

**GRIS LAPIN.**

I was wandering, gun in hand, in the forest, when I saw a stone cross. I had been so long away from the country that this cross was new to me. The gossip of the little hamlet, on the skirt of the woods, was Taupet, who had once kept the village cafe, and was the barber of the country, but he was too old now to exercise either calling. I knew Taupet could tell me all about that cross. Meeting him next day, he gave me with much detail the story of Gris Lapin.

They called the man Gris Lapin because of his beard, which was thick and gray, and he had prominent teeth—and did Monsieur not tell the prominent teeth of the hounds? He was not the master of this country, this Gris Lapin, but from Brittany, and was once valet de chambre to the Comte de Blenville;—with his hounds and his other distinctions. The Count had to sell his estate, and he went in hiding, nobody knew where. As for Gris Lapin, he would not take another place; he loved his freedom and to live after his own pleasure, and he set up as a woodcutter, a business at which he was very expert—too expert, perhaps, for the forest keepers, who suspected him of felling more wood than he paid for, but for a long time they could prove nothing against him.

He would often come to my little cafe, and we became great friends. He told me he had a wife in Brittany, and a son there named Eustase, and that in the neighborhood lived Mlle Agnes, the Count de Blenville's daughter, who was being cared for by her aunt. Sometimes Gris Lapin would give me the news of all this, and soon we heard how the chateau was to be newly furnished and furnished up, and the Count's old debts paid off, and presently we hear of nothing but M. de Blenville and Mme. la Comtesse. And the new housekeeper at the chateau was no other than the wife of Gris Lapin; and their son, the little Eustase, was running about the place, a fine fellow for Mlle Agnes, who had now come back to her father's house. The Count had married a rich wife, but it turned out that the new Countess had no love for her step-daughter. All the lady thought was to get rid of Mlle Agnes—by marrying her off to some rich man. Eustase, that was Gris Lapin's boy, was going to school, and he was to be brought up to be a priest.

"He studied Latin and all that kind of thing," Gris Lapin said, "but he did not like the idea of his becoming a priest. 'It is his wife's soldier,' said he. 'But Gris Lapin's wife and her mistress insisted that Eustase should be a priest, so that he was shipped to the seminary. The fact is that Gris Lapin absorbed a great deal of brandy, and was not exactly a reputable sort of a father."

Now, as ill-luck will have it, when Eustase came home for his vacation, Madame had gone to her own estate in Brittany and the Count had taken the opportunity to bring home his daughter from the convent to give her pleasure, and our young Monsieur must needs become enamored of this Mlle Agnes; you see, Eustase had no vows, and so, when it was found out that the boy and the girl cared for one another, there was a precious row, and Mademoiselle was packed off to a convent and the lad to a seminary.

Then the war with the Prussians took place, and M. le Comte went into service, and after a while the Germans were here in force, and a Prussian General had his headquarters at the chateau.

What was Gris Lapin doing? Cutting wood for the Prussians and earning a good bit of money. The fact is, my own little piece of entertainment was doing a peasant, and some times I said to Gris Lapin, "Take care, the Count may hold you responsible for all the row you are cutting. Watch out, the Count may have somebody looking to his interests."

Well, one day a man came into my place—there were ever so many Prussian soldiers there—and he was dressed like a peasant, with his bill hook hanging at his girdle, an honest woodman, as it would seem. Some of the soldiers laughed and made faces at him and called him Herr Crapaud. But he did not seem to mind. A quiet, middle-aged man, his resemblance to Gris Lapin struck me at once, only he was younger in the face, though his hair looked grayish. Then suddenly he said: "Monsieur Taupet, will you put my air?" "Walk into my back room," said I. You see, these Prussians dressed spies and were very suspicious. No sooner was he seated in my barber's chair than I noticed that his hair was powdered, so as to give him an older look. Says he at once: "I am Eustase. Find me some way of getting into the chateau. I cannot ask my father to help me. He must not know I am here. I saw him as I came here. My father was drunk and was fraternizing with our enemies."

Then I saw the Germans were watching us. Now, Monsieur, inspiration seized me, and I said aloud: "Yes, they are chokens at the chateau, and if you had any pigeons you could sell them. Any kind of

poultry is in demand." Then I noticed that Eustase started. "Pore Taupet," said he, in a low voice, "that guess about pigeons was a dangerously good one. Look!" and, opening the basin of his blouse, he showed me a white carrier pigeon there, one of the true Antwerp breed.

"But tell me about the chateau and Mademoiselle Agnes?" he asked. "I gave him the last news. 'They are all well,' I said. Then he told me that he was no longer a seminary student, but had taken up arms in defense of France. That he had been promised his epaulettes if he would undertake a dangerous service, and it was to find out the exact force of Prussians in this province. That he had three pigeons, and that two of them had been loosed, and that the third, with the final news, the most important, was to be sent to the French headquarters."

I managed somehow that Eustase had entrance to the chateau, and you may fancy what joy Agnes found in the news and the pretty pigeon merchant who had brought the birds for the kitchen. Such information as Eustase obtained he wrote and put in a quill and attached it to the pigeon, and I think Mademoiselle herself carried it to the upper window of the chateau and let it fly; and the bird winged her way right over the forest. And now Eustase said to Agnes: "You have now for me the cross and my epaulettes." But just then they heard a shot.

That evening Gris Lapin came to my place, and I told him about his son, and he could hardly believe me. And as we were talking together in a low voice we heard the sound of a military party, tramp, tramp, tramp; and behold, there came along at the double an armed guard of Prussians, with a prisoner in the middle of them, his hands tied behind him, as he was in death, with a strange gaze, as he looked in my eyes. "That is a poor fellow whom they have caught sending messages to our army by a carrier pigeon, heaven bless him," somebody said. And at that Gris Lapin staggered forward and threw himself among the soldiers with a loud cry, while the prisoner turned his head. "Mon pere," he cried, springing toward him as well as he could, but the soldiers urged him along with their bayonets, and drove away Gris Lapin with blows, and he fell backward among us more dead than alive.

It was terrible! The young man was to be shot. The Countess and Mlle Agnes were to be sent out of France. The pigeon, which had been shot, had told a whole story. That evening Gris Lapin came to see me. I tried to comfort him, but he bade me hold my tongue, for that I knew nothing about the matter. "That might be," I said, "but I know this much: that if I know the traitor who had betrayed him I would do my best to strangle him with these two hands of mine." At that Gris Lapin dashed at me, tearing at his own lips: "General Sheridan is supposed by some persons to be capable only of a single brilliant and dashing exploit. There never was a greater mistake; he is able to conduct a campaign over an extent of territory as large as any nation in the world can cover with its troops. The Catholic Church in England, the country from which our ancestors came, was always on the side of the people against the king or noble. She encountered Tudor and Plantagenet with as stern a 'thus saith the Lord' as ever was uttered by Hebrew or Puritan lips. But it taught kings and nobles the great lesson of democracy. It taught them the great doctrine which Thomas Jefferson wrote in the opening sentence of our great declaration, that there was one power in this universe in whose right the soul of the peasant was in equal value with theirs. There are many of your clergymen among the dead and among the living who have a tender place in the hearts of the people of Massachusetts. She still cherishes the memory of Bishop Cheverus, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston, missionary to the Indians, encounterer of savages and of pestilence; the American Fenelon, afterwards Archbishop of Bordeaux and Cardinal. When somebody told Abraham Lincoln that General Grant drank whiskey, he said he's like to send a barrel of it to each of the other generals. I should like to send a barrel of John Ireland's theology to some of our Protestant bishops."

"It is a great public benefit." These significant words were used in relation to Dr. Thomas Electric Oil, a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonary and corrective.

Death of a Prominent Catholic. New Orleans, December 31.—W. H. Lanesater, who died on Monday, aged 72, was a native of Florida, descended from one of the families which, with Lord Baltimore, established the colony of Maryland. Mr. Lanesater was a devout Catholic, was for years editor of the Catholic Morning Star, of New Orleans, president of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, founder of the Convent of the Discalced Carmelites, one of the three institutions of the kind in the country, and a director in a large number of Catholic asylums and institutions.

was carelessly pooping up and down, and who motioned to me to dig the grave. But first I went up to the body to close the eyes that were staring wildly, with, I fancy, some little consciousness still left in them. But the face was quite different from what I expected. With the marks of my own razor upon it, and a gasp that I made in my agitation the night before! It was the face of Gris Lapin. Ah, how I pressed his hand, and I fancied that the numbed fingers feebly returned the pressure! His crime was expiated, he might rest in peace. And, as for I, I should like to lie here myself, with the sound of the axe in the distance and the wood pigeons cooing. But that is all folly, for when we are dead, what matters?

Mind, I do not believe for a moment that the young man thought that he had lost his father to die. He could not think it possible that they should shoot one man for another. Nor would they have done so but for the ruse of Gris Lapin in having his well-known beard taken off. But, anyhow, the young man escaped, and the guard did not recognize the change. And perhaps he does not know to this day, for when the war was over none could say what had become of Gris Lapin. And I also held my peace, for I thought that such would be the wish of my old comrade.

But M. Eustase got his epaulettes after all, and in the end the Comte gave him permission that he should marry Mlle Agnes. And madame, who was at first very angry, was afterwards reconciled, and when she died—both she and the Comte are now dead—she left the bulk of her fortune to the young couple. And so the little Eustase is now M. de Blenville, and hunts the forest like a grand seigneur, but some of us remember that, after all, he is the son of Gris Lapin.—From All the Year Round.

**SENATOR HOAR'S EULOGY.**

He Praised the Irish People and their Clergy. Boston, December 30.—Speaking at the gathering of citizens of Worcester who paid a tribute to Vary Rev. T. J. Conroy, D. D., who is about to leave Worcester to assume the office of rector of the Catholic University of America, Senator Hoar said in part: "The relation of Ireland to Massachusetts and to American liberty has been quite close from the beginning. In 1676, when Massachusetts was suffering from the terrible effects of King Philip's war, the generous people of Ireland sent over a contribution for our relief. They played no unimportant part in the Revolutionary service. The catalogue of the brave soldiers that the Irish race has furnished to America is too long for repetition here. Besides Montgomery, there is Andrew Jackson, the great hero of the war of 1812, and Phil Sheridan, the hero of the war of the Rebellion, of whom General Grant once said to me with his own lips: 'General Sheridan is supposed by some persons to be capable only of a single brilliant and dashing exploit. There never was a greater mistake; he is able to conduct a campaign over an extent of territory as large as any nation in the world can cover with its troops.' The Catholic Church in England, the country from which our ancestors came, was always on the side of the people against the king or noble. She encountered Tudor and Plantagenet with as stern a 'thus saith the Lord' as ever was uttered by Hebrew or Puritan lips. But it taught kings and nobles the great lesson of democracy. It taught them the great doctrine which Thomas Jefferson wrote in the opening sentence of our great declaration, that there was one power in this universe in whose right the soul of the peasant was in equal value with theirs. There are many of your clergymen among the dead and among the living who have a tender place in the hearts of the people of Massachusetts. She still cherishes the memory of Bishop Cheverus, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston, missionary to the Indians, encounterer of savages and of pestilence; the American Fenelon, afterwards Archbishop of Bordeaux and Cardinal. When somebody told Abraham Lincoln that General Grant drank whiskey, he said he's like to send a barrel of it to each of the other generals. I should like to send a barrel of John Ireland's theology to some of our Protestant bishops."

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**FORTY TOOK THE VEIL.** Impressive service at the Grey Nuns' Convent, Ottawa. OTTAWA, Jan. 2.—Forty young ladies took the veil and pronounced their final vows at the Grey Nuns' Convent on Water street this morning. The chapel was artistically decorated with flowers, evergreens, electrical illuminations and crowded with the friends and relatives of the young ladies.

The following ladies took the holy habit: Choir sisters who pronounced their final vows: M. Rose A. Campeau, in religion Sister St. Rose of Viterbo, Rigaud. Georgiana Jean, in religion Sister St. Tharasia, Hull. M. B. Don Simon, in religion Sister Mary of Loreta, Hull. M. Alma Genest, in religion Sister Mary of Lourdes, Hull. Amabilis Cloutier, in religion Sister St. Alodia, Pierreville. Jos. Dionne, in religion Sister St. Demetrius, St. Denis, P. Q. Leonie Forcier, in religion Sister St. Angeline, St. Bonaventure. Leonette Laviolette, in religion Sister St. Françoise Xavier, Ottawa. Agnes Spooner, in religion, Sister St. Wilbrod, Buckingham. Regina Dupuis, in religion Sister St. Arthur, St. Francois du Lac.

**LAY SISTERS.** Herminie Prieur, in religion Sister Pauline, Ripon. Carmelita Desnoyers, in religion Sister Sabine, St. Antoine, P. Q. Lay Sisters who made vows for five years: Emma Morin, in religion Sister Fabian, St. Antoine, P. Q. Antoinette Voilet, in religion Sister Euphrosine, Batiscan. Postulants who took the religious habit: Sister Ernestine Gagon, in religion Sister St. David, Riviere Ouelle. Elise Charlebois, in religion, Sister St. Vincent, For., Montebello. Ludvieve Langlois, in religion, Sister M. Archangel, Lowell. Marguerite Lynott, in religion, Sister St. Antony of Padua, Castley. Agnes Plunkett, in religion, Sister Agnes of Jesus, Osgoode. Stephanie Ocharland, in religion Sister St. Michael, Pierreville, P. Q. Bertha Ocharland, in religion, Sister St. Cyrille, Pierreville, P. Q. Corinne Beaulieu, in religion, Sister St. Annetasius, La Pointe du Lac. Jeanne Deslauriers, in religion, Sister St. Roch, La Pointe du Lac. Laura Emard, in religion, Sister St. Antonine, Embrun. M. A. Guenette, in religion, Sister St. Thomas of Villanova, L'Orignal. Martha Guenette, in religion, Sister St. Omer, L'Orignal. Adele Fortin, in religion, Sister St. Placidia, Montmay. Virginia Taillefer, in religion, Sister St. Adriana, Ottawa. Mathilde Dubois, in religion, Sister St. Peter of Alcantara, Alfred. Catherine Donovan, in religion, Sister St. John Ohrysovna, Maniwaki. Lillian Davis, in religion, Sister St. Mary Edelis, Brooklyn. Alexis Simon, in religion, Sister St. Batilda, Hull. Valerie Lauzon, in religion, Sister St. Praxedis, Cornwall. Suzan Duval, in religion, Sister St. Valtruda, Ottawa. Eliz Plourde, in religion, Sister St. Hubert, Lowell.

**LAY SISTERS.** Florence Ruess, in religion Sister Ovide, N. D du Laus. Alice Ohalifour, in religion, Sister Prosper, N D du la Salette. Rebecca Lacroette, in religion, Sister Philibert, Portneuf. Esther Montminy, in religion, Sister Esther, St. Romuald. Rose Fournier, in religion, Sister Stephanie, Sherbrooke. Louise Hay, in religion, Sister Raymond, Fallowfield. Archbishop Dahdaleh presided at the ceremony. The sermon in French was preached by Rev. Canon Campan and the sermon in English by Rev. Father Pallier, O. M. I. A large number of priests attended the service, also parents and friends of those making the profession. The pupils of the Hall convent conducted the greater part of the musical service.

**A Satisfactory Appointment.** Few appointments of more recent years to vacant Chairs in Maynooth College have afforded such unmixed satisfaction to the laity, who do not usually concern themselves much about the affairs of this great Alma Mater of the Irish Church, as that of the Rev. M. P. Hickey to the important post of Celtic Professor, rendered vacant by Father O'Growney's resignation, consequent on his having decided, on account of his health, to remain in America. The fact of Father Hickey, who is not a Maynooth priest, having been selected for this Chair from amongst several formidable competitors, ex-students of Maynooth College, is alike creditable to him and to those responsible for the appointment, which was one that the most distinguished Irish scholars of the day, such as Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. John MacNeill, Father Heneghy, of the American Catholic University, and others strongly urged him to seek.

**Santa Claus is a Good Catholic.** When a child in these countries hangs up their stockings on Christmas Eve to receive the good things which Santa Claus brings in such bountiful variety they have deep respect and reverence for their venerable benefactor; but in many cases, we fear, the feeling is allied with a certain mysterious sense of dread. They think of him as one of those mythical beings such as they have heard described in tales of the Black Forest and other wild German legends, who will be kind if he is propitiated, but who is also rather capricious and may, if the whim seizes him, prove disappointing and disagreeable. Now, there is no reason to be afraid of Santa Claus, for he is a good Catholic saint, whose identity has been almost lost amongst the traditions of his benevolence. His real name is St. Nicholas. He was born in Patara, a city of Asia Minor, whose he distinguished himself by aiding all who were in need, and when the three daughters of a very poor man were beset by danger, on three successive nights he dug a purse through the window containing sufficient gold to establish each of them in matrimony. Saint that he was, he loved little children tenderly, and when he became Bishop of Myra, one of his first acts on his introduction to the See was to raise to life a child who had been burned to death whilst his mother had been visiting the Cathedral to see her now pastor. So earnest was his care for the little ones, that after he had passed away he was elected their patron saint, and even more than during life became their friend and protector. In his name and to honor his memory, gifts were distributed to children on December 6th, the day the Church has set aside for his glorification.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

**A Pleasant Lentener.** London, Ont. Chase's Ointment is an invariable remedy for itching Piles, and in my own case I would pay \$50 per box for it if it could not be otherwise had. JOHN PROCTOR, 160 Sydenham St. Decorated by His Grandmother.

The following incident, it is reported, occurred a few days ago at a ball in Berlin. A Colonel advanced towards a young lieutenant who wore on his breast as sole decoration a large badge richly set with diamonds. "Tell me, young man," he said, "what is that thing you have got there?" "It is an order, my colonel," replied the lieutenant. "An order!" exclaimed the colonel. "It is not Prussian, then, for I don't know it." "It is an English order, my colonel," responded the juvenile officer. "Ah, indeed!" said his superior, "who, for goodness sake, could have given you such an order?" "My grandmother, my colonel," was the reply. "Your grandmother!" ejaculated the colonel, bursting out laughing; "what is her name?" "Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Queen of England," answered the young lieutenant, who was none other than Prince Albert of Schleswig Holstein. The colonel suddenly disappeared.

**C. O. F.** The following officers for 1897 have been elected of St. Columban's Court, C. O. F., Cornwall. Rev. Father Campbell, Spiritual Adviser; William Cavanaugh, Chief Ranger; Michael Hancheby, P. G. R.; William Lalonde, C. R.; J. E. Tallon, Financial Secretary; J. Fournier, Recording Secretary; Wm. Wheeler, Medical Examiner; Philip McGinn, Joseph Plamondon and Allen McDonald, Trustees. ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, 126, C. O. F. MONTEALE. This court has elected the following officers for 1897: Chief Ranger, John Pearson; Vice Chief Ranger, John Kelly; Recording Secretary, James Connor, re-elected; Financial Secretary, Alex. F. O'Connell, re-elected; Treasurer, Francis A. Bussiere; Trustees, Wm. Milloy, Richard Egan, Wm. Barry. Dr. Shields, an eminent physician of Tennessee, says: "I regard Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood-purifying medicine I know of many wonderful cures effected by its use." Physicians all over the land have made similar statements.

**Catholics of Great Britain.** The "Catholic Directory" for Great Britain, which is, as usual, ably edited by Mgr. Canon Johnson, has just been published by Messrs. Burns and Oates, this, the 16th issue for 1897, being the sixtieth annual publication. It shows that there are at present 25 Archbishops and Bishops, 3,090 priests, and 1,812 churches, chapels and stations in Great Britain, as compared with 24 Archbishops and Bishops, 3,014 priests, and 1,789 churches, chapels and stations last year. Of the priests 2,143 are seculars and 947 regulars. One hundred and six of the seculars are invalid, retired, or unattached.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

**Christmas Entertainment.** A very pleasing entertainment was given by the Sunday school pupils in the basement of the Church of Our Lady, Guelph, on the 30th ult. The large hall was filled with a most appreciative audience who testified their delight by the hearty applause given on the rendition of the different numbers. The stage was beautifully decorated with evergreens and bunting, while the head and foot lights added greatly to the beauty of the youthful performers in that fair scene.

Among the most pleasing numbers of an unusually attractive programme, may be mentioned the following: an opening chorus, "Hark, the Herald," by four hundred boys and girls was rendered most artistically. "New Year's Greeting," a chorus by senior girls, was very appropriate. The recitation and song, "Swinging in the Grape Vine Swing," by a number of little girls wearing in white, was something not to be forgotten. About fifty small boys entertained the audience with a delightful recitation, "Give the Little Boys a Chance," and were loudly applauded. The "Ocean Nymphs" in their rainbow lined attire captivated everyone by their graceful tripping during a well rendered chorus. The "Scene From King John" was well received, the parts being admirably taken by the senior boys. A full chorus "Anchored," by the entire Sunday school class, elicited the most rapturous applause. Little Karl Spauk's recitation took the house by storm. About thirty little boys, amused the hearers by recounting their trials and tribulations. A recitation, "The Answered Prayer," and song, "The Brook," by 3rd Form boys surprised and charmed the audience. A semi-chorus, "Oft in the Silly Night," was rendered most effectively by the senior girls, the different parts being thoroughly sustained throughout. A recitation, "The Inquiry," by the same class, was declared a decided success. The chorus, "Old Kentish Home," with violin obligato, by 4th Form boys, was rendered in an unusually finished style. The closing chorus, "The Maple Leaf," by four hundred boys and girls, left nothing to be desired on the part of the audience. Too much praise cannot be given to the Ladies of Loreto for their thorough training and perfect discipline, as evinced by the conduct of the children throughout the evening. SPECTATOR.

**Mr. Israel Tarte Again Heard From.** Discussing the condemnation of L'Electeur with a representative of The Montreal Star, Mr. J. Israel Tarte is reported to have said that L'Electeur was really unwise and indiscreet; but he adds: "I know of my own personal knowledge that some of the articles condemned by the five bishops have been written by priests." It must be borne in mind that few are credulous enough to believe any statement made by Mr. J. Israel Tarte; but if on this occasion he happens to have accidentally spoken the truth for once, it is high time L'Electeur was condemned, and the name of its mischief-making clerical contributors made known to their congregations. Of course there are nine hundred and ninety-nine probabilities to one that Mr. Tarte is airing his constitutional weakness for fiction.

**Tolerations in Catholic Ireland.** Testimony is so constantly borne to the religious harmony of the south of Ireland that to remark upon it is nothing new. Nevertheless the testimony of Right Rev. Dr. Meade, Protestant Bishop of Cork, during the course of a public speech in that city on Dec. 13, is interesting. He was urging united effort for lessened imperial taxation. He said in making their demands let them be united; for nothing made him despair so much for Ireland as their: own divisions. He was glad to say nothing had given him more happiness since he came of this city than that they were able to work together. On the boards to which he belonged they never thought whether a man was a Protestant or a Roman Catholic, whether he was a Unionist or a Nationalist—they worked together for the common good (applause). In this movement let there be union; let there be a universal cry from North and South; let there be a long pull a strong pull, and a pull together, and then they should succeed for what they asked was for justice (applause). Descendant of Cromwell a Convert.

Sir William Lawrence Young, who has been received into the Catholic Church, comes of an old Cromwellian stock, one of his ancestors being Henry Lawrence, the Lord President of Cromwell's Council in 1668. Sir Henry's father was the third holder of the title within a month, his grandfather having died before Sebastopol within a few weeks after inheriting the baronetcy from his elder brother, who fell in the battle of the Alma.