THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

TO 1885-A FOND ADIEU.

2

Hail primal morn of the advancing year! What Profit grey, what wise far-reaching seer May pierce the gloom, and future things behold, Or all thy hidden secrets dare unfold? He sees, He knows all, He to whom alone The present uset and future are but alone He sees, He knows all, He to whom alone The present, past an i future are but one— The task be ours; all grateful hearts to raise In solemu thanks, and utter forth our praise Of Him who rules in mercy from above, And gives such constant proofs of Heavenly low Who leaves us un ieserving, still above To chronicle the events of eighty-five.

Shrill blew the wintry blasts and tempest's roar When all our lakes were ice from shore to shore-And Nor'-West chilling wave and blinding stor. Of snows and cycloces whirl'd in hideous form decreed a winter of such intense cold A · ue'er was felt, or scarce e'er known of old.

SPAIN.

Sad rumours reached us from the Spanish main Shi rumours reached us from the Spanish main Of buried towns and mountains rent in twain By rocking earthquakes, cholera lent its gloom To swell the victim's fearful hecatomb And pallied death that spares not caste or rank, Touched King Alphones's heart—in death he sank, The nation of the Cid is plunged in woe And civil strife portends its over-throw. EGYPT.

EGYPT. Oue year ago we heard Lord Wolsley's boast To rescue Gordon from the Moslem host, But Khartoum fell and Gordon was betrayed He perished—Wolsleys valliant troops dismu Oa all sides menaced, tho' strangers to defeat To Cairo turned in slow but safe retreat. E:-Mahdi fell to mortal ills a prey— But Osman Digua still holds ruthless sway, Aud tho' defeated oft—by craft and guile Disputes with Britain yet the lordly Nile.

France and China

France and China. In China France's legions suffered sore, Nor found that glory which blest her arms of yore In Bayards day, or brave Duguesclin's time; When faith inspired, and courage rose sublime E'en oer defeat, and heroes gained renown, By losing all, save honour's white plamed crown. The source unknown, the cross not understood, The Chiness dyed their plains in martyr's blood, The school, the Church, blest missionary's pride Went down in flams before the furious tide Of Pagnim rage, more fleree than Goth or Hum. In persecuting priset or helpless nun. Whole Hecatombs were slaughtered at Tion-Sin. Full twenty thousand perished at Tonguin. The vaillant Courbet, glorious feats achieved; But unsustained --mistrusted and deceived The vailant Courbet, glorious feats achieved; Bat unsustained — mistrusted and deceived By Ferry's Pagan crew—he sank to rest With tarnished laurels on his patriot breast. A shameful treaty ended this romance, And Ferry fell before indignant France. The hour is come, the nation's heart is a stirred, And France's Catholic voice at last is heard; From North to South, from Alps to Pyrenees, Rings lou 1 the wekin—Vive la Sainte Eglise.

IRELAND.

Grand triumphs too in Erin have been score d For Mother Church, And Leo is adored, Who spurned the counsels and the base intrigues Of Erington and whiggist hostile lengues! Who heard, as Patrick heard, "the Irish voice" Who heard, as marice heard, the final voice And blessed our hopes and ble all hearts rejoice. For Dublin See—Archbishop Walsh is named, For love of G of and country justly famed, Who write and wrought for justice and for hom His words electric reached each patriot heart His words electric reached each patriot heart Aud never more may priest and people part. Their faith, their hope, their power in the land Should common zeal and common love command The eloquent Prelate's words each coul inspired With high resolves, the nation's heart is fired. At Dablin Castle first was struck the blow; Grim Spencer fell with Gladstone's overthrow. The Franchise bill is passed from shore to shore. Such ere want up as no'er was heard hefore. Such cry went up as ne'er was heard before. Such cry went up as near was neard before. From Londonderry's walls to Bantry-Bay Parnel dictated with imperial sway Each hill and vale responsive to his word Proclaimed that Ireland's inmost core was stired The elections stood. "Homs Rulers every one." The battle fought for centuries is won

ENGLAND.

Ireland whose past disunion caused her shame Ireland whose past distintion caused her sname Has nobly thus redeemed her pristine name. Not so England, in hostile feuds engaged. Where factions fought, and party rancour raged Where moderates with rabid Tories clashed,

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

Our pinions touched no land more fair than thee. How rich thy fields, how grand thy lakes and streams, No brighter vision haunts the poet's dreams— Welcome thy woodlands scented as the rose; Welcome thy sleigh bells and thy cheery snows. This year thy peaceful reign was well nigh rent With armed rebellon born of discontent Among the Metis in the cold North. West And nomade Indians ever at unrest At Duck Lake first a roving armed band Was fired upon by Crozier's rash command. Then burst the war. The town of Battleford Was soon beseiged by Big Baar's savage horde. The air was full of news and wild alarms, Each city's volunteers all flaw, to arms, And with each other vied to seek the front And meet the foe and bear the battle's brunt The distance and the hardships of the way None fear—so anxious were they for the fray. All winter had Riel this rising planned Whose words the fire of hate and passion fanned ; His reason lost, in politics at least, He believed himself both prophet and high priest. A new Messish, founder of strange creeds, A mose seen to Indians and half-breeds To vindicate their claims and right their wrongs Of this no more—to history it belongs— Dumont was Riel's counsellor in chief Who urged him on in his insane belief To conquer Middleton, and all the rest, And ruled as monarch o'er the great North-West.

To conquer Middleton, and all the rest, And ruled as monarch o'er the great North-West. With rifle pits constructed at Batoche Dumont awaited Middleton's approach. A fierce encounter lasting three whole days Occurred, with loss and harassing delays— Till rushing on with wild hurrah and cheers Batoche was carried by our volunteers— Dumont escaped—Riel laid down his sword And mercy sought and trusted Britian's word, The gates of British mercy once more clanged. Riel was tried—found guilty—and was hanged. Not ours the task the dire results to tell That followed on the hanging of Riel, Or how the social fabric was nigh rent By French-Canadians rage and discontent, How politicians swayed the public mind, Norigcared what barbs their arrows left behind. A more congenial theme delights our nuese Than wars, sad horrors or sanguinary news. LONDON.

LONDON.

LUADUA. Bright Angels of the churches spread your wring: And waft your kindly aid to one who sings A song of jubilation and of praise... A hymn of thanks to Him of Ancient days... A pile majestic, reared with reverent hands Above fair London city towering stands With burnished roof and cross and glist'ning spires That glint ere dawn with Sol's first Eastern fires, Within, the markle columns rollished bright. Within, the marble columns polished bright, And sculptured capitals and mellowed light; Madonna's sea of grief so well expressed, Her dead Son clasping to her transfixed breast; And radiant altar in fair Italia built. The organ's peal that seems in Heaven found With voices blent each echoing wave of sound All, all inspire with awe and holy love. And faith, and hope in Him who reigns above The faithful worshippers who suppliant kneels, And in his inmost heart repentance feels, To consecrate this pile from spire to sod Henceforth to be the dwelling place of God And bless and vow it to such holy end Twelve mitred princes of the Church attend-One hundred white robed priests in cap and stole In measured march and chaunt their voices roll And faithful thousands gathered to adore from Erie, Huron and Oatario's shore-All move with solemn tread and lowly mier In slow procession to the gorgeous scone The golden mouthed Rochester is heard His audience spell bound, like a sea is stirred, When o'er its tranquil wave is borne rich merchan

dise, Or zepher's waft it kisses from the skies-The Ita missa est is sung, the Pax is given With loud acclaim the lofty vaults are river With foud acclaim the fofty vaults are riven— Then from his scalptured throne, while all rejoice Is heard in silvery tones the Bishop's voice. The Bishop—'tis himself—is murmured round Each eye is fixed, each ear to listening bound. Most Ray. John Walsh, familiar name, Oar father, friend, our bishop, all acclaim : He came to bless all present for their zeal, In nonring treasures out at his appeal. In pouring treasures out at his appeal. In all his doubts and fears they bore their chare, In all his doubts and fears they bore their chare, Their generous gifts enabled him to rear This noble temple, his life long hope and crowa, Their common glory and their joint renown; Nor should fair, London fancy all its own

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 accepted the covert challenge, and, when they made their clearings, he placed his cabin right opposite Pennel's, under the shadow of the Rock Tower, from which the village that ultimately sprang up there took its name. But it was not long before the rivalry shown is this direct direction between Salmon and in this first dispute between Salmon and Pennel extended itself to every important

Pennel extended itself to every important question that came up. They quarrelled over land, live stock, traps and game. Only one thing kept their mutual hostility within bounds, and that was the fact that Pennel'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 Pennel Harding's was found dead on Salmon's land. Harding's was found dead on Salmon's land. Pennel came over to the cabin, carrying his gun, and enquired for Salmon; but his neigh-bor had gone hunting. Pennel went hunt-ing, too, but the object of his hunt was noth-ing less than his neighbor. He was resolved to have satisfaction, even if it were a human life, for the death of his dog. Strking into the forest, he found a trail which he believed to has Salmon's and followed it with ranid to be Salmon's and followed it with rapid strides. It was hard to trace, and went about circuitously; but the keen woodsman, spurred by passion, succeeded in pursuing all its deviations.

At last it turned, taking its homeward direction, and then Pennel 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. Night approached and a storm threatened; yet, by some fatal instinct, Pennel managed to make his way unerringly. Finally, just as the storm burst in rain, thunder and lightning, he came up with Salmon at the top of the Rock Tower, preparing to descend a steep slope at the side. approached and a storm threatened; yet, by

Resting the gun in the bend of his arm, h called to Salmon, who turned and faced him unhesitatingly. "Why did you kill my dog?" Pennel

lemanded. "I didn't kill him," said the other. "If I

had, I'd give you leave to kill me." "Well, I'll take leave anyhow," Pennel

declared. He advanced threateningly, with his gun in both hands. Salmon also grasped his piece defensively

but retreated out upon the rock, protesting his innocence and warning the other not to attack him. The wind blew the rain around him like a winding sheet; thun ler broke in furious detonations, as if it would wrench the mountains from their base, and in the gath-ering darkness it was hard for Salmon to be sure of his footing. The terrific tempest did not seem to appal Pennel. If it had any effect, it increased his unreasoning violence. With further oaths and accusations, he raised his weapon and leveled it to fire. At that instant a prodigious blaze of lightning dazzled the eyes of both men, Salmon, however, saw the gun barrel pointing toward him and the fierce face at the other end of it. He started back involuntarily; he was very near the edge; his foot slippe i, and he fell over backward to his death, the one loud shrick that he gave being drowned in an overpowering burst of thunder which followed the lightning as he went down into the depths.

Stunned by the strangeness of this catastrophe, which accomplished his murderous purpose at the same time that it prevented him from actually killing his enemy, Pennel recoiled. He dared not remain on that rock in its awful desolation. A moment before he | are drilling the rock to give him more room had had the companionship, such as it was, for his lumber yard, you know, and to build of the man whom he meant to slay. Now, the road up the side of the mountain." he felt himself utterly forsaken, an outcast, Forrester took her hand and drew her Forrester took her hand and drew her back overpowered by a sense of the crime he had Losette," he said "some people say that one contemplated. He fled from the spot, movof these days the rock is going to fall and ing tapidly through the woods, in the midst of the tempest that marked out a wild path for him by its vengeful gleams of lightning. The rain, pouring down savagely, washed out all true of his footsteps. It was late in the night when he returned to his rude dwell-The body of Sulmon Drew was found next day at the foot of the overhanging cliff, hor ribly crushed, but bearing no discernable mark of a stab or a bullet wound. There was absolutely no evidence against Pennel, though there were many suspicions. The rapid froatier justice which might otherwise nave overtaken him was baffled, and he per sisted in declaring himself guiltless. Never-theless, Drew's daughter, Julia, refused to marry Luke Harding. And, nevertheless, Pennel passed the rest of his days in secret misery. The high Rock Tower loomed up

perpetuate themselves, but this case was one of the exceptions. The great-grand-daugh-ter of Pennel, Losotte 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 Losette-the woman in the world with whom he was expressly forbidden to fall in love.

Little by little he contrived to make ad vances and let her know of his passion. They met from time to time, secretely; but the burden of the old feud, and the knowledge that Losette's father would oppose their union implacably, hung over them with a weight of dread that seemed destined to overpower them. Cariously enough, the only place in which they could see one another, secure from observation, was on the high land above the Rock Tower, which still remained wild, difficult of access, and little frequented. One day, when they had met there, Arthur, looking down at the roofs of the prosperous village below, said to Losette: "How far away the rest of the world seems when we are up here. Oughtn't we be able when we are up here. Ought two subto to rise above all the selfish motives and the old quarrels that control us down there?" "Yes; oh, yes," said Losette, "if it were only as easy as climbing to this place. But,"

she added, with a shudder, "you forget what place it is. You forget what happened here -the crime!

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

was simply an accident." Losette 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 Losette, drawing a pape 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 ever 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. See !" Forrester glanced at the writing and read

the revelation of old Pennel'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, Losette? "Matter !" 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 l" "No; you shall not say so!" Forrester ex-

"You must take back that word and claimed. 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 overshadow us always ?"

"Why," retorted Losette, "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 clankink sound that rose

through the air from far below. They drew near the edge of the precipice together and peered over it. "Oh," said Losette, "that is father's men at work. They

These obvious remarks were made so many imes 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

JAN. 2. 1886.

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 Losette. 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 forward silently, slide, topple, and rush with a mighty sweep upon the village which he just

A roar as of a thousand cataracts filled his ears. Then all was silent. But where his own home and Harding's had stood there was now only a waste of broken rock and debris. The cliff had fallen and had mowed a clean swath through the yillage to the railroad, shaken down by a light earthquake.

The young man remained where he was, all but petrified. One thought only occupied him now. Had Losette perished with the others? A narrow rift had opened in the hill side, at his feet. While he was gazing about him and wondering where to turn in search of Losette, 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."

Catholic Review

Catholic Review. One of the most striking letters of Cardinal New-man contained in the interesting and very valuable collection of Mr. Oldcastle, whose book was re-cently noticed in these columns, is that which, in 1862, he addressed to the *Globs* on occasion of a par-agraph which had appeared in that journal to the effect that he, Dr. Newman, had left, or was about to leave, the Oratory at Brompton as a preliminary 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 Etablish-Intimation that he had lost his faith in the Catchile Church and was about to return to the Establish-ment which he had, with such a tremendous sacri-fice of feeling, once and forever abandoned. And on this occasion he seemed determined, if possible, by any strength and explicitness of human lan-mage to forever nut at rest even the mossibility of guage, to forever put at rest even the possibility of suspicion of any such intention.

a suspicion of any such intention. After stating that the paragraph "was utterly unfounded in every part of it," and alluding to his connection with the Brompton 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 her fold. 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 creed in all its articles; a supreme satisfaction in her creed workip, discipline and teaching; and an eager long-ing and a hope against hope that the many dear friends whom I have left in Protestantism may be

friends whom I have left in Protestantism may be partakers of my happiness." One would suppose that such a declaration as that ought to be satisfactory to the most ekeptical. 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, would be super-fluous, except that 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-

JAN . 2. 1816

Content.

the rich

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BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

-all gave "Never but once." the Persian poet said (Said the poet, bold of heart and head), "Never but once did I lament forlorn My cruel lot: and that was on a morn, When, bare of foot, I wandered with And cried: 'Alas! how shall I buy me

"Loi ere the murmur died upon my tongue, 1 saw a shadow in my path-a young And measre man, who, in the open sireet, Lay crippled sorely, lacking both his feet, Yet only crooned a little cheerful song. And begged a trifle from the hurrying throng.

"Kind Heaven !' I prayed, (whilst on my naked toes I seped about, till blood and spirits rose). "Forgive the selfsh heart which only sees, And, purblind, pitles its own miseries; Want may be bitter, but content is sweet. For what are shoes to him who hath no

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

We are very happy to reproduce from Education, an international bimonthly magazine published in Boston, some striking testimony to the success of the Christian Brothers as educationists. This important periodical, in its second November number, publishes reports on education at the World's Cotton Centennial Exposition. 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 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 hearty 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. the union which exists between all frue teachers, of whatever name or grade. Dr. Newell well says: 'Of the many thou-sands who visited the Educational Department of the Exhibit very few had ever heard of 'The Christian Brothers,' and not one was prepared to find, under this title, an exhibit so varied, so systema tic, so complete, so suggestive, so instructive.

Mr. John Hancock who had been ap bit of the Bureau of Elucation at the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial

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 Brothers on the other. The French ϵ xhibit 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 ; Brothers on the other. The French exhibit

latter is the outgrowth of national effort ; the former of the effort of a trained order of teachers, who, ignoring all the allure-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 as they are in their details, are filled with such an array of valuable educational material as may well cause the workers in American State W

And Wnigs and Liberals by Parnell whipped and lashed, And beaten and crushed beyond all recognition

And bestefn and crusteed obyond art recognition Awoke at last to Ireland's sud condition. Above contending brawls and faction's roar, Great Gladstone's cheering words were heard to soar. And lay the storm, and bid the waves be still. "All must obey," he said, a nation's will. Our Empire to preserve o'er land and sea, Justice must reigh !-Old Ireland must be free ! Lot Ireland's parliament once more be seen Dispensing righteous laws in College Green. Tis time repentance for the past we show, Let Ireland be our helpment, not our foe, Be this the crowning of my life's brief span I'm pledged to it. "Taus spoke the grand old

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AMERICA.

Now to Columbia let us wing our flight, And view the hill-tops flecked with freedom' light

Where plenty's lap with varied produce teems. And commerce floating down her mighty stream Or o'er her million miles of railway whirled, Make glad each heart in every distant world. Here Washington is decked in robes of gold And pageants dazzling, as in Rome of old Were wont to grace the conqueror's acclaim, When from the Indus or the Nile he came, Now welcome Grover Cleveland and rejoice That he's the monarch of a people's choice. This year too, pallid death, whose icy hand Nor spares the mighty or lowliest in the land, Sought shining victims for his fatal dart And filled with poignant dole the nations heart. The statesman General and the people's friend Whose valour brought about the glori us end Of all the miseries entailed by civil strife. Grant yeilded up to God his heroic life.

The great Republic mourned its buried chief Each city draped its domes in signs of grief, As they his like they never could see more Or, Washington had never lived before— McClellan too in deeds of valor great As Grant, this year, succumbed to cruel fate, with splendor yet shall 'poets crown his fame, Posterity do justice to his name— Another name was added to death's roll Honored his relics-peace to his pure soul : McCloskey-Cardinal-full ripe in years, Merited the tribute of his country's tears. With purple laid aside_the cross on his breast Blessing his people-he laid him down to rest. Heartfelt the sigh and loud the sad complaint Of his stricken flock, that mourned him as a saint Toru from their mids), as tho' a cheering light Had sudden quenched, and left all plung'd in night

CANADA.

To Canada, at length cur homeward flight-Fair Canada, we bail thee with delight,

The praise, or all the honor theirs alone ; He saw before him men from distant parts Whose Christian piety, whose generous hearts Poured contributions in, when needed most. And strengthened him and kept him at his post. To Catholics all, to Protestants not a few All thanks are tendered and all merit due He spoke : and with uplifted hands, he blessed The people and the priests that round him pressed On every head his heartfelt blessing falls Te Deums rend the consecrated walls

'Tis meet that London ever mark the year That wrought such triumphs and such joy and cheer As when with booming gans and ringing cheers She welcomed back her noble Fasileers From war's rough usuage, where each man earned

fame By bringing home a soldier's honored name. Well may they bless their God, as Simeon of old, Who lived to see the woof of time unfold Such universal gifts ; such changes wrought By science, piety and Christian thought, While meekly bowing to the rod that smites Let all adore the "Father of Heavenly lights" From whom all good gifts come, whose constant love

With seeming ills pours blessings from above So may we set our will our purpose fix To fill lifes chequer'd daties all through—86 St. Thomas, Dic. 24th, 1835.

THE ROCK OF WRATH.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

A small band of pioneers went out to establish new homes in the wilderness, nearly a hundred years ago, and chose a spot near be an admission of guilt. Many years went by. Luke Harding married and Julia Drew married. Pennel lived down the old suspicion of his neighthe eastern slope of the Alleghanies, distin-guished by a peculiar landmark. This landmark was a lofty pile of rock jutting up and outward in such a way that it seemed to bors, and finally died in outward peace threaten with instant annihilation any one

and respectability. An incredible change who stood looking at it from below. came over the rough settlement. Hun-One of the leaders of the party, Salmon dreds of new people gathered there, Drew, vigorously objected to the locality, "I and Rock Tower grew to be a flourishing, say it's risky," he declared. "There's plenty of free land around here, and if we build civilized town, with mills, factories, stores in abundance, and a railroad station. But, notwithstanding all the change and moveunder that big tower of stone it may topple

over on us some day." ments and the migrations of former inhab-Pennel Harding, another leader, treated his itants, the descendants of Pennel Harding protest with contempt. A hot argument ensued. But Pennel-a tall, stalwart, and Salmon Drew remained fixed there, ownensued. But Pennel—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

always in his sight, reminding him of his responsibility for Drew's death. Sometimes t looked to him like an immense gravestone set up over the body of the man whom he had virtually murdered.

At other times it seemed on the point of falling, as if it would crush him in vengeance. But somehow he could not resolve to move away from it. There was a fascination that held him. Beside, he kept trying to persuade himself that, after all, he was not really guilty, and if he left the place it would

destroy the village with everybody in it Are you going to wait till then before you put aside this nightmare of the past that paralyzes us and hold us back from happiness?" "Oh I don't know how long, Arthur: but must wait!" And she flung herself upon hi breast. "Oh, Arthur, what is to become of

us? Save me! save me!" Strange situation. Here was this dark.

haired girl, whose forefather had sought the life of Forrester's ancestor, clinging to him and imploring help: Help against what? The blue-eyed, tawny-bearded young man tanding 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

"If I am to save you," he said, "you must rely implicitly on me. Are you ready to do so now? Will you make up your mind to put yourself in my care this day and for life 1

"Not yet," she begged. "Give me time. Let me think."

'There may not be much time for us," said Forrester, influenced by his presentment. "But I will do this, Losette; I will wait a week, and then you shall meet me here precisely at this hour. Will you promise? "Yes," she whispered.

"No matter what the circumstances may be or whatever the obstacles," he persisted, will vou come ?"

"Yes, I will come," said Losette, and so they parted.

The week went by in the ordinary way every one was busy; the neighbours went to and fro about their affairs. Now and then a loiterer paused to watch Harding's men blasting at the foot of the rock. "Ain't you kind of 'fraid you'll undermine that old steeple?" he would ask playfully. "No, I guess not," Harding answered, in

his usual cheery way. "It's likely to stand about as long as we do."

with an absolute internal a sent, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible sent, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions; that the thought of the Anglican service 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 hondare " 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

worldly motive, some sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt, of which they themselves are perhaps scarcely conscious, become lukewarm and perhaps even fall away from the faith. And what a lesson, too, for those poor, b'ind souls, who, though having decided Catholic tenden-cies, still cling to the rickety old Anglican Establish-ment on the very ground which Newman himself occupied in his transition state, but which he found insufficient and baseless. The very fortifications to whose ruins they cling with such persistent tenacity, as if they were still impregnable, he long since demolished with the tremendous engine of his invincible logic and passed over into the opposing camp, never to return; and it would seem as if 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 vidence "one is taken and abover for, 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 Protestanism may be partakers of his and one handmass? his and our happiness"?

A Traffic Under Ban.

Bishop Ireland was interviewed by a reporter of the Chicago Inter-Ocean the other day. "What was the Pope's action on the temperance decrees of the Pienary Council ?" asked the reporter. "They were endorsed entirely. The Church from this time placed itself on the highest ground on the temperance question. The Council took an extremely strong stand on the closing of salons on Sunday, indirecely putting the ban'on the whole liquor traffic by stating, in these words, that 'Cath-olics engaged in it should seek a more honorable mode of gaining a livelibood.' 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 wine in any connection with the interests of the Church. It solemnly approves of total abstinence societies, and requests pastors to encourage them."

of what those schools have done and are doing. In one feature these two exhibit are strikingly alike; they are both exceed-ingly rich 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-

shools to use a moderate tone in enesking

ably attractive and instructive exhibits, as it does, it must be confessed our Bureau exhibits suffers to some extent in com-parison with their brilliancy. That this has arisen 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 enthusiasm and skill of a devoted order of trained laborers, also working under a centralized authority."

Mr. John M. Ordway, committee or Industrial Education, pays the Christian Brothers a very high compliment : "The large and full exhibit made by the Christian Brothers of their schools in various parts of the country prove that the art element is duly appresiated by this Order, which has done so much for education 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, baspeaking for it close attention :

"Of the many thousands who visited the Educational Department of the Exposition at New Orleans, very few had every heard of the "Christian Brothers;" and not one of these few was prepared to find under this title an exhibit so exten-

find under this title an exhibit so exten-sive, so varied, so systematic, so complete, so suggestive, so instructive. "The 'Ohristian 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 Brothera were poor and La Salle was