

Protestant Devotion to Mary.

The following quotations are two more instances of Catholic sentiment in Protestant poetry. They are from Longfellow's "Golden Legend":

"Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer! All hearts are touched and softened at her name. Like the wand, with the bloody hand, The priest, the prince, the scholar and the peasant. The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer, Pay homage to her as one ever present. And even as children, who have much to owe."

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER II.

Woe, woe to the sons of Gaul! They were gathered, one and all, To the harvest of the sword, And the morning sun, with a quiet smile, Shone out over hill and glen.

Aye the sunshine sweetly smiled, As the early glances came forth, It had no sympathy with the wild, And terrible things of earth.—White.

Odours of orange flowers and spice Reached them from time to time, Like airs that breathe from Paradise, Upon a world of crime.—Longfellow.

Before the sun had risen, just as a faint ray of light was dawning in the east, Father Maret was on his way to the hut of the old sachen, whom he had promised to visit that morning. When he arrived there a noble-looking Indian boy opened the door for him, and pointed to the couch where the sick man was lying. While the priest was administering the last sacraments to the sachen, he went out of the hut, and stood there with his arms folded arms and mournful brow, at the sky, from which the stars were gradually disappearing.

When the Father was preparing to take leave of the old man, he detained him and said, "Good Father, call my son Otaura; I would fain speak to him in your presence, and make him my warding gift. He is one of the sons of the Woman Chief; his father was a famous warrior who died in the war with the Choktaws. He has been as a son to me since the time I carried him in my arms, and taught him to shoot and swim. He is good, and the Great Spirit sends him higher and better thoughts than to other youths of his age. But he believes not yet in the Christian prayer. The words I have spoken to him have fallen unheeded in his ear, like the seed scattered on the hard rock. But I will give him this crucifix, which the Black Robe of the Yasous gave me when I was a prisoner amongst that tribe, and he will keep it for the love of Otaurasi, till the day when the voice of the Great Spirit speaks to his soul, and he believes the Christians' prayer." As he said this a change came over the features of the old man, and the priest, who saw that death was at hand, hastened to summon the boy. His dark fearless eyes fixed themselves on the face of the dying sachen, who said:

"My son, take this my greatest treasure. You will one day know its value."

"Is it a manitou?" asked the boy.

"No, my son; it is the image of Him who died upon the cross, of the Son of the Great Spirit whom Christians adore."

"I cannot belong to the Black-robe's prayer," the boy said; "I am a child of the Sun."

"The old man's eyes beamed with a sudden light. "My beautiful one," he cried, "my hunter of the hills, the Great Spirit will make thee one day a fisher of men." The energy with which the words were pronounced exhausted the speaker; he fell back in a swoon. While the missionary was striving to recall life and consciousness to the sinking frame, the boy hastily snatched the crucifix, which had fallen from his hands, and hid it in his bosom.

A few moments afterwards the aged sachen breathed his last, and whilst the priest, kneeling by the side of the corpse, repeated in a low voice the "Misericordie," the Indian boy struck up a death-song, in which were blended, with great pathos, his own impassioned regrets, praise of his dead, and provisions as to the destiny of the departed spirit in the islands of the blessed, in the kingdom of the hereafter.

The hour which had been fixed upon for Mass was arrived. Madame D'Auban and the Pere Sotter's negro servant had arranged the altar of the parsonage before the door, a sort of plain which extended from the village to the forest. Mina had ornamented it with nosegays of red and white flowers, and festoons of the trailing vine. The Pere Maret returned just before the appointed time. He had heard confession, and stayed in the hut for that purpose. Meanwhile the French colonists and a small number of Indian converts emerged from the shadowy depths of the neighboring groves, and seated themselves upon the grass. Men, women and children were there. Even the least religious amongst the emigrants felt a pleasure at the thought of hearing Mass again.

At last the Pere Maret came out of the hut with his vestments on, and the people knelt down before the altar. He began by reading some prayers in French; then he preached a short sermon. D'Auban, who was to serve his Mass, was standing a little behind him. He saw that the congregation was still gradually increasing; more and more Indians were approaching from various directions; quietly, unobtrusively, they drew near. There was

no sound of feet on the smooth grass. They stood in a respectful attitude, motionless like statues; rank after rank of these sable forms ranged themselves around the worshippers; not a footfall, not a whisper was heard; it was like the snowdrift which accumulates noiselessly in the silence of night; nothing was heard but the voice of the preacher. When the sermon was ended, and he had given his blessing, he turned towards the altar. D'Auban glanced at the spot where his wife and child were kneeling, with their head bowed down to receive that blessing, and in that one glance he took in the aspect of the whole field; it was now crowded with Indians; not one spot was left unoccupied, not one issue open. The Pere Maret began Mass.

"Judica me, Deus, et discerne causam meam de gente non sancta. Ab homine iniquo et doloso erue me." With what a strange force and meaning those words fell upon D'Auban's ear! The alternate sentences are uttered. The Confessor is said, first by the priest, and then the server in the name of the people. The priest goes up to the altar, first to the right side to read the Introit, a short passage from the Scriptures; then to the centre, to cry out for mercy for himself and others. "Kyrie Eleison," he says, turned towards the people. "Kyrie Eleison," answers the server. "Ay! God have mercy on them both! God have mercy on all present! A shot is fired, and the priest falls upon the flowery sod at the foot of the altar, beneath the cloudless sky, in the bright sunshine, robed in his white vestments, like a soldier on duty struck down at his post. D'Auban's first movement is to kneel. He kneels by his prostrate form. The wound is mortal; life ebbing fast. One last word the dying man struggles to utter. D'Auban puts his ear close to his lips. "The young Indian, Otaura," he whispered, and then he breathes a sigh and dies. When D'Auban raised his head the scene around him was one of wild and horrible confusion; the work of slaughter had begun. A cry of despair burst from him. Paralyzed one moment by the hopelessness of the moment, he stood like one transfixed, his eyes turned towards the spot where he had last seen the treasures of his heart; the next he made a desperate rush in that direction, but crowds of armed Indians encircled him on every side. The shrieks of the murdered and the groans of the dying, the dead countrymen lying on the ground, the Indian who seemed to command the rest. "Kill the companion of the Black Robe! Destroy every Frenchman! Slay every white man! Let not one escape to tell the fate of the others!" But do not kill the women and children of the Great Sun of our tribe unless they shall be kept as slaves." D'Auban caught the sense of these words, and though his brain seemed on fire, he was in the full possession of his senses. Quick as lightning the thought struck him, that to surrender his life at that moment was to doom his loved ones to hopeless misery. If God gave him strength to make his escape, help might yet be obtained. To save himself was to save them. The blood rushed back to his heart, and strength returned to his limbs. With a wordless prayer to the God of Sion and of the Immaculate Mother, he dashed his powerful frame against his numberless foes, and made his way through the infuriated crowd, who shrunk back appalled by his apparently superhuman strength. Once, when surrounded by a rush of assailants, a young Indian sprang upon him, and seemed about to drag him down to the earth; but, by a sudden movement, he threw himself back on his advancing countrymen, checked them for an instant, and opened for D'Auban a passage through the ranks, which he whispered in his ear, "Do not fear for the white woman and her child; Otaura will protect them." With a speed which baffled even the swift-footed Indians, D'Auban ran towards the river, and sprang into the canoe of the large wigwag which one of his boatmen had retained the night before. Cutting with a knife the rope that fastened it to the shore, both began to row for their lives. The natives pursued them. They had boats also. They had sworn by the great Sun that not a white man should escape. Arrows whizzed in the ears of the pursued, and the savages were gaining on them. For one instant—it was a desperate expedient—D'Auban laid down the oars, and seized the fowling-piece lying at the bottom of the large wigwag. The pursuers, terrified at the sight of the gun, dashed aside and slackened their speed. He loaded the piece and fired. "It is a phantom boat," cried the Indians, "no mortal man could row so fast!" and they turned back. After some hours, during which D'Auban had to keep up by promises and encouragements, the charge of the man who shared with him the desperate exertions of those fearful moments, he laid down his oars, and steered to the shore.

"Is this the way to the French fort?" asked his companion, who supposed they were making for Baton Rouge.

"No," answered D'Auban; "by this time the French at the fort are probably massacred. But hence we can proceed to the district of the Choktaws, a tribe which hates the Natches, and to whom the tale we have to tell will be like the sound of their own war-cry. You may follow or leave me as you please. Nay, you had better take the boat, and carry the intelligence of the massacre to the first European settlement you can reach, and tell the commander of the name of humanity, and hurried on his way to a village of Choktaw Indians not far from the stream. There he made an appeal to the sympathy of men whose hearts were stirred within them by the expressions of anguish which broke forth from a heart torn by conflicting emotions of hope and of terror. The appeal of the white man was heard. The chief of the tribe rose in a flash from his seat; seven hundred warriors gathered round him, standard and arrows, and he bade them march at his

new French city, and every fort and habitation in the country would be levelled to the ground, and the Indians who had learnt the Frenchman's prayer, and who tried to save the life of a black robe, was to be tied to a stake and burnt at a slow fire.

The usefulness of their new slaves induced the savages to spare their lives, and to treat them with some degree of humanity. This was at least in most instances the case. They were delighted to make the European women sew and make up garments for their out of the skins of the beasts and the pieces of cloth seized at the Fort where M. Chepar and all his companions had been murdered. The arrival of several carts laden with goods at that military station a day or two before had excited the covetousness of the chiefs and the sachems, and induced them to hurry operations and give the signal of murder and plunder before the day appointed for a simultaneous rising throughout the colony. The sight of some of these articles of European manufacture drew the eyes of the poor captives, and they had haunted an exile's sleep less often as the snowy summits of the Swiss Alps or the golden groves and myrtle bowers of Italy.

Madame D'Auban and her daughter were treated gently enough, owing to the protection of the young chief Otaura, whose devotedness at needwork also obtained for them the good graces of the women Sun, who was delighted to appear before her subjects decked in European finery. Most of their time was spent in this employment. They sat at the table, and grove of acacias, behind the palm hut, and about several hours a day. Madame D'Auban found relief in this manual labour to her tormenting thoughts. Mina helped her eagerly and wearily, according to the mood of the moment. Children cannot endure the ceaseless pressure of sorrow or anxiety. Her father's fate pressed upon her, she hid her head in her mother's bosom, and gave way to passionate weeping; or when she saw that mother looking pale and worn and working like a slave, her zeal in assisting her was voluntary. But if her friend the Indian youths appeared, the wish to play was irresistible.

Both the young chiefs neglected other amusements, and even the more serious business of hunting and fishing in order to play with the little white maiden, who was to them a perfect vision of beauty and delight. It was a pretty sight, a fair captive child sitting under a hedge of oleanders between her two Indian playmates, who were like each other as to colouring and features, but whose countenances were strikingly dissimilar. There was something in the young girl's bearing, in her person and manners—a gentleness which, in a European, would have been thought good breeding. Her movements were slow and graceful, and his eyes had the pensive, almost mournful, expression peculiar to his race. Osseo's countenance was something more than a ruddy glow, and a malignant light gleamed in his deep-set eyes, which were at those moments more like those of an angry animal than of a man. He was related to the royal family, but not a son of the reigning sovereign. His wonderful quickness and agility had made him a favourite with the young chiefs. They were constant companions, and equally devoted to the little white captive.

One day Otaura brought her a cluster of the waxen blossoms of the Mimosa. She wove them into a wreath, and with some beautiful feathers Osseo, who had just made a crown which she laughingly placed on her head. A sudden gloom darkened Otaura's brow, and he spoke angrily to Osseo. Angry glances and gestures followed. Mina instantly pulled to pieces both the garland and the crown, and making a nosegay of the feathers and the flowers, placed it in her breast. She had caught the habit of expressing her thoughts by signs, and was as quick as the Indians themselves in the use of symbols.

Osseo pointed to the nosegay and said, "The flowers will be dead and fall off tomorrow, but the feathers will live in the maiden's bosom till she is as tall as her mother."

Again a dark look gathered over Otaura's brow, but Mina hastened to reply: "The leaves may lose their colour, but they will not fall off when they are dry and dead. The feathers never smell at all. But they are very pretty," she added, with such a bright smile that Osseo exclaimed:

"In your eyes, little white maiden, there is more power than faith that the leaves will fall off, and that the feathers will live in her bosom till she is as tall as her mother."

Mina shuddered, and said that a fetish was a bad thing, and that she hated serpents. There was no fetish in her eyes, she was certain, and no serpent in her breast.

On the following morning, Osseo came to the Acacia Grove, and told Mina to come with him into the woods, and that he would give her more beautiful flowers than Otaura had brought her the day before, and a bird that would imitate the sound of her voice. She looked wistfully at her mother, for she longed to run across the fields into the forest; but Madame D'Auban shook her head, and bade her sit down to her work. She told Osseo that Mina belonged to the woman chief, and could not go out without her leave. Osseo's eyes gleamed with anger, and he threatened to drag the child away. He said she was his slave, and he would compel her to go with him. Terrified at this youth's looks and manner, Madame D'Au-

ban resolved to place Mina under Otaura's protection. She felt an instinctive confidence in his generous nature, and knew well that if an Indian on the adoption of his sister or his child, he faithfully fulfills the duties he thus assumes. So the next time the young chief came to the palace, she made him understand that Osseo called Mina his slave, and threatened to carry her away. "Will you protect her?" The eyes of the Indian boy flashed with indignation. "I will protect her as I would my own sister," he said, and he made her appeal, he made a sign to them both to follow him. He led the way to the assembly of the sachem, and, in the presence of the Sun his father, he solemnly adopted her as a daughter. An appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Cote. The musical service was plain chant, and at the offertory the organist, Mr. Gagnon, played a brilliant voluntary. A very large number of the American tourists present in town were present and occupied the seats devoted to the University students and members of the Legislature. At St. Patrick's, High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Lowcamp, Rev. Fathers Walsh and McCarthy, C. S. R. acting as deacon and sub-deacon. The musical portion was Schuiddt's Mass, rendered by the choir under the direction of Professor Lavallee.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

A company of four ladies of the Sacred Heart will leave Chicago on the 30th inst. for New Zealand, to join the branch of the Order established there last year.

The new St. Boniface College, Manitoba—is fast approaching completion, and will cost fifty thousand dollars. It is a handsome edifice, and was designed and built at the expense of Archbishop Tache.

"God bless him," said all the old folks of the Little Sisters, when they read that Governor Bagley, of Detroit, was going to furnish the old folks in the home in Detroit, all the smoking tobacco they needed.

His Holiness the Pope has been pleased to appoint the Very Rev. John Crookall, D. D., Vicar General of the Diocese of Southwell, Eng., Provost of the Chapter of that Diocese. The rev. gentleman is a brother of Mr. Chas. Crookall, formerly of this city, and now of Berlin.

The Mother Superior of a Roman Catholic founding asylum at Cincinnati refused to give the names of the women inmates, on the ground that it was her duty to shield them from publicity. She was arrested and fined, but the information was not obtained.

Many Jesuit Fathers who have been expelled from France are now in Rome. Animated by a spirit of zeal, and by a praiseworthy spirit of self-denial, they have petitioned the Holy Father to assign them to an Apostolate on the Eastern Missions or wherever their missionary labors will be most advantageous.

The Pope is stated to be taking the advice of the Sacred College of Cardinals on the subject of again convoking the Ecumenical Council, which first assembled in December, 1869, but which, even after the declaration of Papal infallibility, was merely prorogued and never dissolved by either the late Holy Father or by the present occupant of the Holy See.

The Catholic Church of Eastburn, N. B., was destroyed by fire on the 10th inst. The church was situated on a high plateau some little distance from a saw mill. Father Varilly, the pastor, believes that fire was started by a spark from the mill. It is not long since considerable additions were made to the church, and its sudden destruction will be a heavy blow to the congregation.

We understand that it is under consideration to form an All Hallows' Alumni Association among the Catholic priests of the Eastern States who were educated in the foreign missionary colleges of All Hallows'. The object of it will be to foster a fellowship for one another, and have an occasional reunion, when there will be an interchange of sentiments. But the chief object is to subscribe funds annually in aid of their beloved alma mater. It will be a noble undertaking, and we wish it every success.

The solemnity of the festival of St. Alphonsus—the founder of the Redemptorist Order—was celebrated with becoming pomp by the Rev. Fathers of the order at St. Patrick's, in this city last Sunday. High Mass was celebrated at ten o'clock by the Rev. F. Walsh, assisted by Rev. Fathers Krien and Kelly, as deacon and sub-deacon, and an appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. F. Lowcamp, Pastor of the Church. There was a very full and very excellent musical service under the leadership of Professor Lavallee.—Quebec Chronicle, Aug. 10th.

Here is a nut to be cracked by our good friends, who, at every remark that is made about education, cry out to us: "Oh, hold your tongue; there are no schools in Spain. Don't think of aspiring to Catholic education until you have taught all the little Spaniards their three R's, the same as you would if you were good Protestants or secularists." But, hold! behold! there are in proportion, at this moment, more little Spaniards at school in their native land than there are English children at school in England. Here are the figures as the London Times quotes them from the educational organs of Germany: "England, with 34,000,000 inhabitants, has 25,000 schools, attended by 3,000,000 scholars. Spain, with 17,000,000 of people, has 20,000 schools and 1,600,000 scholars." At this rate, then, if the population of Spain were equal to that of England, she would have 200,000 more of her children at school than England has. And let us add that education in England is compulsory, while it is voluntary in Spain. This quite explodes the popular non-Catholic notion concerning the action of the Church among the Spaniards.

The book which has been read more largely than any other, except Holy Scripture, in the imitation of Christ, and the modesty of its author and the age in which he lived, is marked by the fact that the world has never been absolutely sure who the writer really was. The rival claims of Thomas A' Kempis and of John Gerson are set forth as strongly as ever by the partisans of either side.

A facsimile of the wonderful book, as transcribed by Thomas A' Kempis, has lately been published, with a preface in which he has spoken of its author; but the Athenaeum insists that he was only the transcriber of the work of John Gerson, with whose name it was, in fact, openly published during the lifetime of Thomas A' Kempis himself. In those "dark ages" great men worked for God and the approval of their consciences, not for self-glorification and fame; hence the names of the builders of our magnificent old Cathedrals are unknown to us, and hence also this controversy about the authorship of the volume about the author has not come to us from inspired hands.

The Feast of the Assumption of the B. V. M. was celebrated in Quebec with all the pomp and ceremonial appertaining to a festival of the first class. At the Basilica High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Mr. Tetu, of the Archbishop's Palace, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. An appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Cote. The musical service was plain chant, and at the offertory the organist, Mr. Gagnon, played a brilliant voluntary. A very large number of the American tourists present in town were present and occupied the seats devoted to the University students and members of the Legislature. At St. Patrick's, High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Lowcamp, Rev. Fathers Walsh and McCarthy, C. S. R. acting as deacon and sub-deacon. The musical portion was Schuiddt's Mass, rendered by the choir under the direction of Professor Lavallee.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

He is the happiest, he is king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.—Goethe.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows plenty reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

"Frequently examine thy heart," said a great servant of God; "and contrast it with the Heart of Jesus." It was thus, St. Lutgand changed her life; this, too, we may change our own.

Let us make three tabernacles; one in the Feet, one in the Hands, and one in the Sacred Side; and in this last may I watch and rest, eat, drink, and read, and do my whole work in life.—St. Bonaventura.

Softness and self-indulgence work two great evils, for they insensibly, yet surely destroy their captives, while they waste the time and means which might have been devoted to the service of the needy.

Our Lord appears before us in the persons of the poor. Charity to them is a great sign of predilection. It is almost impossible, the holy Fathers assure us, for any one who is charitable to the poor for Christ's sake to perish.

Outward accidents will sometimes happen; but after many, many years of thoughtful experience, for although they that nearly all the time, who began life with me have succeeded or failed as they deserved.

Prejudices, it is well known, are most difficult to eradicate from the heart whose soil has never been loosened or fertilized by education. They grow there firm as weeds among rocks.—Charlotte Bronte.

Avareice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for although the miser is the most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will not have its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his pain.—Isaac D'Israeli.

We want a religion that softens the step, and tunes the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors, and considerate to friends; a religion that goes into a family, and keeps the husband from being cross when the dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when the husband talks.

The liberties of a people are never more certainly on the path of destruction, than when they trust themselves to the guidance of secret societies. Birds of the night are never birds of wisdom. One of them (the owl) indeed received his name, but it was from its looks, and not from its moral or intellectual qualities. They are for the most part birds of prey. The fate of a Republic is sealed when the bats take the lead of the eagles.—Joseph Quincy.

Truth, remember—and this is one great distinction between Catholics and heretics—truth is not ours, but God's. Truth is not ours, but God's; it has God's majesty inherent within it, and it will convert the souls of men even when it seems rudest and most repelling; and it will do so for one reason—because it is God's truth, and because we, through the grace of God, have faith and faith will put our trust in it.—Felix.

Whosoever loves and honors the blessed old Church of God, our venerable mother, is our countryman, our brother, nourished at the same breast with us, wherever he was born or brought up, or whatever the idiom he speaks. Catholicity, and it alone, gives true brotherhood, melting all nations, all families, and all hearts into one, with one father, one mother, one love. There are no Irish, French, German or American Catholics; all these distinctions vanish, and we have but one country, one patria, heaven and but one wish and one hope—to dwell in it forever.—Dr. Brownson.

WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors for vile stuffs called medicine, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known in daily use by all physicians, and as trust I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."

Rev. — Washington, D. C.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

At this season many inducements are held forth to visit the grand cataract of Niagara, which numbers amongst its attractions a boarding school, under the charge of the Ladies of Loretto, whose reputation as educators of youth is not necessary to remark. The increased accommodation afforded by the large addition now in progress, together with its well-known advantages of position, should decide the desirability of choosing a *boarding school* for their daughters. Terms: \$15.00 monthly.

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