o'clock a.m. a large congregation assembled in St. Francis Xavier church to assist at the solemn high mass, which was celebrated by the Very Reverend Dean; having for deacon, Rev. J. J. Kelly, pastor of Young, and Rev. Jas. Collins, C.C., of the Deaneary, as sub-deacon. St. Francis Xavier's full choir was in attendance, and rendered most harmoniously and successfully "Farmer's Mass," in B flat, the "Sanctus," and "Agnus Dei" being taken from "Millards Mass." In G. Mrs. Shields sang the "Incarnatus Est" in her usual inimitable manner, while, at the "Offertory," Miss Carrie Braniff sang most artistically "Millards Ave Marie." The other soloists were Misses M. Webb, C. Braniff, M. Foulin and Mr. O. K. Fraser, who acquitted themselves in such a manner as to merit the encomiums of all present.

The church was very beautifully decorated, the altar being tastefully ornamented with natural and artificial flowers, the numerous lights of different colors symmetrically arranged, presenting an agreeable coup d'oeil which made the ceremonies the more impressive.

The pupils of St. Francis Xavier separate school and of the Convent de Notre Dame, accompanied by their respective teachers, marched to the church in procession and took their places in the front. The reverend sisters of the House of Providence were also present to manifest their love and esteem for their devoted Pastor and Guide.

At the close of divine service Rev. Father Kelly advanced to the altar railing and gratefully 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.

At 3:30 o'clock p.m. a deputation of the following pupils of St. Francis Xavier school, James Shields, Mathew McGovern, Philip Kelly and Louis Fournier waited on the Very Rev. Dean and escorted him and the Very Rev. Father Kelly to their school, where this beautiful and expressive address was ably read by Miss M. A. Nolan, the first assistant of the school.

To Very Rev. C. H. Gauthier, Dean of Brookville:

Dear Father we greet you, The pleasure to meet you, We bid you kind welcome on this natal day, For our school poor, and lowly— For our purpose holy

That 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, and you respected by thousands, 'tis 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 prolong 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 see Him, To bless us, your children, and ease all our cares.

Signed on behalf of the teachers and pupils of St. Francis Xavier, J. T. NOONAN, E. HURLEY, M. A. NOLAN.

The address was accompanied by a very elegant gift which was presented by Master Thea, Bradley. The very reverend pastor was visibly moved by this testimony of affection and gratitude from the teachers and pupils, and responded in his usual eloquent and happy manner, invoking God's blessing on the boys, whom he styled "the hope of the parish."

of his paternal feast, and Rev. Fathers Kelly and Collins drove to the convent where the cordial reception awaited them.

The hall was neatly festooned; streamers of various colors pendant from the centre of the hall and caught up at the extremities by wreaths of many colors, gave the apartment an air de fet.

Many very attractive medallions were prominent on the walls, among which we noticed: "Thy Joy on Earth," "Thy Crown in Heaven," "Day Sacred to Gratitude," "L'Allégresse regne dans ce soir," "Ten Thousand Welcomes to the Day we Love," "Vivats Easter Banns," "Nemo tam Pater," "Health, Joy, Happiness," etc.

The following programme was admirably executed by the pupils: 1. Duet—"Tam O'Shanter," by Misses Emma Morancy and Lily O'Donohoe.

2. Complimentary song (with accompaniment of bells), "Ring, Ring," by the school choir.

3. Duet—"Qal Vival Galop," by Misses Mary Connel and E. Morancy.

4. Dialogue—"A Lesson in Geography," with accompaniment, was highly appreciated by the audience.

5. Recitation—"The Legend of Brereton," Proctor, was in choir, pleasingly declaimed.

6. Duet—"Happy Hearts" Galop, by Misses May and Gerty Downey, delighted the crowded auditorium.

7. Comic song—"Twas the Cat," by Misses L. O'Donohoe and B. Johnston, elicited repeated applause.

8. Chorus—"Festal Day."

9. Piéno solo—"Simramis and Grande Fantaisie Dramatique," by Archer, Miss Annie Bradley.

10. Comic song—"Three Malles Under one Cap," was cleverly acted by Miss Bertha Duddridge and L. Flannigan.

The address by Miss Teresa Ovanagh was charmingly spoken in these words, in behalf of the rev. sisters and the pupils of the convent de Notre Dame:—

To the Very Rev. C. H. Gauthier, Dean of Brookville: 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 vaila has the flowery goddess winged her flight to climes more genial, in vaila does bleak November chant in mournful cadence, the dirge of departed summer, the glad anticipation of this bright feast, has made sunshine 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 children, hearts tonight, 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 solicitous for our welfare, your wise and gentle admonition are a stimulating encouragement to our progress in the practice of virtue and religion, and a powerful incentive to aid us in our ascent of the rugged path of holiness. Your smiles of approval at our success render study a delight, rather than a labor. In acknowledgement of all these favors, what can we offer you, beloved 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 gratitude pierce the skies and resoundeth the throne 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 Brookville, and may succeeding years renew this festive scene of a happy family assembled to greet this 4th of November, as one of the grandest days of the year.

To the Gentlemen of the School Board: DEAR SIRS—We welcome you most cordially and avail ourselves this festive 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 undertakings.

Speeches were then delivered by each of the reverend gentlemen and also of by members of the school board, testifying their regard and earnest desire to co-operate with their reverend pastor for the advancement of Catholic education and the providing of suitable school accommodations.

The guests then dispersed to their homes delighted with the amusements of the evening and expressing the desire that the next festive meeting would be as enjoyable and carry off the same laurels as the present festal day.—SPEOTATOR in the Brookville 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 copper rods are supported on spring hinges, and if the carbon should break they will rise slightly until two contacts at their outer ends come into action, thus 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 philosopher, who lived 600 years before Christ, is said to have known the electrical properties of rubber amber. Otto von Guericke, in 1647, constructed the first electrical machine. Franklin, in 1648, killed a turkey by electricity, and resorted to by an electrical jock before a fire kindled by the electrical spark. Perhaps this was the earliest actual use of electricity. As long ago as 1747 electric shocks were sent over short distances, Roisen, in 1795, by using thirty-six wires, one for each letter or character, sent messages over small distances. Morse 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, 1844. Two days later the Democratic convention in Baltimore nominated James K. Polk for President, and Silas Wright for

JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND

—AT THE TIME OF THE— 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 CRUCIFIXION scene is a marvellous 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 OYOLEORAMA, corner St. Catherine and St. Urban streets, Montreal. Open every day from morning till 10:30 p.m., and on Sundays from 1 to 10:30 p.m. Street cars pass the door.

A POWERFUL INVIGORATOR.



It supplies NOURISHMENT for FLESH, MUSCLE and BONE

Vice-President. Mr. Vall, 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 sent.

SOUNDING STONES IN BRITAIN. 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 amphibole, and are of a roughly prismatic shape, about twenty feet in length. They are not erratic boulders 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 day.

There are numerous similar stones in the vicinity which show the same phenomena, but none so perfectly as the one described. The property of producing a musical note is very different from that of the "singing rocks" 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 feldspar known as phonolite, or olivite, gives similar sounds when struck by the hammer.

Weeks had passed since this vague but 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 fisher, the hope and comfort of her old age. Not so Mason Payson. No one dared console with her, not even her old father Tontain. Life hitherto had gone so well with her! Her husband loved her; her son was her pride and delight; her rosy Marie and little toddling Pierre filled her cottage with laughter and sunshine. Grief was so new, and strange and frightful. What! her husband and son taken from her at one blow? No, it could not be! It was too dreadful! God could not be so cruel! Besides, there were no better sailors than the Paysons, father and son; none who knew the coast so well, with all its perils, hidden rocks and dangerous currents. Their vessel was new and strong; why should they be lost; they alone? Jean Pinaud was not positive it was their vessel he had seen; how could he tell in a fog? 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 Matilda, the betrothed of Jacques Payen, how much better and clearer was reasoning than the submissive grief of her pious old grandmother? Young people cannot easily believe the worst when it concerns themselves. Matilda 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 affliction, 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 cheerful and busy; their nights in anguish all the more bitter because silenced and unconfessed. On All Souls' day old Tontain and Mere Suchet had wished to have a Requiem Mass offered for the lost sailors, but Matilda wept aloud at the suggestion, 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 bosom, 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 slinking heart. Mingled with the roar of the treacherous sea she hears the voice of husband and son, now calling loudly for help, now borne away on the fitful wind. She sees their pale faces, with unclouded 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 knees she falls forward upon her face and groans aloud. But on a sudden she hears a stir within—a sound of repressed voices and many hurrying feet. Hope is not dead within her yet, for the springs to the window with the wild thought that it is her absent returned. No, 'tis but a group of fishermen on the way to the pier; but Pinaud stops to tell her, with a strange thrill in his rough voice, that there is a fishing boat coming into port!

Matilda screams to her father to watch the little ones—who must go to the pier—then flies out into the night. It is not raining, and she returns to snatch her weakened and sobbing babe, and wrap him in his father's woolen blouse. She does not know when Matilda 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 street before them lies the open bay. It is past midnight, but the pier is crowded. There, truly, coming on with unclouded canvas, white to the struggling rays of a watery moon is the missing ship! They know it well. Upon the

broken, pabbly above the two women kneel to thank God; but they can only lift up their voices and weep. "They are not safe yet," says Jean shortly. "The wind takes them straight upon the pier. They will need all our help."

The crowd makes way instantly for the breathless women. The lighthouse keeper stands ready with a coil of rope. The fishermen range themselves in lines, tighten their belts, and wait to draw the friendly hawser. Great waves thunder against the long pier, sending showers of spray high above the pale crucifix; at the end and against which the women lean. Now the moon, emerging from a light cloud, sends a flood of pale radiance upon the vessel's deck. It is they! Jacques Payen is at the helm; young Jacques stands upon the gunwale.

The lighthouse keeper throws his rope; the fishermen raise their musical, long-drawn cry. Jacques catches the rope, but in all silence; and silently the crew make fast.

"It is their vow!" cries Manon, dashing forward among the wondering men. "They will not speak until they sing Te Deum at Notre Dame for their safe return."

Reassured, the men pull in vigorously to no effect. Again, and yet again, but the ship does not move. A moment since it came on swift as the wind; now 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 pier. Even Manon and Matilda have seized the rope, and draw with the strength of terror. Breathless, unsteady, large drops of sweat standing upon their faces, they pause irresolute. Stretching her arms toward her husband, Manon holds out her babe.

A white mist rises out of the sea and hangs like a veil between them. Sad, reproachful voices rise out of the waves, some near at hand, others far out. An joy loud lifts the mist and carries it slowly away, clinging for a moment like a shroud around the crucifix. The cable falls slack in the strong hands that grasp it. The ship is gone—vanished without a sound; but far away echoes a solemn 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 Floods—Five Hundred Families Swept Away in One District.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 12.—The steamer Oceanic arrived from Hong Kong yesterday. Reports from along the Yangtze river show that the horrors of the Yellow river floods of two years ago bid fair to be repeated. The waters of the river have risen to an extraordinary height and Hankow and other cities are 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 ruined, 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 Shanghai 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 official all prepared for rain, but their prayers were not answered. The heat has been great, and nearly all the creeks and wells are dry and many people have to travel great distances to get water from large streams. The fields in the greater part of the province are literally baked. Many people have died through want of water.

Recent widespread failures in the tea trade in China have had a curious effect on ruined merchants. During the first week in October five of these bankrupt took refuge in the Kuchan monastery with the intention of remaining there for life in preference to returning to meet their creditors. One merchant committed suicide and many have disappeared. Such a disastrous end to the tea season was never known before.

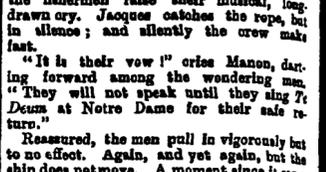
One lady said to another: "Have you been to church to-day? I had a most beautiful sermon on 'training children.'" "No, I was at home doing it," was the reply.

JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND

—AT THE TIME OF THE— 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 CRUCIFIXION scene is a marvellous 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 OYOLEORAMA, corner St. Catherine and St. Urban streets, Montreal. Open every day from morning till 10:30 p.m., and on Sundays from 1 to 10:30 p.m. Street cars pass the door.

A POWERFUL INVIGORATOR.



It supplies NOURISHMENT for FLESH, MUSCLE and BONE

Vice-President. Mr. Vall, 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 sent.

SOUNDING STONES IN BRITAIN. 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 amphibole, and are of a roughly prismatic shape, about twenty feet in length. They are not erratic boulders 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 day.

There are numerous similar stones in the vicinity which show the same phenomena, but none so perfectly as the one described. The property of producing a musical note is very different from that of the "singing rocks" 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 feldspar known as phonolite, or olivite, gives similar sounds when struck by the hammer.

Weeks had passed since this vague but 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 fisher, the hope and comfort of her old age. Not so Mason Payson. No one dared console with her, not even her old father Tontain. Life hitherto had gone so well with her! Her husband loved her; her son was her pride and delight; her rosy Marie and little toddling Pierre filled her cottage with laughter and sunshine. Grief was so new, and strange and frightful. What! her husband and son taken from her at one blow? No, it could not be! It was too dreadful! God could not be so cruel! Besides, there were no better sailors than the Paysons, father and son; none who knew the coast so well, with all its perils, hidden rocks and dangerous currents. Their vessel was new and strong; why should they be lost; they alone? Jean Pinaud was not positive it was their vessel he had seen; how could he tell in a fog? 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 Matilda, the betrothed of Jacques Payen, how much better and clearer was reasoning than the submissive grief of her pious old grandmother? Young people cannot easily believe the worst when it concerns themselves. Matilda 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 affliction, 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 cheerful and busy; their nights in anguish all the more bitter because silenced and unconfessed. On All Souls' day old Tontain and Mere Suchet had wished to have a Requiem Mass offered for the lost sailors, but Matilda wept aloud at the suggestion, 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 bosom, 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 slinking heart. Mingled with the roar of the treacherous sea she hears the voice of husband and son, now calling loudly for help, now borne away on the fitful wind. She sees their pale faces, with unclouded 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 knees she falls forward upon her face and groans aloud. But on a sudden she hears a stir within—a sound of repressed voices and many hurrying feet. Hope is not dead within her yet, for the springs to the window with the wild thought that it is her absent returned. No, 'tis but a group of fishermen on the way to the pier; but Pinaud stops to tell her, with a strange thrill in his rough voice, that there is a fishing boat coming into port!

Matilda screams to her father to watch the little ones—who must go to the pier—then flies out into the night. It is not raining, and she returns to snatch her weakened and sobbing babe, and wrap him in his father's woolen blouse. She does not know when Matilda 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 street before them lies the open bay. It is past midnight, but the pier is crowded. There, truly, coming on with unclouded canvas, white to the struggling rays of a watery moon is the missing ship! They know it well. Upon the

broken, pabbly above the two women kneel to thank God; but they can only lift up their voices and weep. "They are not safe yet," says Jean shortly. "The wind takes them straight upon the pier. They will need all our help."

The crowd makes way instantly for the breathless women. The lighthouse keeper stands ready with a coil of rope. The fishermen range themselves in lines, tighten their belts, and wait to draw the friendly hawser. Great waves thunder against the long pier, sending showers of spray high above the pale crucifix; at the end and against which the women lean. Now the moon, emerging from a light cloud, sends a flood of pale radiance upon the vessel's deck. It is they! Jacques Payen is at the helm; young Jacques stands upon the gunwale.

The lighthouse keeper throws his rope; the fishermen raise their musical, long-drawn cry. Jacques catches the rope, but in all silence; and silently the crew make fast.

"It is their vow!" cries Manon, dashing forward among the wondering men. "They will not speak until they sing Te Deum at Notre Dame for their safe return."

Reassured, the men pull in vigorously to no effect. Again, and yet again, but the ship does not move. A moment since it came on swift as the wind; now 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 pier. Even Manon and Matilda have seized the rope, and draw with the strength of terror. Breathless, unsteady, large drops of sweat standing upon their faces, they pause irresolute. Stretching her arms toward her husband, Manon holds out her babe.

A white mist rises out of the sea and hangs like a veil between them. Sad, reproachful voices rise out of the waves, some near at hand, others far out. An joy loud lifts the mist and carries it slowly away, clinging for a moment like a shroud around the crucifix. The cable falls slack in the strong hands that grasp it. The ship is gone—vanished without a sound; but far away echoes a solemn 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 Floods—Five Hundred Families Swept Away in One District.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 12.—The steamer Oceanic arrived from Hong Kong yesterday. Reports from along the Yangtze river show that the horrors of the Yellow river floods of two years ago bid fair to be repeated. The waters of the river have risen to an extraordinary height and Hankow and other cities are 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 ruined, 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 Shanghai 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 official all prepared for rain, but their prayers were not answered. The heat has been great, and nearly all the creeks and wells are dry and many people have to travel great distances to get water from large streams. The fields in the greater part of the province are literally baked. Many people have died through want of water.

Recent widespread failures in the tea trade in China have had a curious effect on ruined merchants. During the first week in October five of these bankrupt took refuge in the Kuchan monastery with the intention of remaining there for life in preference to returning to meet their creditors. 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? I had a most beautiful sermon on 'training children.'" "No, I was at home doing it," was the reply.

Advertisement for J. F. Whelan & Co., 761 Craig Street.