The Herald.

VOL. II. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1878. NO. 50.

THE HERALD
Is Published
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
From the Office of Kane & Co.,
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A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

The surging sea of human life forever onward rolls,
And bears to the eternal shore its daily freight of souls,
Though bravely sails our bark to-day, pale death sits at the prow,
And few shall know we ever lived a hundred years from now.

Oh, mighty human brotherhood! why fiercely war and strive,
While God's great world has ample space for everything alive?
Broad fields, uncultured and unclaimed, are waiting for the plow
Of progress that shall make them bloom a hundred years from now.

Why should we try so earnestly in life's short, narrow span,
On golden stairs to climb so high above our brother man?
Why blindly at unearthly shrine in slavish homage bow?
Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred years from now.

Why prize so much the world's app'ause? Why dread so much its blame?
A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame;
The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that dyes with shame the brow,
Will be as long forgotten dreams, a hundred years from now.

Oh, patient heart, that meekly bear your load of wrong!
Oh, earnest hearts, that bravely dare, and, striving, grow more strong,
Press on till perfect peace is one, you'll never dream of how,
You struggled o'er life's thorny road a hundred years from now.

Grand, lofty souls, who life and toil that freedom, right and truth,
Alone may rule the universe, for you is endless youth,
When 'mid the blest, with God you rest, the grateful land shall bow,
Above your clay in rev'rent love a hundred years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall. Time! like breakers on the shore,
They rush upon thy rocks of doom, go down, and are no more;
The starry wilderness of worlds that gem nightly ra-diept brow,
Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred years from now.

Our Father, to whose sleepless eyes the past and future stand,
An open page, like babes we cling to thy protecting hand,
Change, sorrow, death are naught to us if we may safely bow
Beneath the shadow of thy throne a hundred years from now.

IRISH TRAITS.

OLD JUDY—A TURF TICKET—THE WIDOW'S SON.

We read of

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

But in our dealing with the Irish poor we find tongues and books and sermons as eloquent and instructive as are to be met in any inanimate objects. 'God is good!' is the saying on their lips in every emergency; and their patience and implicit trust in Providence in all their difficulties are wonderful.

A striking example of this firm faith was an old woman well remembered in the parish, where she had come as a stranger and lived for many years without any fixed home or apparent means of subsistence. Old Judy had contrived to secure the good will and respect of all, rich and poor. There was a decency of manner and appearance about her that spoke of better days; she was scrupulously clean in her person; and her clothes, though ever so worn and threadbare, were patched and made the best of. The neighbors gave her "place of her bed," sometimes in one cabin sometimes in another; and her little figure trotting along with a stick in her hand, came to be a familiar and well-known object. The magnates of the place patronized her; and whenever blankets were given out or there was a distribution of food or clothing, old Judy's name was sure to be down on some ones list. Every stray shilling or sixpence bestowed on her was forwith invested in ginger-bread and sugar sticks. An occasional gift of a basket of apples was a welcome addition to her store; and with this stock in trade she took up her stand at the school-house gate and beguiled the scholars of their halfpence by her tempting array of good things.

When not thus employed, Judy's usual seat was a long stone bench at the gable-end of the thatched cottage by the road-side. Here she used to sit basking in the sunshine, her trembling hands resting on a staff—a picture for an artist: with the wrinkled fresh-colored face like a frost-bitten apple peeping out from the frill of her clean white cap, over which was tied the scarlet kerchief that forms so picturesque a feature of Irish headgear; her tidy little grey cloak, turned-up stuff gown, blue petticoat; well blacked brogues, and grey stockings. And as she sat on her favourite bench, and generally two or three children playing about her, her figure harmonized well with the lovely view around.

As fair and pleasant a view it was as could be seen anywhere, and one on which no eye could rest without delight. To the left, Kilkeedy church with its ivy-mantled tower, the tall spire rising from a clustering mass of glossy verdure; and beyond., the trees and sunny fields of the Rectory, to which a Gothic gateway led through a cloistered walk of overreaching evergreens, holly and yew, laurel and arbutus. On the right, crowning the green upland, surrounded by a belt of trees with background of purple mountain, Carrig o, Gunniel Castle, that beautiful old ruin, cynosure of Clare and Limerick, that looks down so proudly over the broad Shannon. Across the road opposite the cottage was a large field—

The richest land in all the land—

bordered on one side by a hawthorn hedge, and on the other by a row of lofty elms; a broad expanse of verdure, with its single fine tree in the center, a noble beech, underneath whose spreading branches the cattle loved to gather for shade from the sun or shelter from the breeze. Nowhere did the grass seem to grow so luxuriantly or wear so bright and rich a green. And in summer when the sun was setting and the crimson glory of its rays were flung across this pleasant field, brightening with mellow light the cheerful landscape, and touching with silvery sheen the wind-ngs of the far-off river Maigue—fair indeed was the scene. Pleasant then was the mossy walk along the hedge, or the path beneath the trees. The glowing sunshine the gorgeous western sky, the quiet church, the clover-scented velvet turf, all seemed and beautiful!

Alas for the changes brought by the revolving years! The old familiar church is gone. Ruthless hands have cut down the lordly beech; and the eyes that gloried in the sylvan beauties of the place, the master mind that planned and tended all with loving care, are closed for ever.

There were times when Judy, like many others whose means of subsistence were less precarious, was very low in the world; and then she might be seen of a Sunday seated outside the door of the chapel when the country people were going to mass, with a white plate on her knees to receive the half-pence of the charitable. This was generally an extreme measure, and one which, being rather ashamed of, she felt needed an apology.

"An' what can I do, avourneen! Sure if the good Christians don't give it to me, I must die entirely, An' look ot my old cloak, honey, with the daylight coming through it in spite of me; an' 'tis flying 'twilll be before winter, in rags and tatters. I don't know what I'll do: but God is good."

"Well, Judy, we must get up a subscription to buy you another. It would be a pity to see you 'dying.'"

And accordingly a petition was drawn up and some names entered; and away started Judy to "gather little or much among the quality." And a proud little woman she was when in due time she came trotting home with a smart grey cloak she had bought at Limerick with the fruits of her collection, "for less than half-price, and it better than new. An' now wouldn't she be warm night an' day; with the fine blanket already, an' the elegant cloak for-by."

Judy's comforts were soon needed, for her health failed, and she was unable to do anything to help herself, or to sit in open air selling apples and lillipops. This was a great loss to her; for "sure said," the poor old woman, "the pence I got from the scholars were what I put my dependence in to buy the bit of soap an' a sod of turf, and maybe a grain of snuff of an odd time. It is enough for me to be trusting to the neighbors an' the gentle-folks for lodging an clothes, an' for the potatoes an' the cup of tay, without going to trouble them for small little things of that sort. But God is good, acushla God is good.

Her trust in the divine goodness was justified. One of her patrons put her on his list of weekly pensioners, and placed her as a permanent inmate of the thatched cottage outside of which was her favourite bench. There at times she would sit attended as before by her escort of young urchins: for Judy was most popular among the juvenile population. And when she grew quite feeble and unable to go about, there was not a boy or girl in the parish who was not at all times ready and willing to run with her tin can for broth or to fetch sirrup for her hacking cough, or perform any little service she required.

When at last the stone bench was unoccupied, and poor Judy's vacant place knew her no more, her constant exclamation "God is good!" seemed to have brought a blessing with it. Like the fowls of the air and the lillies of the field, she had neither storehouse nor barn, could neither toil nor spin, and yet her Heavenly Father had not allowed her simple wants to go unheeded.

This Irish trait also manifested itself strongly in a bright cheerful-looking woman, who appeared among a host of applicants at the door of an office where turf-tickets were being distributed.

"Here's your ticket, good woman," said the clerk. "You'll have to pay one-and-sixpence for it, and they will give you three shillings worth of turf at the turf-yard."

"Och, then, sir, I may as well leave it with you so," replied the woman. "Where would I get one-an'-sixpence? The never a farthin' in the world-wide have I to pay for turf: an' how would I, with six children to provide for, an' no father over them since Christmas last?"

"Here's a sixpence for you," said a bystander. "But how are you to make up the rest of the money?"

"God will give it to me never fear!" said the woman, as thanking the donor profusely, she walked briskly off with a beaming face.

The next morning she made her appearance again at the office.

"I'm come for the turf ticket, sir!" she cried; "an' here's the price of it," holding up in great glee her one-and-sixpence. "Didn't I tell you God would give it to me? So He did; glory be His holy name! He never disappointed me yet."

A neighbor inquirired how it had come about, drew forth her little story.

"Why, you see," she said "when I left this yesterday, I hadn't a sod of fire to boil the handful of potatoes the neighbours' long ate to them—gave me for the children's suppers. So I went to the copse behind the village to try would I pick up any sticks or brambles that would serve me till such time as 'twas pleasing to the Lord to send me the price of the turf. Well sir, I had gathered a small bundle when I looked up and saw a gentleman on horseback coming across the field over forenent me. There was a gate at the end of the field, an' he stopped when he came to it an' tried to open it. The horse was very contrary, an' wouldn't stand for him all he could do, an' the gate was stiff moreover; so when I see that, I threw down the sticks an' ran to open it. 'Twas lucky I did, for the horse by this time was gettin' quite cross entirely.

'Where do you live my good woman sez the gentleman, riding slow, an' I keepin' up with him.

"Dont you see my little cabin, sir?' sez I; 'that's it by the roadside yonder.'

"'Is it that hut covered with the potato-stalks?' sez he, turning round on his saddle; 'without window or chimley in it an' the smoke coming out through the top? Why, woman alive, that isn't fit for a pig let alone a christian to live in!'

"'A pig is it sir? Why then, I wish I could show your honor the six beautiful children, God bless 'em! that I'm rearing in that cabin; every whole one of them with skins as white as snow, an' as fat as if three cows were milking morning an' night for them. I buried their father, rest his soul! the time of the cholera; an I must strive now and for them with the help of God till they're big. Here's the road now sir. and there isn't another gate so good morrow kindly;' for I was afeard o' my life some one would make away with my little bundle of sticks; an' I set off runnin' back again towards the wood. The gentleman called out after me to ax what I was in such a hurry for.

"'Stop a minute,' sez he; 'an' here's something to help the six children.'

"With that he pulled out his purse an' threw a shilling down to me. The moment I saw it I knew it was God sent it for the turf. I put it along with my six-pence, an' I'm come now for the ticket. We'll all be fine an' warm this many a day with such a sight of firing."

Another instance of the like simple piety in the case of a poor widow's son, taken down in her own words after the young man's death.

"I know," she said, "that 'tis a sin and a shame to misdoubt Him; but my poor Tom never did, for he said He was the true friend that would give him all he'd ask for. One day, just a week before he went to the hospital, he was sitting forenent the fire; and very weak and bad he was the same time, and the sleep hadn't closed his eyes for two nights. And 'O mother, asthore (dearest), sez he, 'I'm destroyed with the thirst that's burning me up like a fire; and what will I do at all?' Well, I had nothing to give my poor child but the cold water, and that was not fit for him; and it was breaking my heart looking at him perishing for want of a drink, and his two cheeks like red coals with the fever that scorched him. I didn't answer him a word, for what could I say? and he got up from his chair and began walking to and fro in the cabin quite restless in his mind. Presently he went back to his place; and when I looked over at him, there he was sitting as patient as a lamb, and looking down at the fire contented and quiet.

"'Tis a poor case, Tom,' sez I, 'that your mother must see you in want of a drink, and not have a sup to give you to wet your lips, agra.'

"'Oh, I'm easy now, mother,' sez he, and a smile like an angel's came over his face, for all 'twas so thin and flushed; 'I'm easy now, for I've asked God to send me the drink, and I know He will soon.'

"The word was hardly apast his lips when, as I was standing at the door, who should I see coming down the hill towards the cabin but the ladies from the great house! and 'O Tom,' I cried 'here's the darlin' ladies comin to see you, and maybe they'll ask you are you thirsty, and will send you a dhrop.' Well, they come in, and sure enough spoke very tender to him; and inquired how he was, and about the pains, and if he slept well at night, and whether he'd finished the book they'd lent him, and they'd send him another when that was done. But not a word all this time about the thirst? not one, though we were watchin' an' watchin' in hopes they'd say something consarning it. The por boy was shy of speaking about it; and so was myself—timorous for fear we'd be too troublesome.

"At last they turned to go away, and wished us a good-evening. The heart within me followed after them as they went out of the door, for the longing I had to ax for a drain of something I'd give my poor son. I hadn't the courage still to speak; so I wint after the ladies, hoping it might yet come across their minds, and walked up the hill along with them a good piece of the road. It was a beautiful evenin'. The sun was setting behind the Shannon river; and I went as far as the old hawthorn tree themselves talking to me all the way till we parted.

"It was with a sore heart I faced my poor boy again without any good news for him. 'Never fear, mother, sez he; 'God is good! I'll never let go my Him.' He didn't speak a work after that, for indeed he wasn't able, his mouth being parched with the drouth. I didn't like to be looking at him sitting there so patient and still, so I purtended to be dusting the dresser; and just then who should darken the door but two ladies'! I thought the heart would jump out of me when I heard them tell Tom about a big jar of cooling drink they had come back to ax him would he like any, and that I was to go up for it!

"The minute they were gone, my poor Tom went down on his two knees and gave up his thanks to the almighty God. 'For, mother dear,' sez he, 'it was He sent the ladies back. Didn't I tell you when I asked Him for it He'd surely give me the drink?'

VARIOUS MATTERS.

Girt a tree around with bands of steel and it will die. Lace a woman in a corset and she will outlive all the doctors who warn her against it.

Dry these tears, freely flowing—
List trumpet and drumming!
Hi-Doh-ding-ong!
The champions are coming.
(Punch.

Nothing fills the soul of the bashful young man so full of agony, as to be in a room full of nice girls, and suddenly to remember that he had forgotten to part his back hair.

And what shall we say, fellow-citizens, of the woman who kicks her husband out of bed? To turn to another branch of the subject, what shall we remark of the man who permits her to do it?

There are three things that no man can keep—a point on a pencil, the point of a joke, and an appointment with the dentist. There are three things which all men borrow—postage-stamps, cigarettes and car-tickets. There are three things no woman can do—cross before a horse, hurry for a horse-car and understand the difference between ten minutes and half an hour.

The time will come when you won't have to leave the theatre between acts to go out and "see a man." Edison is experimenting on waves of light sent through the telephone, and says that "Before a year I will make you see a man a thousand miles away."

A man met a Burlington boy walking toward town on the Agency road, eating an apple. "How many apples have you?" asked the man. The boy replied: "One half as many apples as I have eaten, added to twice as many as I am going to eat, plus five that a bigger boy took away from me."

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divided by two-thirds of the number I dropped in the orchard when I saw the dog, plus six which I ate on the orchard fence before the man saw me, will equal one-fifth of all that I tried to get." How many apples did he have?

The following from the Guelph Herald is perhaps the most atrocious pun ever penned: "Our Governors are always getting things named after them. It must be more than a coincidence, in view of the fact that the Marquis is to govern us, that these hand stamps to mark shirts with are now called markers of Lorn."

A little girl, when her father's table was honored with a reverend guest, began talking very earnestly to the first pause of the conversation. Her mother checked her very sharply, saying: "Ann, why is it that you talk so much?" "'Cause I've dot somepin to say," was the innocent reply.

To make a marriage, three things are required:—First, that the parties shall marry; secondly, that they *can*; and thirdly, that they *do*; though to us it seems that if they *do*, it matters little whether they *will*, and that if they *will*, it is little consequence who then they *can*; for if they *do* they *do*; and if they *will*, they *must*; because where there is a *will* there is a *way*, and therefore they *can* if they *choose*; and if they *don't*, it is because they *won't*, which brings us to the conclusion, that if they *do*, it is absurd to speculate whether they *will* or *can* marry.

"The Summer has departed, love,
The leaf is in the sere,
The cup of sweet regrets, love,
Is brimmed with many a tear.
The forest trees are clothed, love,
In garniture anew,
"And I'll go, too," she interposed.
"That's what you ought to do."

The Church and Society.

The Catholic Church is the divine guardian of the poor and the unfortunate. There are none so low in the social scale that she does not invite them to come and be refreshed with the waters of eternal life, there is no sinner so fallen that she is not ready to extend to him the supernatural aids of the sacraments to a better life, there is no wanderer from the "one sheepfold" on whom she does not call to return to pure and healthful pastures. She has all the devotion of a mother's love raised to the supernatural by the divinity of her mission. But perhaps to no class of unfortunate sinners is she more kind than to those unfortunate women who are the victims of want, unrestrained passion or misplaced confidence. Her "Sisters of the Good Shepherd," following as near as poor human nature may in the steps of their Divine Model, devote their entire lives to the conversion and care of their fallen sisters.

How different and unchristian the attitude of society! A little child strays from her home inclosure, and the whole community is on the alert to find the wanderer and restore it to its mother's arms. What rejoicings when it is found, what tearful sympathy, what heartiness of congratulations! There are no harsh comments upon tired feet, be they ever so miry; no reprimand for the soiled and torn garments; no lack of kisses for the tear-stained face. But let the child be grown into womanhood, let her be led from it by the scourge of want, what happens? Do Christian men and women go in quest of her? Do they provide all possible help for her return, or if she return of her own motion, do they receive her with such kindness and delicacy as to secure her against wandering?

Far from it. At the first she is denounced as lost. Lost! echo friends and relatives: we disown you; don't ever come to disgrace us. Lost! says society, indifferently. How bad these girls are! And lost—irretrievably lost—is the prompt verdict of conventional morality, while one and all unite in bolting every door between her and respectability. But there is one door not bolted against her, and there is one ear that eagerly drinks in her words of sorrow and repentance. The Catholic Church has her institutions to shelter the friendless and the outcast, and the good nuns in charge listen with joy to contrition of the "lost one," and dry the tears of the repentant and sorrow-stricken.—*Catholic Herald.*

FASHION NOTES.

MODESTY.—It is belief always to err on the side of reserve and modesty than on that part of display. A lady at an informal gathering, where the majority of the ladies present wear high black dresses, feels herself most uncomfortably out of place in a full evening dress, light in color, and made expressly to display a profusion of ornament.

SLEEVE BUTTONS.—The linked sleeve buttons are the most fashionable, and are shown in great variety. Jets of gold, in white enamel, including studs and sleeve buttons, are considered the newest and most elegant style for full dress. Very handsome stones, set in plain gold, for rings and sleeve buttons, are the Intaglio, with head cut in the most artistic manner, copies of antiques or historical subjects.

TRAINS.—Trains are not half so long a last year, and the square train divides favor with a more natural and graceful rounding of the depth of the back. The sleeves reach but very little below the elbow, and lace sleeves, or sleeves which combine lace with silk or satin, in lengthwise bands, are as high in favor as ever. The *chaussure* is now of the greatest importance in completing the *ensemble* of an evening toilet. The hosiery and shoes must show some correspondence with the toilet.

GENTLEMEN'S COLLARS.—Standing collars take the lead in point of fashion, but in this matter gentlemen should consult their own style. A person with a short neck and high shoulders looks awkward with his head sunk sunk into a standing collar, and for such pretty shapes in "turn downs" are shown. Tall gentlemen, with long necks, should always wear the standing collars.

NEW GLOVES.—In the matter of gloves, novelties in dark shades for street wear are light shades for evening are found in the Harris' seamless and Victoria gloves. Heavy embroidered shadings, same shade as kid, are still popular; and al hough [illegible] shown in one button the two button considered the most elegant. [illegible] side buttoned glove is [illegible] evening and [illegible] ing of this [illegible] usual in kid [illegible] seam on the [illegible] thus secured [illegible] shows to [illegible] ing [illegible]