HEART AND SOUL. BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR OF

CHAPTER I.

try and recover the bodies of his mur-dered relatives. A trembling, half-starved mullatto came forward with a The opening of this twentieth cen-tury finds me with but one more decade of the allotted span of life. I have finliving white child in his arms, unexof the allotted span of life. I have life ished my sixtieth year, and I know not if another shall be added to the tale. I know not how I stand before God or man-whether I am most saint or sin-ner, whether I am most hero or coward, whether my neighbor holds me in rever-incent, whether the pectedly rescued from the general slaughter, and my grandfather hurried me away to his northern home at H tramck, on the outskirts of Detroit. ence or in secret contempt, whether the wife of my bosom has found her idol of with the scenes of my haby hood. No books, no pictures of trop of clay that is already gold, or of clay that is already since tered. I know not even whether I have the approval or the condemnation of my own conscience I only know that God is, that I myself am, that death will be, ical life were in the house; no portrait of my mother adorned its walls. Had it -God have mercy on my soul ! But life is full and real, the instinct

He must have tried to keep from

the neighboring hamlets of Creuse and Grosse Pointe.

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CHAPTER II.

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self-preservation is strong. Until a day of death comes, I live, and I Until the day of death comes, I no, all love life. Surely, if God gives me life, I do not wrong to love it. But I have not lived my life alone. Its thread is woven with the web of the lives of others. Will these others be witne for or against me at the latter day, and who are they?

As the years pass in review through their dark faces roused no repulsion in my bosom. But the negro type was fat-ally associated with the nightmare hormy remembrance I come to the opening my remembrance 1 come to the opening tragedy. Very vague, very indistinct, is my childish recollection of our *caletal* in Cuba, until we reach the bloody day that delaged my infant soul in horror rors of my childhood. There was much visiting in those days between Detroiters and their Canadian neighbors acro never to be effaced. I seem to see my young mother floating in some dreamy strait lay between us and the po sions of Her Britannic Majesty, an haze, a vision of spreading muslin skirts hands and tender kisses. Thear faintly hands and tender kisses. Thear faintly her silvery laugh and my father's voice cially the towns of Detroit, and Sandwich were almost as one. Am-herstburg, at the mouth of the river, saying, fondly, "You are as much a baby as he!" I seem to see wide verandas, long vistas of stately avenues and groves of royal palms and mourn-ful cocoa-trees, of shady plantain and as also, though less closely, connec stiff, decorous orange, and underneath the clinging flowery vines of the coffeethe charging howery thes of the conce-berry. Everywhere negro slaves are seen—a swarm of black faces. Friend-ly and kind these faces appear at first, but that view is quickly obscured. / best remember my father on horseback, in white linen suit and straw hat, cigar in mouth. I can yet feel his strong hands, as he lifts me up in the air and tosses me high above his head. Then comes the dreadful day that obliterates comes the dreadful day that obstrates every other memory. My father dashes up the veranda steps, pale, hatless catches me up from the floor, and thrusts me into the arms of a mulatto attendant, crying, "Save him if you can; I must protect his mother!" I only know that we crouched in hiding, the mulatto's hand tight over my everythe known from from greenming aloud no questions ; but I believe this strange silence about nocturnal fears is a phe-nomenon of childhood. I began, how mouth to keep me from screaming aloud in my terror, and his voice hissing into ar, "Hush ! hush ! or they will kill Nearer and nearer came horrible cries, the roar of enraged human Black faces, distorted by every worst passion, surged around us; cruel, bloody hands killed and destroyed. My father stood before my mother's door, a pistol in one han l, a sabre in the other. I see him still, ghastly, with streaming wounds and dilated eyes, his clothe torn from his body, till overborne and foully murdered. I see one burly negro holding aloft my infant sister's white form on the end of his machete; I hear terrible, heartrending screams in a woman's voice. It comes from my mother's room, but I cannot recognize the tone, and my baby eyes were spared the sight of her end. Oh, those hideous black faces, jeering now, till they catch sight of two armed figures—my grand-father, still in the prime of life, and his overseer. Then come a mighty roar, a rush, groans and curses the two figures fall even as my father fell, and the maniac crew, with a yell of tri-umph, presses on and on till beyond my sight, and we are left cowering in

sight, and we are left covering in our hiding-place, siek with horror and fear. Of what happened after this I recol-lect nothing till I found myself trans-planted to my new home in the North-west. Many years later, when hunting the shelves of a library for information lac, Dabuisson, and especially Celoron about my native isle, I learned of an de Bienville, had converted the military insurrection of slaves in a portion of post and trading-station at Fort Pont-

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

names-the Julie, Archange, Felice, Victoire, Fifine, Fanchette of the girls, noble, young Augustin Fremont straightway fell in love, and brought her as his bride to his West-Indian or Pierre, Francois, Antoine, or Gas-pard of the boys-being united to sturdy Scotch or broad English patronyhome. After the massacre, my mother's father sailed for the island of Cuba to Franks, the Janes, Mariant, and Sarahs, were annexed to genuine French sur-

The French farms, with their orchards and gardens and stately shade trees, ran back from the river's edge in strips thern home at Hamof greater or less width for a distance of three miles through woods and of three miles through woods and meadows to the unbroken forest, which ne everything that I could associate had formerly stretched to the water, but had been gradually cleared by the My industry of the early pioneers. My grandfather's farm lay about two miles to the east of the east of the city in the Had it been for the terrors that haunted village of Hamtramck, on the Cote du me in my dreams, and in the hours be-tween waking and sleeping, I should Nord, as the northern shore of the river lying between Detroit and Lake have had no suspicion of any life but that of the Northwest. It was not till Sainte-Claire was called. The house was a simple, rambling frame structure, I was about twelve years of age that I standing under the shade of fine elm again saw the countenance of a negro. Indians I was familiar with, for most of and maple trees at the head of a lawn the labor on our farms and gardens was which was intersected by the turnpike done by Indians and half-breeds from oad to the hamlet of Grosse Pointe on Lake Sainte Claire. Across the lay the orchard, stretching to the Across the road l'Anse row strip of sand washed by the northern fishermen and trappers had first trught me to handle boat and gun and rod, and arm of the Detroit River, at that point divided into two wide flowing streams by the regal, forest-crowned Belle Isle, Queen of the Detroit, surveying from her river throne the commerce of the Great Lakes as its fleets pass by her From the portals, doing her homage. he river. Only the width of the noble upper windows of the house we could see, across six miles of level farm lands lying to the east, the opal waters of Lake Sainte-Claire, so baptized, on the feast of the virgin Clara of Assisi, Windso the gallant La Salle on his adventur herstourg, at the mouth of the river, though farther removed, was the prin-cipal Canadian port of entry for the large steamboats that plied Lake Erie from Ohio and New York ports, and bus voyage in the Griffin through the water, of the Great Lakes in 1679 Behind the house, for half a mile back towards the forest, lay our kitchen-garden and corn-fields, tilled by Ingarden and corn-fields, tilled by In-dian half-breeds, and the stables, dairy, with Detroit life. It was while at the latter place one day that I heard mysand hen-house, in charge of a youn French farmer and his thrifty wife. terious whisperings about "fugitives," "the Underground Railroad," "Ohio bloodhounds," and other strange exlittle too thrifty I sometimes suspected the young woman to be, for it was marpressions, and soon after, going down to us how the couple were able to put the wharf with my friends, I s w a num-ber of men landing from the Sandusky by money to buy patches of land here and there, to build cottages which they steamer, and in their midst the face of a negro. A horrible feeling of loathing let out to working-men's families at goodly rents, and finally to become over me, of physical repulsion an dealers in real estate, while my a deathly sickness. I nearly fainted under the stress of emotion and ghastgrandfather, with all his economies, was barely able to make his expenses out of ly recollection, and for many sleepless nights I was held in its grasp of terror

My education was neither wide deep, but it has served me. In the summer it was carried on chiefly at the It seems strange to me, at this distance of time, that I confided in no one, asked boat-house at the foot of the orchard, where I studied under the instruction of Indian fishermen and French hunter and trappers the fine arts of swimming. diving, boating and fishing. In the marshes of Belle Isle I learned to fish ever, secretly to haunt libraries and to search in cyclopædias and geographies for information about the negro race, for muskalonge and bass and whitefish at the Sainte-Claire Flates, across the and there I came across the detailed ac-count of the massacre at the Fremont lake, and in the forests of Grosse Ile I plantation, every word of which vividly learned to handle a gun, to distinguish recalled the scenes of terror that haunt-ed my memory. It was almost a relief the notes of the birds, and to know the varieties of trees and wild flowers to know for a certainty that these hid-eous visions of the night were no super-natural obsession, but merely the infrom our young farmer I learned th vagaries of hens and pigs and cattle, the management of horses, the care of fruits, flowers, and grains ; from the old oluntary recalling of a forgotten horror. An intense hatred of the colored French women in the neighboring farm race, a burning desire for revenge cottages I learned the wonderful legends of the "Nain Rouge," the "Loup took complete possession of my boyish soul. As soon as I was grown I would Garou," and other choice bits from their repertory of folk-lore, as well as my ed plantation, I would hunt the chansons de voageurs and folk-songs of the habitans, and heard reup the murderers of my parents and have them tortured with every fiendish citals of the adventures of fur-traders contrivance that ingenious cruelty could devise, and thus repay upon a and coureurs de bois, of military com-mandants and Jesuit missionaries. hated race the mental suffering of Other tales of local history I gathered from the Indians and half-breeds. Twice a week I galloped into Detroit on my rough Canadian pony and was in-structed in Latin, sacred history, and The Detroit of my childhood was a history, and catechism by one of the Belgian prie at St. Anne's. The cold wint brought other accomplishments; sno well-wooded, straggling city of between thirty and forty thousand inhabitants, a winters of magnified village, prosperous

became proficient in ; and in stormy weather, or during the long winter rs (who under de la Mothe-Cadilevenings, my grandfather taught me to fence and box, to play billiards and Well and carefully did he drill lest I should

shoeing, skating, and ice-boating I soon

hood, but left its impression upon my whole life. I was about ten years of age the blissful summer when Alexandrine Chabert came across my path as an angel from heaven. She was a year and a half older than I, but at that age we did not feel the difference. We read Cooper's tales together; we sat upon the beach hand-in-hand and repeated the legends of the habitans, or talked over the future, when we did chateau in France with our thirteen children. Our first quarrel arose over the name of the youngest, which I desired should be Arabella, while Alix which I expressed a preference for the name of Hildegarde. We did not speak to each Hildegarde. other for a fortnight after this agreement of tastes, and much of the angelic illusion was dispelled. But before long I worshipped her as madly as ever, though I was destined much from this attachment, destined to suffe for Alix was now beginning to mark the differ-ence in our ages and to show a decided preference for boys of more advanced I felt this keenly, but I knew intages and was determined to my advantages and was win glory in her eyes. In some athletic contests between the Hamtramck and Windsor lads I came off victorious both in the running and swimming matches. We had laid out all our pocket-money on the prizes, and that which fell to m was a gilt affair which we considered the acme of art. My first thought was to display it to Alexandrine. She was walking with Montgomerie Moir, a youth for whom I had a hearty detestation forever after, for he was witness of her indifferent glance and heard her

ontemptuous exclamation, "What a tawdry thing!

I said noth The spell was broken. g, but wandered disconsolately home ward with my poor, despised reward, and, stealing down to the boat-house ier, dropped my hard-won but now valueless prize into the placidly flowng, heaven-blue waters of the Detroit. It was not till many days after that my grandfather learned, through little Stephanie Chabert (Etienette, as she was called in the local French diminutive), Alix's baby sister and his especial t. that I had won the coveted decora-Well, Roderic, my boy, why haven't

you shown me the famous prize ?" he asked. "Etienette tells me that you won it. Do you think the old man ha lost his interest in your young sports just because he has the rheumatism and nnot compete with you ?'

"I can't show it to you. Pepe," I stammered; "I chucked it into the 'cause - 'cause Alix Chabert river, 'cause --didn't like it.''

My grandfather threw himself back in his chair, roaring with laughter, and I rushed out of the room bursting with anger and mortification. Never again tell him the secrets of my Inos if I had to seal them with my heart

But Alix was kindly in the main, and my attachment endured. I was useful to her in many ways, for I was proud to do her services which her brothers corned. Her father trusted me im plicitly in the management of a boat, and in view of my youth thought it quite proper, when Alix was sixteen, that I should sail her down the river to the hops at Fort Wayne or to the archeryparties and lawn-teas at Windsor and Sandwich. There was much visiting in those days between Detroit and the garrison at Fort Wayne, four miles below the city. The young officers were in great demand at Detroit entertainments, and the young ladies of Detroit and Hamtramck were eagerly sought after at the military balls and festivit-ies at the post. As a result our pretty Alix's sixteenth summer was a gav one and I and my small batwing boat, l'In-vincible Malbrouck, were held high in

her gracious favor. We were returning one evening from an afternoon fete at Grosse Pointe, where some of the leading Detroit fam-ilies had lately established summer residences, when the exquisite beauty of the evening tempted us to land on the eastern extremity of Belle Isle, where the waters of Lake Sainte-Claire narrow down into the Detroit. through its deep, stately channel on their way to Lake Erie and beyond, in their long, ocean-bound march through half a continent. We drew up our boat on the soft strip of sand that girdles the island. The sun had gone down over the fair, distant eity behind us, its last rays touching the fleecy clouds above with a rosy flush. The enormous disk of the full moon was glowing on the horizon's edge, just resting a moment on the pearly lake before beginning its upward heavenly course. The sunset breeze sighed softly through the branches of the stately pines at whose feet we were sitting. Save for that mournful sound, all was tranquil and calm, and I felt myself infinitely blessed as I gazed up into Alix's countenance. seemed to me that her gray eyes had a new softness in them, that the pink color came and went more easily in downy cheeks, her sweet face, in its frame of fluffy hair, dimpled more tenderly. A shy smile quivered on her lips as she hummed softly to herself the words of an old Canadian " Chant du

the Christian soldier and the Christian My affection for you seems now to me the most creditable of my life. Would that I had loved as unselfishly those it effect so signal a revolution as in the formation of Christian philanthropy.

that I was destined to win! The sincerity of my vow was to be put to a test without delay. After a to view the poor, helpless and suffering, under Pagan and Christian civilization, few moments of delicious silence, Alix turned to me with beaming eyes and to behold the spirit of Christ passing along the wayside of human history, blushing cheeks. "Eric," she asked, "do you not see bending. good Samaritan-like, over

that the knight has come?" that the knight has come? I started up stupidly. "Night? Why, Alix, the evening has hardly be-gun. There are hours of twilight yet." gun. There are hours of thing seems to "Ah, you dull boy! Yet it seems to

be too dark for you to see!" Then her meaning dawned on me, and a great weakness and coldness came the Lord shall return in the end, He me. My heart palpitated till a shall pay whatever is over and above to the caretakers of wounded humanity. deathly feeling seized me. She did not To see the condition of the unfortu notice my agitation, but began to chatnate under Pagan civilization, we need ter gayly of her happiness, of the not take examples from the rude, un-taught children of the forest, who are officer who was so strong and gallant, of how she adored army life, and how he was coming for her at Christmas to alled the barbarians of antiquity ; but carry her off to an Eastern post, and to look to the polished, educated, high how she would marry at seventeen the grandmother for whom she had Rome. classic nations of antiquity many glor-ions natural qualities. Their learning, been named. ous natural qualities.

As she chatted on, happily, foolishly, military prowess, exalted patriotism, their cultivation of the arts, and their I had time to recollect myself. I knew that I must accept the inevitable, that had always foreseen this. sake her young knight must be sacred to me, and she must never guess my ve, which should henceforth be rigid concealed. It was hard, at fifteen, feel that life held no more hopes for me, but with a full heart I renewed the vow so lately spoken to devote myself to her happiness, cost what it might. The rosy flush had died away from the sky, the lake was gray and dull, a

ity should be immediately put to death. He claimed the children as the property level black cloud cut like a sword across the golden disk of the risen moon. of the State, and treated them as su The heavy dews chilled the evening air. Infanticide was not uncommon in Greece. In Rome the fourth of the twelve "Tables of the Law" enacted Alix shivered a little and glanced about her. I pressed her hand and wished her that the father should have the right of life, death and sale of his child, and it with as cheerful an accent as could summon, but a solemn silence fell between us, and at last she rose to go. also decreed that the deform should be put to death. I started slowly and sadly to push out Such was the state of the world. when a voice was heard from obscure Palestine. It was but the feeble cry of

I started slowly and saily to plan out the boat from the sand, when suddenly she gave a little gasping cry. "The moon! Eric, Eric! look at the moon!" she whispered, hoarsely. The sharp black cloud that cleft it,

thunder-tones throughout the universe, nd which had looked like a sword, now and to awaken and purify the echoes spread and grew grayer, larger, fainter. hem. It was the deep, solemn protest assumed a shape like that of a canoe, and moved northward, slowly at first, till it had passed clear across the face ism of infanticide. "Suffer the little children to come to Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of the moon, then more swiftly, grow-ing ever larger and more shadowy, and , and ing ever more rapidly northward.

" Do you not hear the dog barking ? of Heaven." sinners with gentle pity ; He ci from the cross to His Heavenly creamed Alix, clutching my bared a with her little icy hands. Her face was for mercy on those who mock and crucify Him. But when He speaks of ghastly white and her teeth chatter-ing. "Listen! it is the Phantom ng. "Listen! It is the never luntsman's hound! Will he never those who by word or deed stop? See, it is moving northwardoul of only one of His little benediction becomes a maledictic and the scandalizer of childhood, li northward. It is the Spectral Hunt Oh, my God !'

She fell on her knees sobbing, and I withering curse ; " woe to the man that shall scandalize one of those little ones. felt the chills that the supernatural causes rushing up and down my spine It were better for him that a mill-stone and into the roots of my hair. teeth began to chatter uncontrollably, should be hanged around his neck he should be drowned in the depths of and water pressed from my eyes. of us had not heard of the Chasse Galthe sea. Great has always been the care of the ere, the Phantom Chase, the Ghostly Huntsman and his dog who haunt the the Christian Church for holy child-hood. For centuries she had to fight lake, sailing ever northward through the air in their spectral canoe, mani-festing themselves when death is near to us or to these we here 2 lone for these little ones of Christ Child-murder was so common that it re-quired her entire power to abolish it. to us or to those we love ? I, too, went down on my knees, and

Even as late as the year 546 and 589 of the Christian era we find her in the Councils of Lerida and Toledo enacting clasped each other like frightened children, and with staring eyes and penalties against child murder. We see this care throughout all the ages of shuddering frames watched the Shape as it travelled on, growing more and more gray and shadowy, yet ever more and history in the numerous lying-in hos pitals and orphan asylums ore to our strained vision in the like But behold a picture that will vividss of the Spectral Huntsman's boat, show you the value Christianity set the figure of a dog outlined in the prow upon childhood! It is a cold winter's man's form crouching in the stern, morning, but a few hours after mid-night, in the deserted, snow-covered streets of the great city of Paris; the while across lake and forest over the evening air was borne the baying of und, fainter and farther off, until it gay revelers of last night are asleep; vanished into ceased, and the Shape val mist over la Cote du Nord! but see the form that stalks around the by-streets, lanes and alleys like a spirit TO BE CONTINUED. of ill-omen; see that woman shivering with the cold, and her soul shivering

CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION. ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

-<u>I</u>.

trate. She gazes around to be certain that to one sees her nor thinks that the no one sees withering glance of our Common Parent is upon her. Nervously, she draws from beneath her shaw! the concealed offspring of her sin. She looks at its face for the last moment with the glare of a maniac, for with all her crimes is a mother. She leaves it in the snow to perish, and flies. The child weeps, and soon the chill of death will stop its young heart's pulsations. Behold that tottering old man of seventy winters. He takes the child in his arms, lifts his eyes to Heaven, thanks God, and thinks of the Infant in Bethlehem, on that cold December night, when "there was no room for Him in the inn." He is the Priest of Christianity, the true philan thropist, the great-hearted Vincent de Paul. He takes the child home to his Sisters of Charity, in whose virginal bosoms throb mothers' hearts. Thus what Christ commenced, Christianity perpetuates. The child is the image of God, undimmed by sin. Its soul is of priceless value, no matter how deformed its body, or how impure the blood that courses through its veins. Its body came from its parents, but that soul came out from the Heaven of God, and is destined to return to its portals, and to adore God with His angels and its angels, "who always see From this great truth

Valuable Advice to Mothers.

with a moral chill of the terrible

natural crime she is about to perpe-

SEPTEMBER

MIRACLE OF Its Circumstance

When a writer tel that every comment understand correctly a passage in one of Catholic reader is a skeptical as to the discovery. There making such a cla meaning of some w eaning of some ways the Prophets t the corruptions of here admitted much exegetical we tative. But the in Gospels is not bese culty. Moreover, s early Fathers, the weighed and learned and devout reverence that it se for the present day interpretation of a ally the case, too, planations proceed of the critical school reduce the miracul Gospels to a minim not be devoid readers to give som markable article wh January number of t he cure of the sid at the pool in the I John tells us had Bethsaida-or as is ten, Bethesda.

Although the aut Father Van Bebber pretation of the c miracle which is to pletely new, his wo is inspired by no criticism. Indeed, the future no comm whether he agree Father Van Bebbe be able to leave

The first questi on this subject is with is the chara which St. John de in the pool prev miracle. An opin ground that the the Evangelist w but were the effec mineral spring po medicinal propert count much freq and infirm of Je is comparatively first propounded ers; it was accep the last century lic commentato weight. Color the fact that, as will be aware, the stated that the tr was due to the o is absent in many and is regarded as mber of the mo Hence it is no sma discussion of the Van Bebber that ly from the stat the disputed w quires whether miraculous healin the uncontested r tive, and with su

There can be li right in his concl is quite untenabl overwhelming te of Jerusalem poss a single spring of fountain of Silo tioned in the pressly declares nly fount within Bell. Jud. 5, 9, be cited as a wit of the siege (H tions as a circu the beleaguered the walls-thus

tion that one, a

The pilgrim An tale to tell :

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Temple area a called Aire es S

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attention of his

able to gather fro

SEPTEMBER 6, 1902.

wounded and robbed sufferers of our

race under Paganism, and not only

pouring into their wounds the strength-ening oil and wine, but also bearing the sufferers to the inn-that is, founding

institutions for their permanent cure

cultured nations of Greece and me. I am far from denying to these

spirit of material progress, are unques-

Yet Aristotle tells us it was a com

mon practice in his day for parents to

expose their children to death. This

was punishment as now, but it was

public, recognized, legalized act. One of the laws of Lycurgus commanded

that all children born with any deform

Child, but it was to reverberate in

the seven-hilled city. It was the of infancy from the stable of Beth

Child-God against the

He pardons the greatest

barren fig tree, falls beneath His

It was the cry

was no secret crime for which

tioned, and unquestionable.

Cuba during the year 1844. A full ac count was given in grewsome detail of the massacre at the Selva Alegre plantation, in which perished Augustin Fremont, E-q., formerly of South Caro-lina, his wife and baby, his aged father and his overseer. Only one member of the family survived, it stated—an infant boy, hidden for days by a faithful attendant. This massacre was recorded as an instance of special ingratitude and bloodthirstiness on the part of the misguided blacks, the Fremont planta-tion having been noted for the kind f its slaves and the benevolent, paternal character of its administration

It was well for my development into healthy boyhood that I was removed far from the scenes of my infancy and its melancholy associations to a totally dissimilar climate and surroundings. My grandfather Fremont was a Caro Huguenot, who, having married : West-Indian heiress, had settled on her property in Cuba. His eldes son returned to Carolina, but the youngest son, my father, was educated in France and Spain, and was wholly a Cuban in all his interests. The daughter of the house was sent for the purpose of learn-ing English, to the Visitation Convent at Georgetown, where she formed an ardent friendship with pretty Felice de Macarty, the grand-daughter of the Marquis de Macarty, a French-Irish refugee at the court of Louis XVL., who had come to America with Lafay ette and De Kalb during the Revolution tionary struggle. A son of the old Franco-Hibernian nobleman had thought well to follow in his father's footsteps in the days when the French Revolution made it too hot for artistocrats in Paris, and, attracted by its French his tory and atmosphere to that part of the annexed Northwest Territory newly which lay on the banks of the Detroit had settled there, fought under General St. Clair in the War of 1812, and identihed himself with the French element of nea himsen whit the French element of Detroit by marrying the daughter of one of its prosperous land-owners and gentlemen farmers, old Felix Belancour de Saint Pierre, dit Grandehamp. de Saint Pierre, dit Grandehamp With pretty Felice de Belancour Mac arty, the daughter of this emigrant

chartrain into a colony, the largest settled community of the Northwest) had intermingled more or less with that of the later Scotch Devadian emigrants who had established themselves there during the British ocupation of the colony from 1762 to 796. After its cession to the United States, at this latter date, can ie the reat movement of New England bioneers to the Northwest, and in time this new strain allied itself to the older French and Scotch elements, and the own grew slowly and surely with the growth of the Northwest and the comerce of the Great Lakes. At the time of which I write the era of manufactures had not commenced, the great

i myself

nflux of immigration that was to come with the opening up of the lumber trade in northern Michigan and the mining industry in the Upper Peninsula had not yet begun. We were still chiefly an agricultural and trading community and garrison town. If the New Eng-land and Scotch-Canadian element predominated in the commercial sphere, it was the French spirit that still held sway in the social world and was a strong influence in public life. Men of French names, or at least of French de cent, held the highest positions in the French priest, civic life of the city ; a French priest, Pere Gabriel Richard, had been the first representative of the new state in the national Congress ; French was still spoken exclusively by many of the older generation and heard at every turning a streets and market-places. We listened to French sermons every Sunday in old, historie St. Anne's Church as had our fathers before us for a hundred and fifty years, while the vivac ity, hospitality, and easy sociability of he French spirit was the gracious in-neritance of Detroit social life, though this spirit was perhaps somewhat ag-gressive in its nationality, holding it self to represent the aristocracy of the town, regarding with suspicion the newer elements fast coming to the front, and measuring all others by their share or lack of the possession of French antecedents. The alliance of Scotch and English with the French stock was curiously represented by the intermixt-ure of family names. French baptismal

me in my French, acquire the Cavadian patois. Together read the French classics, and I was obliged to copy at length what were considered in his youth models of elegant letter-writing, and to memorize and declaim masterpieces of prose and verse with the proper Parisian modula tions of his day. I taught myself geography from a large globe, and his-tory from Mayor's Histories and Voyages, in old-fashioned duodecimos, and from Scott's and Cooper's novels, which borrowed from our neighbor, Dr. Chabert, for my grandfather admitted othing to his shelves in the way fiction save Miss Edgeworth's Irish stories and the novels of Lever Gerald Griffin.

In other matters besides French my andfather was a severe drill-master He had been educated in his boyhood or the engineer corps in a French itary school, and was proud of his knowledge of geometry and mechanics and of his skill in draughtsmanship. To his joy my tastes conformed to his; prospective drawing became my passion. s quick at mathematics and physics and the favorite occupation of my idle nours was to construct on paper mag ificent bridges and docks and marvel ous aqueducts and roads and fortifica-Railroads, too, were my delight and my table was littered with sketches and plans of the structures that were to nefit mankind and incidentally to vin me undying fame.

There was no female influence in my nome life. I had dreams of a mother's kiss, and when the world went wrong with me I would shut myself up and sob for my mother and my baby sister. But mothers and sisters of my boy friends were somehow different from n th oman of my dreams, and it seemed to me sacrilegious to suppose that my mother could ever have scolded me and made me fetch or carry for her as did the mother of William Laubepine, nor could the little sister of my dreams have called me a torment and hoped the day would soon come for me to go to board-ing-school, as did the Sisters of Francois and Emile McNiff. Yet the love of one woman influenced not only my boy-

Voyageur :' " Par derrier' chez ma tante Il y a un boisjoli; Le rossignol y chante Et le jour et la nuit.

(Behind my aont's cottage There is a pretty grove Where the nightingale sings By night and by day.)

"Gai lon, la. gai le rosier, Du joli mois de mai !

" Il chante pour ces dames Qui n'ont pas de mari ; It ne chante pas pour moi Car j'en ai un joli !

(Sings for the old maids Who have not a husband; But he does not sing for ma For I have a fine one!)

" Gai. lon, la, gai le rosier, Du joli mois de mai !"

I did not deceive myself. I knew well that I could never be more to Alix than her young school-boy brother, her childhood's playmate, but as I gazed up at her I vowed silently before Heaven that henceforth my life should be conse-crated to her happiness without hope of reward. Oh, pretty Alix! pretty Alix! Christian citizen, the Christian artist,

Civilization is a very general and omewhat vague term, and various definitions and descriptions of it have been given. I think, with Edmund Burke, that the essence of civilization consists in the spirit of a gentleman and in the spirit of religion that is, the union of all that is noble and sacred in religion, with all that is gentle and strong in our humanity. Emerson says: "The truest test of civilization is not the census, not the size of cities, nor the crops, but the kind of a man a country turns out.'

Christianity is Christ continued, and its civilization is His continue fluence on the outside world. I think best test of the civilization of an individual, or of a nation, is unselfishness, and the best test of unselfishness is care for the poor and oppressed of our race. Mr. Lecky complains of this age as defective in the spirit of selfsa rifice.

The spirit of self-sacrifice is essen tial to the continued existence of civil-ized society. Each man must pay a little of personal comfort to the gen-eral fund of society. Selfishness led to the fall of pagan civilization and threatwe have to appreciate fully the con-

nection between Christianity and the eivilization to which it has given name His face." From this great truth springs a principle of Christian civilizato see that this civilization is based on, and motived by, great Christian doc-trines, which, if weakened or denied, tion, which must ever protect child hood. Let unbelief deny it, and let will weaken or ruin the great super-structure itself, and send us back not merely to pagan civilization, but much men act out this unbelief, and we shall in time return to the barbarism of Pagan civilization. As great principles act themselves out into great institu-

farther. The morality and public conscience tions, so it is true that he who would strike down the principle must also crush the institution and rob childhood which Christianity has produced will influence men for a time after they shall have ceased to believe, but this of its loving protectors .- The Republic,

influence must be temporary. Christianity is a fact in the history of Boston. the human race, the most mysterious in

Valuable Advice to Mothers. If your child comes in from play coughing or showing evidences of an approaching aitach of Grippe. Sore Throat, or sickness of any kind, first thing get out your bottle of NERVIINE, Rub the chest and neck with Nerviline, and give internal doses of ten drops of Nerviline sweetened water every two hours. This will pevent any serious trouble No limiment or plan neliever equals Polson's Nerviline, which is a necessity in every household. Luge bottles cost only 25c. its nature, the most stupendous and universal in its effects. Christianity re-fashioned the whole being of man, politically and socially, as well as re-ligiously. It formed not only the It formed not only igiously.

well-known cur tine. But, indeed. if carefully seru the supposition most clearly im ly took place ; our Lord vin himself witness covery of those were the first t It is unneces

consideration not speak of "bubbling up he tells us of a of the watersdirectly incald theory propos we have consid ufficient to n Evangelist is here an account of the most ex The miracul