A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

2

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER VIII.

FROM THE COURT OF THE SUN KING.

I trow the lordly Sir Phipps swore at the report the officer carried him. Still, he had clearly no back to him. Still, he had clearly no mind to match his wit against that of our caustic Governor, in a wrangle over so trifling a matter as the guardianover so trifling a matter as the guardiant ship of a sausy demoiselle who, despite her pretty airs and graces, had but anon passed the age of pinafores. With as proud a showing as might be,

therefore, in view of his recont asters, he sailed away to the south. dis days later, so close upon the departure of the British that but for the fogs at set they must have met, the King's ship, known to be on its way from France, was sighted down the river. From the ramparts and the Esplanade,

all Quebec watched her with rejoicing as she came up the broad expanse of as she came up the broad capacity the land were Therese and myself, since we had reason to hope that our Sieur would be one of the Embuscade's half score of passengers-at this season she was not like to bring more.

Happily, we were not disappointed, was come on the ship ; and never did he appear to me more distinguished than as he stepped again upon the soil

of New France. He was habited in a coat of azure broidered with gold and full plaited around the waist, with crimson epaul ettes and the sleeves turned up with with ettes and the steeves turked up with crimson; also, red small clothes and silk stockings, low-cut shoes of the finest leather, and a gold sword belt, this being the appared he had worn mean the acardian of his memoriation to upon the occasion of his presentation to the Grand Monarque. And verily there seemed to linger about him something of the atmosphere of grandeur and re that surrounds the Court finement the Sun King. But although he ap peared even handsomer and was more richly clothed than of old, the heart of But although he ap Cadillac was not changed, as I noted with thankfulness.

The ship had anchored in mid-stream, and the passengers were sent ashore in a boat.

Among the throng waiting to gr them, I saw the gaze of Do la Mothe search eagerly for the face of Therese and when he set foot upon the ground once more and she pressed for way welcome him with their child in her arms, he clasped her to his breast and kissed her with a respectful affection that was good to see. Then, bending his head, he touched the soft cheek o baby Madeleine with his bearded lips, whereat the little creature laughed, and clapped her chubby hands, though in truth she remembered her father, albeit that was impossible, she being only a young infant when he weat

away. "I must first to Comte Frontenac and each finds the other true. "Monsieur the Comte de Frontenac Normand, good friend," said my brother, clasping my hand. "Take my wife home, and then, if you will, follow me to the Chatean " to the Chateau.

I set out to do his bidding and con vey to the house madame with the little Madeleine, and Barbe, who accompanied them, yet I was vexed by the fear that ere I could reach the Castle, he would have entered, and I must per force remain cooling my heels in the courtyard, against his coming out.

harded to him the packet. ⁴¹ Anything selse ?'' demanded the Comte, as he broke the seal of the doc-Batscarce were we clear of the crowd when we encountered Robert deReaume. who forthwith constituted himself the uments. cavalier of our dainty demoiselle.

If he thought to annoy me by so doing, however, I quickly repaid him, resigned to him the care of both ladies, and turned back to Cadillac, who was still trying to make his way through the throng, supported by a posse of honor from the Governor's guard, which had been sent down to the ship to meet the

that his friends in France still hold Sieur saluted him with a half-proud yet ceremonious respect of manner, and a courtliness that could only have been learned at St. Germain or Versailles, I watched with an absorbed interest the Thereupon Cadillac withdrew, to re him in reme

two men, now met for the first time.

tesse, and he was given the govern ment of New France to deliver him

om her, and also to afford him some

means of living. However that may have been, despite

the many manifestations of his pride and intolerance to which we in Que bec were continually treated, his end.

La Mothe was at this time about hirty years old. Although his sojourn

is address, it had not deprived him of

the Gascon impetaosity of speech and action which had first attracted me to

Did Conte Frontenac with his knowl-

dge of men discern in the young caval-er a kindred spirit ; did he recognize

a our Sieur Cadillac as fierce a tem

per, as bold and restless an ambition,

At least I think his scrutiny prepos-

tempered blades of Toledo steel meet

is keen a sarcasm as his own ?

used him in favor of my

the Council.

returned La Mothe.

overnor a

led: '

being afforded an opportunit

Comte Frontenac smiled, well pleased

at this tribute to his digaity from one

jast out from the mother country. "Also," continued De la Mothe, "

beg to inform your Excellency that my

Hermitage, whereof I pray your accept ance. I will give orders to have i sent up from the ship without delay.

" Thanks, thanks, chevalier. Then,

monsieur,"

the polish of

Sieur now presented himself.

France had added to

im.

beset his fiery soul.

traders,

turn later. The letter from the King's Minister whereof he showed me a copy, was not merely a command of a strange cav. Tte most illustrious, Louis de Baude, alier, from one noble friend to another, was at this period full seventy years of age. Time had crowned his handsome head with a chaplet of silver, and his face was seamed with the record of the

toils, and passions, and cares that had

beset his flery soul. What a marvellous yet checkered career his had been, I reflected, as having made my bow to him as the representative of the Kirg, I stood back against the wall, while La Mothe went forward. And as I looked, I wondered how His Excellency, a man of courts and camps, had been willing to with-draw from the brilliant society of S². Germain and Versailles, to forego the Vicercy of New France. "The Sieur de la Mothe Cadillac, a gentleman of Acadia, having been ordered to embark for the service of the King on the Enbuscade, which vessel brought him to France. His Majesty being informed that during his absence his habitation has bee ruined, hopes that Monsieur le Comt Germain and Versailles, to forego the Hi

de Frontenac, Governor of His de Frontenac, Governor of His Majesty's Provinces of New France, will find it convenient to give the Germain and versatiles, to forego the prospect of adding to the glory of his military reputation upon European battle fields, that he might rule over these distant lands of the Sun King. will find it convenient to give the Chevalier Cadillac such employment as he may find proper for his services, and that he will assist him as he can." and live among plain merchants and traders, wild bush rangers or coureur de bois, with savage Indians for foes.

Such was the beginning of the friend ship and patronage which Comte Fron tenas ever showed my brother De la A soldier at the age of fifteen, he had been a marechal de camp, or brig adjer general, at twenty-six; an auda-Mothe. Cadillae was appointed lieu-tenant and then captain of the troops duer general, at twenty ix; an auda-clous and notable figure at Court. Moreover, it was said that in his prime he had been ruined by his own extrava gances and those of his wife, Anne de of the Colony. Later, he was made a Knight of the Order of St. Luis Easign of the Navy, and in requittal gances and those of his mor had it, in Grange, Trianon. Rumor had it, too, that, proud and choleric as he was for his services received a donation from the public treasury. The keen repartee and ready speech of disposition, he proved powerless to curb the temper of his beautiful Com-

of mon chevalier were like a piquant sauce to the brilliant dinners which the Governor gave at the Chateau; but alack, he made the quarrels of his patron his own, and his pen, too often dipped in gall, sent back to the Old World sketches of Comte Frontenae's opponents which even I recognized as such too highly colored, not to say

ess quarrels with the clergy, with Dhanpigny, the Intendant Callieres of I will but mention the desperation straits of the Colony during the next year; also the plans for the descent Montreal--in fact, with every one who lared oppose him-he was the greatest governor New France has known in my pon the southern provinces in regard ay, or ever will know, to my thinking. to which my brother was again a moned to France. Again the project came to naught, but, at De la Motne's recommendation, a fleet of small vessels Such was the man before whom our Turning from his letter-writing, Monsieur de Frontenae suffered his recommendation, a neet of small vessels was built, to repel any contemplated invasion of the St. Lawrence. In the mean time our undaunted Governor had broken the English and eyes to rest upon the King's messenger with a stern and searching gaze. La Mothe was at this time about

Indian blockade of the Outawa which for three years had prevented the bringing down from Michilimackinac the great accumulation of beaver skins, the delay whereof almost bankrupted New France and brought her people to famine.

It was my good fortune to go up with the Governor's company to Montreal to witness the success of this enterprise. it was a spectacle to gladien art. We found the town swarm Truly the heart. ing with Indians, voyageurs and cour-Twas like the flash when two finely

ers de bois. Two hundred canoes had arrived laden with the precious pelts, and the citizens, wild with joy at sight of the wealth for which they had waited so long, again hailed Monsieur de Fron-Chief and President of the Provinces of tenac as the Father of the People, the ' began Cadillac, bowing New France," began Cadillac, bowing low and giving to the Governor the

Preserver of the Country. The winter that followed was a sea title he ever so strenuously claimed in on of unusual gayety, especially among "You are the bearer of despatches from his Mujesty?" demanded Fronthe young officers and seigneurs whom Monsieur de Frontenac, despite his seventy four years, delighted to gather tenac, tersely. "Yes, your Excellency;" and with formal salutation Cadillac

about him. In this circle, as brother in-law of Cadillac, I was admitted. All went merrily until the Governor set us to

We played two pieces with flattering enconfigement. Then a disagreement arose between the Comte and Mon seigneur de St. Vallier aneat a certain "Nothing, your Excellency, save a ester from Monsieur the Comte de Pontchar rain, commending me to you," which rumor falsely said His ellency intended to have performed You are fortunate in bringing back to Canada such strong credentials, and thus did our interval of peace end

said Frontenac, graciously; in discord. My sister Therese had not liked and as Cadillac presented the letter, over much these diversions, from the beginning. Therefore she advanced no Very good monsieur. I will ask you to wait in objection when one day, after La Mothe and I had come from the Castle, he the salon for a few minutes, while I peruse these despatches and look over the missive of my friend the illustrious asked abruptly-"Therese, what think you? Comte onte Pontchartrain ; after which Frontenac has offered me the command of the Upper Indian Nations at Michilishall be happy to receive from you any shall be happy to receive from you any information you have acquired abroad that may in your judgment be of ser-vice to New France. Or, go home, but come back and dine with me this evennackinac. Eh bien, mon ami, when are we to set out?" she replied, starting to her feet as though on the instant ready for the ing. You may perhaps have forgotten the flavor of our bear's meat and ven journey, arduous as it was sure to be. "My dear Therese," said her hus-hand with a kiss, for notwithstanding ison. Moreover, I have no other guests bidden for to night, and we can his occasional outbursts of temper, his perefore discuss your news great and his occasional outbursts of temper, mis sometime moroseness, he was a lover still—" My dear Therese, that distant post is a wild and dreary place. Neither bread nor meat is eaten there, mall over the viands such as they are, and the best cau de vie that Canada affords. I regret that I cannot offer you the fine wines to which, no doubt, you have been accustomed in the pal-aces of the great," he concluded bitand no food is to be had save a wretched kind of fish and the coarse Indian corn. Even the latter is worth fifty franc

Therese caught up the baby Antoine all rosy with sleep and sweet as a bud ding flower, pressed fond, inpulsive kisses upon his soft neck and round beek and recently with a burg that kisses upon his soit neek and round cheek, and presently, with a laugh that was half a sob, thrust him into his proud father's arms. Cadillae laughed too and caressed

the child, who forthwith thrust out its little hands and grasped the mustache of the bold captain. Ma foi! my young combatant, if such is thy manner of warfare thou wouldst vanquish me in a trice," exclaimed La Mothe, giving him back to his mother. "Yes, yes, I see it is my duty to re-main behind," said Therese sorrow. of the hold captain.

fally. "How I wish you could accompany

me, sweet one !" rejoined her husband. "The wilderness would not be dreary with you to brighten it; but 't is in-deed no place for a women. Basides I with you to brighten it; but t is in-deed no place for a woman. Besides, I shall need you here to look after my affairs, since in this expedition I have promised to take Normand with me—is it not so, brother ?"

If Normand goes, I am half content for I know he will care for your com-fort," interposed Therese, generously; that time, finding that she and from that time, finding that she could thus best serve the interests of the husband whom she so dearly loved, she made no further objection to stay-

ing at Quebec. TO BE CONTINUED.

A FATHER'S HEART.

Conal Brogan had been a kind father to Mickey ever, and a loving one. In the endeavor to give "Poor Mickey, poor boy," the benefit of a schooling with Master MacDonaugh of Arditol, Conal did both his own share of work on the little form and also the grant the little farm, and also the greater part of the share that should fall to wee Mickey. "The larnin," he said, "'Il never be a burden to Mickey-it's aisy carried. I haven't much to give the poor boy (thanks be to God for His marcies) but I can sthrive to let him have cies) but I can starive to let min have the bit of larnin', anyhow, though I niver got it myself." And accordingly except in the very throng of ware and harvest Mickey was only asked to go to the field on Saturdays and on the even And when Mickey ings of school days. And when Micke grew up and looked about him, and sa that a young man's ambitions were not likely to be satisfied in poor Ireland, he likely With God's help, father, I think said. I'll push out to Ameriky an' thry me fortune there." His father said sadly "Micky, don't lave me." But Micky, though he was touched, replied: "But, father, what is there for a poor boy in Tather, what is there for a poor boy in Ireland? What but hunger and hard-ships!" "Indeed, in troth, ye say three Miskey, mo paisdin," said his father, "but it'll put hard upon me to have ye laive me." "Arrah, father," Micky said, in a tone that affected a courare which his heart did not feel ourage which his heart did not feel, "don't talk that way. Sure if I go till Ameriky for a couple i' years, sure it isn't goin' out i' the worr! I am. Don't ian'tgoin'out I the work I an born think, father dear, that bekase I put a few miles I say atween un I'll forget ye." "No, no, no, I don't think it at all, at all! I don't dhraim iv such a all, at all! thing, Micky," his father said quickly

"No, father, but I'll be fit to do something both for yerself an meself in yon country when I can't do for either of us in this." Micky's father had to bow his head, and let his boy go in peace to push both their fortunes. "Father," Micky said in his young peace to push both their fortunes. "Father," Micky said in his young onthusiasm on the morning of his de-parture, "I'll make a man iv you before I'n long in Ameriky, an' a man is moreft." v meself.

"God bless ye, Micky a chuisle mo chroidhe ! God Almighty bliss ye, an' guard over ye." Conal Brogan cried salt tears,

And

when Micky, his joy and pride, was A lonely man now Conal Brogan toiled upon his little farm. Sadness was in his heart, but a buoyant hope which relieved the oppression. In a

mindin' his religion and himself an' mindin' his religion and himself an' a m ral (model) iv behavior.'' 'Yis, yis, that's Micky—tha's poor Micky. A very moral iv behavior, as you say. May God continue him so. What, what message did Micky sen' me?'' '' Micky sayed, 'give me poor father me love. Tell him to keep up his heart, that I'm always thinkin' iv him an' that when I've made enough money be'll find me steeppin' over the thresel he'll find me steppin' over the thresel (threshold) into him some day a gran intleman.

God Almighty bless "Och, God Almighty But forget-Micky. Sure I knew he wasn't forget-ting me. An' all along I always knew Micky. Sure I knew he was no was that he he'd come to me a jintleman-the jintleman he was cut out for. Every night does I go on me knees I put up a prayer to God for poor Micky; an' every mornin' ever I rise I'm expectin' an' prepared to see Micky, a fine jintleman step in to me. God Almighty bless ye, Micky!'

And with every boy and girl who went away from parish Conal sent the word, "Tell our Micky that I'm doin' well, an' in gran' heart for 'eario' all the fine reports entirely that comes home about him. Tell him I know he'll always continue the moral iv behavior he now is. Tell him I'm always watin An' ax him-ax him, may be for him. some time he'd have a spare minute an' not too thorny, ax him if he could

dhrop his father just wan line iv a letter-wan line; an' tell him, God bliss him. But Brooklyn could not support

Micky forever in his thoughtless career. He went from bad to worse, till at length he was only too glad to avail himself of the offer of friends to sub scribe and send him home to Irelandfriends who for kinship sake had come to be thoroughly ashamed of him and friends who had a regard for him be cause of his father. So over the water he was sent, his friends breathing a hearty Thank God! when his ship steaned away from the New York docks When under cover of night, Micky walked thas far down from th having having walked thas har down how the port of Derry, entered his own parish, he sat down under the Lazy Bush at the Poolbeg Cross, just one mile from his father's house. It was seven years he have been the Lazy Bush past since last he saw the Lazy Bush, he reflected-seven years past since, he, high-hearted with hope, and happy with his father's parting blessing, had bripped by this bush. He remembered how full of dreams his heart was that The picture of his innocent morning. self, bright and buoyant, stepping out briskly with head high in air that and a band of comrades conveying him on his way stood out before his eyes now with a sudden distinctness. And he remembered well saying to his conne remembered wen saying to his con-voy as they trotted cheerily on: "Bys, the day Micky Brogan comes back a Yankee will be a big day for Inver. It's me 'ill make the money spin, or I'll give yes wan gay night arkiew " anyhow.

And remembering this he put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out both the contents and the pocket itself. There was a two shilling piece, a six penny, and four pennies.

" An ' the clothes on me back, " he said then, "but pitiful wans enough for a comehome Yankee ! " which was de blorably true. For the first time since he had set out the resolve to go to his tome and his father weakened, and he wavered for several minutes, and he relieved himself of och ! sigh, "I'll go in God's name. If I hadn't a penny in me pocket or a stitch on me back I'd meet a welcome from me father, " he said with grim resolve.

When he came to his father's door his weaker self told him to linger and his weaker self told him to higher and to look in at the window; but his grimer self said, Micky, if you linger you're lost. He boldly lifted the latch and strode into the room. His father with now a tinge of gray in his hair which had not been there in Micky's time, was sitting on a low stool smoking, and so intently gazing into the blaze on the hearth that Micky's comJANUARY 20, 1906.

one foot to another. but Conal stood m and the door.

" Poor Micky's doin' better than ever a boy want out iv the parish afore or since-every wan comes home tells me that. But he couldn't other vise nor that. But he couldn't other vise nor well, for he was the fon' son iv his father. Micky goin' away sayed he'd niver forget me, an' he niver did. An' I'm waitin' every day ever I rise, wait-in' to see Micky a jintheman from the the crown iv his head to the soul iv his foot, come stheidin' in iv that door his foot, come sthridin' in iv that doore with his two hands out to the father he niver forgot. An' afther that, anytime God choose to call Conal Brogan he'll die a happy man. God Almighty bliss

poor Micky In a thisk voice and tremulous, Micky Brogan said, "Good night! Thanky!" and went hurriedly out into the darkness.

One night some years after a handsome fellow, elegantly dressed, sat down be-side the Lazy Bush at the Poolbeg Cross, and was lost in thought some time. He drew out a little bag which opened on a running string, and looked at the little treasure of gold pieces that it held—and smiled. H_{2} put the bag into his pocket again, an i getting to his feet pushed forward. He lifted the latch on Conal Brogan's door and strode in. There was a man dreaming by the fireside. The stranger said thickly "Father," and the old man bounded to his feet with a cry that almost seemed one of pain. Tae stranger had his arms extended. "Father," he said. "Father," Micky

has come home to you." And when his father's gray head lay n his shoulder he said, "Father I said I wouldn't forget !" "God's grace be on ye, Micky, no praisdin! Sure for wan short minute in all these twelve years I niver doubted-I niver doubted -Family Friend.

PASTORAL LETTER AND MANDE-MENT.

Of Mgr. Paul Bruchesl, Archbishop of Montreal, Infugurating a Crusade Against Intemperance.

PATL BRUCHESI, BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE, ARCH-BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

To the secular and regular clergy, to the religious communities and to all the faithful of our diocese, greeting, peace and blessing in Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Dearly Beloved Brethren:

For a long time the problem of alcoholism has been deservedly prooccupying the minds of moralists, economists and

gislators. Nevertheless every year, in the different countries of the world, appalling statistics show the progress of that terrible plague, and the necessity of nore and more energetic resista against its invasion. As we have already often stated in

pastoral visits, it is time theoretiour pastoral visits, it is that into the theorem cal statements and unfruitful lamenta-tions should be left aside. The moment has come for all to enter the path of practical realizations.

ll initiatives must group together and form a holy league; private initia-tives and public initiatives, civil, political and religious initiatives for, with out any intention to establish a com-parison between the Province of Queparison bec and the other provinces of Canada, Confederation between the Canadian and the other States of America, or of Europe, it is an undeniable fact that we are suffering from the evil of alcohol-ism. That malady has already attacked our vital sources, and it threatened to deeply vitlate them. The ravages deeply . which it makes among our people are more baleful and greater than the so

more baletul and greater than the so dreaded ravages of phthisis, of which it is, anyhow, the sinister purveyor. And we beg you to remark, dearly beloved brethren, that we do not solely refer to the vice of drunkenness carried to its extreme excesses, to that drunkenness which deprives his reason and sometimes throws him on the pavement like a brute. Oh! that kind of intemperance has a special ugliand or intemperance has a special ught-ness of its own, it is so vulgar of its nature that the great majority keep away from it with disgust. It carries in its proximate and immediate con-sequences such shameful blemish, that it is held in abhormance. It may ha is held in abhorrence. It may be said that it constitutes, even here ba-low and without delay, its own punishsign ity. the besi fess ves stal ver litt enc you sma for ma

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bearer of the despatches, wheever the King's messeager aight be. Despite this formality of a guard of

honor, the good townspeople pressed close upon oar Sieur, some anxious for news from the old country and the court, others eager to tell of the siege and to ask how the ship had eluded the glish. Even one or two of the more ominent citizens walked by his side a English. ew paces to put a question indirectly be provided to put a question indirectly of political import, perhaps concerning the temper of Conte Pontshartrain and the other ministers. Bowing from right to left, and with a content of the put of the second s

courteous word to those who addressed him, he yet told them nothing, beyond, perchance, to one the answer : perchance, to one the answer: "Saw I the King, you would know? Ay, truly, I was honored with an audience by his August Majesty, and he made many inquiries regarding his colonists of Now Hencene" terly.

of New France." To another, " Pardon, my friend, it would not be becoming of me to give you news before I have waited upon Comte Frontenac and delivered to him the despatches wherewith I am com-missioned by the King's Ministers."

teemed myself more honored than I am now by your invitation ; nor more for "Ah, madame ! you would know the shions at Court? In sooth, the ladies fashions at Court? In sooth, the ladies are still wearing robes of velvet and brocade, with silken jupes; and there is, as of yore, some small show of rouge, powder and patches. As for the cut of the costume, I cannot say, but I have brought a brave one to Madame Cadillac, which I doubt not she will be ready to arbiblic to you." fashion to skotch the course of events in France to skotch the course of events in frate as they passed before my poor observa-tion-with the hope that they may be of some slight interest to so disting-nished and noble a host." ready to exhibit to you." Thus we went on, until we reached

the Chateau. After we had passed through the entrance, a soldier at the inner door would have had me wait in Lord the Comte de Pontchartrain has sent over by me to you a goodly pres-ent of Sillery and Burgundy, to which I have been so bold as to add a pipe of the antercom, but, saying cartly, "My secretary." Cadillac obtained that should witness his reception by Comte Frontenao-a thoughtfalness designed in part to gratify me, although I dare he was not unwilling I should have proof of the esteem in which he was held abroad, and the claim he had upon the good graces of the viceroy. say

"Thanks, thanks, chevalier. Then, when it is seitled, you must taste the first of it with me," answered the Gov-ernor, with genial good humor. "Ah, Sieur Cadillaz, the bouquet and flavor of the Hermitage are, I am sure, most luscious; and grateful as may be the sparkling Sillery and the rich wine of Bayerned to the malate of a while The room into which we were pres ently ushered was a smaller audience chamber, the same whither I had been conducted with Barbe on the evening when she had come to protest against Burgundy to the palate of a whilom being carried away by the English.

courtier who has not quite forgotten the art of good living, yet far more warming to his heart is the evidence Again the Governor sat at his write ing table-he was ever as ready with the pen as with the sword-and as our

Monsieur de Frontenac, your com the minot. mand is my pleasure," returned Cadil lac, well understanding the compliment and promise of favor it implied. "Far-"Ah! you will not accept the ap

'I must ; the offer is in effect a com ther, I beg to say, although it may oc-casionally of late have been my fortune to dine in high places, I have never es mand.

Then I will go too," she averred " Didst doubt it, La Mothe? Do you not know I fear no hardship with you Have I behaved or borne myself so ill in past stress that you think I am fit but or this soft life we have spent for the last year in Quebec ?"

Far from it, Therese. God knows you have ever been most brave and steadfast; many a man might envy your courage and power of endurance. Yet -- " He broke off hastily, but his glance at the cradle of birch bark ashioned like a tiny cance, that stood before the hearth, completed the sen-tence as well as words would have done. that cradle lay asleep their in

ant boy. The little Madeleine, now a sportive child of five years, might have been intrusted for a space to the charge of er aunts, my sisters, but how co this baby son, Cadillac's heir, be left behind to other than its mother's care? behind to other than its mother's care? Still less should this young life be ex-posed to the severity of the climate of Michilimackinac. Therese fell weep-ing upon her husband's breast. Her heart was rent by a fierce struggle be-tween her wifely devotion and her Maternal love. At this moment the child awoke and

cried, and mother love conquered. Springing to the little canoe

month's time came a cheery letter from Micky, who had landed safely, and was going to do great things A which his father would hear more in the next letter.

Bat, though the patient, hopeful, loving, poor father waited seven years looking for the next letter, it never

Micky had had a series of misfor tunes. He did not get work as soon as he expected, and during the period of anxious suspense could not write. He met with evil comparions, who induced him to drink and drown thought, and then he would not write. When he got a position he lost it again before he had saved money to send home, and then did not like to write. And after this varied luck continued for some time, Micky was a demoralized boy

and forgot to write. Bat though Micky forgot his father, that father let not one working hour pass in which he did not send long, long thoughts after "poor Micky. He knew not-did not for a mome suspect—what had really happened to Micky. When a boy returned to the parish from America—returned to Doorin, Ardaghie, or Glenainy or Bin-ban-from Boston, from Philadelphia, from Texas or Colorado-Conal Brogan spat upon his stick and went to visit spat upon nis stick and went to visit the returned Yankee, and from him sought for news of "poor Micky" in Brocklyn. And none of those who came from Brocklyn and knew Micky and knew how he was living-one day in a good position and well dressed, next day on the streets and in rags-not one of these had the heart to tell Conal how matters really were. "O," they all said, " Micky is a gran' fella,

they all said, "Micky is a gran was an' doin' fine." Conal's heart was always raised at hearing this, and his joy rekindled. "I'll warrant Micky's a grand fella entirely," he would say a grand relate entirely, "he would say a grand term entirely, "he would say with a question in his tone. "Indeed, an' he is a gran' fella out an' out," the Yankee would reply, "An' doin' very fine—ch?" "Very fine entirely, Conal—very fine, indeed." "I'll war-Conal—very line, indeed." "I'll war-rant ye—I'll warrant ye." Reflective-ly poking the floor with his stick. "He's mindin' himself well, an' his religion ? An' behavin' himself like ne always knew how ?"

It was often trying on the questioned one to carry on the untruths-but there was no 'way out of it. "Yes, indeed,

in did not rouse him. Micky st for a few moments in the center of the floor, and then strode up to the fire to his father's side, when suddenly his father looked up and then stood up and tather looked up and then stood up and said, "Sthranger, I beg you pardon, but I was thinkin'. Take that sait." "I'm comin' back from Ameriky;" Micky said. "From Ameriky ! Indeed an' you're welcome then, ceud failte." And he took Micky's band, and shook it hese tily. "Sit down man. Any was it heartily, "Sit down, man. Any wan from Ameriky is welcome here, for I have in that country a boy i' me own-a boy whose like ye wouldn't meet, an' thravel from here to there an' back again ; a fine boy he is entirely, an the best behaved in Ameriky ; an it's ne is the proud father for him.

me is the proud father for him. MAY-be you come across him in yer travels. He's Micky — Micky Brogan; he's fair-haired like yerself, but a dail stouter and heartier, an' he carries himself like a king's son. Would ye have met him at all in yer thravels ? ' Micky had had to lean his shoulder

against the brace, and had let his head drop. He said, "No, no."

drop. He said, "No, no." "Ah, pity ye didn't meet with poor Micky. God's blessin' be about him! But sit, man, sit. Ye're far from sthrong lookin.' Ameriky didn't agree with ye ookin.' Ameriky didn't agree with ye ooor fella, or ye overwrought yerself. You're not from this neighborhood?' "I'm not," Micky said quickly. "I'm from the lower en' iv Killaghtee. I'll

not sit. I thank ye for yer civilty. I just stepped in for a drink, for I was feelin' dhrouthy." "Poor fella, surely." His father handed him a great boul of milk. "Ye'll

not move till ye ait, too," he said. "I couldn't ait if ye paid me for it. I tuk a hearty male at Donegal. An' the throoth's left me too," he said, leaving down the bowl of milk when he had put it to his lips.

"It's sorry I am that ye didn't meet our Micky. In throth an' it's him is ever glad to see anywan ever left eh barony. An' it's him makes much iv them. Ye would a' been proud iv Micky if ye had seen him. Them that arms home that has seen Micky they'd Micky if ye had seen Min. I hent that comes home that has seen Micky they'd never tire talkin' iv hin, the grand fella entirely, an' credit to his father that he is. An' he'd' a' been sending such heartsome messages to me with you. Och, God bliss Micky!" The Yankee was moving very uneasily from

low and without delay, its own publish-ment, and its own check, especially among the higher classes of society. In a general manner, the evil to which we refer has not that hideous and brutal aspect. Its form is rather latent, its effects are generally slow to appear. But it is none the less per-nicions and no social sphere is closed nicious and no social sphere is close against it.

Properly speaking alcoholism does not consist in an act of intemperance nor even in several acts of intemperance separated one from the other by ance separated one from the other by pretty long intervals. There is evi-dently in this a more or less serious disorder, a more or less criminal fault, a disorder and a fault that may tault, a disorder and a tault that may lead to formal alcoholism, but which do not yet constitute it. Alcoholism is a condition, a morbid condition, which is acquired either by often apparted ability on by the beltmal repeated ebriety, or by the habitual repeated context, or by the habitual use of strong liquers, even if taken in small quantity each time. It is a gradual poisoning. In a word, it is chronic intemperance, with

or without ebriety. According to the data or medical

science, no poisoning is more dis-astrous. It attacks the whole organs of the human body, especially the brain, the kidneys and lungs, the heart, the liver and the stomach. It lessens the strength; it troubles, revolutionizes and paralyzes all the faculties. It calls forth any number of diseases and complicates them all in a singular manner, when it does not render them incurable. It often leads to insanity, or to suicide, and always leads more rapidly to decrepitude and

to death. You consider no doubt in your minds, beloved brethren, that this picture of beloved oretaren, that this picture of the physical ravages of intemperance is very sombre. So it is. But do not conclude that it is overdrawn or ex-aggerated. All those facts could be