

1885-A FOND ADIEU.

Hail primal morn of the advancing year!
What Profit grey, what woe-reaching seer
May pierce the gloom, and future things behold,
Or all thy hidden secrets dare unfold!

PAIN.

Sad rumours reached us from the Spanish main
Of barred towns and mountains rent in twain
By rocking earthquakes, cholera lent its gloom
To swell the victim's fearful hecatomb.

EGYPT.

Oae year ago we heard Lord Cholera's boast
To sweep Gordon from the Modern host,
But Khartoum fell and Gordon was betrayed
He perished—Wolsey's valiant troops dismayed.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

In China France's legions suffered sore,
Nor found that glory which best blest her arms of yore.
In Bayard day, or brave Duguesclin's time;
When faith inspired, and courage rose sublime.

IRELAND.

Grand triumphs too in Erin have been scored
For Mother Church, and Leo is adored,
Who spurred the counsels and the base intrigues
Of Erin and whistled hostile leagues!

ENGLAND.

Ireland whose past disunion caused her shame
Has nobly thus redeemed her pristine name.
To England, his noble foe engaged,
Where factions fought, and party rancour raged.

'Tis hovering o'er each smiling land and sea,
Our pinions touched no land more far than thee.
How rich thy fields, how grand thy lakes and streams!

No brighter vision haunts the poet's dream—
Welcome thy woodlands scented as the rose;
Welcome thy ale-halls and thy cheery snows.
This year thy peaceful reign was well nigh rent.

At last it turned, taking its homeward
direction, and then Pannel redoubled
his speed, as if fearful that if once the other man
reached the settlement his purpose of holding
him to account would be frustrated.

Resting the gun in the bend of his arm, he
called to Salmon, who turned and faced him
unhesitatingly.

"Why did you kill my dog?" Pannel
demanded.
"I didn't kill him," said the other. "If I
had, I'd give you leave to kill me."

Stunned by the strangeness of this cata-
strophe, which accomplished his murderous
purpose at the same time that it prevented
him from actually killing his enemy, Pannel
recollected. He dared not remain on that rock
in its awful desolation.

The body of Salmon Drew was found next
day at the foot of the overhanging cliff, horri-
bly crushed, but bearing no discernable
mark of a stab or a bullet wound. There
was absolutely no evidence against Pannel,
though there were many suspicions.

THE ROCK OF WRAETH.

A small band of pioneers went out to estab-
lish new homes in the wilderness, nearly a
hundred years ago, and chose a spot near
the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, distin-
guished by a peculiar landmark. This land-
mark was a lofty pile of rock jutting up and
outward in such a way that it seemed to
threaten with instant annihilation any one
who stood looking at it from below.

Pannel Harding, another leader, treated his
protest with contempt. A hot argument
ensued. But Pannel—a tall, stalwart,
gloomy-browed man—leaning one hand on
his flint-lock, gazed at the frowning mass of
stone with a frown of defiance as unyielding

as itself, and said: "It stood there long
before our fathers were born or thought of,
and I guess it'll stay where it is long after
we're all gone. Them that's afraid, though,
can move off to one side."

This settled the question. Salmon Drew
accepted the covert challenge, and when they
made their clearings, he placed his cabin
right opposite Pannel's, under the shadow of
the Rock Tower, from which the village that
ultimately sprang up there took its name.

Only one thing kept their mutual hostility
within bounds, and that was the fact that
Pannel's son Luke loved Salmon Drew's
daughter Julia, and had declared that, with
her consent, he was going to marry her. At
length, one day a favorite dog of Pannel
Harding's was found dead on Salmon's land.

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perpetuate themselves, but this case was one
of the exceptions. The great-grand-daugh-
ter of Pannel, Lolette Harding, and Drew's
great grandson, Arthur Forrester, were
brought up in strict obedience to the rooted
hostility of the two houses. But, as fate
would have it, Arthur, who was a flourishing
young merchant of the place, fell in love
with Lolette—the woman in the world with
whom he was expressly forbidden to
fall in love.

These obvious remarks were made so many
times that Harding began to take a cynical
view of the average capacity for humor.
Toward the end of the week a rainstorm of
phenomenal violence set in so that he had to
stop work. The streets of Rock Tower were
almost flooded, and masses of earth were
washed down from the heights. Then came
a day of intense, prostrating heat. The in-
habitants found it difficult to move about, and
retired to their houses.

"Crime?" he repeated. "Who knows that
it was one? I have always thought that it
was simply an accident."

Lolette trembled. "But I can prove to you
that it was not an accident," she faltered.

"You ought to know. I must tell you."
"Tell me what?" he asked, anxiously.

"This," answered Lolette, drawing a paper
from her pocket. "Once, when I was look-
ing over some old things in the garret at
home, I found the confession which my
great-grandfather left at his death. It was
never made public, and it seems to have been
forgotten in our family. Perhaps even my
father does not know of it. But here is the
copy I made."

Forrester glanced at the writing and read
the revelation of old Pannel's guilty wish to
slay his neighbour—how he had threatened
him and hurried him to that backward step
over the rock, which caused his death. At
first he remained silent; then he said:

"What does it matter after all, Lolette?"
"Nothing," cried the girl. "It matters this,
that I am the direct descendant of—oh, don't
make me say it!" (She bowed her head.) "Of
a man who was a murderer!"

"No; you shall not say so!" Forrester ex-
claimed. "You must take back that word and
forget it. This old history is passed and
gone. It is like a legend. It has nothing to
do with us. The Harding blood has mingled
with other stock in the last two generations.
It is no longer the same. And look at me.
I do not even bear my great-grandfather's
name. We belong to a new race. We live
for ourselves. Why should the past over-
shadow us always?"

"Why?" retorted Lolette, "should this
cloud always overhang Rock Tower? I tell
you it is destiny. We can't escape from the
shadow of that old misdeed until there has
been some expiation, and there has been
none yet. I dare not marry you with this
curse pursuing me. I cannot, Arthur, I will
not!"

As she ceased speaking Forrester's ear
caught a faint clink sound that rose
through the air from far below.

"No, I don't know how long, Arthur; but
I must wait." And she flung herself upon his
breast. "Oh, Arthur, what is to become of
you? Save me! save me!"

Strange situation. Here was this dark-
haired girl, whose forehead had sought the
life of Forrester's ancestor, clinging to him
and imploring help. Help against what?

The blue-eyed, tawny-bearded young man
standing almost on the spot where Salmon
Drew had taken his last breath of life, hardly
knew what her appeal meant; yet he felt
that some dreadful doom impended which
would overtake them both unless he acted
promptly.

"No, I guess not," Harding answered, in
his usual cheery way. "It's likely to stand
about as long as we do."

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times that Harding began to take a cynical
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a day of intense, prostrating heat. The in-
habitants found it difficult to move about, and
retired to their houses.

The hour of the appointment advanced.
Arthur Forrester waited it anxiously, and
although well-nigh overcome with lassitude,
started to climb to the top of the Rock Tower
by a devious path. When he had nearly
scaled the slope, he paused to look anxiously
for some trace of Lolette. He could see her
house, and he was able to make out that
Harding was on the porch. The next moment
Harding went in-doors. Arthur grew dizzy.
Was it the effect of the heat? A murmur
seemed to arise from the ground; there was
a quivering movement in the air. All at once
Arthur beheld the solid pile of rock bend for-
ward silently, slide, topple, and rush with a
mighty sweep upon the village which he just
left.

The young man remained where he was,
all but petrified. One thought only occupied
him now. Had Lolette perished with the
others? A narrow rift had opened in the
hillside, at his feet. While he was gazing
about him and wondering where to turn in
search of Lolette, he heard her voice. She
was there above him, stretching her hand
across the rift. She had come to meet her
lover and was saved.—Philadelphia Call.

THE LAND FLOWING WITH MILK AND HONEY.

One of the most striking letters of Cardinal
Newman contained in the interesting and very valuable
collection of Mr. Oldcastle, whose book was recently
noticed in these columns, is that which, in 1862, he
addressed to the Church of England on occasion of a
paraphrase which had appeared in that journal to the
effect that he, Dr. Newman, had left, or was about to
leave, the Oratory at Brimpton as a preliminary
step to his return to the Church of England. Nothing
seemed to touch the Doctor at that time and stir
his honest indignation more than the charge or the
intimation that he had lost his faith in the Catholic
Church and was about to return to the Estab-
lishment which he had, with such a tremendous scrip-
ture of feeling, once so fervently abandoned. And
in all its articles, it seems determined, if possible,
by any strength and explicitness of human lan-
guage, to forever put at rest even the possibility of
a suspicion of any such intimation.

After stating that the paraphrase "was utterly
unfounded in every part of it," and alluding to his
connection with the Brimpton Oratory for the last
twelve years, he goes on to say, "I have not had one
moment's wavering of truth in the Catholic Church
ever since I was received into it. I hold, and
ever have held, that the Sovereign Pontiff is the cen-
tre of unity and the Vicar of Christ; and I ever have
had, and have still, an unclouded faith in her ex-
alted position as the successor of St. Peter, and the
infallibility of her teaching; and a hope against hope
that the many dear friends who have left Protestantism
may be partakers of my happiness."

One would suppose that such a declaration as
that ought to be satisfactory to the most skeptical.
But he goes on in language of characteristic strength
and pungency:
"This being my state of mind, to add, as I hereby
go on to do, that I have no intention, and never
had any intention, of leaving the Catholic Church
and becoming a Protestant again. I find the super-
stition of the Protestants are always on the
look-out for some loophole or evasion in a Catho-
lic's statement of fact. Therefore, in order to give
them full satisfaction, if I can, I do hereby profess,
ex animo, with an absolute internal assent and con-
sent, that Protestantism is the dearest of possible
religions; that the thought of the Anglican services
makes me shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-
nine Articles makes me shudder. Return to the
Church of England! No! The net is broken and
we are delivered! I should be a consummate fool
(to use a mild term) if in my old age I left the
land flowing with milk and honey, for the City
of Confusion and the house of bondage."

What a lesson for those poor, puny, weak-kneed
converts who stumble at some unexpected trial,
some unlooked-for scandal, or, through some secret
worldly motive, some sighing for the flesh-pots of
Egypt, of which they themselves are perhaps
secretly conscious, become lukewarm and perhaps
even fall away from the faith.

And what a lesson, too, for those poor, blind
souls, who, though having decided Catholic tenden-
cies, still cling to the rickety old Anglican Estab-
lishment on the very ground which Newman himself
occupied in his transition state, but which he found
insufficient and baseless. The very fortifications to
which they cling with such persistent tenacity, as
if they were still impregnable, he long since
demolished with the tremendous engine of his
invaluable logic and passed over into the opposing
camp, never to return; and it would seem as if
nothing but the most fatuous blindness or wilful
obstinacy could prevent their following him. But,
alas! in the mysterious dispensation of divine Pro-
vidence "one is taken and another left," and who
can tell how or why? except that every man is
responsible for his conduct and accountable for his
opportunities. What is left us but to heartily join
this illustrious prelate in his "eager longing and
hope against hope that the many dear friends who
are still left in Protestantism may be partakers of
his and our happiness?"

A Traffic Under Ban.

Bishop Ireland was interviewed by a reporter of
the Chicago Inter-Ocean the other day.
"Was the Pope's action on the temperance
decrees of the Plenary Council?" asked the reporter.
"Very much endorsed, entirely. The Church
from this time places itself on the highest ground
on the temperance question. The Council took
an extremely strong stand on the closing of saloons
on Sunday, indirectly putting the ban on the whole
liquor traffic by stating, in these words, that 'Catho-
lics engaged in it should seek a more honorable
mode of gaining a livelihood. It condemned sell-
ing liquor to minors and habitual drunkards, and
proclaims against blasphemy and improper language
in saloons. It forbids the sale of liquor, beer, and
wine in any connection with the interests of the
Church. It solemnly approves of total abstinence
societies, and requests pastors to encourage them.'"

Content.

BY ELEANOR O'NEILL.
"Never but once" the Persian poet said
(said the poet, bold of heart and head),
"Never but once did I lament for a man,
My cruel lot: and that was on a morn,
When, bare of foot, I wandered with my
bully,
And cried: 'Alas! how shall I buy me
shoes?'"

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

We are very happy to reproduce from
Education, an international bimonthly
magazine published in Boston, some strik-
ing testimony to the success of the Chris-
tian Brothers as educationists. This im-
portant periodical, in its second November
number, publishes reports on education at
the World's Cotton Centennial Expon-
sition. Mr. Thomas W. Bickwell, chairman
of committee of the National Educational
Exposition, to the New Orleans Cotton
Exposition, says of the Brothers exhibit:
"Add to these State exhibitions those
of the societies of the Christian Brothers,
which are faithfully reported by Dr.
Newell. This large collection of exhibits
from various cities of our country showed
great fidelity to correct educational prin-
ciples and methods on the part of the
directors of this system of schools. The
written work was excellent, and well
graded through elementary or secondary
schools and colleges. The work of art
schools, polytechnic schools, and industrial
schools was equally superior; and the
heartily welcome given to the Brothers, and
their cordial response, were indicative
of the union which exists between all true
teachers, of whatever name or grade. Dr.
Newell well says: 'Of the many thou-
sands who visited the Educational Expon-
sition at New Orleans, very few had
ever heard of 'The Christian Brothers,'
and not one was prepared to find, under
this title, an exhibit so varied, so systemat-
ic, so complete, so suggestive, so instructive.'"

Mr. John Hancock who had been ap-
pointed a committee to report on the ex-
hibit of the Bureau of Education at the
World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial
Exposition at New Orleans, states:
"This exhibit, located in the southeast
gallery of the government building, is
situated between the two most complete
education exhibits in the Exposition, and,
with little doubt, the two most complete
ever shown in the world,—the French
exhibit, on the one hand, and somewhat
farther away, the exhibit of the Christian
Brothers on the other. The French exhibit
is a noble showing of what a great nation
with a thoroughly organized and central-
ized system of education, under the direc-
tion of a Cabinet officer, with full powers
and thoroughly qualified for the discharge
of his duties, can do for the successful
training of its youth in all grades and
kinds of schools. The exhibit of the
Christian Brothers differs in origin very
widely from that of the French. The
latter is the outgrowth of national effort;
the former of the effort of a trained order
of teachers, who, ignoring all the alle-
ments of distinction and wealth, have
devoted their lives, with a marvelous
fidelity of purpose, to their chosen voca-
tion. In the language of one of their
number, 'We live but to teach.' These
two exhibits, unlike the French exhibit,
are strikingly alike, they are both excel-
lent in the quantity and quality of the
material exhibited as aids in objective
teaching. Here it would be difficult to
decide which is the superior. Both seem
about equally fertile in invention, although
they vary somewhat in the direction in
which their ingenuity has been most
largely exercised."

"Standing between these two remark-
ably attractive and instructive exhibits, as
it does, it must be confessed our Bureau
exhibit suffers to some extent in com-
parison with their exhibit, but, in our
opinion, from no fault of the head of the
Bureau, all the well-informed are
thoroughly satisfied. In one of these
exhibits is seen the concentrated power
and intelligence of a nation proud of what
it is doing in every department of educa-
tion; in the other, the entire devotion
of a devoted order of trained laborers,
also working under a centralized
authority."

Mr. John M. Ordway, committee on
Industrial Education, pays the Christian
Brothers a very high compliment: "The
large and full exhibit made by the Chris-
tian Brothers of their schools in various
parts of the country proved that the art
element is duly appreciated by this
Order, which has done so much for educa-
tion in France."

Mr. Newell's report "on the exhibit of
the schools at the Christian Brothers" we
are enabled to present our readers in full,
bespeaking for it close attention:
"Of the many thousands who visited
the Educational Department of the
Exposition at New Orleans, very few had
ever heard of the 'Christian Brothers,'
and not one of these few was prepared to
find under this title an exhibit so exten-
sive, so varied, so systematic, so complete,
so suggestive, so instructive."

"The Christian Brothers" is an order of
the Roman Catholic Church, whose mem-
bers devote themselves entirely to educa-
tion. It originated about two hundred
years ago when John Baptist de La Salle,
of Rheims, a young priest of splendid
talents and high social position; but,
withal, a genuine man of faith and char-
ity, in 1680 he had around him the
nucleus of the new brotherhood, but,
the Brothers were poor and La Salle was