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ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one the duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given—
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one the grief shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One shall fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain,
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor the daily toll forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven but one by one;
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

THE NECKLACE OF TEARS.

BY RAOUL DE NAVERY.

(From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)

It was at the time when the Crusades called to the East valiant knights and faithful Christians; from all parts of Europe the nobility hurried to defend the places consecrated by the footsteps and the death of the Saviour of men. Many of the zealous defenders of the holy tomb paid with life and liberty for the honor of having followed the banner of the cross, surrounded in their last combat by furious Mussulmen, who wished to avenge the losses they had suffered under the swords of the Christians.

Ludolphe had been taken prisoner after an heroic resistance, and owed his life to the cupidity of his enemies alone. Thrown into a dark and fetid dungeon, he must procure before the end of the year a large sum for his ransom: if not he was to be beheaded. The knight, on hearing this decree, took a pen and wrote the following words:

"Ulrique—The fate of arms has been unfavorable to me; God's hand weighs heavily upon me, and perhaps He will deign to make a martyr of the knight who had fought in His cause. You are a Christian, Ulrique; you will suffer, but you will lay down your sorrows at the foot of the cross, which will be a balm for all your wounds.

"On the terrible day which decided my fate I struggled with the courage of a soldier defending himself for the sake of those he loves. I have a son, and you have been the model of wives. I believe that my arm might yet be of service to the cause which I served, and God has punished this proud thought. Yesterday death surrounded me; twenty daggers threatened me; my eyes, blinded by the blood which flowed from my wounds, and flashing of blades no longer showed me where to strike. Isolated from my companions, and deprived of my archers I fell into the hands of the infidels. Their sabre is suspended over my brow but were it not for the grief of losing you and leaving my son without support, I could meet death without fear, and full of confidence in God, whose banner I followed, go to receive the recompense which so many of my brave companions have already received. Nevertheless my enemies leave me one chance of life that is, the payment of an enormous ransom: I will not ruin my son nor reduce you to misery. I foresee that it will be impossible for you to furnish the ransom exacted. I am only writing to thank you for the happiness which you have given me and to bless you for having been the honor and example of my home. Pour into Sitold's heart all the virtues which at once form a man and a Christian. May he learn to bear adversity, for suffering is the great law of humanity. If ever when he is strong enough to wear armor and to handle a sword, the holy war is proclaimed, send him to the place where doubtless I shall remain, not to avenge me, but to again consecrate our family to Christ by the devotion of one of its members. Adieu, and for ever adieu, Ulrique. May the Lord keep the widow and orphan."

In finishing this testament, which contained his last thoughts and wishes, the knight's eyes filled with tears. His page captive like himself, but free upon his word, was charged to take this missive to Germany. Now the knight thought only of preparing himself for the death to which the sultan's avarice had condemned him. Whilst the page was on his way to Cologne. Ulrique, who had withdrawn to her castle; never ceased praying to the Saviour for her husband surrounded as he was by the perils of war. Poor Ulrique! so much occupied was she with Ludolphe's dangers, that she never thought of her own interest. Her vassals paid badly, and soon ceased to pay at all. Her husband's brother, seeing the young wife left without a support, coveted her domain. One winter's evening the noble Ulrique was driven forth from her castle; for eight days she wandered about in the neighborhood, and at last she sat down upon the threshold of a chapel at the entrance of the forest in which the noble Ludolphe had formerly hunted. His son had fallen asleep in her arms. She bathed with tears the young brow upon which misfortune had so early weighed; but in the excess of her grief she still blessed the Saviour who had preserved her child to her. Whilst she prayed, a horseman covered with perspiration and dust, stopped near to her to let his horse rest for a moment. The noble beast, fatigued by its long journey, was bathing its steaming nostrils in the stream, when the horseman perceived the chapel, and recognizing it, uttered a cry of joy. It was dedicated to St. Eloi, formerly silversmith and goldsmith to one of the kings of France. But what was the horseman's surprise to see Ulrique seated upon its steps, pale, her face wet with tears, and wearing a brocaded dress which was all in rags, while her child's clothing was insufficient to preserve him from the cold. He did not dare to believe his eyes. Ludolphe's wife raised her face which was bent over her child, and she, too, uttered a cry of joy.

"Wolf," said she, "where is my son's father?"

"Madam," replied the page, bending the knee, "I come from the East to bring you this letter. When you have read it, whatever may be your answer, I shall return to my noble Lord; for, like him, I too am a prisoner, and we will share a common fate."

Ulrique took the parchment, kissed the seal, and read the touching adieu, "How much does the sultan demand for my husband's ransom?"

"Sixteen hundred gold crowns."

"And for yours?"

"The half of that sum."

"I have nothing," she said, "nothing! The brother has robbed the brother's inheritance. Ludolphe's wife is a beggar, wandering without a home. My jewels are retained at the castle; as well as my other precious things, and to-day the poorest of my vassals is richer than myself, and I cannot purchase my husband's life."

"Courage, noble lady, doubtless the same demanded is exorbitant, but I will endeavor to procure it. No! it is not possible that a lord so loved and venerated throughout the country shall die because he is unable to pay his ransom."

"O my God," cried Ulrique, falling upon her knees, "this trial is terrible, but be it far from me to murmur; may Thy kind hand which strikes be blessed. Grant Ludolphe a holy death, if it is indeed impossible to save him. But from the depths of the abyss into which I have fallen I still hope and trust in Thee."

"Madam," said Wolf, "it has taken me three months to accomplish this journey and I shall be three months in returning to Palestine; therefore I have six months left. During this time we will not cease our exertions, and we shall find, at least let us hope so, among the friends and relatives of my master, the sum necessary for his liberation."

Ulrique took heart. She allowed the faithful page to take her to a convent, where the nuns spent their lives in work and prayer. This convent, richly endowed by Ulrique's ancestor, offered her an hospitality worthy of her misfortunes and illustrious family. When he saw his mistress sheltered from want, Wolf set out, accompanied by little Sitold,

whose innocent goodness was sufficient to soften the hardest hearts. He went through all the country, in the hope of obtaining from Ludolphe's allies the sum necessary for his ransom; but most of them were absent in the Holy Land, and had taken with them all their coined gold; melted their silver, and pledged their jewels.

Whilst Wolf was pursuing his mission of devotion, the young wife did not cease to address the most ardent applications to God. She promised pilgrimages, and made a vow to build a magnificent church in place of the humble sanctuary dedicated to St. Eloi. She called to her aid all the saints and blessed ones, and from the midst of her distress, strong in faith, she awaited miraculous help from on high. How many tears she shed! How many times she read Ludolphe's letter! What terrible grief she felt in thinking that she would never see him more. Sleep rarely weighed down her eyelids, and if she dozed she was happy when a consoling dream transported her to the usurped mansion where she had lived so happily with her husband and son. Ulrique embroidered church vestments and put aside the price of her work to complete Ludolphe's ransom.

The community joined its gifts to this sum, but so much money was necessary to buy the captive that a less believing soul than Ulrique would have ceased to hope. Every evening the Angel of tears descended to her, and carried away in his sapphire cup new pearls of her resigned sorrow. Time passed rapidly away. Five months had gone by when Wolf returned with him a casket containing six hundred golden crowns, which he had collected. As to Ludolphe's brother, he had brutally repulsed the page as well as the child, overwhelming them with his maledictions. The baroness added the offering of the abbey and the produce of her own work to six hundred crowns Wolf had collected; then with tears in her eyes, holding the casket in her hands, she said: "Go, my faithful servant, and find in your heart words capable of touching that of the sultan who keeps my husband captive. May his soul, by the miracle of the Saviour; awake to pity, and you will have saved me more than life."

"Madam," replied the page; "I shall not return without my lord; if in six months you have no news of us, have Mamee said for the repose of our souls."

Wolf kissed the chatelaine's hand respectfully, pressed the little Sitold to his heart and started. Innumerable obstacles retarded his journey; at the ports no ships were ready to sail, the roads were unsafe, and the period fixed by the sultan for his return expired on that very day. Mahomet's son, happy at finding one of Christ's children at fault, had already cursed the Christian who had broken his word, and came not back at the time agreed upon. Ludolphe, confined in his cell, prayed God to accept his death in expiation for his sins and to have pity upon his soul.

The sultan appeared in his dungeon. "Giaour," said he, "your hour is come." "Poor Ulrique!" murmured Ludolphe, and then he added aloud: "I am prepared to die."

His chains were taken off, and after a year passed in the dark dungeon Ludolphe again enjoyed the sight of heaven. There he was in a spacious court, surrounded by a triple row of men curious to see how a Christian knight would meet death. Ludolphe advanced without fear and without bravado. He looked with a tranquil eye on the preparation for his death, knelt down for the last time and prayed earnestly, then he bent his head to the knife of the executioner. The sultan was just on the point of giving the signal for the blow when suddenly a cry resounded:

"The page! here is the page!" Ludolphe raised his head, and recognized Wolf. The faithful page was worn out with fatigue, broken down pale, and breathless. His mission was finished; he cast a look full of sublime expression upon his master and then presented the casket to the sultan.

"Are the golden crowns here?" said the latter.

"The sum is incomplete, my lord, but

pity, have pity!"

The sultan opened the casket and counted the gold which amounted to eight hundred crowns! "eight hundred crowns cried he, I asked double the sum. This amount will serve for your ransom as to Luophe's he will pay it with his life."

The sultan was replacing the money in the casket which he supposed he had emptied when he perceived at the bottom a marvelous necklace of pearls of a brilliance such as he had never seen before. The more he gazed at them the more surprised was he. Whilst looking at these creamy pearls they seemed to him to become transparent and warm like tears; the necklace lived it palpitated in his hands!

"These gems," he said, "are not ordinary gems."

His heart softened and his face relaxed then in a benevolent voice he asked the page if the necklace belonged to Ludolphe's wife.

"I have never seen her with it," replied he, "and when in my presence she shut up the basket. I am sure that it was not there."

"It is strange!" murmured the Sultan. He approached the knight.

"Among the presents given by you to your lady was there a necklace of pearls?"

"They belong neither to my wife, sister nor mother."

"As they amply suffice for your ransom sir knight, you are free, as well as your faithful page, who came loyally to give up his life as the pledge for his word. Besides your liberty, I will give you a thousand golden crowns, horses, silken stuffs, perfumes, and twenty slaves. Do not thank me; this necklace is worth still more, either I am mistaken, or its value is inestimable."

Ludolphe could not recover from his great surprise. Upon his knees, on the spot where he was to have been executed, he gave thanks to God, the more earnestly because he understood that he had just witnessed a miracle.

"My lord," said Wolf, last night I thought I was the plaything of a dream, but these events, which restore to you at once liberty, fortune, and Madam Ulrique, are too wonderful for me not to perceive that I have been favored with a vision."

"Speak, speak, my faithful Wolf," said the knight, eager to know the details relative to the strange history of the necklace.

"Yesterday, overcome with fatigue, I lay down under the shade of two trees, after having taken the precaution to place under my head the casket confided to my care by Madam Ulrique, and which again I attest contained nothing but the eight hundred golden crowns. I fell asleep, and in a dream it seemed to me that the curtain of clouds which conceals the entrance into Paradise was drawn aside, and that my eyes beheld the heavenly kingdom. Opposite to the throne, whose rays my dazzled eyes were unable to bear, was an angel sadder and paler than his brothers. He was clothed in white, and wore a crown of flowers upon his brow, holding in his hands a goblet formed of a single sapphire."

"Whence comest thou?" asked a voice which I new to be that of our Lord.

"I have finished my harvest of tears O Master! and I offer it to Thee. Ah what a mission is mine, Redeemer of men, to be always a witness of new sorrows. Since the hour I owed existence to the tears which thou didst shed over ungrateful Jerusalem, I have visited in their turn the king's palace, the shepherd's hut, the castle of the rich, and the dwelling of the poor. Everywhere and always I have heard groans, and seen tears flow. Happy, among the pure spirits, whose brother I am, are those who gather works of piety, who appease suffering, or guard Thy sanctuary I am the saddest of angels—the Angel of Tears, whom none expect and none desire, and whose flight stops never. These tears fell from the eyes of a little child whose mother had just been taken from him; these are the last which were shed by an old man, they were torn from him by misfortune, these come from a maiden, who in the fervor of her prayer, Concluded on 8th P