THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE:

THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.) GRANT'S STORY.

"Father Jerome did a great work among the settlers. Gradually they got to love him and trust him, and he did what he liked among them; and my father too had a grip on them all; with all their free, unshackled ways they felt his power, and it ruled them. Many of them till then had lived like dogs, and he and Father Jerome just made men of them. It can be done, sir," said Grant, looking fixedly at me, "and there is only one way of doing it. It was not law that made the change at Glen-leven, but two men with loving hearts, who lived in the fear of God, and spent themselves for their brothren.

When I was nineteen, my dear mother died, I my father was obliged to revisit Europe, ere was some bother about the Irish estates well, it don't matter; he came back to Europe and brought me with him; he did not stay in England; so we just passed through, and crossed by Holyhead, and the three months, which were all we stayed, were mostly spent in the county Mayo. Before we sailed again, we came up to Dublin, and a thing happened to me there which I shall carry in memory to my grave.

memory to my grave.

"There was a lad about my own age, young Harry Gibson, whom my father had agreed to take out with him, and let him learn sheep-farming. It was a Sunday afternoon, and we two were comin was a sanday anterioon, and we two were coming home after a longish walk, when we passed a little chapel, the door was open. 'Come in here,' said Harry, 'and maybe you'll see the strangest sight in Dublin.' We entered—an ugly little place enough, with an aisle divided off the whole length of the church by iron bars, behind which some old women were kneeling. They were not nume but as I were kneeling. They were not nuns, but, as I afterwards heard, single ladies who lived here by way of a home, in St. Joseph's Retreat as it was

"We knelt down and said our prayers, and I was wondering what Harry had brought me there to see, when there come in from the little sacristy a figure such as I had never seen before—such as in figure such as I had never seen before—such as in this world I shall never see again. How shall I describe him? An old man, stooping and bent, in extreme old age, in his black priest's cassock, so worn it was threadbare; but his face, his eyes—all that was human had gone out of them—the flesh, the body, and the pride of life all gone, destroyed, obliterated. Nothing left but the stamp of an unterable meekness. He walked feebly up to the altar and knelt there, such a worship in the bend of his head; and after a little he rose and returned to the sacristy, and as he passed us, those meek eyes the sacristy, and as he passed us, those meek eyes fell on me and penetrated me to the soul.

"I was still full of the thought of it all, when the

sacristy door opened again, and a little serving boy came up to me, and whispered that the Father wanted to speak to me.' I went in wonder, and there he sat u an unbroken arm-chair, with a little kneeling-place beside him, to which he motioned me. I could not have resisted him if it had been to save my life, so I knelt and waited till he should speak.
"'My child,' he said, 'do you want to save your

soul?'
"'I do indeed, Father,'
"'Well then, you'll mind my words, will you?'
I bowed my head, for my heart was beating so I could not speak.
"'You must promise me three things: that you'll miss hearing Mass on Sundays, if you're

never miss hearing Mass on Sundays, if you're within twelve miles of it; that you'll never drink a drop of spirits—and here now, that you'll guard your eyes, and, as he said it, he put his hand over my eyes, so, and as I felt the touch of those thin, wasted fingers, I knew it was the touch of a saint. Do you promise, my boy?'

Do you promise, my boy?'
"'I do indeed,' I said; 'I promise you all three

things.'
"'Well then, if you do,' he said, 'I'll promise you and distinct.—'I "Well then, if you do,' he said, 'I'll promise you something'—and he spoke slow and distinct,—'I promise you, you'll save your soul. And one thing more I have to say to you, and don't forget my words: If riches increase, set not your heart on them; and mind this word, too: We must lay down our lives for the brethren.' He laid his hand on my head and blessed me, and somehow or other I got back to my place. Harry took my arm, and we left the charel

"". Who is he?' was all I could say.
"A saint, was his reply, 'if there ever was on this earth; that was Father Henry Young."

"I had never before heard of that extraordinary man, but Harry told me many marvellous things about him; how at eighty years of age he lived on bread and vegetables, never slept on a softer bed than a bare board, and how, penniless as he was, as to private means, thousands passed through his hands; the alms entrusted to him, and admin-istered with inconceivable labor. The look and the words of such a man were not easily forgotten; and so you see," continued Grant, laughing, "you see how it is that I became a water-drinker, and why, come what will I must go to Bradford to-more

come what will, I must go to Bradford to-morrow."

"And I see how it is," thought I to myself, "that
Grant's eyes are not precisely like the eyes of other
men." But I said nothing.

"Is that all?" said Mary.

"Very nearly," replied Grant. "We went back
to Australia, and began the sheep-farming again.
As I grew older, I often went down to Brisbane and
Sydney to do business for my father, and many's
the time I thanked Father Young for his three
warnings. My father, meanwhile, was growing a
prosperous man, and people said he was saying prosperous man, and people said he was saving money. But then came the gold fever, and drew all our hands away; his health too began to break; and four years after our return from Ireland it was all over. A day or two before the end something seemed to trouble him. 'Willie,' he said, 'I don't care to live for anything else, but I wish the debts had been paid. Now, you must know that, when he first left England, there had been debts, not his own, but his father's; a good deal had been paid, and for what remained they made a composition with their creditors. But the dream of my father's life had been to pay them all back in full, and not till he had done that, he used to say, could he feel himself a free man.

"How much is there at Sydney?' I asked.

"I started. I had no notion he had laid by so 'And the debts? "'Well, they're over £60,000; if you paid them out of that, there wouldn't be much left for you, my

boy.'
"But, then, the land?'

"'Worth nothing now, with every fellow that can do a day's work off to the diggings."
"Well, it don't matter, father, I said, 'the debts shall be paid; so set your mind at ease about that. It shall never be said that you left the money, and

"I think I still see the smile on his face, as he squeezed my hand and whispered, 'Thank you.'
"So I left Harry to do what he could at Glenleven, and as soon as I could put things straight, and get the money together, I brought it to England. The debts are all paid off, thank God, and they leave me about \$4.000 to start with. You see." they leave me about £4,000 to start with. You see, he added, laughing, "I am not in a way to stand much in need of Father Young's last warning." "Really, Mr. Grant, it's a most beautiful story,"

said my mother, "and quite a lesson."

Grant looked at her with his kind, sweet smile, then rose and bade us all good night. My father went to show him his room, and I was following, Mary held me fast, and whispered, "Don't

ont to say something."

ar Mary, I'm so awfully sleepy."

't care; one turn under the verandah."

t a tyrant you are! Well, here goes; novit?"

At breakfast next morning came the letters, on At breakfast next morning came the letters, one for Grant, sent on from London to the White Lion, and from the Lion to the Grange, with the Australian postmark. Grant opened it, read it with a flush on his cheek, then crushed it in his hand, and read it again, and, finally, finished his breakfast in abstracted silence. As soon as it was over, he started for Bradford; and we, more at our leisure, made our way to morning service, where, I fear, the well-turned sentences of the Vicar's sermon fell on very inattentive ears, so far as I was concerned, for my thoughts were full of Grant and his story. Yes, he was right, that which he described was truly power; he had a something which we had not; it was the straight aim, the righteous purpose, the strength of a soul that knew the worth of souls, and to whom all else was nothing.

We walked home through the park. "I am sorry for Grant," said my father; "£4,000 is little enough with which to begin life afresh. He'll have to go back to Australia

"Why so, papa?" said Mary.
"Why, my dear, what can a man do in England with £4,000? "It strikes me," I said, "that wherever Grant is, or whatever he has, he'll be doing something. Take it altogether, he's the most remarkable speci-

Take it altogether, he's the most remarkable specimen I've ever set eyes on."

By this time we were approaching home, and could see some one standing at the garden gate, as it seemed on the watch for us. It was Mr. Jones, the head gardener; and, as he advanced to meet us, I noticed he held a paper in his hand, and that his manner indicated something was the matter.

"Have you seen this, sir?" he said, addressing my father; "I fear it's too true. It must have happened on Friday."

"Seen what? What has happened?"

My father seized the paper which Jones held out;

My father seized the paper which Jones held out read it with him looking over his shoulder:

"Fatal Yacht Accident-Five L ves Lost. "We regret to have to chronicle a very melan "We regret to have to enronnee a very mean-choly accident which took place yesterday off the coast of Ryde. The yacht, 'Water Lily,' belonging to Viscount Belmont, eldest son of the Earl of Brad-ford, came in collision with a steamer near the Start Point, and instantly filled and sank. Every exertion was made by those on board the steame to render assistance to the crew of the 'Water Lily the master and two men were saved, but Lord Belmont and his brother, the Hon. E. Carstairs, together with the three remaining hands, were drowned, and all efforts to recover the bodies have as yet proved unavailing. We understand the as yet proved unavailing. We understand the deceased gentlemen were the only surviving sons of their noble father," etc., etc.

I saw and read no more. My father stood silent, stunned, motionless. At last the words came to his lips: "Both drowned? Impossible!—and their father!—"

We went into the house. Of the earl, Jones could tell us nothing. He was in Scotland, he believed, and it would take time for the news to reach him. and it would take time for the news to reach min.
But news travels fast in these our days, and we
were not long left in doubt how it fared with the
bereaved father. There was a ring at the bell, and
a buff-colored envelope was brought in by the sera buff-colored envelope was brought in by the servant. A post-office telegram from Belmont, the Scotch residence: "From E. Scott, House Steward, to Mr. John Aubrey, Oakham. 10 a. m. Bad news from Ryde; yacht accident. Lord B—— heard it suddenly. An apoplectic fit; still insensible."

And then, in an hour, a second telegram:—
"Still insensible. Mr. Wigram and Lady Mary sent for. Doctors give no hope."

Lady Mary was his only daughter, married to a Scotch M. P., and residing near Belmont. We saw that the curtain was closing heavily on the Oakham family. We sat and waited; what else could

ham family. We sat and waited: what el we do? And when Grant returned from Bradford he found us thus, waiting for the final telegram. It came at last, ere nightfall, and told us that all was over. In less than eight-and-forty hours the earl and his two sons had been swept from life, and the counger, as well as the elder line of the Oakham

family, as my father said, was now extinct.

I watched Grant's countenance as he said it, but the traved nothing. "I think, Mr. Aubrey," he said, "that I had better be going. You will be having plenty of business here of one sort or another, and the family coming, and I shall be an intrusion. I shall start for London by the express train to-

"So best," said my father, who was crushed with "So best," said my father, who was crushed with the events of that terrible Sunday; "but we shall see you here again, Mr. Grant? We all feel as though we had known you from boyhood." Grant smiled. "Thank you, it is very pleasant, but I to have had any surveying to day, and 16 nd

hough we had known you lost is very pleasant, Grant smiled. "Thank you, it is very pleasant, but I too have had my surprises to-day; and I find I am wanted back to Glenleven without delay. I am wanted back to Glenleven without delay. I

night."

I felt inexpressibly sorry. But it could not be helped. So next day, after breakfast, I took his arm and led him for a last turn in the park. My father had gone up to the mansion to prepare, alast for receiving the bodies, and give orders for the great pageant of the funeral; and Grant and I sauntered through the flower gardens and flaunted in the sunshine, and passed those very hot-houses and pineries on which we had been cutting our okes the day before, all now an empty miserable

ockery.
"And Bradford!" ejaculated Grant, at last. 'My

"True," he said, and he lifted his hat; "but tell me what you think; must wealth always bring such blindness with it?"

"How? I don't understand."

"Well, you remember the Gospel?"—(I fear I did not)—"'How hardly shall they that have riches enter heaven.' As though they could not. Can it, must it always be so?"

"My dear Grant," I said, "these questions are beyond was enable required."

"Jack," she said, half choking with emotion,
"you see who he is, don't you?"

"See? Who? Grant?"

"Yes, Grant—if you like to call him so; I should call him the Duke of Leven."

"Duke of fiddlestick! Why, what are you dreaming of, Mary? The old Duke died at Baden, and his son at Carstairs in India."

"Did you ever hear of his death?" she asked.

"No, I don't know that I did; but this isn't he: why he would be old enough to be Grant's father."

"And was his father," she said. "Oh, Jack, that you shouldn't see it, and you a lawyer! His father at Oxford, and the debts, and then the estates in Ireland, and the name they gave their land in Australia, Glenleven. Oh, Jack, don't you see it?"

I did see it sure enough, though it was mortifying that she had guessed it before me.

"Mary," I said, "you're a Solomon. Put you on a judge's wig, and in your summing up you'd beat the Chief Justice! But what shall we do? Must we tell my father?"

The question was debated, but, as Mary said, we might be wrave; and weet if we was a stand of the other and or and I ask myself shall."

"Jack," she said, half choking with emotion, "you see in the other day, and told mowning? Well, he came in the other day, and told mowning? Well, he came in the other day, and told mowning? Well, he came in the other day, and told mowning? Well, he came in the other day, and told mowning? Well, he came in the other day, and told mowning? Well, he came in the other day, and told mowning? Well, he came in the other day, and told mowning? Well, he came in the other day, and told mowning? Well, he came in the other day, and told mowning? Well, he came in the oble whould should was it? I must come and see. So I went, tolumon him, and he took me to the other, as it seemed to be, concealed by ame for themses, but with a yellow gliter, and what it och the search the a yellow gliter, and what it och the search that a yellow gliter, and what it och what is a yellow gliter, and what it och what a yellow gliter, and what it och what was lit? I must come and see. S

the Chief Justice! But what shall we do? Must we tell my father?"

The question was debated, but, as Mary said, we might be wrong; and even if we were right, it did not seem the thing to force Grant's secret. If he did not want to be known as the Duke of Leven, it was not for us to unveil him. At any rate we resolved to say nothing at present, but to wait for what might follow.

CHAPTER V.

AN EVENTFUL DAY.

At breakfast next morning came the letters, one

millions, and at Bradford of what they do not do, and in my heart, Jack, a terrible sense of what they might and ought to do; and I ask myself shall I come to think money well spent on yachts and leave thousands of souls in my gold diggings going to perdition. Must that be so, I say? and if not, how prevent it?

"Grant," I said, "you overstrain your notions, you do indeed. Money is a means: a means of good as well as of evil."

"Just so," he said: "but how many men use it."

good as well as of evil."

"Just so," he said; "but how many men use it for good? And how dare I prophesy to myself that I shall do better than the multitude?"

We walked home silently. There he took his leave of us all, and said a word of the happiness he had felt in our little home-circle; it had been but three days since I had met him in the train, and we were parting like brothers. I accompanied him to the station, and when the carriage door was closed, and at last the train moved on, I felt it like a bereavement.

CHAPTER VI. FRESH SURPRISES

The funerals were over. Mr. Wigram, and Lady Mary, and some other family connections had assembled at Oakham; everything had been done with becoming solemnity, for, indeed it was a solemn thing to lay them side by side, the father and his two sons—the last of the Earls of Bradford. Then came the opening of the will, Lord Duffield, a maternal uncle, and Sir John Ripley being the two executors. There were so many thousands to Lady Mary, and legacies and bequests, and plenty of money to pay them. But as to Oakham and its plate, and furniture, and library and the Bradford mines, and the Scotch estates, they were all entailed, first on his eldest, next to his second son; and failing both of these, and their children (and they had none), all the demesnes of the late earl passed to the next male heir, and who that was would be a case for the lawyers. Mr. Wigram, of course, was disappointed; but the will was clear, and the executors have their brain the six beautiful to the second son; and the executors them their had the will was clear, and the executors have their heart which had the second son; and the executors have their heart which had the second son; and the executors have their heart which had the second son; and the executors have their heart which had the second son; and the executors have their heart which had the second son; and the executors have their heart which had the second son; and the executors have their heart which had the second son; and the executors had the second son; and the executors had the second son; and the executors had the second son; and the second son; would be a case for the lawyers. Mr. Wigram, of course, was disappointed; but the will was clear, and the executors knew their business

course, was disappointed; but the will was clear, and the executors knew their business.

"The next male heir!" exclaimed Mr. Edwards.

"It will take a life time to trace out the pedigree!"

"Not quite so long as you think," said Sir John;

"I believe it is not so very long since the heir of Oakham has been within these very walls."

"Not Grant!" exclaimed my father; "no, not possible!"

"Ay, not only possible, but most certain," said Sir hn; "William Grant Carstain

"Ay, not only possible, but most certain," said Sir John; "William Grant Carstairs, only son of Lord Carstairs, and grandson of the old Duke of Leven. His father never took the ducal title, and even dropped that of Carstairs when he settled in Australia; but I have undisputable proof that Mr. Grant, of Glenleven, was really the man; indeed it was well-known in the colony, when I was governor. Carstairs died about a year ago, and his son, this William Grant Carstairs, is really Duke of Leven. He came to England to pay off the last remnants of his grandfather's debts, and as he could not do this without putting himself in communication with the Commission of Creditors, of which I am chairman, I became acquainted with his real am chairman, I became acquainted with his real

name and history."
"Then Mary was right," I muttered to myself, while Sir John continued: while Sir John continued:

"We shall place the necessary evidence of these facts before the right tribunals, and, meanwhile, Mr. Grant must be communicated with."

"He leaves England in a fortnight," said my

"He will do no such thing," said Sir John. will be a case for the lords, and he will, no doubt, have a subpena to appear and give evidence."

It all happened as he said; there was no difficulty about the proof of identity, for there had never been any concealment of the fact, and every on Queensland knew well enough who "Grant of Glen-leven" really was, and why he chose to drop the family name and ducal title. Then as to the heir-ship, that was equally plain. There were but the two male branches of the family, of both of which Grant was now the selections. Grant was now the sole surviving representative.
When all this had been sifted and proved, and every legel form gone through which could be demanded by the House of Peers or Doctor's Commons, then, and not till then, did Grant consent to appear at Oakham, and receive from the executors of the late earl all that was necessary to constitute him its master. It took more than a year to constitute all this, and when at last the day was fixed for the new duke to take possession, not Oakham only, but the entire county prepared to give him a worthy reception. I had my share of the law business, and went down to assist my father in the worthy reception. I had my share of the law business, and went down to assist my father in the heavy work which the occasion brought on him. I shall not easily forget it. All the gentlemen of the county had assembled there, lords and baronets; but I need not give a list. There were triumphal arches and processions of school children, and the Exborough Volunteers, and a dozen carriages to meet him at the station. I remembered how at that same station he had stood alone a year before, looking in vain for some one to carry his bag to the White Lion; I remember that, as I saw him now step on to the platform, and shake hands with the step on to the platform, and shake hands with the Marquis of Exborough, and when I heard the loud cheers that greeted him. How the bells rang out as the array of carriages drove through the village!
What a bright gala day it was! The old family restored to Oakham, the old property given back to the eighth Duke of Leven.

But I don't intend to dwell on all this further.

When the fuss of the grand reception was over, he sent for me to come to him. "Aubrey," he said, "what is to be done about the Australian business? Harry keeps on pressing for some one to go out. Can you find me anywhere an honest man with a clear head, and I'll engage he shall make his for-

"And Bradford!" ejaculated Grant, at last. 'My word! what a place! to think of men drawing out their thousands from such a den to spend it on that hideous rubbish, and leave the souls of men to sink below brutality."

I laid my hand on his arm: "Have a care, Grant," I ssid, "they are beyond our judgment."

I ssid, "they are beyond our judgment."

I consulted my father, and he urged me to accept the offer. There did not seem much chance of making my fortune by English law, and so, to make a long story short, before Christmas I left England, whither, as things turned out, I did not return for ten long years that were full of changes.

I have no intention, dear reader, of troubling you

"How? I don't understand."

"Well, you remember the Gospel?"—(I fear I did not)—"How hardly shall they that have riches enter heaven." As though they could not. Can it, must it always be so?"

"My dear Grant," I said, "these questions are beyond me; anyhow, neither you nor I are just now in the way to test the facts."

Grant groaned, and handed me the Australian letter he had received the day before. "Read that," he said, "and you will see what I am thinking of." It was from his friend Harry Gibson:—

"PEAR GRANT, "You'll think me dead and buried, but I'm just worked off my legs, and haven't had time to eat, much less to write. I've stunning news for you. You release to write. I've stunning news for you. You release to write. I've stunning news for you. You release the long years that were full of changes. I have no intention, dear reader, of troubling you with my personal history during that eventful period. It was a busy part of my life, and the duke was right in saying that I should not regret it. My concern just no

what must have been the value of a single property which extended over some thousands of acres; for when Lord Carstairs first settled in the colony, an enormous tract of sheep-feeding land could be bought for a comparative trifle.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LEGENDS OF DETROIT.

The Cross and the Manitou. - A Legend of Belle

How frequently, as we sail on the beautiful Detroit River, or tread the busy streets of the prosperous city, does the mind go back to the remote past, wondering what kind of men were those brave explorers who first visited the wilds of these regions and gazed upon them in all their virgin loveliness. History has preserved to us the name of two of these.
Francois Dollier de Casson had served as a

cavalry officer of renown under Turenne, and laid aside, in his ancestral balls in Brittany, his sword, sheathed in laurels, to take up the cross which was to lead him through the trackless forests of the

Abbe Brehant de Galinee was a student whose

Abbe Brehant de Galinee was a student whose knowledge of surveying and geography made him a valuable acquisition to the explorers of a new country, and to his graphic pen are we indebted for a detailed account of the visit of the missionary explorers to Detroit.

They arrived in Montreal from France at the time when La Salle's great project for the exploration of the far West was the theme of every tongue. So thoroughly were all imbued with the spirit of adventure, the desire of gain and the glory of extending the arms and name of France, that even enlisted soldiers were allowed to apply for a discharge if they wished to accompany him. La Salle had just received the necessary permission and orders from De Courcelles, then Governor of Canada, to fit up his expedition for the exploration of that great river called by the Iroquois, Ohio, by the French, Belle Riviere, really an arm of the Mississippi, of which such marvellous things were told by the Lidings who came seach Iroquois, Ohio, by the French, Belle Riviere, really an arm of the Mississippi, of which such marvellous things were told by the Indians, who came each sesson to trade at Quebec and Montreal.

Numerous tribes who had never been visited by the "black gown" were said to people its shores. So Dollier and Galinee determined to carry to these nations the knowledge of the true God.

On the 6th of July 1660 the little Beach.

On the 6th of July, 1669, the little fleet of seven birch bark canoes, each manned by three men, and laden with the necessary merchandise to and laden with the necessary merchandise to exchange with the Indians along their route for provisions, beaver skins and other furs, bade adieu to Montreal amid the joyous notes of the Te Deum and the sound of the arquebus. They reached Lake Frontenac (Ontario) August 2nd, and the 24th of September an Indian village called Timaouataoua, where they remained some time waiting for guides. There they overtook Louis Joliet, who was on his way to Lake Superior in search of a copper mire, wonderful speciment. search of a copper mine, wonderful specimens from which had been sent to Montreal by the Jesuit Allouez. The latter was then at Sault Ste. Marie, whither he had gone through the Ottawa River, Lake Simcoe, and with numerous portages into Georgian Eay. It was also Joliet's object to discover a charter route and one which could into Georgian Eay. It was also Joliet's object to discover a shorter route, and one which could obviate the necessity of so many tedious portages. Accident had revealed this route to La Salle. Being out hunting one day he found an Iroquois exhausted by sickness and travel worn. He tenderly cared for him and the Indian repaid his kindness by sketching on a clean sheet of bark, with a piece of charged the resistion of the lakes. with a piece of charcoal, the position of the lakes and the route to the Ohio and Mississippi. This and the route to the Ohio and Mississippi. This crude chart proved a precious legacy to the energetic and intrepid La Salle. Unfortunately he was taken ill, and his malady was of so severe a nature that he was forced for the time to give up his cherished project. But Dollier and De Galinee, urged by Joliet, determined to abandon the expedition to the Ohio and Mississippi, and go in search of the tribes along the lakes. They bade adieu to Joliet and La Salle and started on their perilcus journey accompanied by seven pon. Their perilcus journey accompanied by seven pon. perilous journey accompanied by seven men. They wintered at Long Point on the northern shore of Lake Erie. From the mildness of the climate

Lake Erie. From the mildness of the climate when compared with that of Lower Canada, the quantity of its game, the purity of its waters, the abundance of its fruit, especially the grape from which the make sufficient wine to use for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, they called it "The Terrestrial Paradise of Canada."

It was in the early spring of 1670 that their canoes landed at Detroit. It was an enchanting scene, which unfolded, like a coy maiden, its rare loveliness to the admiring eye of the European. He saw the fresh virgin forests clad in the vestments of spring, the broad sweeping river, with its graceful curves in whose limpid waters thousands of fish could be seen, along the banks teemsands of fish could be seen, along the banks teeming herds of bison, and droves of deer gazing with wondering eyes on the stranger. The air was perfumed by woodland flowers which scattered their sweet incense to the music of the birds, their sweet incense to the music of the birds, whose gorgeous plumage almost rivaled the flowers in hue. Above all was present that grand solemn silence only found in the heart of the forest, resting like a hushed benediction. After wandering about some time in this fair region, and with hearts overflowing with emotions of love and gratitude towards Him who had led their footsteps here, they came upon an open clearing in the centre of which arose a grassy mound crowned by a rude stone idol. It was a crude production of nature, created by her in a fit of abstraction and which the Indians had attempted to convert into the semblance of a deity by touches of vermillion. semblance of a deity by touches of vermillion, Offerings of tobocco, skins of animals, and articles of food were scattered in reckless profusion at its feet. This, then, was the great Manitou, of whom their guides had spoken, who held in his hand the their guides had spoken, who held in his hand the winds, and whose mighty voice was heard in the storm that swept over the lakes. He was held in great veneration, and as the Indian launched his frail bark on the treacherous waters of the lakes he would come with his offering of propitiation to this wayside place of pilgrimage. The missionaries, indignant at this exhibition of idolatry, broke the status in a thousand pieces and in its place. statue in a thousand pieces, and in its place erected a cross, at whose foot they affixed the coat of arms of France with this

INSCRIPTION In the year of grace 1670, Clement IX, being seated in the chair of St. Peter, Louis XIV. reigning in France, Monsieur de Courcelles being Governor of New France and Monsieur Talon being the intendant of the King, two missic the Seminary of Montreal, accompanied by seven Frenchmen, arrived at this place and are the first of all the European people who wintered on the land bordering on Lake Erie, which they took possession of in the name of their King, as a country unoccupied, and have affixed the arms of France at the foot of this cross.

(Signed) FRANCOIS DOLLING,
Priest of the Diocese of Nantes, Brittany.

De Galines,
Deacon of the Diocese of Rennes, Brittany.
Taking the largest fragment of the broken idol, the missionaries lashed two canoes together and towed it to the deepest part of the river so that it should be heard for a part of the river so that it should be heard of no more. But the tradition says that after the fathers were far away, a band of Indians coming to offer their homage to the deity found only its mutilated remains. Each took a fragment which he placed in his canoe as a fetish, and it guided them to where the Spirit of it and be convinced.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convinced.

the Manitou had taken refuge under the deep, sombre, shadow of Belle Isle. He bade them bring every fragment of his broken image and to strew them on the banks of his abode. They obeyed his order, and behold! each stone was converted into a rattlesnake, which should be as a sentinel to guard the sacredness of his domain from the profaning foot of the white man. To the answering call of those who came to his leafy retreat he would mockingly re-echo their words. Many a laughter-loving party as they lezily float on the moonlit waters of the Detroit, amuse themselves in awakening the angry spirit of the Indian god as they test the echoes of Belle Isle.

Towards the close of the year 1870 we, British Argentine subjects, found ourselves summering on the west coast of Ireland. It was our native air, and the sait breeze of the wild Atlantic had the usual miraculous effect on our somewhat feeble frames. The sound of falling water, unknown in our adopted but generally flat and streamless cauntry, was welcome to the ear, and the long June twilight seemed to us like another day. Under the "Southern Come" with the activity of the come of t day. Under the "Southern Cross" with the setting of the sun one is immediately cast into exterior darkness and the tender mercies of the mosquitoes. But kind Providence sends a moon more serene and brilliant than our own, and then fair Spanish ladies come forth to shop and visit until far into the night. But I have wandered from my tale. As the night. But I have wandered from my tale. As we sat by the cliffs, with our host, the parish priest of C—, watching the ebb and flow of the great tide, numbers of the country people flocked to the shore gathering the ocean spoils, sea grass, shell fisb, and other eatables dear to the Irish peasantry. We were pointed cut three sisters, born at a birth, the well brought up children of poor but respectable parents. Dressed alike, they were not to be distinguished one from the other unless by immediate relations. Father M— baptized and taught them the Catechism, and by their intelligence, good looks and training they were special objects of interest to his visitors at the parish schools. He called them by name, and as he schools. He called them by name, and as he humorously expressed it—"mixed them"—and then asked me to "sort them," which I found no small difficulty. They left us to join the others, going far out upon the rocks and playfully pelting each other with water and seaweed as they went. Meantime the sea came rushing in and many prepared to leave the beach. But, hark! what is that cry? A warning call to the girls to return, The treacherous waters rush in amongst the rocks, on which the sisters bound like young fawns, on when the sisters bound has young nawns, another and another wave rising still higher. The third sister! My God, she is too late, and is even driven out again for safety. A scene of the wildest confusion follows. Father M—— has flown to the contusion follows. Father M— has flown to the rescue. Then a rush to the nearest house for a rope and poles, but alas! ere they can return the fierce tide, aided by a rising wind, has made incredible progress, and all efforts are vain. No boat was ever launched nor could it live at this particular spot. To add to the general distress, the parents have arrived on the scene, and all despairing eves are centred on the root. despairing eyes are centred on the poor young girl who, creeping up to the ledge of a higher rock, seemed to us as if conscious of her doom. rock, seemed to us as if conscious of her doom. Priest and people, who at first spoke English, now used only the pathetic Gaelic tongue as they gathered round the distracted family; sobs and lamentations were heard between the lull of the waters, and I felt, with an aching heart, how true is the old saving "One touch of pature makes us s the old saying "One touch of nature makes us

Ah! Huxley and Darwin! Unbelievers of the nineteenth century, see how a tender maid of fifteen summers can die by the light of faith. At a sign from the priest, who took off his hat, she went on her knees. Pulling the long fair hair from her face, which the spray was fast reaching, with one hand, she held on to the rock with the other and prepared to receive the absolution. other, and prepared to receive the absolution. Father M, deeply moved, asked us all to join the prayers and close our oyes. When again we opened them a bare rock stood desolate against the evening sky.

he rocks next morning.

THE PRIEST'S ADVICE.

CONSTATABULARY IN THE CHAPEL,

The Freeman's Journal, in its report of the pro-claimed meeting at Drumlish, County Longford, on Sunday, relates the following remarkable pro-ceedings: Captain Stokes, in charge of the mili-tary, refused to allow Mr. Cox, M. P., and the par-ish priest to address the people—even to tell them to go home quietly. Upon this the priest, Father Connefrey, said he would take the people to their chapels, and from the altar, as their priest would tell them. Father Connefrey then set out for the chapel, being followed by the people and the Hussars. A large force of police also marched in their rear. When the priest reached the chapel, the people crowded the building and Father Connefrey immediately ascended the altar, whilst the people and Messrs. Cox and Hayden, M. P.'s, stood at the altar-rails. "I am not a poli-tician (said the priest) but I am a priest, who will always advise his people when they need it. Take my advice, as you have often done before. Go home peaceably and quietly, and do not disgrace the just cause for which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell are fighting by any outrage" (loud cheers were here raised in the chapel). Purice Fether claimed meeting at Drumlish, County Longford, on Parnell are fighting by any outrage" (loud cheers were here raised in the chapel). During Father Connefrey's speech a body of police forced their way into the edifice and kept their helmets on during the time. during the time Father Connefrey was speaking until asked to take them of off. The people then left the chapel and quietly dispersed for their

We observe that some of the best religious newspapers in the country—Protestant and Cath-olic—are compelled to make urgent and repeated requests in their columns for the payment of over-due subscription bills. This should not be necesdue subscription bills. This should not be necessary. The neglect of those who take journals to pay their subscription promptly is generally due to carelessness, and is sometimes a cause of very serious inconvenience to the publishers. Those who are indebted to a newspaper know it perfectly well, and should not lose any time in liquidating the same. It is a small matter to the individual subscripts but assume that the liquidating the same. adividual subscriber, but amounts to a great deal in the aggregate to the publishers, who must be punctual in meeting the very heavy current ex-penses and maturing obligations of the paper. Subscribers should remember this and have a little consideration for the over-worked printer. We are now sending out a large number of bills, and we feel confident that the above suggestions

"DHOWNED."

Towards the close of the year 1870 we, British

A True Sketch From the West Coast of Ireland.

kin."

Ah! Huxley and Darwin! Unbelievers of the insteanth century, see how a tender maid of

The bereaved parents had the melancholy satisaction of finding the body of their child amongst

"The last tear frozen on her breast, The last tear in her eyes, And they saw her hair, like the wild sea weed, On the billows fall and rise,"

SUBSCRIBERS SHOULD REMEMBER.

will not fall on deaf ears.

"Chippie."

[And he said he didn't know wasn't made like other boys.]

A little boy in an easy chair,
With grave brown eyes under sunn
Is addy thinking it over;
For why are his legs so queer,
And why must be if on his pillow h
When bees are abroad in the

Up in the tall tree over the way
Two rollicking youngsters climb an
Its feathery branches shaking
Their legs are strong on their perch
While his, he think, with a weary s
Were "sadly spoiled in the m A bitter thought for an infant brain And sad the sound of the minor strat That darkens the glorious we While we two, three score sers apar The childish soul and the time-worn Grow he vy and weep togeth

Dear little boy in the easy chair,
With wistful eyes under golden hair
At war with a question vexim
We older folk, with our cooler brains
We, too, sit down in the autumn rair
Dismayed by a fate perpiexing

Yet, if we could, as the moments fly, Watch brightening gleams in the sky—
The heralds of fairer weather
Then, hold thoughts of the summer
When brave flowers blossomed and

and passed,
We two would be glad togethe

Written for CATHOLIC RECOR CATHOLICS OF SCOTL BY THE REV. MINEAS M'DONELL I

LL. D , F. R. S.

PART II. JAMES GRANT, J. M'DONALD, GEO

ETC , AND THEIR TIME. It was feared lest the contagion spread to Scotland. The riotous posed there, however, as well a authorities, had got their lesson certainty that all losses must be p made the magistrates more circum and caused them to act with dete tion and vigour. The populace, al excited, refrained from all atter violent proceedings.

1780 There were several changes the clergy this year. One of the notable was the appointment of the Paul Mecherson, not unknown to to the mission of Aberdeen, in pls Mr. Oliver, who, from week health, to a country mission. Mr. Joi formerly Provincial of the Jesu Santand, died this year. He Scotland, died this year. He native of Bromar. His real nam Patrick Gordan, His connection the evolution of Patrick Condition of Patrick Condition of Patrick Conditions of Patr the expedition of Prince Charle caused his change of name. It o him also to live for some time in By ability and tact in his manage he conciliated the good will of the lar clergy. He claimed to be a pos wrote spiritual and controversial the greater part of which Bishop collected and published. It is remaind bowever, that these composition more honor to the orthodoxy than literary accomplishments of the au At this time, also, ended at Edinb the career of the venerable Mr. MacDonaid, called also Ranaldson.

aged priest was much esteeme

Bishop Hay.

Notinvitistanding his many octions, Bishop Hay found time to pre a work on Christian doctrine; an this work, perhaps, he is more gen known than by any of his other wri It bears this title, "the sincere Chr instructed in the faith of Christ the written word." It may be desc as a summary of revealed religion i distinct and emphatic form of que and answer, the whole being illustrated proved by copicus exuscis scripture. It is written in a conculi spirit, controversial, indeed, but d sively rather aggressively. In style it shows the grounds on which founded the disputed articles of Co he faith and practice, without attac the views and ways of other relig parties. The bisnop himself, in introduction to this work, gives tinct account of the object ne nad in v work, is to assist the most unlear and, beginning with the first rudim of Caristianity, to conduct the res step by step, through the whole both the principal truths of revelation, so the knowledge of one truth may a as an introduction to those which fo The sacred scriptures are an inexa tible fountain of heavenly knowle but are commonly less used than might to be, in illustrating and estab binted at now and then, seem lost in multitude of other reflections and sons which surround them; but w the principal stress, both of the exp tion and the proof, is said upon a divine oracles, and a number of the are placed in the proper order for it are placed in the proper order for it training the point in question, this g an incredible force to what is proposed in the pr demands for copies from all parts of kingdom. The English bishops m

maby purchases. Archbishop Carpen ossired to have an edition for Dub and requested of the author permiss to publish it. This edition was stollowed by a second. All this m have been highly gratifying to bishop; and he so expressed himse "our Irish friends have done granton to the Sincere Christian." Archbishop of Dublin recommended to all his clergy as a model of catecho cal instruction. In writing to Bish Geddes, he complained of the getting
The paper was not to his mill
but he was pleased to think t the printer had promised someth better for the second part, "when great and good Bishop Hay will plea There have be to furnish us with 11.' many editions of this able work in

languages.
It would be a rare work, in feed, th could escape all criticism. Append to the "Sincere Christian" was an appe dix treating of the possibility of salvati out of the true Church of Christ. Son of the author's friends remarked that

unned Kingdom, Ireland and Ameri

It has also been translated into forei