BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY How, like unsightly worms, they, ceaseless Leaving a ruin of corroding slime, That which was fair and wholesom

Ah! tell us not new buds will blow in time.

These precious plants will never blossor

Now, 'tis a false report; anon a glance Sidelong, but with secret malice fraught,— We press our hearts, as tho' a poisoned lance Had pierc'd them, and a bleeding fissure wrought.

Then, 'tis a chain of trifles (as we think), Lighter than feathers blown into the air; But when rude hands have forged them, link by link, We view our iron fetters in despair. And, straightway, 'twixt our own and some A nameless, viewless barrier is set:
And lives, long-mingled, flow, thence

unto one common ocean of regret. And tho' we strove to carve, as sculptors do, Our stony trials into shapes serene, Our noblest image of the Pure and True Would be, just then, denounced as base

Ah! it is hard to hold our souls in peace,
To keep our spirits sunny,—while these
things
Haunt us, like evil birds, and Lever cease
Making the sunshine dusky with their
wings.

But there is One who understands it all, The Wounded Heart which 'neath the olive And on the Mount, in bitterness let fall The secret of Its own vast agonies.

And we may trust our faults, and failure too, Unto His love, as humble children should; Content, that if all others misconstrue, By Him, at least, our hearts are understood

From the Catholic World

## THE WRAITH OF THE ACH-ENSEE.

A TALE OF OLD MUNICH, IN TWO CHAPTERS.

Founded on fact.) CHAPTER II.

The following morning Moida, mindful of a certain promise she had made, betook herself to Carl's studio. But on her way thither she stopped at St. Michael's Church to say a prayer. For Heinrich was right—she prayed a good deal; yet, in sooth, not more, nay, not so much as Carl. And as Make haste, make haste!"

Moida approached the altar dedicated to St. Joseph, the patron of purity, whom should she discover kneeling there, rant in e discover kneeling there, rapt in deep devotion, but the very sculptor whose studio she was about to visit.

Softly she knelt behind Carl, and, despite herself, she could not help looking at him. And while Moida watched him ferwently praying—his eyes fixed upon the image of the saint—she said to herself:
"How unlike he is to Heinrich! Not once has he ventured on the least familiarity. How all the angels must love him !" But presently Moida remembered the cruel slap she had given poor Heinrich, and she inwardly added: "Well, well, he deserved some return for that cuff, and I hardly think it was a sin for me to let him steal a Paul will say the next time I go to con-fession? Will he give a very long penance? I really meant nothing wrong.

And Heinrich is such a good fellow—so

Moida now clasped her hands and breathed a short prayer, after which she noiselessly rose from her knees and withdrew on tiptoe, pausing a moment at the holy-water font. Her fingers had already dipped, into the blessed water, and she was very glad indeed to rise to her feet again.

But ere she withdrew from the studio she followed Carl's example and passed several minutes with him praying before the small shrine of St. Joseph—praying the saint to ask God for the grace to remain pure and chaste in thought, word suddenly another hand appeared close in main pur front of her, and the sunlight which and deed.

Ioida to start back and utter a cry.

Why, dear Moida, what is the matter?"

Why, dear Moida, what is the matter?"

Werhaps you have heard a horrible fied with only your head." Your shriek startled me. matter?" But the girl made no response; she continued, blankly staring at one of the side doors of the church, through which a muffled figure had swiftly glided out. "Speak? Tell me what is the mat-ter. I see that you are trembling," pur-

now let us go to your studio. You remember—" "Yes, yes, I remember you promised to come there this afternoon," said Carl. "But before we go you might tell me what has frightened you." And as Carl spoke he wondered whether Otto you Kessler had aught to do with her agitation. By this time he knew how jealous and revengeful Von Kessler was, and he had dis-

in a few minutes they entered the Artbuilding. "It is a hateful stairway,"
answered Moida; but you are with me
and I shall not mind how high I have to
climb." Yet while Moida had no dread
with me tais afternoon in the English would be if she met Heinrich, who would surely suspect that she was going to sit as a model to Carl. "You still look quite pale," said the latter, when in a little while they reached his studio. "I do think you might tell me what alarmed you awhile ago in church. Did that miserable Otto von Kessler insult you in any sile speek? Othe brea week!" Why, I declare you are as superstitious as I am," said Carl, smiling. "Well, well, then let us walk through the broad, sunny meadows west of the town, and I will show you the spot where my master intends to erect his colossal statue hof vile speech? Othe base wretch!" "Some other time, some other time I'll speak about it; not now," answered Moida. distract my thoughts by examining these many interesting heads and figures which I see scattered around me." Then, after a pause, she around me." Then, after a pause, she added: "Did you make them all yourself?" "Yes, all myself," replied Carl—
"all with the exception of this." Here
he pointed to a Venus de Medici. And now, to Moida's surprise—her unutterable surprise—Carl fell on his knees before her. "Dear girl," he went on, "I beg you not to be offended, if I renew the appeal I made the evening before last. You re-member under the willow-tree by the Isar

would mantle your cheek if you saw my statue completed. You said no. But now—now—" "O Carl!" interrupted Moida, "I believe what you say; but I really cannot grant your request." Yet even as she spoke she was tempted to laugh at poor, excited Carl kneeling at her feet. "Oh! but, dear Moida," pursued the youth, "I am sure it would not be a sin. My master, Schwanthaler, has ordered me to make a statue representing a water-sions, not by obeying them." me to make a statue representing a waterme to make a statue representing a watersions, not by obeying them."

And so this afternoon Carl was disposed
as usual, to laugh and chat. But not so
his fair companion: and when presently
he looked at Moida and perceived a
shadow on her countenance he exclaimed:
"Why, dear girl, what troubles you?"

But Moida did not answer. She was
afraid to tell him that she had caught a
dimpres of Cetta yon Kessler, who had my work shall be a masterpiece. But to succeed I need a model as fair and pure as yourself. No, no! it would not be a sin to let me transform you into marble. However if you think it would, go ask sin to let me transform you into marble. However if you think it would, go ask your father confessor. I have already asked mine. He is Father Paul, a most holy monk. He has even blessed beforehand this work of my chisel. And, Moida, all I ask of you is to assume a garb more beseeming a water-wraith than the peasant dress you are now wearing; and in yonder little room, concealed by that curtain, you will find a fantastic habit, spangled with water-lilies, which I know you will not object to."

"Well, well, then I yield," said Moida. "You may have me for your model, all

"You may have me for your model, all except my head; that you cannot have."
"Oh! a thousand thanks," cried Carl springing to his feet. "But pray dear girl, why not your head?" "The reason why is a secret," answered Moida, who felt sure that Heinrich, if he chanced to see Carl's

statue, would not know whom it repre-sented if there was no head upon it. "But now Carl," she went fon, "I wish you to make me a solemn promise—namely, never to tell a living soul that I am your model." "You may rest assured nobody shall ever know it. I vow to keep it a profound secret," answered Carl, who already felt certain that Schwanthaler would award him the prize of vic-tory; for he did not doubt that ere he got through with his work Moida would con-sent to let him put the crowning touch to

number of anecdotes of student life. He spoke of their duels and love-affairs. He told, too, of the poverty in which some of them lived. "Why, you will scarcely believe me, Moida," he said, "but I know two students who possess only one suit of clothes between them; upon my honor

this is a fact."
"Indeed!" exclaimed Moida, feigning astonishment; yet inwardly she mur-mured: "And I know who those two poor fellows are." For she saw that Carl's fellows are." For she saw that Carl's jacket had lost some of its binding, just in the very place where her scissors had clipped off a bit of binding from Heink it was a sin for me to let him steal and kiss. But I wonder what Father will say the next time I go to converse will say the next time I go to converse will say the next time I go to converse will be say that the say that th

true!"

When the hour was ended Moida felt And Heinrich is such a good fellow—so good, so warm-hearted!

Moida now clasped her nands and she was very glad indeed to rise to

streamed through the stained window overhead fell full upon this hand, and the
gleaming dagger which it clutched caused

We need not say that can essential

Moida down the stairway. She did not
dare go without him. Nor was he at all

ning to her side. story about the state walked best de her; "and that is why you walked best de her; "and that is why you asked me to come with you."
"Yes, I have heard that they are houn-

ted," replied Moida. But do you believe it?" "I do." said Carl solemnly. "And we ster. I see that you are trembling," pursued Carl.

"By and by—some other time I may tell you all about it," Moida answered. "But now let us go to your studio. You rememsleeve and looked nervously over her

Carl now proceeded to relate a fearful tale—a tale which had made the hair of even common-sense Heinrich well-nigh stand on end; how one moonlight night, as he was descending from his studio, holding his rosary in his hands and covered, too, that this student had been forced to flee from a University in Hungary on account of some dark suspicion connected with his name.

"My studio is pretty high up—five flights. But you are strong and will not mind climbing so high," said Carl, when

at this moment of Otto von Kessler, she could not but think how very awkward it would be if she met Heinrich, who would answered Moida. "I have a horror of it,

"Agreed," said Moida. And with this she hastened away, thinking to herself how odd it was that she should have dis-Bavaria. covered the two students who wore the same clothes. "And they are both so "I declare, I have a good mind to tell

not stay another day."

At the appointed hour Carl and Moida set out on their walk. And again the girl observed how different he was from Heinrich: for Carl did not ask to hold her had done this, for Carl had a wise head, hand, whereas Heinrich had insisted on walking with her-Munich fashion—handin-hand. But it would be a mistake to suppose that Moida, innocent and pure as was left in the firm belief that Von Kess-I begged you to let me carve a chaste image of yourself in spotless marble. She was, liked Carl any the better for image of yourself in spotless marble. She had a great deal of human And, believe me, not the faintest blush nature in her. "And dear St. Joseph Moida was toiling up the weary staircase Complaints generally." I begged you to let me carve a chaste

glimpse of Otto von Kessler, who had ground his teeth and clenched his fists. And well it was that Carl did not see him, nor hear what he muttered, as he peeped at them from around a corner. "Well, I promise you, kind friend," spoke Moida after a brief silence, "I pro-

spoke Moida after a brief silence, "I promise you that in case of urgent need, I will come to you for help. Do not ask me to explain what I mean. Enough to know that I look upon you as my protector." "Your words are clear erough to my mind," returned Carl. "I cannot again fight a duel with Von Kessler—" Fathen Paul has forbidden me—but I can horsewhip him. I can—" "O Carl, dear Carl! do not strike him. Shun him; he is a serpent, a wild beast. Otto von Kessler is capable of murdering you," interrupted Moida, her eyes filling with tears. "I am not afraid of him," answered Carl. But although this was true, still Carl, dur-But although this was true, still Carl, during the remainder of the walk, was not in such blithe spirits as before Moida told him that she had seen Otto von Kessler.

A week passed away, and a fortnight, and a month, while Moida by turns was Heinrich's model and then Carl's. The girl had no longer even the shadow of a doubt that her two friends were very, very years and also also were very, very took and the shadow of a longer even the shadow of poor, and she deeply regretted that she was not able to lay by enough of her starveing wages to buy them some new

sent to let him put the crowning touch to it by modelling her classic head.

And now, while the girl buried her face in her hands and sighed: "Is it possible? I have broken my word to Heinrich. Alas! what am I coming to?"— Carl burst into a laugh and said: "You are indeed very different from any other young woman that I have ever met in Munich. Yes, you are a dear, darling puzzle. But now let us waste no more time. I am anxious to begin my work. did it add to her inward repose to hear Carl praise her piety and devotion, and Heinrich call her an angel; for Moida knew that good girls and angels would not deceive and tell lies. It was during this month that she became conscious of a feeling within her which was not like any other feeling she had ever experienced before. It caused her heart to flutter in the daytime. And more than once in the still

daytime. And more than once, in the still hours of night, Moida had a dream wherein she saw her two kind friends. But never in any of these sweet visions did Carl touch even the tip of her little finger. Then, when she opened her eyes, she would ask herself: "Is it a sin to love to dream about them? I cannot help dreaming." And, with just a tiny scruple on the subject, Moida would hie to church to pray to dear St. Joseph. Of course every second evening, as usual, either Heinrich or Carl repaired to the "White Lamb," where, half-concealed in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, they enjoyed a pleasant hour or two with genial comrades. And Carl, Heinrich and Moida greatly rejoiced when they were informed that the hated Otto von Kessler had left the city and returned to his home in Hungary.

turned to his home in Hungary.

"May he never come back!" saidMoida. "But if he ever does, good-bye! good-bye!"
"Why, what do you mean?" said Heinrich
one evening as she stood beside him, holdone evening as sne stood beside him, holding a glass of beer to her lips—it was Heinrich's glass, who always insisted on her taking the first sip. "Do you mean to say you would fly off to the Zillerthal before working the day would be so that a work is to be so that a w fore my work is completed? Would you leave me only your head to remember me by?" Then lowering his voice, "Dear Moida," he added, "I will never be satis-Whereupon when the rosy hue of her cheek changed to a deathly white. "Why, Moida, you were smiling a moment ago: now you are trembling. Speak!" exclaimed Heinrich. "Do you see the villain we were just talking about? Has he come back?"

for she could not taste a drop.
"Well, by St. Ulrich, I'll right him and to death!" said Heinrich in a voice so loud to death!" said Heinrich in a voice so loud that many of the students stopped smoking and stared at him. "O Heinrich! I implore you do not challenge him. He might kill you," continued Moida in a semi-whisper, and at the same time grasping Heinrich by the arm. "Besides," she added, "Von Kessler is already gone. He only peeped in for a second." "Well I have not yet sail; any blood for you." only peeped in for a second," "Well I have not yet spilt any blood for you," went on Heinrich, "but now I am going to do it. "No, no, not this evening. Wait until to-morrow," said Moida, who was determined to prevent a duel; yet in her heart she could not help feeling proud of Heinrich, who was evidently as full of

"Presently, after she had pursuaded him to resume his seat, "Heibrich," she continued, "I never doubted your courage—never. But let me tell you—and I am in downright carnest—if you persist in sending Von Kessler a challenge I will immediately leave, Munich." Here Moida lifted her finger and shook it at him. "What a dear tyrant you are!" said Heinrich; and with this he began sipping his beer. But during the rest of the evening he spoke yery little, and his silence troubled Moida. 'Alas!" she sighed, 'it is time, it is time I must tear myself away. Something I must tear myself away. Something dreadful will surely happen if I stay in Munich." And this night Moida had a

luck as Carl.

same clothes. "And they are both so good to me!" she said. "But for them I would leave Munich at once. I should thought Heinrich when he went home. "Two heads are better than one, and I should not wonder if Carl advised me to speak to the chief of police about Otto von Kessler." It would have been well if he

which led to Carl's studio. But she did not come this time to sit as a model, but to bid the young sculptor adieu. Moida intended, likewise, to confess that she had broken her word to him when she promised to be nobody's model save his own, and to beg Carl's forgiveness. At the same time she dreaded to make this confession; for Carl had a fierce eye. "And I will ask him, too," murmured Moida, to carry my adieu to dear Heinrich. Him also have I deceived." Presently her eyes moistened, and she wondered if she would ever meet these two kind friends again. "But, alas! alas!" she sighed, "I am not worthy of being remembered by them. They will only think of me in scorn." And so slowly and sadly the poor girl mounted the stairs, with only one bright thought to gladden her heavy heart. She knew that she would soon be out of reach of Otto von Kessler. "Yes," she said to herself, "before the sun goes down I shall be a good many miles from Munich."

But Moida, the sun is not yet below

Munich. But Moida, the sun is not yet below But Moida, the sun is not yet below the horizon; you are still in imminent peril. And now look! What object is that crouching yonder scarcely six steps from you? Do you not see it? Yes the trembling girl saw the jealous, cruel stu-dent; but she could not distinguish what was in his hand, for there was no sunshine was in his hand, for there was no sunsine to make his dagger glisten. Moida's head grew dizzy; we shudder to think what might have happened if at this critical moment, when Von Kessler was about to spring upon her, the footsteps of two per-sons had not been heard rapidly approach-ing one ascending the other descending ing, one ascending, the other descending the stairs. The latter was Schwanthaler

But without waiting to recognize the professor Moida turned and made for the bottom of the stairway with all the speed she could; but on reaching the main door of the building she paused, looked round,

then, uttering a great sigh of relief, dropped on her knees.

"Ha! This is Carl Schelling's pious model, and who is somewhat eccentric. too," exclaimed Schwanthaler, smiling, and resting his hand on Moida's head as she was about finishing her prayer. Then, when she had risen to her feet, "But this is a chilly spot for your devotions," he added. "Why do you not go into St. Michael's Church—it is close by—or else into Carl's studio, where there is a pretty their and where it is nice and warm?" shrine and where it is nice and warm?

I have just escaped, you would not laugh at me for offering thanks to God in this public place," answered Moida drawing her sleeve across her eyes. "For those stairs, you know, are haunted; a poor model was once murdered there, and you might have found me murdered." might have found me murdered, too."
"What do you mean?" said Schwanthaler,
who perceived that she was exceedingly
pale and was weeping; yet as he had
always considered Moida half-witted since

Carl had revealed to him that she would only allow her body to be modelled, not her head, he was now inclined to think that the unfortunate girl was simply a little modder than usual. "Never mind what I mean," replied Moida, who longed to be out of this horrid building and on the way to her native mountains. Then, touching Schwanthaler's hand with her forefinger, "But now, before I pass into the street, she said. "listen to me a moment : for I have a secret, a weighty secret, to tell you."
"Indeed! Well, I like secrets and mysteries. Go on. What is it?" said the pro-fessor, smiling inwardly; and he could not help thinking what a pity it was that so beautiful a model should be half-witted. "Well, you must know," said Moida in a low voice, "that your pupils, Carl Schelling and Heinrich Bach, are extremely

between them. That is why they never come to their studios on the same day. For God's sake help them!"

This was all Moida spoke; then off she flew with winged feet towards the Isar-

Thor.
"Is it possible? Can it be true?" murmured Schwanthaler, as he watched the girl hurrying away. "Moida is very eccentric, yet what she has just told me may be she gave him an arch look and answered:
"Nothing more, nothing more."
But scarcely had Moida uttered these words when the rosy hue of her cheek changed work on the same day. Poor, poor fellows! But other eyes besides the great sculp-

tor's were following Moida as she sped down the street. From one of the upper windows of the building which she had "Yes, Otto von Kessler is here again," re-plied Moida, setting down the beer glass,

Let us now return to Heinrich and Carl Let us now return to Heinrich and Carl. On the morrow morning imagine their surprise when they discovered a big bag ying outside their bed-room door, and in the bag two suits of bran-new clothes. to enjoy an extra glass of beer. "And a dish of sauerkraut and cheese, too," said Heinrich, "for this extraordinary piece of good luck makes me hungry as well as prayerful.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

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OUR CATHOLIC INDIANS. Lo! the Poor Indian!

We called attention some weeks sinces to the fact that a bill was pending in Congress which contemplated consolidating the Tulalip Indian Agency heretofore assigned to the Catholic Church under the "Peace Policy," with the Puyallup and S'Kohomish Agencies, assigned to Protestant denominations. We predicted that the new consolidated agency would not be placed under Catholic supervision, but that the change—like all changes made in the administration of Indian affairs since the inauguration of the present policy the inauguration of the present policy would redound to the advantage of some denomination which, without government favor, could never have exerted any per-ceptible influence over the Indians.

To-day we grieve to have to chronicle

To-day we grieve to have to chronicle the fact that Cengress has passed the bill referred to, and that our prediction has passed into the realm of reality.

The consolidated agency is hereafter to be known as the "Nisqually S'Kokomish and Tulalip Agency," and Mr. Edwin Ells, the old agent of the late S'Kokomish Agency, nominated by the Congregational Church, is to be the future governor of all the tribes of the Pupet Sound district, the President having sent in his name to the Senate for confirmation. enate for confirmation.

A brief historical sketch of the Indians

comprised within the present Nisqually, S'Kokomish and Tulalip Agency may be of interest to the sympathetic reader, and we proceed to give an account of them.

When the Hudson's Bay Company established its trading-posts west of the Rocky Mountains, in 1824, it found number of the state of the merous small tribes of aborigines on the lands bordering Puget Sound, and on the islands which dot that important inland sea. They had never come in contact with the whites except the early explor-ing expeditions of the Spaniards and English. They were all real flat-heads expeditions of the Spaniards and English. They were all real flat-heads— except those held in bondage from in-fancy—and a hospitable and docile people, but steeped in pagan ignorance and barbarism.

The first missionary of any denomination who visited them was Very Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet, then vicargeneral to the Bishop of Quebec, but since Archbishop of Oregon. This was in the year 1840. He preached missions amongst them at Risqually, Whidby's Island, Tulalip Bay and other important

points.
The Skagets were then a numerou

The Skagets were then a numerous tribe and he appointed their principal chief, Sneslam, a cathechist, he having been previously instructed at Cowlitz Prairie, near Fort Vancouver. He was followed by Father Demers, afterward Bishop of Vancouver's Island, and later, Father Bolduc, now a professor at Laval University, became their missionary.

In 1853, Washington Territory was separated from Oregon, and Governor Isaac I. Stevens made treaties with all the tribes. During the next few years they were gathered upon reservations in the vicinity of their old homes, namely: Snohomish or Tulalip, Swinamish, Lummi, Kitsay or Port Madison, Muckleshoot, Nisqually, Puyallup, Shoalwater, Chehalis, Squaxin, S'Kokomish, and others.

others.

During the terrible Indian wars of 1856, in the Oregon country, the missionaries of the Order of Oblates found tnemselves obliged to leave their missions among the Walla-Wallas, Yakimas and Cayuses, on account of the hostility of the volunteers, and they retired to Olympia, the capital of Washington Territory, which is situated on the lower end of Puget Sound. From this point the missioneries made frequent this point the missionaries made frequent this point the missionaries made frequent visits to all the tribes of the surrounding country. Having met considerable success, and affairs in the Umatilla and Yakima countries remaining unsettled, they determine the catallities are remained to the contribution of the countries determined to establish a permanent mission at some central point on Puget Sound. The Reverend Fathers Chirouse and Durieu accordingly fixed the mission at the mouth of the Snohomish River, at a lo-cality now known as Priest's point, on the Tulalip Reservation, about the year 1856. In a letter dated Snohomish Mission, Feb-

"What a change, my very dear Father, has been operated in two years among these poor savages, who up to that time had, perhaps, been the most corrupt of all the Indians of America. \* \* \* There are now but few polygamists here and there, and these are ashamed to appear among people of good principles. The greater portion of the gamblers have renounced their impositions and have because the property of the p the bag two suits of bran-new clothes.
"Oh! what good angel has done this?"
exclaimed Carl making the sign of the
cross with one hand, while he held up the
elegant coat and pants with the other.
"Well, by St Ulrich, I'll say my prayers
this morning," answered Heinrich, who
could not contain his delight. "Ay, the
sight of these fine clothesmakes melpious."
And, now, for the first time in many
months, Heinrich did say a prayer. We
needly not add that Carl joined him. Then
when they had risen from their knees, the
happy fellows lost not a moment in donning their new garments, after which they
set out for the "White Lamb," determined
to enjoy an extra glass of beer. "And a er murders committed by reason of drunk-enness in the whole of the Puget Sound country, than there were formerly in two months at a single point on the Bay. Formerly nearly all the Indians prostituted their wives and daughters to the whites; to-day all of the two thousand Christians have, generally, a horror of this abominable commerce. Formerly the name of Jesus Christ was hardly known among these poor tribes; since eighteen years a great number had been baptised in their cradles by the first missionaries who visited the country—now each village is surmounted and protected by a lor mission cross, which reminds the inhabi-tants of what they are and what they owe fear of the world, the praises of the Great Chief on high, of the Blessed Virgin, and of the angels and saints. Formerly the children trembled with fear at the mere mention of the sorcerers; now they make them the object of their jest. For-merly war decimated these poor tribes, who sought only to make slaves of each other, and now they seem to make but one people of friends and allies." \* \* \* time, and being himself an ultra-sectarian

Such was the result of a few years' Catholic missionary labor among the tribes of Puget Sound. Father Chirouse and his companions labored in the same mission twenty-one years—from 1858 to

"Consider now how great must be that

whole Which in such a part conforms itself." We might fill many columns with the testimony of disinterested witnesses, show-ing the practical work accomplished by ing the practical work accomplished by the Tulalip mission, but we have space to present only the testimony of Mr. Edmund T. Coleman, an English traveller and explorer, who visited Puget Sound nearly ten years after the date of Father Chirone's letter, whose statements. Chirouse's letter, whose statements he fully corroborates. Speaking of the

ummis, he says:
"The Indian town is in the form of a "The Indian town is in the form of a triangle, built around a large wooden crucifix and flag-staff, with an ensign bearing temperance mottoes, and contains forty-eight good, substantial board dwellings, as well as a church, and a number of the old Indian 'rancheries' for smoking and curing salmon. The Indians here are very orderly and have improved in mechanical skill. \* \* \* \* \* \* \* mechanical skill. \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*
Indeed, the Indians conduct morning
and evening service in a commendable
manner; old David Crockett being their

"They have already abandoned their

ancient barbarous habits, and have adopted those of civilization, temperance and religion. They have also given up the religion. They have also given up the practice of polygany, flattening heads, holding slaves and gambling, as well as their belief in Tomanusos,' or medicine men. \* \* Two years ago, on leaving Mr. Eldridge's for Victoria, I could not get Indians to take me, as Bishop Blanchet, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Idaho, Oregon and Washington Territories, with Father Baudre, of the Tulalip Reservation, was making a visitation, and the Indians would not do any work until the Bishop had left. Indeed Father Baudre had scarcely time to eat his meals, so anxious had left. Indeed rather baudre had scarcely time to eat his meals, so anxious were the poor creatures to confess to him. The following exemplifies the religious teaching of the priests: Mr. Stratton was a straightful the shore of Lucius. one day walking along the shore of Lummi Island, and met an Indian woman quite alone. There were steep banks, so that she could not turn back or get away that she could not turn back or get away into the woods. She showed some signs of alarm, and as Stratton drew near, pulled out a crucifix, and held it up as he passed. It was evident she had been taught that this was a symbol the white man would respect, and that the possessor of it should come to no harm. I observed that the Indiana detached for constant that the Indians detached for our expeditions regularly retired every night, and kneeling in a row, said their prayers. I could not but contrast their condition favorably with the poor of my own and other densely populated countries. The loveliness of the scenery around, the comfort and ease with which they gain a subsistence, the gentleness and dignity of their manner, nurtured amidst the freedom of their many haunts, all combine to remind one of the pastoral life or the olden time which have delighted to illustrate and poets

sing. In 1870, when the Department of the Interior allotted the agencies to the several religious denominations the tribes belonging to the Nisqually, Payallup, Squaxin, Shoalwater and Chehalis Reser-Squaxin, Shoalwater and Chehalis Reservations, which formed the Payallup Agency, and those of the S'Kokomish Reservation, which formed the agency of that name, were allotted to the Protestant denominations; while those of the Snohomish, Lummi, Swinamish, Kitsap, and Muckleshoot Reservations, which composed the Tulalip Agency, were assigned to the Catholics. Father Chirouse having been appointed agent at Tulalip, he of course continued to exert a beneficial influence over the tribes of his jurisdiction. But his influence waned at the other agen-But his influence waned at the other agencies since the new agents, who represented Protestant churches, held that a Catholic priest had no right to visit a reservation assigned to Protestants, even to adminisneophytes. Both of the Protestant agen-cies being without ordained ministers for ruary 15, 1860, addressed to a Father of his order, Father Chirouse gives the following interesting account of his mission:

several years, the blacksmith at Puyallup, as agent at S'Komoish, performed the duties of missionaries, preaching, marrying, and of missionaries, preaching, marrying, and the like. Father Chirouse's associates continued to make periodical visits to the Catholic Indians of the Protestant agen-cies, assembling them within or on the outskirts of their reservations, but the adverse influence of the officials necessarily interfered with his labors. Notwithstanding this fact there is to this day-after thirteen years of Protestant regime at those agencies, a large Catholic element all the reservations of Puget Sound, but especially at Puyallup, where one of the chiefs named Spott has manifested heroic steadfastness to his religious convictions. No Protestant missionary has ever labored among the tribes of the Tulalip Agency.

The population of the three agencies just consolidated is as follows: S'Kokojust consolidated is as follows: S'Kokomish, 724; Payallup, 1,089, and Tulalip, 2,817—total, 4,630. From these statistics it appears that the population of the Tulalip Agency is 1,000 more than that of the other two agencies combined. All the Tulalips are Catholics, and a large number of the others are also of the same faith. The last official statement showing "churchmembership" that has been printed by the Government, gives the following figures: S'Kokomish, (Congregational.) 10; Puymembership" that has been printed by the Government, gives the following figures: S'Kokomish, (Congregational,) 16; Puyallup, (Methodist and Presbyterian) 135; Tulalip, (Catholic), 2,260. Under the circumstances was it fair or just that the Congregationalist agent should have been appointed over the consolidated agency? We are no partizan of the so-called peace policy by which constructs a second of the so-called peace policy by which control to the so-called peace policy by which controls are second.

peace policy, by which agents are nominated by the religious societies. We believe that it is contrary to the genius of our American institutions and destructive of liberty and conscience, and we have not tants of what they are and what they owe to their Saviour. Upon the sea-shore, in the forest, and even up to the gates of the newly-born cities of the Americans, assemblies of poor Indians who Catholic antecedents in whom three-fourths of the Indians would have had confidence? or even a liberal-minded non-Catholic whom the great majority of the indians would not have mistrusted? We have no doubt that Mr. Ells is an honest gentleman and a good citizen, but being the son of an old missionary of the

sympathy and co-op to make him attain It must not be su ferent to the injustic the telegraphic news was proposed to cons with two others, they to know that the des sion, including their the ultimate object of lation. They held is ialized the Government

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and the representativ

from such a blow.
self-supporting, thei
garded, for it is onl
war-like tribes that t with approximate ju God have mercy less Indians!—[The G

A Prayer fo BY MRS. EM (The following lines, Philadelphia severa written after Dr. Jud Maulmain, to be used ally prayer. Their j to the expectations of of their exceeding bea cast upon the domes since their publication

Poor and needy little Saviour, God, we co For our hearts are ful And no other hope Out upon the restless There is one we dea Fold him in thine arr Spread thy guardia When the winds are I When the angry wa When black, heavy, on his trackless pat Guide and guard him Bid the hurrying te Plant thy foot upon ti Send thy smile to li

When he lies, all pale When he lies, all paic Stretched upon his. With no loving face the No soft hand about Oh, let kind and pity Their bright forms: Let them kiss his best Let them fan his fe

Poor and needy little Still we raise our cr We have nestled in h We have sported or Dearly, dearly do we We who on his bree Pity now our desolati Bring him back to t If it please thee, heav

We would see him
With his olden steps
With the love lit sn
But if we must tread
Orphaned, guideles
Let us lose not, 'mid
His dear foot-print Maulmain, April, 185

HIGHER EDUCA LICS IN PRUSS

Any one who will of the Irish Catholi

er education and th the Prussian Catl May Law which can on June 22, can ha striking parallel. legislation of nine young man could bunless he had not cribed course of stud a special examination ners appointed by sides the infringem rights of the Catho this ordinance, it objection. The e chosen absolutely might select perso from the Catholic as a matter of fact day, Dr. Falk, a m the whole spirit Protestant clergy objectionable pers State-examination the Catholic priest place, the course cribed was both cal weaken, undermine turn the faith of the submission to th Church, and the st boasted that, if it for a few years, it to fall into disuse. of the Catholic cler a par with the Rati tant pasters, so abandoned even t of the primary The Church could The Church could arrangements which cie her clergy, traministers of the transfel fidelity. The rest No young candid priesthood were canti-Catholic boar

> parochial duties d his sacred minis this total cessation pair the inevitable fail to have most fluences. The Prussian G pared to face the n this indirect ex priesthood in its t be curious as impelled its ster relent; but he has arrangement disp examination, subj Those conditions young candidates at the University gently during thre osophy, history a These were the

the ordinations to been suspended the

these nine years. us what would be

age profession, if new members wa

When we recall which the Catho

former State would, plainly, men were forced those subjects of I tic teachers; conse pensable that Ca subjects shall be p be seen whether appoint special C two Universities