

## HAMILTON LETTER.

**Ecclesiastical—Debt much Reduced—Concert in aid of St. Joseph's—Practical Knowledge versus Cramming—News from Paris and Galt—New Statute—Local Items—Miscellaneous.**

At St. Patrick's Church, on Sunday last, previous to delivering the sermon, His Lordship Bishop Crimmon made a few statistical announcements which are of public interest. The cost of the ground on which St. Patrick's stands was \$10,000; that of the building complete, \$45,000—total, \$55,000. Of this, some \$12,000 was paid about the time of completion, and the remainder has been reduced to a comparatively small amount, by funds derived from various sources, such as the sale of outlying property, bazaar proceeds, economical management of ordinary revenue by the pastor, &c., &c. In referring to the results of the late bazaar, his lordship complimented the congregation on their unanimity and generosity.

It may be interesting to state by way of addenda to the foregoing that the cathedral is free from debt; that the cost of the new cemetery—including buying price and necessary expense of fitting up—has been liquidated, and the value of the property so far increased that if his lordship saw fit to sell, there could be realized from the sale of one-half, almost the entire original cost. The Catholics of Hamilton will be glad to hear that the financial condition of the ecclesiastical corporation is at present most satisfactory and secure.

**CONCERT FOR ST. JOSEPH'S.**  
On Friday evening, the 5th instant, a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music will be held in the Academy (Mechanics' Hall) in aid of St. Joseph's Church. The arrangements are being made under the direction of the Rev. Fr. Bergmann, the worthy pastor, assisted by Mr. Jacob Zingheim, secretary of the committee, who are assiduously laboring to make the entertainment successful. As the object is one of the best, it is hoped that it will be liberally patronized. Father Bergmann is an earnest and faithful spiritual laborer among our citizens, and we would like to see his concert greeted with a full house if it were only as a mark of appreciation for his efforts. Besides there is no doubt that it will be a musical treat, so that looking at it from all essential aspects it is well worthy of support. Tickets are placed at the low figure of twenty-five cents each.

**PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE.**  
The Times thinks that there is not enough of industrial education conveyed to the youth of Hamilton. Whether this be so or not the necessity for such a training in a manufacturing city like Hamilton is quite apparent. Here we require young persons with knowledge adapted for the counting room, the workshop and other business positions, rather than the ornamental but unpractical knowledge which is cut and seasoned for apparently no other purpose than to pass examinations. The sole and absorbing thought among the students here is which fills them with constant anxiety, and their prospects of "getting through" successfully when the dread examination day comes around. It is quite possible to give too much attention to the higher subjects, to the great injury of the solid branches which are the bone and sinew of a vigorous industrial life. In support of its argument the Times quotes the undeniable fact that Hamilton has imported more skilled mechanical talent than she has produced.

**PARIS NEWS.**  
On Sunday last the ceremony of unveiling and blessing statues of the four evangelists took place in the church of the "Sacred Heart," Paris. Very Rev. T. J. Dowling, V. G., pastor, performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Fr. Supple of Boston, who celebrated High Mass and Vespers. The sacred edifice was quite filled on both occasions, and the offices were most impressive. The statues are large and very beautiful and are the work of skilled European artists.

On the same day forty-five young women were received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary. Vicar-General Dowling officiated at the reception ceremonies and delivered an eloquent sermon on "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin." The scene on this important occasion was very pretty and touching. The names of the officers of the Sodality—five Marys by the way—are Miss Mary Skelly, Prefect; Miss Mary Murray, 1st ass't, Miss Mary O'Brien, 2nd do.; Miss Mary McGroarty, secretary; and Miss Mary Marx, Treasurer. The prefect is carried off her literary attainments, having carried off the Lorne Medal and the Medal given by his Lordship the Bishop of London at the Academy of the Sacred Heart in that city.

These works are continued proofs of the religious enterprise of the worthy Vicar-General Dowling, and give evidence that time instead of weakening gives renewed activity to his zeal and energy. It might not be inappropriate to state that Rev. Fr. Supple is an old esteemed friend of Fr. Dowling, and has won the esteem and love of the Paris congregation by his many and generous benefactions to the church and school, and the lively interest he takes in their affairs generally.

The public exercises of the Jubilee commenced in this town on Monday. Rev. Father Maguire, parish priest, is assisted by Vicar-General Dowling and other priests of the neighboring towns. Similar exercises will be commenced in Paris. Both will no doubt be very successful, if the missions conducted there by the Redemptorist Fathers in June last be taken as criteria.

**LOCAL ITEMS.**  
Hamilton civil servants think they have as good a right to a bonus as the Ottawa officials. They held a meeting on Monday evening to consider the matter.

Mr. J. A. MacIntosh, for many years a real grocer in this city, and who is about to depart for the Western States, was presented recently by a few friends with a farewell address, accompanied with a gold chain and locket, as a testimonial of respect for his many good qualities.

Apples are scarce and dear in the Hamilton markets. The cause is attributed not so much to failure of the crops in the district as to the heavy exportations to Europe and the States.

Some people do not take kindly to the proposition of making the county roads free of toll. They think that the majority

of the inhabitants will pay less as it is than they would by regular taxation.

Another large factory is almost completed on King Street in this city. It is the property of the firm of Monkish Brothers, brush makers, whose extending business required an additional establishment.

The Hamilton and Toronto papers have been pummeling each other to some extent over the question of the respective moral standing of each place. According to recent developments made in the latter city, Hamilton is somewhat superior in that respect.

The public have been much amused lately over the efforts made by each paper to prove itself a better mathematician than its contemporary. It reminds one of the public discussion between two new boys as to which of the two expressions "six and seven are thirteen" or "thirteen" was the more grammatical, until a boot black showed that both were wrong.

As you like it: The Times calls the recent demonstration in Toronto "stuffed" and "mythology," the Spectator calls it "immense and enthusiastic." It all depends on the color of your glass.

The Tapley Town literary society has decided, after due discussion, "that independence would be found ready at the call of duty, active in doing good, wherever he thought good could be done; his labors in such a large parish as that of the Rev. Fr. Bergmann being perhaps the youngest priest in the diocese) he will be a preacher of great power."

The people of his new parish will find him an admirable priest.

Yours truly,

ONE OF THE CONGREGATION.

**ROME AS THE CAPITAL OF ITALY.**

II.

It has been said that it was from a political point of view that Rome was selected as the capital of Italy, and that for political reasons Rome ought to be that capital, and no other. "Only before Rome would other cities consent to bow," wrote the great statesman, and the (worthy) followers of the Pope, that dream of the Papists, can give Italy a power of resistance which otherwise she could not obtain.

As to other cities consenting to bow down only to Rome, that is simply a fallacy; for at first they had hailed Florence as their capital, and afterwards they had chosen Venice, and then, as in old times Spain had done, with great good sense, or else of removing the capital to Naples. Rome represents nothing politically to modern Italy. Her memories arouse only Papal ideas, and a secular, political Monarchy would always find itself at a disadvantage. This is confirmed by the thought of republicans with Ferrari, but also by Monarchists with Manian, who agree in asserting that Rome could only belong to the Popes or the Tribunes. Nor was it long before these facts were proved. As long as the capital was at Florence the moderate Monarchical Conservatives were naturally in power, and so long as the only party capable of governing the country. But so soon as the capital removed to Rome the Moderates found themselves in an impossible position; they were obliged to be removed, or to resign their offices; and in their place arose the men of radical "progress," who were the natural enemies of the Conservatives. These very soon were found to be impossible also, and then the Red Republican Party was formed—a party far less weak than people imagine and whose object is to rise to supreme power in the State; the way to which is open to them through the governing body, raised to the governing body, and through the universal suffrage, which, if it be not yet so powerful an element of evil as they wish, is still able to inflict heavy blows on Conservative principles. Now all the most sensible men had foreseen that this lessening of the monarchical authority was a necessary consequence of Rome being the capital, and so foresee that Socialism will always go on spreading for the same reason; since Rome, as capital, remembers the terrible words of Proudhon when addressing the July Monarchy in France:—"To that Monarchy, which, with its hand on the gospel after having raised it to strike the church, still demands obedience, Socialism asks: 'Who are you that I should obey you?' Nor should Monarchy forget what Proudhon wrote in his Confessions of a Revolutionist:—"The dignity of Sovereignty when raised against the Pope began from that moment to hasten towards its fall. The church being humbled, the principle of authority is struck down in its very roots, and power becomes a shadow."

What then will become of a Monarchy forced by its very existence into a continual humiliation of the church in a kingdom obstinately determined to take the capital of the church for its own?

Neither the Monarchy nor New Italy can say in excuse that it is the heir of the great Roman name and that as such it must politically have Rome as its capital. The legitimate heir, both historically and politically, of the great Roman name is not "New Italy,"—that negation of all the dearest Italian traditions, the offering yesterday after fifteen centuries of decadence in the Roman nobility; but the Pope, whose great anxiety was always to raise the tone and position of his nobles; who preserved the traditions, the glories, the wisdom, the prestige, of free Rome, making her powerful and respected by those very barbarians who had despised imperial Rome. Neither are judicial proofs wanting of the Popes being direct heirs of Rome; in whom, after the fall of the Empire and the Senate, all Roman authority was concentrated. Even common policy counsels the Liberals to be silent as to hereditary rights, which are not theirs, which they invoke only to make themselves ridiculous, and which they profane by their invocation. They never saved Rome from the ravages of the Barbarians, but oppressed her in civil times, and their fathers, (if they have any political fathers) the Ghibellines, whom a

modern journal declares were the only real Italians, sold Rome and Italy to strangers whenever they had the opportunity; while the Popes saved and defended her at the cost of endless sufferings and toll, showing themselves to be in truth the real heirs of the great name of Rome.

Besides this, far-seeing policy points to the selection of any other capital in Italy than Rome, where the dangers of grave complications are continual; where, by the very necessity of things, insuperable difficulties are daily arising; where dissensions and treason are always being hatched against the unhappy Monarchy seated on the throne of the disinherited Pope. As a reason and a pretext, the unwelcome Pope will always be an object for any one willing to go to war, and that without the Pope's asking for any one's assistance or preaching a crusade. For if the Pope could forget his own rights, the Catholic world could not ignore its own, nor be wanting in its duties; and any State which might wish to make war on Italy would never set aside the manifest advantages which they would derive from coming forward as champions of the Papacy.

Rome as the capital of Italy is a perpetual offence to the Catholic world, and, therefore, a continual provocation of which statesmen may pretend not to take notice as yet; but which the opportune moment comes, they will be in a mind, and the consequences, both as regards foreign and internal relations, will be of the gravest nature. It is useless to dissimulate; in Italy there are a very large number of Catholics whose consciences and convictions are deeply wounded at seeing Rome in other hands than those of the Pope. And the offence is the more bitterly felt since from the Holy City, where they had been used to listen only to the voice of the Common Father of Christendom, there came forth, day by day, laws and ordinances which are a continual insult to their faith and to the church which they love as a mother and mistress, and of which they know that the Head is only free with that precarious liberty allowed him by the new lords and masters of Rome. Now all these Catholics; among whom are men of sound sense, of deep knowledge, of great administrative capacity and of unimpeachable honesty; neither can nor will take part in the public life of a State which acts in a manner directly contrary to their consciences. And thus it happens that the country is deprived of the services of her best and ablest sons, and the utmost license is given to her worst. Nor is it to be believed that his fact can give greater strength to the poor handful of Conservatives, who neither understand the church nor the revolution which they pretend to wish to conciliate. No; as long as Rome is the capital of Italy, the best portion of her citizens, and those who in public affairs would show the greatest honesty, loyalty, and conscientiousness, will not take part in political life; and this is a fact of grave moment. The very Liberals themselves recognize it, and endeavor by every means, every device—even by illusory promises—to persuade Catholics to take their share in public life, confessing the great need of their services to the State; and thus, at the same time, indirectly, proving the great political error committed by those who wish Rome to remain the capital of Italy.

Thus we have proved that there is no political necessity, but the reverse, for the selection of Rome as the capital of Italy; and, on the contrary, as Petrarchelli owns, it is become a political necessity to choose some other capital. Nor, indeed, would it be easy to say what political considerations could be adduced for choosing as a capital a city of traditions of which all are utterly hostile to the known system of government, and a city likewise which serves as an eternal prompt to every enemy, and is a perpetual cause of division in the State itself.

"But Italy," cries the *Liberta*, "would be undone without Rome!" But, then, this Italy is a totally artificial creation, which is kept alive, not by virtue of her citizens, nor by the wish of the people, but by the prestige of a name. And to destroy her, we have only to take Rome away. But how is it that they do not see that in such a case they openly confess that this new conglomerate of States which they call a nation is utterly defective, weak, without any connection or stability, and incapable of resisting the slightest shock?

**TWO STORIES.**

**Amusing Anecdotes of John of Tuam, The Lion of the Fold.**

The learned author of "The Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race of Language," the Very Rev. Ulick J. Bourke, narrates the following interesting anecdote of the illustrious Archbishop MacHale, of Tuam, in that interesting work:

When travelling to Rome on one occasion, in the year 1854, he presented himself at Calais before the French official, whose duty it was to see the passports of the various passengers from England. The Frenchman looked at the Archbishop and said quietly, "Vous etes Anglais?" His Grace, unwilling to pass for what he was not and to represent a nationality with which he disclaimed all connection, at least of race or kindred, replied, "Non."

"Well, then," said the official in French, "vous etes un Allemand?" "Non," was the reply. "Austrian?" "Non." "Dane?" "Non." "A Spaniard?" "Non."

"You must be an Italian, then, or a Greek?" His Grace answered "Je ne le sais pas." (I am not). "Perhaps," said the polite Frenchman, "vous etes un Polonais ou un Hongrois?" "I am not a native of either," was the reply of his Grace. The Frenchman then said, "Vous etes Irlandais?" "Oh," said our Gaelic cousin, with a half polite smile, wishing to insinuate that there was no such distinct nation as Ireland, "C'est la meme chose." (It is the same thing). In the mind and the view of his Grace the Archbishop, it was not the same thing. But the anecdote illustrates

the opinion entertained by foreigners respecting Irishmen from home.

On another occasion, his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, in company with the Most Rev. Dr. Barry, Lord Bishop of Clonfert, and the Very Rev. Thomas MacHale, D. D., Professor in the Irish College, Paris, travelled together through France, Germany and Italy. They had agreed, for their own social satisfaction, in order to be, while in a foreign clime, as much at home as possible, to speak in no other tongue than in the language dear to the hearts of the three—the language of the learned and saintly ecclesiastics of Ireland in the past. It happened that a certain English gentleman, a man of learning and position staying at Paris for a day or two, selected the same hotel that the three ecclesiastical dignitaries had made choice of for the evening. He heard them converse at dinner; he listened, looked at them wistfully, and seemed anxious to know what kind of language these strange gentlemen were speaking. It was not French nor German, for he understood some both; neither was it Latin nor Greek, for he could, from his university training at Cambridge, distinguish a few words, even though the pronunciation were new to him. There were Russians at the hotel, and Polish exiles, too; he understood from them that the language spoken by the unknown three was not Russian, nor Polish, nor any of the Slavonic dialects. Neither was it Hebrew or Syriac, for the style of features of these strangers was manifestly of European type. At length, the good man resolved to remain no longer in doubt about the matter which he thought could be easily set at rest, and which, insignificant as it seemed, gave himself no slight uneasiness. Accordingly, he addressed himself, in the English tongue, to the youngest of the three strangers, wishing to know the nationality they represented and what language was that in which he heard them converse. The younger (Dr. MacHale) courteously replied, but still in a tongue which the English gentleman could not understand. They seemed like two of the leading architects at the tower of Babel—the one wishing to give all the information in his power to the other, but in utterances which to the latter were quite unintelligible. During the evening the Archbishop and his nephew, with the Bishop of Clonfert, felt amused at the episode and seemed quite pleased with the role of complete *incognito* which their mother tongue had thrown around them, and at the advantage gained on that occasion from their possession.

Next day all four travelled by the same train and in the same railway carriage. The three strangers continued, as often as required, to converse in their native tongue. The English gentleman did not forget to look and to listen. Still he felt anxious to know to what country they belonged and what language they were speaking. His Grace the Archbishop, without adverting, soon gave him the wished-for opportunity of prosecuting his desire to gain some satisfactory information on the point. His Grace took up Murray's or Bradshaw's "Continental Guide to Tourists." He read the book for some time. This was an opportunity not to be lost. "Sir," said the English gentleman, to the Archbishop, "although you are not a native of England, I perceive from your reading Murray's Guide that you understand English?" "It is true that I am not an Englishman; yet, I have prosecuted my studies in the English tongue to such a degree that I read and even speak that language." The Archbishop and his English acquaintance conversed for some time. They spoke on the subject of the different mother-tongues known throughout Europe—the Romance languages, the Slavonic dialects, the different branches of the Semitic speech. After a time the celebrated Cambridge scholar could not help exclaiming, "I declare to you I never heard in all my life any foreigner speak the English tongue, sir, so well as you do."

He added that the people were led astray for a long time by O'Connell; that the peasantry were, as he styled them, Roman Catholics; that the clergy were devoted to their priests; and that the most remarkable friend among the Irish hierarchy was the Archbishop of Tuam, the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale. The great Archbishop laughed and spent the evening in the company of his Cambridge reviewer.

**JOHN OF TUAM AND JUDGE KEOGH.**

The most memorable event in Dr. MacHale's later years was the celebrated Galway election trial. He and his priests were arraigned on a national petition for declaring "undue influence" in behalf of Captain Nolan, the national candidate for the County Galway, in the contest of February, 1872. Curiously enough fate decreed that the case should be tried by Mr. Justice Keogh. William Keogh (a Roscommon man) had been one of Archbishop MacHale's most ardent admirers. When he and the famous Sadler of the Tipperary Bank led the "Popes' brass band" in the Commemorative was never tired of praising the Archbishop. At the Athlone banquet where he made his famous "So-hell-me-God" speech he compared Dr. MacHale to "that lofty tower which overhangs the yellow Tiber," and extolled to the skies his courage and wisdom. The trial was held in the old Court-House in Galway. The Grand Jury box was thronged with fashionable ladies and the galleries with priests and landlords, who hung on every word uttered by the frieze-coated witnesses as they detailed what the priests had said to them and what "threats had been made" against them if they dared to vote for the anti-clerical candidate. Dr. MacHale had given no personal offense to Keogh after his desertion of the Irish cause, but the Judge was an Irishman among the Irish Catholics, and he seized the opportunity to give the Irish priest-hood a scathing rebuke. Undoubtedly the Archbishop MacHale's clergy had violated the new "election act" and Keogh's judgment was in that sense quite justified, but his display of temper and the violence with which he assailed the venerated prelate was unbecomingly to a degree. Captain Nolan was unseated; Keogh was burnt in effigy on every hillside and cross-road in Connaught; but moved his degradation from the bench in the House of Commons, and the bad feeling engendered between the landlords and the clergy by the trial had not been wholly effaced when Keogh, driven mad by drink, in which he sought to forget his perjury to his countrymen, took his own life.

**Beast and Man are Brothers.**

**Little one, come to my knee; Hark how the rain is pouring Over the roof, in the pitch-dark night, And the winds in the woods are roaring!**

Hush, my darling, and listen, Then pray for the story with kisses; Father was lost in the pitch-dark night, And I on my path belated, In just such a night as this.

High up on the lonely mountains, Where the wild men watched and waited, Wolves in the forest and bears in the bush, And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together Came down, and the wind came after, Bending the props of the pine-tree roof, And snugging many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness, Stained and bruised and blinded— Crept to a fire with thick-set boughs, And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining, Crouching, I sought to hide me; Something rustled, two green eyes shone, And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened; I and the wolf together, Side by side through the long, long night, Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me; Each of us warmed the other; Each of us felt in the stormy dark That beast and man were brother.

And when the falling forest No longer crashed in warning, Each of us went from our hiding place Forth in the wild wet morning.

Darting, kiss me payment; Hark! how the wind is roaring; Father's howl in the stormy dark When the stormy rain is pouring.

—Byrd Taylor.

**GOD'S LOVE OF PRAYER.**

Father Faber.

And it came to me that was praying, When He ceased, one of His disciples said to Him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples.—St. Luke, XI.

The disciple watches Jesus and then, says, Lord, teach us to pray; evidently he had looked most beautiful in prayer, as the disciple (we should love to know which disciple it was) gazed on him.

It is very natural that many things should surprise us in God. One of the things which surprise our most is his intense love of prayer. 1. The overwhelming of his immensity. 2. The blessedness of his self-sufficiency. 3. Yet his vast pleasure at being asked—at being prayed to by creatures so low. 4. His desire to give—yet that desire is curbed by and subjected to his love of prayer. 5. What immense things he does for prayer, for instance at Ninive—miracles, often doing no mighty works because of unbelief. 6. Yet prayer seems to alter him, to obscure him, his will, his unchangeableness, etc. 7. And after all what sort of prayer is it which he gets from us?

II. The life of prayer. 1. If God's great love of prayer surprises us, I could think that, if anything could surprise God, it would be our little love of prayer; for it is surprising to ourselves when we come to think of it. 2. Prayer is by far the greatest power in the world. 3. A life of prayer is a life without disappointments or failures—a life of victory. 4. It is a life of incessant progress in sanctity. It turns everything into itself, temptations, even falls—all life comes to prayer, and this is easier than it sounds. 6. It leaves a scarce perceptible amount of unanswered prayer. 7. And even its unanswered prayers are its greatest gifts, its heavenly favors.

III. Practical conclusions. 1. Do we dwell enough on this remarkable feature of God—His fondness for prayer? 2. How is our prayer in respect of quantity? 3. How in respect of reverence? 4. How in respect of perseverance and importunity, which is our greatest reverence? 5. How in respect of its sincerity? 6. Can we be sincere in prayer? Yes! In nothing perhaps more sincere. 6. How in respect of fervor and of fulness? To an angel what a strange thing could prayer must seem! 7. How is our prayer in respect of faith? O, to pray believingly! it does away with the necessity of faith—for at once we touch God, we feel him, we lay hold of him, his arm is wound around us with a pressure which, when we have once felt it, we can never mistake for anything else.

Lord, teach us to pray.

TO BE CONTINUED.

**DIVINE VENGEANCE.**

Two striking instances of divine vengeance for the sin of blasphemy are reported in the secular journals. The following account of them, furnished by a trustworthy correspondent to one of the daily papers of Chicago, remains uncontradicted. The communication was sent from Little Rock, Ark., and was dated the 1st of the present month.

"Robert Nelson, aged 70, has been terribly exercised over the long drought, and, one day last week became very angry and began cursing the Lord for permitting such an affliction. While thus engaged he suddenly fell backward on the ground, having been struck with paralysis. He has not spoken since, and it is not likely he ever will. While this scene was in progress a similar event was transpiring in Union County. Three young men were sitting on their horses on the road, discussing the probabilities of rain from a cloud which just then was rising in the west. The youngest of the group, named John Freeman, referred to the drought, and remarked that a God who would allow his people to suffer thus couldn't amount to much. As he was speaking the boys were encircled by lightning and the speaker stunned severely, though his companions were unscathed. Recovering, he renewed the subject. Instantly a bolt of lightning flashed from the cloud overhead, and the young man fell dead in his tracks. Nearly every bone in his body was mashed into jelly, while his boots were torn from his feet and the clothing from his lower extremities. The body presented a horrible appearance, being a blackened and mangled mass of humanity. His companions were stunned and thrown on the ground, but not seriously injured. The funeral of the unfortunate man occurred next day, and attracted a large crowd. When the body was deposited in the grave and the loose earth had been thrown in until the aperture was filled, a bolt of lightning descended from a cloud directly over the burial place and struck the grave, throwing the dirt as if a plow had passed lengthwise through it. No one was injured, but those present scattered, almost paralyzed with terror. The incident is exciting a great deal of attention."

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**DIVINE VENGEANCE.**

Two striking instances of divine vengeance for the sin of blasphemy are reported in the secular journals. The following account of them, furnished by a trustworthy correspondent to one of the daily papers of Chicago, remains uncontradicted. The communication was sent from Little Rock, Ark., and was dated the 1st of the present month.

"Robert Nelson, aged 70, has been terribly exercised over the long drought, and, one day last week became very angry and began cursing the Lord for permitting such an affliction. While thus engaged he suddenly fell backward on the ground, having been struck with paralysis. He has not spoken since, and it is not likely he ever will. While this scene was in progress a similar event was transpiring in Union County. Three young men were sitting on their horses on the road, discussing the probabilities of rain from a cloud which just then was rising in the west. The youngest of the group, named John Freeman, referred to the drought, and remarked that a God who would allow his people to suffer thus couldn't amount to much. As he was speaking the boys were encircled by lightning and the speaker stunned severely, though his companions were unscathed. Recovering, he renewed the subject. Instantly a bolt of lightning flashed from the cloud overhead, and the young man fell dead in his tracks. Nearly every bone in his body was mashed into jelly, while his boots were torn from his feet and the clothing from his lower extremities. The body presented a horrible appearance, being a blackened and mangled mass of humanity. His companions were stunned and thrown on the ground, but not seriously injured. The funeral of the unfortunate man occurred next day, and attracted a large crowd. When the body was deposited in the grave and the loose earth had been thrown in until the aperture was filled, a bolt of lightning descended from a cloud directly over the burial place and struck the grave, throwing the dirt as if a plow had passed lengthwise through it. No one was injured, but those present scattered, almost paralyzed with terror. The incident is exciting a great deal of attention."