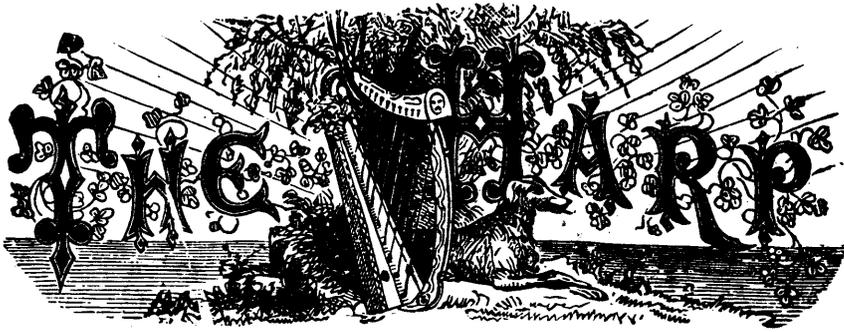


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TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER IX.

AT ~~last~~, one morning, the rain ceased ; the heavy clouds rolled away towards the west, and hung in heavy masses over the distant hills ; the birds began to sing ; the hares and rabbits emerged from their holes, and ran once more over the green-sward. The buffaloes came trooping down from the mountains to the prairies, and a hoary bison swam across the river, and looked out upon the world from one of the flowery islands on its bosom, like a conqueror taking possession of a kingdom. A burst of glorious sunshine gladdened the expanse of wood and water around St. Agathe, and the herbage and the flowers, and living things without number, seemed to exult in its light. The brightness of that first fine morning, after weeks of incessant rain, was like the first return of joy to a heart long oppressed by grief. It felt almost like a presage of approaching change in the lives of its inhabitants. It was a Sunday morning too, and d'Auban, who heard that Madame de Moldau had been longing to get to church, brought his horse ready saddled for her to the door of the pavilion, and prepared to conduct her in this way to the village. She consented ; he took the bridle in his hand, and the Indian servant and the negro boy followed them on foot. They crossed the wood between them and the river, which was sometimes traversed in a boat and

sometimes by means of a series of small islets forming a kind of natural bridge, the spaces between being filled with a network of floating verdure. Their progress was slow, for the ground, saturated with wet, was in some places almost impassable. D'Auban kept a little in advance of the horse, and tried at each step the firmness of their footing. The dripping branches over their heads rained upon them as they went along. But the scents were delicious, and the air very reviving for those who had been long confined within the house. For the first time for many weeks Madame de Moldau was in good spirits : she murmured the first words of the service of the Mass—"I will go to the altar of God, to God who rejoices my youth," and a sort of youthful happiness beamed in her face ; she made nosegays of the wild flowers which her attendants plucked for her, from the banks and from the boughs through which they treaded their way. But the flowers were not to adorn the altar, nor the little party, on its way to the church to hear Mass that day. The sound of the gong, which served as a bell, came booming over the water, but its summons was to sound in vain for them ; they were about to be stopped on their road.

D'Auban was just examining whether it would be possible to cross the river on the

island bridge, or to get the boat, when a cry reached their ears—a low, feeble, and yet piercing cry.

“Did you hear?” they all exclaimed at the same time. The boy shuddered, and said it was one of the water spirits that had cried out. The Indian shaded her eyes with her hand, and with the long-sightedness common amongst her race, discerned a speck in the distance, which she declared was a boat.

“But it is a phantom boat!” she added. “There is no one in it, and it is coming towards us very slowly; but it advances, and against the stream.” Madame de Moldau turned pale. She was prone to believe in the marvellous, and easily credited stories of ghosts and apparitions. They all gazed curiously, and then anxiously, at the little boat as it approached.

“There is somebody in it, after all!” the Indian exclaimed.

“Of course there is,” said d’Auban, with a smile; but it is a child, I think; a small creature, quite alone.”

“It is Simonette,” cried the Indian.

“Good God! I believe it is.” There was an instant of breathless silence; the eyes of all were fixed on the little boat. It ceased to advance. The oars, which could now be seen, fell with a splash into the water, and the figure of the rower disappeared.

“She has fainted!” cried d’Auban, dreadfully agitated; thought upon thought, conjecture on conjecture, crossing his mind with lightning rapidity. He hastily assisted Madame de Moldau to dismount, made her sit down on a fallen tree, gave his horse to the boy, and then springing from one islet to another, and lastly swimming to the one against which the boat had drifted, he saw the lifeless form of the young girl lying at the bottom of it. There was not a shadow of color in her face; her hands were transparently thin, and sadly bruised within by the pressure of the oars; a dark rim under her eyes indicated starvation. If not dead, she was apparently dying. D’Auban’s chest heaved, and a mist rose before his eyes. It was dreadful thus to see the creature whom he had known from a child, so full of life and spirits, and to think of her dying without telling where she had been, what she had done, without hearing words of pardon, blessing, and peace. He raised her in his arms, chafed her hands, and tried to force

into her mouth some drops of brandy from his flask. After a while she languidly opened her eyes, and when she saw him, a faint smile for an instant lighted up her face. She pointed to her breast, but the gleam of consciousness soon passed away, and she fell back again in a swoon.

He hesitated a moment. Then quietly laying her down again, with her head supported by a plank, he seized the oars, and vigorously pulled towards the spot where Madame de Moldau and the servants were waiting. After a rapid consultation, it was determined that he should row her and the dying girl to the opposite shore, and then return to convey the horse across. The two servants in the meantime contrived to cross the islet bridge. When they met on the other side, the boy was sent to the village to fetch assistance, in order that Simonette might be conveyed to Therese’s hut, the nearest resting-place at hand, and to beg Father Maret to come to them as soon as possible. Madame de Moldau had thrown her cloak on some moss less saturated with wet than the long grass, and sitting down upon it, received in her arms the light form which d’Auban carefully lifted out of the boat. She pressed the wasted limbs against her bosom, striving thus to restore warmth to them. She breathed through the cold lips, whilst he chafed the icy feet. They scarcely spoke at all during these moments of anxious watching. Madame de Moldau’s tears fell on the poor girl’s brow and cheeks. He gazed upon her with the most mournful feelings. Their thoughts were doubtless the same. They wondered where she had been. They prayed she might not die before the priest came.

After swallowing some more brandy, which they had poured down her throat, she revived again a little. D’Auban forced into her mouth some crumbs from a piece of bread he had in his pocket, and in an authoritative manner bade her eat them. She opened her eyes, which looked unnaturally large, and obeyed. After two or three ineffectual attempts at speaking, she succeeded in saying, as she pointed again to her breast, “Here, here, in my dress.” To quiet her he nodded assent, and said he understood; upon which she closed her eyes again. He went on putting in her mouth a crumb of bread at a time.

In the meantime four men from the village were bringing a sort of rude litter, made of planks and moss, and Father Maret accompanied them. The boy had arrived at the church just as he was finishing Mass.

"She has revived a little," whispered d'Auban, "but is scarcely conscious. Feel her pulse. Will you try and speak to her now, or can we venture to carry her at once to Therese's hut?"

"I think you may," said the priest, counting the beats of her feeble pulse; "I fear she will not recover, but there is still some strength in the poor child. She will be much more conscious, I expect, in a little while than she is now." He drew his hand across his eyes, and sighed deeply. "If you please, I will ride your horse by the side of the litter, and watch her closely. Wait, however, for one instant." Before Simonette was lifted from Madame de Moldau's knees he bent down and whispered: "My child, are you truly sorry for all your sins against the good God who loves you so much?"

She opened her eyes, and answered distinctly, "Yes, Father, very sorry."

"Then I will give you absolution, my child," he said, and pronounced the words which have spoken peace to so many contrite hearts since the day that our Lord said, "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven. Lo, I am with you always to the end of the world."

After she was laid on the couch of moss covered with skins, which was Therese's bed, Simonette fell fast asleep for two or three hours. When she awoke she eagerly asked for d'Auban and Madame de Moldau.

"Will you not first see the chief of prayer?" said Therese, who feared she would exhaust all her strength in speaking to them.

"No! I must see them first; but I wish the Father to come in also."

In a few moments Madame de Moldau was sitting on one side of her, and Father Maret on the other side of the couch. D'Auban was standing at its foot, more deeply affected than anyone would have thought from the stern composure of his countenance. It was by a strong effort he repressed the expression of feelings which were wringing his heart, for it was one of the tenderest that ever beat in a man's breast.

Simonette looked fixedly at him for a moment, then tried to undo the fastenings of her dress. She was too weak, and made a sign to Madame de Moldau to do it for her. Then she drew from her bosom a newspaper and a letter. The former was a number of the "Gazette de France," and an article in it was marked with black ink. She put her finger upon it, and beckoned for d'Auban to come nearer. "It was for this I went," she murmured. "This is why I wanted her to stay."

D'Auban took the paper, and moved away a little. She watched him with an eagerness which brought a faint color into her cheek. He, on the contrary, turned as white as a sheet, as his eyes glanced over the passage in the Gazette and then at the letter she had brought. He came round to the side of the bed, and whispered to Madame de Moldau, "Will you give up your seat to me for a moment?" She looked surprised, but immediately rose, and went out of the hut with Therese.

D'Auban handed the newspaper and the letter to Father Maret, and then bending down his head and taking Simonette's cold hand in his—"My poor child," he said, with a faltering voice, "you have killed yourself, I fear!"

"But you will be happy," she answered, and a large tear rolled down her cheek.

"No! No! I shall always reproach myself—always feel as if I had caused your death."

"But you must not do so, because I am very glad to die, and always wished to die for you;" and turning to the priest, she said, "Father! did not our Lord say that no greater love could a man have than to lay down his life for a friend?"

"God may hear our prayers; you may yet live," d'Auban cried.

"Do not agitate her," Father Maret said; "let her tell you quietly what she wishes, and then leave her to turn her thoughts to the next world."

The dying girl raised herself up a little, and uttered at different intervals the following sentences:—"I had resolved to denounce her, because I thought she was wicked, and I was afraid you would marry her. . . . But I heard her tell you her story. . . . and I saw how much you loved her. . . . and that she loved you. Hans had told me the night before that he thought

the great emperor's son was dead. But he was not certain of it. . . . I was going the next day. . . . to New Orleans to accuse her. . . . I went, but it was to find out if she might stay. . . . if you could marry her. . . . and be happy. . . ."

"Oh! Simonette, my dear, dear child, it breaks my heart." . . . Father Maret made an authoritative sign to him to command his feelings, and she went on in the same faltering voice:—

"I found it was true, and they gave me that newspaper, and M. Perrier wrote for me that letter, that you might be quite sure it was true." At that moment the poor girl, with the quick perception which even then she had not lost, saw a shade of anxiety in his face. "He did not know why I asked for it," she added; "I did not tell him anything." She paused, and then her mind seemed to wander a little. She began again: "I went very quickly down the river, but I was very long coming back. . . . like what you once said about sinning and repenting, Father. . . . But I did not repent of having gone. . . . I prayed all the day. . . . prayed so hard. . . . and rowed very hard. But not so hard at last. I had nothing to eat. . . . It was much longer than I thought from the last settlement. I ate grapes as I went along, but the rain had spoiled them. . . . and I went so slowly. . . . so slowly at last. . . . and then when I could not row any more I screamed." . . . Oh! that scream," murmured d'Auban; "I shall remember it to my dying day!" "I have only one thing more to say; I had always wished to die for you. Nothing, nothing else. If I have loved you too much, I hope God will forgive me."

"He will, my child," said the priest. "If now you turn to Him with all your heart; and oh! my child, if a human being has been so kind to you, and saved you from so many evils, as I know you think this good man has done; if he, God's creature, has done so much for you; think of what His goodness must be, of which all human goodness is but a faint reflection."

Simonette raised her eyes to heaven—her lips silently moved—a smile of greater sweetness than any that had ever lighted up her face before passed over it, and then she said in a low voice: "Father! during those long weary days, and the dark solitary nights, on the river, God was

good to me, and made me love Him more than any one on earth. I am very glad to go to Him. . . . God of my heart, and my portion forever!" She pressed the crucifix to her breast, and remained silent.

Father Maret made a sign to d'Auban to withdraw. In a little while he called him back, and Madame de Moldau and Therese and the servants knelt with him round the bed. The last sacraments were administered, and they all joined in the prayers for the dying. When Father Maret uttered the words "Go forth Christian soul!" a faint struggle was visible in the palid face—a faint sigh was breathed, and then the heart that had throbbed so wildly ceased to beat. "Requiescat in pace!" said the priest, and d'Auban hid his face in the bed of moss, and wept like a child by the corpse of the poor girl who had loved him "not wisely, but too well."

There was something shrinking and sensitive in Madame de Moldau's disposition, which made her peculiarly susceptible of painful impressions. It is a mistake to suppose that those who are harshly and unjustly treated, always or even generally, become callous to such treatment; that after having met with cruelty they are not sensible of slight unkindness. This is so far from being the case, that with regard to children who for years have had blows and curses for their daily portion, it is observed that tenderness and gentleness are peculiarly needed, in order to avoid checking the gradual return to confidence and the expanding of affection in their young hearts. The new joy of being loved is easily extinguished. They are so fearful of losing it, that a cold look or word from one who for the first time in their lives has fondled and carressed them, seems to wound them quite in a different manner from those on whom the sunshine of affection has beamed from their earliest infancy. The heart, when sore with a heavy affliction, winces at every touch, and when, on the contrary, great happiness fills it, the least casual pleasure is sensibly felt. The slow admittance of pleasurable feelings in the case of those who grind amidst the stern necessities and iron facts of life, is one of the most affecting things noticed in dealing with the poor. It is akin to that gratitude of theirs which Wordsworth said "so often left him grieving."

Madame de Moldau had experienced a slight feeling, not of annoyance or dis-

pleasure, but simply of depression, at the manner in which d'Auban appeared to have lost all thought of her during the whole time of poor Simonette's dying hours. This was selfish, heartless, some people would say; and there is no doubt that any engrossing affection, if it is not carefully watched, is apt to make us selfish and unfeeling. Conscience, reason and prayer, banish these bad first thoughts more or less speedily in those under the influence of a higher principle; but the emotion which precedes reflection often marks the danger attending a too passionate attachment; and when it is one which ought to be subdued and renounced—which has not the least right to look for a return or to expect consideration—sharp is the pang caused by any symptoms of neglect or indifference. Madame de Moldau did not know the bitter self-reproach which was affecting d'Auban's heart; she did not know that Simonette had lovingly thrown away her life for the sake of bringing him tidings which would change the whole aspect of his destiny and of her own. But she saw him hanging over her death-bed with irrepressible emotion, his eyes full of tears—his soul moved to its very depths. It did so happen, that when he rose from the side of the dead, he had abruptly left the hut, as if unable to command himself. He did feel at that moment as if he could not look at her. The new hope which had come to him was so mingled with thoughts of the closing scene, and of the sacrifice of Simonette's young life, that it seemed unnatural—almost painful—to dwell upon it, and so he passed by her without speaking to her, and went straight into the church.

Meanwhile she suffered intensely. True, she had made up her mind to separate from him, to accept a lonely existence in a distant country, even perhaps never to set eyes upon him again; but to think he had not really cared for her—cared perhaps for another person under her roof—the thought stabbed her to the heart, even as if no unreal weapon had inflicted the wound. Her brow flushed with a woman's resentment. The pride of a royal line—the German ancestral pride latent within her, burst forth in that hour with a vehemence which took her by surprise. Had Charlotte of Brunswick, the wife of the Czarovitch, the daughter of princes, the

sister of queens and kings, been made the object of a momentary caprice? Had she tacitly owned affection for a man who had loved a base-born Quadroon? The fear was maddening?

Yes! madness lies that way. An injury received—a wrong suffered at the hands of one loved and trusted, may well unsettle reason on its throne—the mere suspicion of it makes strange havoc in the brain, when we rest on the wretched pinnacle we raise for ourselves—the false gods of our worship. There is but one remedy for that parching fever of the soul. To bow down lower than men would trust us. To fall down at His feet who knelt at the feet of Peter and even of Judas—who would have knelt at our feet had we been there. This is the thought that leaves no room for pride, scarcely for indignation, as far as we are ourselves concerned. It had been often set before Madame de Moldau, and its remembrance soon caused a reaction in her feelings. What was she, poor worm of earth, that she should resent neglect? What had she done to deserve affection? How should she dare to suspect the sincerity of so true a heart—so noble a character? And if, as she had sometimes thought, that poor girl loved him, had she not a better right to do so than herself, a wedded wife, who ought never to have admitted this affection into her heart? And did not her untimely death claim for him a more than common pity? The cold dull hardness in her bosom gave way to tenderness. The sweetness of humiliation, the joy of the true penitent took its place. She went into the chamber of death, and remained there till Father Maret came to request her to follow him to the house.

D'Auban was there. He went up to her as she entered, and seemed about to speak, but, as if unable to do so, he whispered to the Father: "I cannot break it to her; tell her yourself." Then, holding her hand in both his, he said, with much feeling—"Princess! thus much let me say before I go; whatever may be your wishes or your commands, my time, my actions, and my life, are at your disposal."

She looked up in astonishment, and when he had left the room turned to Father Maret, and asked, "What does he mean? What has happened?"

"He alludes, Princess, to a great event, the news of which has just reached us

one that touches you nearly. He paused a minute, and then quietly added, "The Czarovitch is dead." She did not start, or faint, or weep. For several minutes she sat still, not knowing what was the kind of feeling which tightened her heart, oppressed her brain, and kept her silent and motionless as a statue.

"Dead!" she slowly repeated. "How did he die?"

"It is a mournful story," the Father answered. "The Prince came back to Russia, as you know, on a promise of pardon; but fresh accusations were brought against him since his return. He was tried, and found guilty."

"Oh! do not tell me that his father put him to death."

"The account given in this paper from Russian sources is, that his sentence was read to him, and that the shock proved fatal to a constitution weakened by excesses. It says he fell ill and never rallied again. It also mentioned that he received the last sacraments before the whole court; that he requested to see his father before his death, and that they embraced with many tears. The French editor, however, throws great doubts on the correctness of this statement, and hints at the prince having been poisoned by his father."

"Oh! surely this must be false. I cannot, cannot believe it. . . . Is it not too horrible to be true? And yet, after what I have seen. . . . Oh! why did I ever belong to them? Why was my fate cast with theirs?"

"You are not obliged; you had better not, Princess, form a judgment on these conflicting statements. Leave the doubtful, the dreadful past in God's hands. Think of it only when you pray, that your husband's soul may find mercy, and that this terrible event may have changed his father's heart."

"He may have repented, poor Prince! He had some kind of faith, and loved his mother. If he had had a wife who had prayed for him then. . . . Oh! my God, forgive me." She sank down on her knees—then suddenly lifting up her head, she asked, "How did this news come? Is it certainly true?"

"Perfectly certain—the poor girl who brought the newspaper from New Orleans also brought a letter from M. Perrier to M. d'Auban, which places the matter be-

yond all doubt. Will you read it, Princess?" "Read it to me," she answered, her eyes filling with tears. "I cannot see." Father Maret read as follows:—

"MY DEAR M. D'AUBAN,—

"A young woman, who says she is your servant, has made a very earnest request that I should state to you in writing that the news contained in the last number of the 'Gazette de France,' relative to the death of the Czarovitch of Russia, is perfectly authentic. It is most undoubtedly so; notice of this Prince's demise has been received at the Court of France, and their Majesties have gone into mourning. I do not know on what account, nor would your servant tell me why, this intelligence is important to you. I conjecture that it may have something to do with a robbery of jewels belonging to the late Prince's wife, which are said to have been sold in the colony. If any information on that subject should come to your notice, I should feel obliged to you to let me know of it. But I am inclined to believe it an idle story. Wishing you every happiness, I remain, my dear M. d'Auban,

"Your attached and obedient servant,
PERRIER."

"Poor Simonette!" exclaimed Madame de Moldau. "These are then the papers she gave M. d'Auban. This was what she was pointing to when she touched her breast, whilst lying half unconscious on my knees. But what, reverend father, do you suppose was exactly her object?"

Madame de Moldau blushed deeply as she put this question, and as Father Maret hesitated a little before answering it, she said: "Had she, as M. d'Auban, thought overheard our conversation on the night before she went away? Do you think she knew who I am?"

"No doubt that she did, Princess. She told us that she had intended to go to New Orleans to accuse you of possessing stolen jewels, but that having discovered who you are, she went, but with a different purpose. She wished to find out if you were free, thinking, I suppose, that this knowledge might greatly influence yours and M. d'Auban's fate."

"Poor girl, poor Simonette, for his sake, then; but I do not see, I do not know, that it can make any difference. . . . I

thought she had left me in anger. Thank God, I did not resent it; but how little did I think.....Good heavens, if it was for him, Father; for his sake, she did this; what a wonderful instance of devoted disinterested affection! How mean, how selfish my own feelings seem to me, when I think of her. Even now I cannot help thinking of myself, of the change in my fate, what it might lead to, what it might involve.... There are so many obstacles besides the one now so suddenly, so terribly removed.... Poor girl, it would be sad if she had sacrificed herself in vain. My mind is so confused, I scarcely know what I think or say."

"And you should not try to think, or to resolve, whilst you are so much agitated. The Bible says, 'Do not make haste in time of clouds.'"

"But I do not feel as if I should ever be calm again, and I hate myself for thinking of anything to-day but the death of that poor prince—he hated me, but he was the father of my child. My child! my poor forsaken child. I should never have left him. I did not know what I was doing. O! reverend father, was it not unnatural, horrible, in a mother to leave her child!....."

"You were in a certain sense, compelled to do so, Princess. Your life was threatened, and it is very probable that by your flight you saved your husband from the commission of a crime."

"True; God bless you for those words—for reminding me of that." She was silent for a moment and then said, in an excited manner: "I cannot see or speak to M. d'Auban for some days. I must be alone. I want to see no one but you and Therese. I don't want to go back to St. Agathe just now."

"You would, I think, find it a comfort to remain here with Therese, and near the church. M. d'Auban intends, immediately after the funeral, to go and meet Simon, who must be by this time on his way back from the Arkansas. He wishes to tell him himself of his daughter's death."

"Simonette dead!" murmured Madame de Moldau; "dead! a creature so full of life and spirits—lying dead in that next hut! all over for her, save the great realities of another world. She ought not to have died in vain. How passionately she must have wished him to be happy! but perhaps I ought still to go."

"Princess, that is a question you cannot decide in a moment. Time and prayer must help you to it."

"And you, too, will help me?"

"Certainly, as far as I can. I will beg of our Lord to give you grace to resolve aright. I feel very much for you, my child." The words were said most kindly, and went to the poor lonely woman's heart, who, at this turning-point in her life, had not a friend or relative to take counsel with, and who dreaded perplexity beyond all other trials. There are natures to whom it is the only intolerable suffering; that have a strong passive power of endurance under inevitable evils, but to whom the responsibility of a decision is perfect anguish. In struggles between duty and inclination, between conscience and temptation, the lines are clearly defined and each successive effort is a pledge of victory. It is like scaling a steep ascent in the free air and broad sunshine. But where conflicting duties, as well as conflicting feelings, are in question, and the mind cannot resolve between them, the depressing effect on the mind is akin to that of walking in a thick fog at night amidst precipices. Under such circumstances, a child's impulse would be to sit down and cry. There was something childlike in Madame de Moldau's character, in spite of its latent energy. It did her good to be pitied. Father Maret's sympathy seemed to loosen the tight cord which bound her heart, and she sat down in Therese's little garden, and after a good fit of weeping, felt comforted and relieved.

Over and over again she read and mused over the details of the Czarovitch's death, which the French Gazette contained. A deep compassion filled her soul for the unhappy man who had been her husband. Womanlike, she resented his wrongs, and shed tears over his fate. Whilst reading the eloquent words with which the bishops of the Greek church had sought to obtain mercy from him at his father's hands, she felt it had been wrong to despise them as she had done in former days, and that the Christian faith, however obscured, and a Christian church, however fallen, can speak in nobler accents and find words of greater power than cold unbelief can ever utter. Her heart softened towards those Greek priests she had once hated, and she said, "God bless them for this thing which they have done."

In one part of Therese's cabin that night was reposing the lifeless form of the girl who had just died, and divided from it only by a thin partition rested the woman in whose fate so great a change had taken place. On each pale face the moon was shedding its light. Cold and motionless was the bosom of the first, whilst that of the other was heaving like a child's that had cried itself to sleep. For the girl of seventeen all was over on earth. For the widowed wife life was opening new vistas; dream after dream filled her brain with visions of grief and joy, in wild confusion blent. Words akin to these dreams fell from her lips:

And as the swift thoughts crossed her soul,
Like visions in a cloud,
In the still chamber of the dead
The dreamer spake aloud.

Therese did not sleep. She was accustomed to long night watches, and she knelt and prayed between the two sleepers. She did not know the secrets of those two destinies, but she said the "De profundis" for the one, the "Memorare" for the other. "May she rest in peace," for the dead; "May she live for God," for the living.

When the morning dawned, and the rays of the rising sun began to light up the silent hut, she laid down by Madame de Moldau, and took a few moments' repose. Once she was roused by hearing her murmur some words of the Bible; they were these: "Am I not better to thee than ten sons?"

D'Auban had attended the service for poor Simonette's burial. He had stood on one side of the grave and Madame de Moldau on the other. Their eyes had met whilst the solemn rites were performed. It was only when the crowd had dispersed—for settlers and natives had attended in great numbers the funeral of Simon's daughter—that he came up to her where she was still standing, in the cemetery and placed a letter in her hands. She took it in silence, and held out her hand to him. He kissed it, and withdrew to prepare for his departure. His letter was as follows:

"MADAME: I have a few words to say, which I feel it easier to write than to speak. Your fate is changed, and so are my duties towards you. From the moment I became acquainted with your

name and rank, that I knew you to be a princess and a wife, I felt the deepest regret that by my rashness and presumption I had put it out of my power to devote to you as a servant a life which I would fain have spent in your service; that I had made it impossible for you to accept of the services which, under other circumstances, I might have been permitted to render to one so infinitely above me in rank, as well as in merit. Whilst you were forced to hide your name, whilst the unhappy prince, your husband, was alive, I felt constrained to see you depart from hence alone and unprotected, and dared not even offer to accompany you to the place you had fixed upon for your future residence. I will not dwell upon what I suffered; it was one of those efforts at passive endurance more trying than the most painful exertions.

"Now, as I said before, a great change has taken place in your position, and I venture to lay at your feet whatever God has given me of strength and energy, to be spent, and if it please Him, consumed in helping you to resume the position which belongs to your Imperial Highness, both by birth and marriage, and replacing you on the steps of the throne which your son is one day to occupy. I have no ties or duties which bind me in an absolute manner to any spot on earth. If you will deign, Princess, to accept me as your servant; if you will allow me to act by you as our poor friend would have done had he yet been alive, I will accompany you to Europe, and only leave you the day when, amidst your relatives, and the friends of your youth, you will stand once more acknowledged by them all as their lost princess.

"I implore you to trust me. I dare not promise to forget the past, but I can and do promise that no word shall ever pass my lips unbecoming a servant. I would not ask to live near you at Court, and be your servant there; but whilst trials and difficulties beset you, whilst you are friendless and alone, grant me this favour. Let me be your servant. I feel nearly as old as poor M. de Chambelle. The last few months have seemed to add many years to my age. Let me be your guardian. I could not brook a refusal. It would wound me to the heart. I know there will be many difficulties to overcome, and a long time may elapse before

your identity is acknowledged, but that it will be so at last I feel no doubt of; and if it is granted to me to see you happy—I was going to say I could be happy to part with you for ever, but I cannot, dare not, write such an untruth. I do not want to be happy myself; I want to see you happy. That I can and do say from the depths of my heart. Forgive me Princess, if this letter ends in a less formal manner than it began. It need not make you distrust the promise I have made. I have not courage to write it over again, so I send it just as it is, with the most fervent blessings and prayers that you may indeed be happy, and that I may help you to be so.

“Your Imperial Highness’s

“Devoted servant,

“HENRI D’AUBAN.”

The letter had been written the night before it was given to Madame de Moldau. Perhaps the tone of it might have been a little different had it been composed after the brief meeting in the cemetery; for as he looked at her, as he kissed her hand, as he felt its silent pressure, hope, in spite of himself, sprung up in his heart and made it bound. Princess as she was, the woman he loved was now free. Men’s customs, their habits, perhaps their laws, stood between him and her, but not God’s laws, not His commandments. The words she once said came back to his mind: “It is the wedded wife, not the Imperial Highness, who rejected your love.” And as he gazed at the solitary beautiful landscape, at the boundless plain and far-stretching forests on every side, he thought how insignificant were the thoughts of men in that solitude, how impotent their judgments. If she should choose to abandon altogether the old world and accept a new destiny in the land where their lot was now cast, might they not now, with safe consciences and pure hearts, be all in all to each other! But he had resolution enough to give her the letter he had written under a stern sense of duty, and not to add a word to diminish its effect. He went on his way through the forests and the deserts, and encountered the usual difficulties belonging to such journeys. But bodily exercise relieves activity of mind, and he was glad to have something to direct his thoughts

from their too absorbing preoccupation. Six days after his departure he met Simon, and went through the painful task of breaking to him his daughter’s death. The bargeman was much afflicted by this sudden blow, but he did not care quite so much for his child since she had ceased to be his companion and plaything. D’Auban gave him a sum of money in recompense for Simonette’s services to Madame de Moldau, thinking at the same time how little money could repay what the poor girl had done for them. Simon was not indeed consoled, but somewhat cheered by the sight of the gold; for the ruling passion is strong in grief as well as in death. Then d’Auban retraced his steps, and stopped that night at the little Mission of St. Louis. He reached it just as the evening service was going on. The scene was precisely similar to the one so beautifully described in Longfellow’s poem:

Behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, was heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Rose the tents of the Christians—the tents of the Jesuits’ mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children; a crucifix, fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape vines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel—aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of its branches.

The traveller knelt down and joined in the devotions of the Indian congregation, and after they were ended introduced himself to the priest, who invited him to spend the night in his hut. The pleasure of seeing a Frenchman, and conversing in his native language—a rare one in that locality, beamed in the face of the good father. “I have been very fortunate this week,” he said; “for several months past I had had no visitors, but on Tuesday quite a large party of travellers, including two European ladies, halted here on their way to Montreal. We had some difficulty in putting them all up for the night. I managed to accommodate the two priests and one of the gentlemen, the others

slept in the schoolmaster's hut, and the two ladies in the schoolroom. It was luckily fine weather, and they were not very uncomfortable, and I had not had such a treat for a long time. Three masses were said the next morning in our poor little chapel. It was the first time such a thing had happened. And they were all such kind and pleasant people."

Little did the good father guess, as he good-humoredly talked on in this manner, what anguish he was causing his guest, who, in a voice which any one who had known him would have thought strangely altered, inquired the names of these travellers.

"Father Poisson and Father Roussel, and M. and Madame Latour, and M. Macon. I did not catch the name of the other lady."

"Was she tall and fair?"

"Yes, I should say so—tall, certainly."

"Young and pale?"

"Rather pale, I think; but about ladies' ages I never know—yes, I suppose she was quite young. Are you acquainted with them, my dear sir?"

"I know some of them by name," d'Auban answered pushing away the dish which had been set before him; he could not have swallowed a morsel. There are circumstances which heighten singularly the acuteness of certain trials. He knew that he might still have to part from Madame de Moldau, though during the last few days hope had been gradually gaining ground in his mind; but he had never anticipated that such a separation would take place in an unexpected and abrupt manner. That she should leave St. Agathe during his absence, and that he should thus lose the opportunity of speaking a few parting words to her, was more than he could endure; it almost upset his fortitude. The father noticed his paleness and want of appetite, and the way in which he unconsciously pressed his hand against his temples, as if to hold their throbbing.

"I am sure you have a bad headache," he kindly said; "come out into the air and take a stroll—it is a beautiful night,"

D'Auban accepted the proposal, for the hut was very close. The fresh air did him good. He took off his hat, to let it blow on his forehead. He tried to think that the second lady of the party might not, after all, be Madame de Moldau,

though the others were the people she was to travel with; and only one lady had been mentioned by Father Maret's correspondent.

As they passed a small cluster of cabins the priest pointed to one of them, and said, "Ah! there is the bedroom of our ladies. They had to sleep on mats with a bundle of moss for a pillow."

The door was open. D'Auban stood on the threshold, and gazing into it, thought: "Did she indeed sleep in this spot two days ago, worn out by fatigue and sorrow, or did she lie awake thinking of the past and of the future, without a friend near her? Or is she now glad to escape from that love I could not conceal, and which perhaps frightens her away? Perhaps she is seeking other assistance than mine to recover her position. She will not, I suppose, accept the services of one who has dared to love her. It would not have been wrong, however, to wait for my return. . . . She might have spared me this suffering." Absorbed in these musings he was forgetting his companion, and was only roused by hearing him exclaim, "Ah! what have we here! See, one of those poor ladies has dropped her neck-handkerchief. It will be no easy matter to restore it, seeing we have no postal service in this part of the world!" D'Auban till that moment had had a lingering hope that Madame de Moldau had not after all been one of the ladies of that party; but now he could no longer have a doubt on the subject. The blue and black silk handkerchief in the hands of priest was the very one he had often and often seen round her neck. He mechanically stretched out his hand for it. It was one of those little things connected with the remembrance of past happiness which affect the heart so deeply.

When the evenings grew chilly after hot sunny days, or when in the boat or the sledge on bright frosty nights, he used to remind her to tie her handkerchief round her throat—her white, slender, swan-like throat. It had a trick of slipping off. He saw her in fancy smiling as she was wont to do, on these occasions. So vivid was this recollection that a deep sigh burst from him.

"You are suffering very much; I am certain of it," said his companion. "you must let me prescribe for you; like most

missionaries I am somewhat of a physician."

D'Auban seized his hand.

"I am not ill, my dear father, but it is true I am suffering. Pray for me, and forgive my strange and ungracious conduct."

"Would it be a comfort to you to tell me your grief?"

"I could not speak of it without relating too long a story for me to tell or for you to hear to-night. But this much I will say: missing those travellers who were here three days ago has been a terrible blow to me. One of them, the one to whom this handkerchief belonged, is very dear to me; and I shall probably never see her again."

"But could you not overtake them, my dear friend? women cannot travel fast."

"Do you know what road they were to take?"

"The usual one to Canada; but, to be sure, in a country like this it would be ten chances to one that you hit on the same track."

This was obvious; and d'Auban, who for one minute had been tempted to catch at the suggestion, remembered that there were other reasons against it. His absence from the concessions even for a week had been a risk, and a prolonged one might affect not only his own but likewise Madame de Moldau's interests; and she might be more than ever in want of means, if she intended to return to Europe. It might also have been her wish by this sudden departure to avoid the pain or the embarrassment of a parting interview.

Observing his agitation, the priest said, in a grave and compassionate manner, "Perhaps you ought not to follow her?"

"No, father; it would not be wrong, but it would be madness. I must, on the contrary return as speedily as possible to my habitation. If you have anything to write to Father Maret I will take charge of it."

"You know him, then?" said the priest, with a look of pleasure.

"He is my most intimate friend."

"Ah! well, God bless you. It is a good thing in sorrow to have a friend, and a friend like him. I will spend the night in writing, and then you can use my bed; that will suit us both."

D'Auban remonstrated against this arrangement, but the good missionary insisted on carrying it out. He took a

few hours' broken and restless sleep on the poor couch, whilst his host sat writing on an old trunk, which served at once as a chest and a table.

The first sight of St. Agathe was almost more than d'Auban could bear. He had, during his homeward journey, schooled himself to endure with fortitude his return to the place which had been her abode, and in which every object was so intimately connected with her presence, that he could hardly picture it to himself without her. But when, as he came out from the forest into the glade, it rose before him in all its cheerful beauty, so striking amidst the grand and gloomy scenery around it, his courage almost failed. But he determined to master the pain and to look that suffering in the face. Riding up to the door he gazed on the park, the verandah, the window of her room, and then breathing a deep sigh, turned away, saying to himself, "The worst is over now," and rode on to his own house. When he entered, he was looking so worn and ill, that his servant Antoine was quite frightened. He brought him some wine, and anxiously asked him if he had not met with some accident. He said no; and asked if any letter had arrived during his absence.

"No, not one, sir," Antoine answered.

D'Auban thought Madame de Moldau would at least have written to him. A feeling of resentment rose in his breast, which made him better able to conceal his feelings. He would not for the world have uttered her name, though he would have wished to know the exact day on which she had left. Wounded pride is a powerful stimulant; it gives a false kind of strength even whilst it embitters a wound.

He sent for his overseer and looked over his accounts. Both the overseer and Antoine observed the burning heat of his hands, and that he often shivered that evening. His face was alternately pale and flushed. They felt anxious about him, and well they might; for he had caught the fever of the country whilst taking a few hours' rest in a hut by the river-side on the last day of his journey. The sufferings he had gone through had predisposed him to it. In a few hours he was so ill that Father Maret was sent for. For two or three days he was alarmingly ill; and it was evident that he was suffering in mind as well as in body. There

was in his character—and it was perhaps the only fault that others noticed in him—a rigidity which made him take extreme resolutions, and act up to them with a firmness bordering on obstinacy. From the moment he found that Madame de Moldau had left St. Agathe he determined to suppress in himself, by a strong effort of the will, all feelings more tender or affectionate than those which it was befitting for him to entertain towards a person in her position. He would work for her and watch over her interests more closely than ever. If she should ever call him to her assistance he would obey her summons and never utter a word of complaint; but, except when business made it necessary, he would never pronounce her name or allude to their former intimacy. And accordingly when Father Maret visited him on his sick bed he did not allude to her departure, and abruptly changed the subject whenever he seemed about to speak of her. At the end of the fourth day the fever abated, but it promised to take an intermittent form, and in the intervals his weakness was great.

Antoine watched him most carefully, and when Therese offered to come and nurse him, he somewhat scornfully rejected her proposal. "These women," he said one evening to his master, "are always fancying that nobody can take care of sick people but themselves. And they are often dreadfully in the way. Ministering angels I have heard them called; very troublesome angels they sometimes are. The second evening after Monsieur came home, and when he was so ill, and I wanted to keep the house quiet, there was Madame de Moldau coming at the door and wanting every minute to know..."

D'Auban started up, the blood rushing violently to his face.

"What did you say?" he asked in a voice, the agitation of which made it sound fierce. "Has not Madame de Moldau left St. Agathe?"

"Oh dear, no! She was here this morning to see how Monsieur was, and if we wanted anything. I did not mean to speak unkindly of her, poor lady! She did not make much disturbance after all, and took of her shoes not to make a noise on the boards."

A joy too great, to deep for words, filled the heart which had so much suffered. It was visible on the face, audible in the

voice of the sick man. Antoine noticed the change. He had some vague idea of what was going on in his master's mind. Perhaps his mention of the Lady of St. Agathe had not been quite accidental. He went on brushing a coat with his face averted from him.

"I should not be surprised," he said, "if she were to be here again this afternoon. I told her we had no more lemons, and she said she would bring or send some. As Monsieur is up to-day, perhaps he would like to see Madame, if she comes herself with them?"

"Of course, if . . . if she should wish . . . But I ought to go myself to St. Agathe. I think I could."

"You! oh, that's a good joke! Father Maret charged me not to let you stir out of the house to-day. To-morrow, perhaps, you may take a little walk."

From the window near which he was sitting, in less than an hour, d'Auban saw Madame de Moldau crossing the glade, and approaching his house. It was a moment of unspeakable happiness. She was still all she had ever been to him. She had not spurned his offers, or sought other protection than his. This was enough. He did not at that moment care for any thing else. Their eyes met as she passed under the window, and in another moment she was in the room.

"Sit down, dear Monsieur d'Auban," were her first words, as he rose to greet her. "Sit down, or I shall go away."

"No! don't go away," he said, sinking back into the arm chair, for he had not strength enough to stand. "For some days I thought you were gone—gone for ever!"

"Did you? O why?"

He drew her silk handkerchief from his bosom. "I found this in a hut a hundred miles off, where the people you were to have travelled with slept a few nights ago. And there was a lady with them besides Madame Latour. . . ."

"O, Monsieur d'Auban, how grieved I am about that handkerchief. It must, indeed, have misled you. What a strange coincidence that you should have found it! I gave it to Mademoiselle La Marche; she was the second lady of the party. They all stopped here for a day. Had it been a fortnight ago I should now have been with them."

"What made me so miserable was the

thought that you did not trust me. That you rejected my offer of accompanying you to Europe."

"I am not going back to Europe," she said in a low voice.

"But, ought you not?" he answered, trying to speak calmly. "Ought you not to resume your rank and your position—to return to your son? Is it not, perhaps, your duty to do so?" he asked, with a beating heart.

"As to rank and position, to forego them for ever would be my greatest desire. But it would no doubt be my duty to return to my poor child, if I could do so—even at the cost of the greatest misery to myself—even though convinced that the same heartless etiquette which separated me from him as an infant would still keep us apart if I went back. It would certainly have been right to make the attempt, and if spurned and rejected by my own kindred. . . ." She stopped and held out her hand to him. "You would not have forsaken me."

"Never! as long as I live. If you were on a throne you would never see me, but you would know there was a faithful heart near you; and if driven from it, O how gladly would it welcome you!"

"I know it—I never doubted it—and if it had been possible, under your protection, I would have tried to make my way to Russia, and to take my place again near my son. But I forgot if I told you that, before I left St. Petersburg, the Comtesse de Konigsmark made me solemnly promise that, as long as the Czar lived, I should not reveal to any one the secret of my existence. She knew that the emperor, even if he chose to acknowledge and receive me, which is doubtful, would never forgive those who had deceived him, even though it was to save my life. My attendants especially would be liable to his vengeance. She had interests I know which made her very fearful of incurring his displeasure. It would not, at all events, be possible for me to act in this matter without her knowledge and approval. I have written to her, and must be guided by her answer. I may hear from her any day. I cannot but think she will write to me at such a decisive moment."

And, in the mean time, you will stay here?"

"Yes, In any case till I get her letter."

"And if you decide not to return to Europe, what will you do?"

She coloured deeply. "Had we not better put off speaking of that till I see my way clear before me? I need not tell you. . . ." "Yes," he exclaimed, "I need that you should tell me, I need to know that, if we part. . . ." "If we part, M. d'Auban, I shall be making the greatest sacrifice a woman can make to duty and to her child." This was said with an emotion which could leave no doubt in his mind as to the nature and strength of her feelings towards him. From that moment perfect confidence was established between them. Each tried to keep up the other's courage. Both looked with anxiety for the arrival of the expected letters. One packet arrived, but it had been delayed on its way, and contained nothing of particular interest. At last, one afternoon as they were busy planting some creepers round the stump of an old tree, each thinking, without saying it, that they might not stay to see them grow, a boatman came up to the house, and delivered a letter into Madame de Moldau's hand. She sat down and broke the seals and untied the strings with a nervous trepidation which made her long about it. He continued to prune the newly-planted shoots in an unsparing manner. He did not venture to watch her face, but the sound of a sob made him turn round. She was crying very bitterly.

"We are to part," he thought.

"What is it, princess?" he said; "any thing is better than suspense."

"My poor child! my boy!" she exclaimed.

"What—what has happened to him?"

"He is set aside; thrust out of the succession. The Empress Catherine's son named heir to the crown. Poor fatherless forsaken child! forsaken on the steps of a throne, like a beggar's infant on a doorway! O why, why did I leave him! my little Peter—my son."

D'Auban, though he could not forget his own interest in the contents of the letter, checked his anxiety, and only expressed sympathy in her sorrow.

In a moment she took up the letter again, and said: "I am ashamed of caring so much for my son's exclusion from the throne. Have I not often and often wished he had not been born to reign? Would not I give the world to withdraw

him from the court? Would that they would let me have him! Who cares for him now? Perhaps I might go one day and steal him out of their hands, and carry him off to this desert, and bring him up in my own faith. But for the present the Comtesse de Konigsmark insists on the fulfilment of my promise. This is what she says, M. d'Auban. 'Princess, if you should come forward at this moment, and seek to establish your position as the widow of the late prince, and the guardian of your son, you will infallibly be treated as an impostor, and your claims set aside. None of those who assisted in your escape could venture to give their testimony to the truth of your assertions. Your reappearance at this time would involve your own family in difficulties with the Czar, and would expose those who saved you in the hour of danger to the greatest danger themselves. It might even be fatal to your son. As long as there is no one to resent his wrongs or advocate his cause, he is safe in the hands of the emperor. The empress is very kind to him now, but who knows what would be the consequences if she thought you were alive and intriguing against her own son. It grieves me deeply to have to write it, but for the sake of all concerned, I feel bound to claim the fulfilment of your promise, solemnly given at the moment or your departure; and I feel assured that in doing so I am serving your own interests and those of your son. The day may come when, in spite of the late decree, he will ascend the imperial throne. Then, perhaps, you may safely return to Europe; but you know Russia too well not to be aware of the dangers which threaten those nearest to the throne, when not too helpless to be feared.' Nothing can be clearer. I am tied hand and foot—cast off—never to see my child again; for who would know me again years hence? who would believe me then? Oh, my boy, has it indeed come to this!" These words, and the burst of grief which accompanied them, painfully affected d'Auban. She saw it in his face, and exclaimed; "Do not mistake me; you cannot guess, you do not understand, what I feel. It is very strange—very inconsistent."

"God knows, Princess, I do not wonder at your grief. What can I be to you in comparison with your child? How can I claim an equal place in your heart?"

"Equal! Oh, M. d'Auban, do not you see, do not you understand that I love you a thousand times better than that poor child, and I hate myself for it?"

He silently pressed her hand, and when both had grown calm they parted for that day; he to attend to business, and she to walk to the village, where she had a long interview with Father Maret. He listened patiently to the outpourings of her doubts, her misgivings and self-accusations; to the inconsistencies of a loving heart and a sensitive conscience. It was a work of patience, for he perfectly well knew how it would end; and feeling certain that she would marry d'Auban at last, and not seeing any thing wrong in her doing so, he gave it as his opinion that she had better not torment herself and him by prolonged hesitation, but agree to join their hearts, their hands, and their plantations; and from that hour to the one in which death would part them, do as much good together as they could in the New World, or wherever else the providence of God called them.

A few weeks later, in the church of the Mission, Charlotte of Brunswick was married to Henri d'Auban. She had required from him a promise, which he willingly gave, that if the day should ever come when she could approach her child without breaking her promise, that he would not prevent but on the contrary assist her to do so. As the husband and wife came out of the church they stopped a moment to pray at M. de Chambelle's tomb. As they were leaving it, she said, "Monsieur d'Auban, you have kept your promise to him."

"Ah! but what would the good old man have thought of such a mesalliance, Madame?" d'Auban answered.

"I would have told him," she replied, smiling also, but with tears in her eyes, "that the princess lies buried in the imperial vault at Moscow, and that she whom you have married has neither rank nor name—nothing but a woman's grateful heart."

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

A FEW brief years will suffice to record the history of Henri d'Aubin and his wife, during the eventful years which followed their marriage. Novelists are sometimes reproached with dwelling on the melan-

choly side of life, of not presenting often enough to their readers pictures of happiness, such as exists in this world even in the midst of all its sin and suffering. But is it not the same with history? How seldom do its pages carry us through bright and smiling scenes? How few of them record aught else but crime or sorrow? The truth is that there is very little to relate about happy people. A joyous face tells its own story; a peaceful heart has no secrets. If everybody was good and happy, writers of fiction might lay aside their pens.

She, who though doomed to death had been so strangely fated not to die, and who had passed as it were through the grave into a new world, sometimes felt almost tempted to believe that the whole of her past life was a dream. That the deserted, hated, and miserable princess of former days could be the same person who—now, with a light step and a gay heart, trod the sunny prairies of the New World and the mossy carpets of its wide forests, as if the blue sky overhead was the dome of a vast temple, in which the varying seasons kept festival with incense-breathing flowers, and winds whispering songs of praise, seemed indeed incredible to herself, as it would have been to any one who had looked on this picture and on that. When once she had fully entered into the full spirit of a settler's life, its very freedom from conventional trammels was as agreeable to her as the boundless air to the bird set free, or the sight of the wide ocean to the liberated captive. She had never enjoyed till then a sense of liberty. The gentle formalities of her father's dull court had preceded the miserable slavery of her weeded life, and that had been followed again by all the sufferings of her flight, and of her arrival in America.

Now it seemed as if for the first time sunshine was flooding her soul. In the new atmosphere of faith and love which surrounded her, every faculty was developed, and every aspiration fulfilled. No human happiness is, however, perfect. There were moments when the very blessings she enjoyed called up a sharp pain. When her eyes had been fixed awhile on her husband's face, or on the various beauties of her home, she would suddenly turn them away, and appear to be gazing on some distant scene till tears gathered in them.

And when she became for the second time a mother, when her little girl was born, when she nursed her at her breast, when she carried her in her arms, when she saw her totter on the grass, and then fall with a scream of joy into her delighted father's arms, when she began to lisp a few words, of prayer at her knee, and when, as time went on, she did not miss one of her smiles, one of her childish sallies, but noticed and dwelt upon and treasured them all; as she kissed her soft cheek, and twined her little arms round her neck, a feeling, made up of pity and yearning and a vague self-reproach, would for a moment wring her heart at the thought of her first-born, the lonely royal child in the cold northern palace far away. Sometimes she passionately longed for tidings of her kindred. Sudden and final as her separation had been from them, gushes of tender recollections would now and then arise in her soul, when some accidental word or sound, or the smell of a flower, or a feeling in the air, recalled some scene of her childhood and youth. Of her sister she chiefly thought; who, on the same day as herself, had been doomed to an untried destiny, and with whom she had parted in the blissful unconsciousness of coming woes. Often after a day when she had gathered about her all the little children of the Mission, and played and laughed with them to their hearts' content, her pillow at night would be wet with tears. These were the shadows that clouded over her bright days, but bright they were with all, bright as love could make them. With the quiet enthusiasm of the German character she applied herself to all the duties of her new position, and governed her household with the talent which Peter the Great had discerned in his daughter-in-law. It was a peculiar one she had to rule, but the charm of her manner, joined to the goodness of her heart, carried every thing before it. She was a little bit exacting; she liked to be waited upon and followed about, and made the first object of all her dependents, but they did not love her the less for it. There are persons who are allowed to be tyrants by a sort of common assent; no one has any desire to shake off the yoke, so sweetly and lightly does it sit upon them; but they must be the elected monarchs of their subjects' hearts. Nobody has a divine right to have their own way. Who would ever have

guessed that Madame d'Auban had been reared in a palace who had seen her at work in her kitchen or in her laundry by the river's side? And yet, perhaps, a keen-sighted observer would have noticed the refinement of all her movements—the grace of her attitudes—and deemed her fit for the throne as she stood amidst her dark-colored slaves on the green margin of the stream, spreading the white linen on the grass, or wringing it with her still whiter hands.

It was a pretty a picture as possible, with its background of forest trees, and its chequered lights and shades. D'Auban sometimes watched it from a distance, and reminiscences of his classical studies would recur to him as he gazed on his fair and beautiful wife and her dark attendants. Thus were Homer's princesses wont to direct the labors of their maidens. He did not feel as if his bride was one whit less royally occupied than if she had been holding a drawing-room. What would have seemed unbefitting her birth in such occupations if associated with the commonplace scenes of the Old World, seemed transformed into poetry when carried on amidst the grand scenery of the New. The wild-looking Indians; the negroes with their bright colored head-dresses; the pines, the palms, the brilliant sky, lent an Oriental coloring to the whole scene. St. Agathe seemed made for the abode of a fairy queen. Nature and fancy had lavished upon it all their gifts; and love, the most potent of all magicians, had heightened all its charms. D'Auban's fond dream had been to make it a perfect home for the woman who had transformed his solitude into a paradise, and many a princess, "nursed in pomp and pleasure," but who had never reigned over a devoted heart, might have envied the fate of the settler's wife. She had her courtiers, too, this princess, who, when once she had renounced her rank and gained happiness in its stead, began, with a truly royal instinct, to gather round her a crowd of satellites, and was more worshipped than any eastern or western queen. Her house was literally besieged all day with these liege lords of every race and color. Indians, negroes, and poor whites were equally devoted to the lady of St. Agathe. They claimed her bounty and her sym-

pathy—her help, or, if nothing else, her kind words. They brought offerings also, and laid at her feet fish and game, and fruit and flowers; she who had once, in her days of gloom and misery, disclaimed all love for "the sweet nurslings of the vernal skies," now gladdened with delight at the sight of the prairie lily, the wild rose, or the blue amorpha. The homage paid her by the childlike Indians was almost superstitious. One of the hairs of the head once bowed down in anguish at the feet of a princely ruffian was treasured as a talisman. Father Maret said to her one day, "I must preach, Madame, against the Magnolian idolatry. One of your Indian worshipers wears a stone fastened to his girdle. I asked him what it meant, and he said the wife of the French chief, the white Magnolia, had set her foot on it when she entered his cabin. I cannot sanction the use of these new manitous."

She laughed, and answered, "It is all poetry, reverend Father; poetry in action. Now that I begin to understand the language of these people, I am more and more struck with the imaginative beauty of their ideas, and the graceful form in which they clothe them. I try to enter into its spirit, and to reply to them in the same manner. The other day I met an Indian, an old man, but not of this tribe; he belongs, I think, to the Dacotahs. He stopped and said to me: 'Ah! my daughter, happy are my eyes to see thee! My heart's right hand I give to thee. The earth never blossomed so gaily, or the sun shone so brightly, as on this day when I behold thee.' I answered: 'Stranger, your words are very good, and I too give you my heart's right hand; but whence do you know me?' 'The Mississippi,' he said, 'has whispered to the Wabash, and the Wabash to the Ohio, that the white flower of the Illinois loves the race of the red men. Therefore, my daughter, if thou wilt come to the land of the Dacotahs, and to the hut of their Great Eagle, its doors will be open to greet thee in peace.' Was not that pretty, reverend Father, and much more flattering than the best-turned French compliment?"

"I am afraid, Madame," said Father Maret, "that the Indians will propose to make you a woman-chief like the female suns of the Natchez."

FOR THE HARP.

ASCENSION DAY.

ÆTERNE REX ALTISSIME.

O Thou supreme, eternal King,
And Saviour of mankind !
Whose rescuing arm from vanquished death
Has snatch'd his prey assigned !

Triumphant now, as God aloft
Thou soaring seek'st Thy throne ;
Though creatures all in Thee, as Man,
Their Sov'reign Lord must own.

Hence, let with reverential awe
Whole nature's subject frame,
The heav'ns, the earth, and hell beneath
Bow to Thy sacred name.

Angels amaz'd our doom revers'd
View from their blest abode :
Man's sinful mould for sin atones,
And reigns in God a god.

O Thou, in heav'n our sure reward !
Sweet source of purest joy !
Let ne'er on earth sin's deadly lure
From Thee our hearts decoy.

Cleanse from all guilty stains, and keep
Our souls forever free !
Our fondest wishes teach to rise,
And centre all in Thee.

So, when at last in dreadful pomp
Our Judge shall then appear ;
We may expect the promis'd crown
Nor quake our doom to hear.

To Jesus, who this day to heav'n
Victorious did ascend,
The Father and the Holy Ghost
Be glory without end !

FOR THE HARP.

ALA, OR THE LAMENTATION, OR THE POETRY OF OSSIAN.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

IRISHMEN are beginning to feel ashamed and sorry for having allowed their splendid national literature to lie slumbering, while Scotchmen exulted when they found a scrap of native literature, though such scrap turned out to be a pilfering from the great store-house of Ireland. We do not wish to enter into the disputed question of whether Ossian was an Irish or Scotch poet; that should be settled by this time. We will give a poem which we found in a number of Philip F. Barron's monthly magazine, known as *Ancient Ireland*. It is the number for April, 1835, that this poem was published in, and never before was the English version given to the public, and we believe never since has it been seen by the public.

This poem is a lamentation of "Ala" over her two sons and their father, who were killed at a battle in Ireland. The father's name was "Morga," those of the sons were "Kiardawn" and "Liagawn." This is only a portion of a long epic. But even as different books of the Iliad of Homer were published in detached fragments and sung through Greece; so this lengthy poem was divided and sung in parts.

Barron—who gives the original Irish text in his magazine—says: "We endeavored to transfer some of the original beauties into this translation, but we have failed. The thousand delicacies and tints of feeling in the Irish language could never be transfused into a translation. In the Irish the words are few; but the ideas are many and rich, and they come in a torrent. Nearly half of this poem is carried on *without ever using one single verb*; yet the train of thought is most

perfect and beautiful and pathetic. We would apprise our readers that the translation conveys but a faint idea of the beauties of the original. It will be observed that the Irish line contains fewer words than the English, yet the former is infinitely more graphic and affecting."

One of the preceding parts of this poem is called "*Iilan of Sora*." A lady from a distant land rejected the love of Illan. She fled to Ireland and placed herself under the protection of Fingal. Illan of Sora followed her and demanded her being handed over to him. Fingal refused. Illan conquered many of the Fenian host in single combat, until Oscar, son of Ossian, slew him. Morga and his two sons came with a host to revenge the death of Illan. The Fenian hosts defeated them and they were killed. Ala, the wife of Morga, comes in search of them and finds them dead. The poem is her lament over her husband and sons.

This poem will show that early Irish poetry had an elevated sentiment, a sincere respect for the fair sex, and a chivalrous generosity towards all enemies. Here we have Ala in her grief charging the Fenians with deceit and treachery, the only means by which, she thought, her heroes could be conquered. The poem is written by an Irish poet for Ala, and we must admire the poet who adopts this mode of assuaging, in some degree, the feelings of the afflicted wife and mother, by even charging himself and his Fenian friends with crimes that their education taught them to abhor.

Before giving the poem, we will give a few remarks made by Miss Brooke, a lady who wrote prose and verse of a lofty stamp and who was very well versed in

the Irish language. In one of her writings she says :

“I am aware that in translation from Irish poems there will be sometimes found a sameness and repetition of thought appearing but too plainly in the English version, *though scarcely perceptible in the original Irish*, so great is the *variety* as well as *beauty* peculiar to that language. The number of synonyms in which it abounds enables it, perhaps beyond any other, to repeat the same thought without tiring the fancy or the ear. * * *
* * * *One compound epithet*
must often be translated by *two lines of*

English verse, and on such occasions, much of the beauty is lost, the force of the thought being weakened by too slow an introduction on the mind, just as that light which dazzles, when flashing swiftly on the eye, will be gazed at with indifference if let in by degrees.”

Mr. Barron says that this poem is thrown into English stanzas, although the reader must not suppose it is meant to be English verse.

Perchance this is the first time that the following poem ever appeared in America, and consequently we give it at length.

TRANSLATION.

Oh ! Morga the brave, of the green sharp swords,
In the tumult of battle or war :
In the conflict of hosts or in single encounter,
By thine arm were many laid low.

No wounds on thy body, I'm sure will be found,
Nor a scar of the glorious fight ;
By guile, I well know, you have fallen, my love !
And not by the strength of the foe.

Thy spouse is in grief, that thy head should be low,
By deceit of the Fenian host ;
With thy two fair young heroes, my own two lov'd sons,
Who in battle were eager and swift.

For did'st thou come to this foreigner's isle,
From thy own lovely land of delight,
To this Island of fail—to the Fenian hosts,
To meet Finn and his troops without faith.

I knew by the legions I saw in the air,
As they hung in the clouds o'er the fort ;
When I saw the dread hosts in the glens of the sky,
The danger was near to my loves !

I knew by the feeble lament on the breeze,
Which came from the spirit of the hills ;
That not distant from me was the heart-rending news,
Your fall ! oh ! my deep bitter woe !

Well did I know on that ill-omened day,
Which parted my heroes and me ;
By the drops of red blood which appeared in their cheeks.
That they never again would come back !

Woe is me now ! my high tower is low,
My protection, my shelter, my shield ;

Ala, of the Lamentation,

Grief is my food now, and sorrow my drink,
This night my three heroes are low !

Gone now for ever, my props and protectors,
My strength, and my might, and support ;
My defence from each ill I have now lost for e'er,
My grief ! ye are feeble to-night.

I have now lost the guides and delight of my path,
Farewell to my bloom and my beauty ;
My heroes of glory, you have left o'er my soul,
A thick mist of grief, to my death.

Grief now hangs over my bed and my slumbers,
To visits in grief must I go and return ;
My garments and ornaments now are of grief,
For oh ! my three heroes are low.

Wherefore my beauty and comeliness now,
What use are my jewels and treasures ;
Of what use now all my trouble and care,
And my three lights of valour extinguished !

What solace to me now my friends and my kindred.
My sept or their power and sway ;
What comfort to me now my father or mother,
Ye who best loved me are gone !

Sad now to think of your love and your welcomes,
What my health and my spirits were then ;
Oh ! you were my solace, my joy, and my sweetness,
But alas ! ye are feeble to-night.

Alas ! now the spear and the sword of the mighty,
But who was mildness and lovely to me ;
Sad now my home and my former sweet country,
For no more can I see you return !

Our bay and our harbour are clouded with grief,
What advantage to me is prosperity ;
I value no longer our sway or authority,
I can only now weep o'er your graves.

From prosperity's heights I am now sunk in woe,
My affliction has come of their valor ;
The assembling of hosts has brought sorrow too,
My heroes are feeble to-night !

Farewell now forever to games and to banquets,
All amusements so cheerful and gay ;
Farewell now my house, and my handmaids, and servants,
My heroes are vanquished and low !

No more the delights of the hill or the chase,
The gay hearted hunters are low ;
You have fallen, oh ! my grief and my hearts bitter sorrow,
In the far-distant land of Fingal !

Alas ! that the sharp-pointed arrow of death,
Does not pierce to my grief-worn heart ;
Or that life does not leave me, and take its last flight,
That I may lie with my love in the grave !

And don't you remember, my heroes of glory,
How often I told you my fears.
If destiny ever should lead you to Erin,
Victorious you would not come back.

I knew by the mournful cry of the Bye,
That came to our tower each night,
Since the ill-omened day that you left your loved spouse,
That near me were tidings of woe.

I knew by the hollow, deep croak of the raven,
Each morn since the day you went off ;
That some of you surely were destined to fall,
And too true was the omen, alas !

Another ill-omen, my heroes of fame,
Your forgetting your hounds in their slips ;
By this heedless indifference, oh ! my loves I foresaw
That you never again would come back.

I foresaw by the torrent which runs by our fort,
As on the day you departed it changed,
When its foam turned red—to the color of blood,
That you'd fall by the wiles of Fingal.

I foresaw from the ill-boding quest of the eagle,
As returning he came every eve ;
Wheeling, with ominous flight, o'er the fort,
That soon I should hear of bad news.

When the beautiful tree that's in front of our court,
Withered 'twixt the branch and the leaf ;
I foresaw that your arm was feeble and weak,
From the treacherous wiles of Fingal.

On the day you went off, while I stood looking after you,
I saw the black raven on high ;
And full well I knew, by his flight out before you,
That this was no sign you'd come back.

By my oft broken rest, and the floods of hot tears,
Which came every night in my sleep ;
Since the day that you left me, I knew that some ill fate,
Was destined to fall on my loves.

I knew by the favorite hound of Kiardawn,
By her mournful cry every eve ;
That soon I should hear of the deepest of woe,
That you were low in a land afar off.

I knew by the sweet, but sad bay of these hounds,
The delight of my own young Lingawn,
By their dismal long wail, at the dawn of each day,
That no more I should see my sweet boy.

By a terrific vision which came in my dream,
And shewed me a horrible sight,
My head and my arms were cut off from the trunk,
I knew it was you that were low.

Again and I saw a wide lake of black blood,
On the site where our tower had stood ;
But too well I knew it was your blood was shed,
By the treacherous wiles of Fingal !

In the next number of the HARP we will give a few ideas upon the "Irish Language," Hoping that these few selections may be of interest, if not instruction to the public, we can vouch for their origin. Perchance there is no merit in reproducing these unique and scarce compositions, yet in themselves there is much merit, therefore to its authors be it given.

Green Park, Aylmer, Que., April, 1882.

THE NICK OF TIME.

LET us suppose a case that might occur if it has not occurred.

John Mullet, immersed (say) in the button trade at Birmingham, has made money in business. He bequeaths his property by will, and is in due time gathered to his fathers. His two sons, Jasper and Josiah, take certain portions; and other portions are to go either to the family of Jasper or to that of Josiah, according as either one of those brothers survives the other. Jasper remains in England; but Josiah goes out to Australia, to establish something that may make his children great people over there. Both brothers, twelve thousand miles apart, die on the same day, May 1st, one at noon (Greenwich time), the other at noon (Sidney time). Jasper's children have been on pleasant cousinly terms with Josiah's: but they are aware of the fact that it would be better for them that Josiah should die before their own father, Jasper. Josiah's children on the other hand, be they few or many, although they always liked uncle Jasper, cannot and do not ignore the fact that their interests would be better served by the survivorship of Josiah than that of Jasper. The two sets

of cousins, therefore, plunge into a contest, to decide the question of survivorship between the two sons of old John Mullet.

This is one variety of a problem which the courts of law and equity are often called upon to settle. Occasionally the question refers to two persons who die at the same time, and in each other's company. For instance: Toward the close of the last century, George Netherwood, his children by his first wife, his second wife, and her son, were all wrecked during a voyage from Jamaica to England. Eight thousand pounds were left by will, in such a way that the relations of the two wives were greatly interested in knowing whether the second Mrs. Netherwood did or did not survive her husband, even by a single minute—a matter, which of course, could not be absolutely proved. Again, in 1806, Mr. Mason and one son were drowned at sea; his remaining eight children went to law, some of them against the others; because if the father died before the son, £5,000 would be divided equally among the the other eight children; whereas, if the son died before the father, the brothers only would get it, the sisters being

shut out. A few years afterward Job Taylor and his wife were lost in a ship wrecked at sea; they had not much to leave behind them; but what little there was was made less by the struggles of two sets of relatives, each striving to show that one or other of the two hapless persons *might* possibly have survived the other by a few minutes. In 1819 Major Colclough, his wife, and four children, were drowned during a voyage from Bristol to Cork; the husband and wife had both made wills; and there arose a pretty picking for the lawyers in relation to survivorships and next of kin, and trying to prove whether the husband died first, the wife first, or both together. Two brothers, James and Charles Corbet, left Demerara on a certain day in 1828, in a vessel of which one was master and the other mate; the vessel was seen five days afterward, but from that time no news of her fate was ever received. Their father died about a month after the vessel was last seen. The ultimate disposal of his property depended very much on the question whether he survived his two sons or they survived him. Many curious arguments were used in court. Two or three captains stated that from August to January are hurricane months in the West Indian seas, and that the ship was very likely to have been wrecked quite early in her voyage. There were, in addition, certain relations interested in James' dying before Charles; and they urged that, *if* the ship was wrecked, Charles was likely to have outlived by a little space his brother James, because he was a stronger and more experienced man. Alas for the "glorious uncertainty!" One big-wig decided that the sons survived the father, and another that the father survived the sons. About the beginning of the present reign, three persons, father, mother and child, were drowned on a voyage from Dublin to Quebec; the husband had made a will leaving all his property to his wife; hence arose a contest between the next of kin and the wife's relations, each catching at any small fact that would (theroretically) keep one poor soul alive a few minutes longer than the other. About ten years ago, a gentleman embarked with his wife and three children for Australia: the ship was lost soon after leaving England; the mate, the only person who was saved among the whole of the crew and passengers, deposed

that he saw the hapless husband and wife locked in each other's arms at the moment when the waves closed over them. There would be no question of survivorship here; yet a question really arose; for there were two wills to be proved, the terms of which would render the relatives much interested in knowing whether husband or wife did really survive the other by ever so small a portion of time.

These entangled contests may rest in peace, so far as the actual decisions are concerned. And so may others of a somewhat analogous nature. Such, for instance, as the case of an old lady and her housekeeper at Portsmouth. They were both murdered one night. The lady had willed all her property to the housekeeper, and then the lawyers fought over the question as to which of the women died first. Or the case of a husband who promised on his marriage day to settle £1,200 on his wife "in three or four years." They were both drowned about three years after the marriage, and it was not until after a tough struggle in chancery that the husband's relatives conquered those of the wife, albeit the money had nearly vanished, in law expenses by that time. Or the case of a man who gave a power of attorney to sell some property. The property was sold on the 8th of June, but the man was never seen after the 8th of the preceding March, and was supposed to have been wrecked at sea; hence arose a question whether the man was or was not dead on the day when the property was sold—a question in which the buyer was directly interested. The decisions in these particular cases we pass over; but it is curious to see how the law sometimes tries to *guess* at the nick of time in which either one of two persons dies. Sometimes the onus of proof rests on one of the two sets of relations. If they cannot prove survivorship, the judgment is that the deaths were simultaneous. Sometimes the law philosophizes on vitality and decay! The Code Napoleon lays down the principle that of two persons who perish by the same calamity, if they were both children, the elder probably survived the younger by a space, on account of having superior vital energy; whereas, if they were elderly people, the younger probably survived the elder. The code also takes anatomy and physiology into account, and discourses on the probability whether a man

would or would not float longer alive than a woman, in the event of shipwreck. The English law is less precise in this matter. It is more prone to infer simultaneous death, unless proof of survivorship be actually brought forward. Counsel, of course, do not fail to make the best of any straw to catch at. According to the circumstances of the case, they argue that a man, being usually stronger than a woman, probably survives her a little in a case of simultaneous drowning; that, irrespective of comparative strength, her greater terror and timidity would incapacitate her from making exertions which would be possible to him; that a sea-faring man has a chance of surviving a landsman, on account of his experience in salt-water matters; that where there is no evidence to the contrary, a child may be presumed to have outlived his father; that a man in good health would survive one in ill health; and so forth.

The nick of time is not less an important matter in reference to single deaths, under various circumstances. People are often very much interested in knowing whether a certain person is dead or not. Unless under specified circumstances, the law refuses to kill a man—that is, a man known to have been alive at a certain date presumed to continue to live, unless and until proof to the contrary is adduced. But there are certain cases in which the application of this rule would involve hardship. Many leases are dependent on lives; and both lessor and lessee are concerned in knowing whether a particular life is terminated or not. Therefore, special statutes have been passed, in relation to a limited number of circumstances, enacted that if a man were seen alive more than seven years ago, and has not since been seen or heard of, he may be treated as dead.

The nick of time occasionally affects the distribution or amount of property in relation to particular seasons. Some years ago the newspapers remarked on the fact that a lord of broad acres, whose rent-roll reached something like £40,000 a year, died "about midnight" between the 10th and 11th of October; and the possible consequences of this were thus set forth: "His rents are payable at 'old time' that is, old Lady-day and old Michaelmas-day. Old Michaelmas-day fell this year on Sunday, the 11th instant. The day begins at

midnight. Now, the rent is due upon the first moment of the day it becomes due; so that at one second beyond twelve o'clock of the 10th instant, rent payable at old Michaelmas-day is in law due. If the lord died before twelve, the rents belong to the parties taking the estates; but if after twelve, then they belong to and form part of his personal estate. The difference of one minute might thus involve a question on the title to about £20,000." We do not know that a legal difficulty did arise; the facts only indicate that the mode in which one might have arisen. Sometimes that ancient British institution, the house clock, has been at war with another British institution, the parish church clock. A baby was born, or an old person died, just before the house clock struck twelve on a particular night, but after the church clock had struck. On which day did the birth or death take place—yesterday or to-day? And how would this fact be ascertained, to settle the inheritance of an estate? We know an instance (not involving, however, the inheritance to property) of a lady whose relations never had definitely known on which day she was born; the pocket watch of the accoucheur who attended her mother pointed to a little before twelve at midnight, whereas the church clock had just struck twelve. Of course a particular day had to be named in the register; and as the doctor maintained that his watch was right, there were the materials for a very pretty quarrel if the parties concerned had been so disposed. It might be that the nick of time was midnight exactly, as measured by solar or sun-dial time: that is, the sun may have been precisely in the nadir at that moment; but this difficulty would not arise in practice, as the law knows only mean time, not sun-dial time. If Greenwich time were made legal everywhere, and if electric clocks everywhere established communication with the master clock at the observatory, there might be another test supplied; but under the conditions stated, it would be a nice master of *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee* to determine whether the house clock, the church clock or a pocket watch, should be relied upon. All the pocket watches in the town might be brought into the witness-box, but without avail; for if some accorded with the house clock, others would surely be found to agree better with the church clock.

This question of clocks, as compared with time measured by the sun, presents some very curious aspects in relation to longitude. What's o'clock in London will not tell you what's o'clock in Falmouth, unless you know the difference of longitude between the two places. The sun takes about twenty minutes to go from the zenith of the one to the zenith of the other. Local time, the time at any particular town, is measured from the moment of noon at that town; and noon itself is when the sun comes to the meridian of that place. Hence Falmouth noon is twenty minutes after London noon, Falmouth midnight twenty minutes after London midnight; and so on. When it is ten minutes after midnight, on the morning of Sunday, the 1st of January, in London, it is ten minutes before midnight, on Saturday the 31st of December, at Falmouth. It is a Sabbath at the one place, a working day at the other. That particular moment of absolute time is in the year 1865 at the one, and 1864 at the other. Therefore, we see, it might become a ticklish point in what year a man died, solely on account of this question of longitude, irrespective of any wrong-going or wrong doing of clocks, or of any other doubtful points whatever. Sooner or later this question will have to be attended to. In all our chief towns, nearly all our towns indeed, the railway station clocks mark Greenwich time, or, as it is called "railway time;" the church clocks generally mark local time; and some of the commercial clocks, to serve both parties, mark both kinds of time on the same dial-face, by the aid of an additional index hand. Railway time is gradually beating local time; and the law will by-and-by have to settle which shall be used as the standard in determining the moment of important events. Some of the steamers plying between England and Ireland use Greenwich time in notifying the departure from the English port, and Dublin time in notifying those from the Irish port; a method singularly embarrassing to a traveller who is in the habit of relying on his own watch.

Does a sailor get more prog, more grog, more pay, within a given space of absolute time when coming from America to England, or when going from England to America? The difference is far too slight to attract either his attention or

that of his employers; yet it really is the case that he obtains more good things in the former of these cases than in the latter. His days are shorter on the homeward than on the outward voyage; and if he receive so much provisions and pay per day, he interprets day as it is to him on shipboard. When in harbor, say at Liverpool, a day is, to him as to every one else who is stationery like himself, a period of definite length; but when he travels Eastward or Westward, his days are variable in length. When he travels West, he and the sun run a race; the sun of course beats; but the sailor accomplishes a little, and the sun has to fetch up that little before he can complete what foot racers call a lap. In other words, there is a longer absolute time between noon and noon to the sailor going West, than to the sailor ashore. When he travels East, on the contrary, he and the sun run toward each other; insomuch that there is less absolute time in the period between his Monday's noon and Tuesday's noon than when he was ashore. The ship's noon is usually dinner time for the sailors; and the interval between that and the next noon (measured by the sun, not by the chronometer) varies in length through the causes just noticed. Once now and then there are facts recorded in the newspapers which bring this truth into prominence—a truth demonstrable enough in science, but not very familiar to the general public. When the *Great Eastern* made her first veritable voyage across the Atlantic in June, 1860, she left Southampton on the 17th, and reached New York on the 28th. As the ship was going West, more or less, all the while, she was going with or rather after the sun; the interval was greater between noon and noon than when the ship was anchored off Southampton; and the so-called eleven days of the voyage were eleven long days. As it was important, in reference to a problem in steam navigation, to know how many revolutions the paddles made in a given time, to test the power of the mighty ship, it was necessary to bear in mind that the ship's day was longer than a shore day; and it was found that, taking latitude and longitude into account, the day on which the greatest run was made was nearly twenty-four and a half hours long; the ship's day was equal to half an hour more than a landsman's day. The other days varied

from twenty-four to twenty-four and a half. On the return voyage all this was reversed ; the ship met the sun, the days were less than twenty-four ordinary hours long, and the calculations had to be modified in consequence. The sailors, too, got more food in a homeward week than an outward week, owing to the intervals between the meals being shorter—albeit, their appetites may not have been cognizant of the difference.

And this brings us back to our hypothetical Mullets. Josiah died at noon (Sydney time), and Jasper died on the same day at noon (Greenwich time). Which died first? Sidney, although not quite at the other side of the world, is nearly so ; it is ten hours of longitude Eastward of Greenwich ; the sun rises there ten hours earlier than with us. It is nearly bed-time with Sidney folks when our artisans strike for dinner. There would therefore, be a reasonable ground for saying that Josiah died first. But had it been New Zealand, a curious question might arise. Otago, and some other of the settlements in those islands, are so near the antipodes of Greenwich, that they may either be called eleven and three-quarter hours *East*, or twelve and a quarter hours *West*, of Greenwich, according as we suppose the navigator to go round the Cape of Good Hope or round Cape Horn. At six in the morning in London, it is about six in the evening at New Zealand. But of which day? When it is

Monday morning in London, is it Sunday evening or Monday evening in New Zealand! This question is not so easy to solve as might be supposed. When a ship called at Pitcairian Island several years ago, to visit the singular little community that had descended from the mutineers of the *Bounty*, the captain was surprised to find exactly one day's difference between his ship's reckoning and that of the islanders ; what was Monday the 26th to the one, was Tuesday, the 27th, to the other. A voyage East had been the origin of one reckoning, a voyage West that of the other. Not unlikely we should have to go back to the voyage of the *Bounty* itself, seventy-seven years ago, to get the real origin of the Pitcairners' reckoning. How it may be with the English settlers in New Zealand, we feel by no means certain. If the present reckoning began with some voyage made round Cape Horn, then our Monday morning is New Zealand Sunday evening ; but if with some voyage made round the Cape of Good Hope, then our Monday morning is New Zealand Monday evening. Probabilities are perhaps in favor of the latter supposition. We need not ask, "What's o'clock at New Zealand?" for that can be ascertained to a minute by counting the difference of longitude ; but to ask "What day of the week and of the month is it at New Zealand?" is a question that might for aught we can see, involve very important legal consequences.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM AND EUTROPIUS.

THE reign of the Emperor Arcadius was disgraced by many proofs of weakness and inconsistency, not among the least of which was his conduct in regard to the eunuch Eutropius. Born in an obscure condition, this person had succeeded in ingratiating himself into the imperial favor. Honors were showered upon the favorite ; riches followed, of course, and the establishment of this minion of fortune surpassed that of his sovereign in luxury and magnificence. It is scarcely necessary to add that he was insolent, ambitious,

haughty, and self-sufficient in the highest degree ; these are qualities native to the character of such adventurers. To such a height was his presumption carried, that, at last, nothing less would content him than the consulship, and the singularly misplaced title, in his regard, of "Father of the Emperor." He had exerted his interest in behalf of St. Chrysostom, in his election to the see of Constantinople ; but had afterwards taken part against him. The saint's intrepidity of character, the apostolic zeal with which he labored for

the correction of abuses, as well public as private, and the fearlessness with which he exposed and reproved them in every station, could not fail to bring him into collision with the favorite, whose animosity was not confined to the archbishop alone, but extended to the whole church, whose immunities he attacked. The law passed in 398, against the privilege of asylums in churches, was his work. In carrying this point, he deprived the church of an immunity altogether in unison with the character of that religion which, like its divine Founder, is the refuge of the oppressed. In 399, this minion of power had reached zenith of his greatness, and ruled with a tyranny that knew no bounds.

At length the day of retribution came. The gross manner in which he had abused the emperor's favor, and the scandal which his conduct excited, inflamed the people and the army against him. Gainas, the popular general, presented himself boldly before Arcadius, and demanded the dismissal of his favorite. This demand was enforced by the eloquence of Eudoxia, the emperor's wife, who, with tears in her eyes, presented her infant children to their father, imploring his justice for some insult received from his presumptuous minister. Thus urged, the weak Arcadius was not long to yield, and signed his favorite's condemnation. The magic spell was at once dissolved:

Eripitur persona, manet res.—*Lucretius*.

Down falls the mask, and the reality
Stands in its native hideousness before us.

Men wondered at the charm that had held them in thralldom. The acclamations that so lately hailed the merit and the fortune of the favorite, were changed into clamors, reproaching him with his crimes, and pressing his immediate execution. In the hour of distress and despair, his only refuge was that same church which he had persecuted, and the asylum of whose altars he had been instrumental in abolishing. St. Chrysostom received him with the charity of a Christian and the tenderness of a parent. On the following day, when the news of his disgrace, and the place of his refuge had been published throughout the city, crowds of the common people mingled with the infuriated soldiery, rushed to the cathedral of St. Sophia, that they might exult over the distress of their once dreaded tyrant, and drag him forth to punishment. The moment was critical ;

St. Chrysostom, insensible to danger when the voice of charity demanded his presence, made his way through the infuriated crowd to the spot where lay crouching the victim of the public indignation, his features pale as death, trembling like an abject slave, and clinging to the altar for protection. There was no leisure for meditation. The orator ascended the pulpit, and, in a burst of extemporaneous eloquence, addressed his excited hearers to this effect :

“If ever there was a season in our lives in which we might exclaim, *Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!* it surely is the moment before us. Where is now the pomp of the consulship, where its honors and costly insignia? Where the blaze of torches that preceded the triumphal march? Where those maddening shouts of applause? Where the crowded hall, the sumptuous banquet, and the midnight revelry? Where is the tumult with which the city resounded, where the noisy acclamations, the fulsome homage of flattery so lavishly poured forth by the thousands that thronged the theatre? All have vanished! a tempestuous gale has stripped the proud tree of its foliage; it has exposed to our eyes the naked trunk, it has shaken it to its very roots, and threatens to scatter it in fragments to the winds of heaven. What has become of those summer friends, of the sumptuous banquet, and the swarm of parasites, of the goblets of exhaustless wine, of the arts that administered to luxury, of the worshipers of the imperial purple, of those cringing slaves of interest, whose words were as servile as their deeds? They were the vision of a night, the illusion of a morning dream, that has melted before the beams of day; they were spring flowers that withered with the fleeting spring; they were a shadow, and it passed away, a brilliant vapor, that shone for a moment, and has vanished into air. O! how true then is that saying, and how incessantly should we repeat those words of the Holy Spirit—*Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!* These words should be inscribed in letters of light upon the walls of our houses, over the doors of our apartments, in the places of public resort; nay, on our very garments should they be written; but far more should they be engraven upon each man's conscience, and be made the theme of salutary meditation. By continually repeating these warning words, we should learn what value to set upon

the illusions of fortune and the friendships of men.

“ Did I not a thousand times repeat to you that riches are a fugitive slave? But such language was importunate; you refused to listen to my warning voice. You have now learned by bitter experience that, like ungrateful servants, they have now deserted you in the hour of your need; nay, more, that they have become instruments of destruction, and the active causes of the storm that has thus burst over your head. How often did I say that those who lavished their flattery upon thee were no real friends of thine; and that the warnings I gave thee were more profitable than their servile adulation; that *faithful are the wounds of a friend, but deceitful the kisses of an enemy*; salutary wounds, hadst thou borne them in a proper spirit, and which would have protected thee from the perfidious caresses that have hastened thy ruin. All this I told thee, but my remonstrances were all wounding to thy self-love. And yet had I not just reason to address thee thus? Call in the hour of thy need upon the joyous guests who encircled thy table; upon the lictors who commanded the people to make place for thee when thou didst appear in public; upon the sycophants who in the public places obtruded all their encomiums upon thee; and where are they? They have taken the alarm; they are fled afar, fearful of being recognized as thy former friends, wholly intent upon their own interest and security, at the expense of thine. Far different has been our conduct. In the meridian of thy fortune, we bore in patience the insolence of prosperity; in thy fall, we spread over thee the mantle of our protection, and tender thee our services. The same church, against whom thou hast warred, opens her bosom to receive thee; while the theatres, those idols of thy soul, which have so often drawn down thy vengeance upon us, have betrayed, have abandoned thee. And yet, even then, how often did we address these words to thee: ‘Whence this rage against the church? What has she done to thee? In persecuting her, thou art running upon thy own destruction?’ But vain were our remonstrances; our voice could not reach thy ear. Look at the contrast; the very men whom thy prodigality feasted with spectacles, have been the first to sharpen the sword against thee; while the church,

forgetful of the wrongs thou hast done her, is seen running in anxious solicitude to shelter thee under her wings, and rescue thee from the dangers that beset thee on every side. I speak not this to trample on a prostrate foe; my object is to inspire with confidence those who stand, and who think they have nothing to fear. God forbid that I should seek to tear open wounds yet bleeding! I wish to secure from harm those yet unwounded. I seek not to replunge in the waves the half-drowned wretch who has struggled to the shore, but to caution those whose bark glides heedlessly on the ocean, against the rocks that threaten their destruction. And how shall they be preserved? Let them meditate on the vicissitude of human things, and on the example here presented to their view. This very man, had he but feared a reverse of fortune, would have been prepared for the worst, and suffered less from the evil when it came. But now he feels all its bitterness; and why? Because he refused to listen to the voice of friends and strangers, who warned him of his danger. Do you, at least, whoever you be, who rely so confidently upon your riches, do you profit by the lesson that is given you. Learn better to estimate those riches, and to learn their true value; for what in nature more fragile than they? Select what images you may to convey an idea of their frailty, and you will still be far from the truth. To call them a blade of grass, a fleeting vapor, a fantastic dream, the flower of a moment, is to stamp a reality upon them; for they are less than nothing! There needs no other proof of this truth, than what is now before your eyes. Was ever man more elevated, more august than he? Did he not surpass the universe in wealth? Had he not ascended the meridian of dignities? Did not the whole empire tremble before him? Behold! in an instant he is degraded below the level of the meanest slave; he is more miserable than the captive, more abject than the vilest suppliant, more necessitous than the beggar who vainly implores the charity of the public. Every moment he sees the sword suspended over his head, or waving before his eyes; every moment he awaits the announcement of the sentence, and measures in imagination the road that leads to the scaffold; the axe and the executioner are ever present to his sight. Wretched man! in the midst of

noon-day he is unconscious of the blessed light of heaven ; absorbed in his afflictions, he remains as though enveloped in ten-fold darkness, expecting every moment that death which perpetually stares him in the face. Behold him there, at the foot of the altar, chained by fear, as in a frightful dungeon. But where find expressions to paint the horror of his situation, and the cruel agonies which he endures? And why seek foreign images to delineate those sufferings, which he himself, in glowing colors, depicts to us in his own person? Even yesterday, when the soldiers from the imperial palace came by order of the emperor to drag him to his fate, you saw with what agitation, in what an agony of terror, he rushed to the altar. The paleness of death was on his face; his teeth chattered; his whole frame was convulsed; his speech was broken; his tongue stammered forth incoherent words. You would have thought that fear had congealed him into stone.

“ Believe me, I say not this to insult the wretched man, or to triumph in his fall. Here is no place for any feeling save that of commiseration; it is this that I ask at your hands. The more overwhelming his misfortune, the more should it soften our resentment, satisfy the anger of the emperor, and soothe the hard hearts of those who reproach us for having afforded him the sanctuary of the church. But have you just cause, my brother, for being thus offended? Yes, you will reply; we see a man sheltered by the church, who waged incessant war against her. And is it not for that especial reason we should glorify the Lord, who has permitted him to be reduced to such extremity, as to experience both the power and the clemency of the church? The power of the church, because his continued persecutions have drawn down this thunderbolt on his head; the clemency of the church, because still bleeding from her wounds, she extends the ægis of her protection over her infuriated persecutor, covers him with her wings, shields him from violence, and forgetful of past suffering and past injustice, generously presents her bosom as his asylum. Was there ever victory more memorable, or triumph more glorious than this? It is an act to confound the gentile, and to raise even the blushes of the Jew! It is a triumph which sheds a glory around the church of God: it irradiates her face

with smiles, and lights up her eye with exultation. She hath pardoned, she hath received, she hath cherished a fallen foe; and when all beside had abandoned him to his fate, she alone, like a tender mother, threw over him the mantle of charity, and interposed for his defence, between the indignation of the prince, the fury of the people, and the rage of the soldiery who thirsted for his blood. A scene like this forms the glory and the pride of our religion; it is in this that our altars find their most magnificent decorations.

“ But, you will say, shall a guilty wretch, a public culprit, find his way to the holy of holies? When such a man pollutes the altar by his embrace, can it be matter of triumph for the church? Ah! speak not thus, my brother; you forgot that even a public sinner, and impure woman, embraced the feet of Jesus, and washed them with her tears: yet no reproaches were heard from the lips of the Saviour; He approved, He praised her. Pollution could not contaminate the pure, but the pure and spotless Jesus rendered by His touch the polluted one pure. Magdalen became sanctified by a communication with the God of all purity.

“ Have a care, lest this apparent zeal of yours be no other than a secret and unworthy desire of vengeance. Forget not that you are the disciples of a God who said, when expiring upon the cross, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!*

“ But you will tell me that he closed this asylum to himself, by the laws which he caused to be passed against it. Behold! He now realizes the act of impolicy of the act which he committed, and is himself the first to solve the law which he enacted. He is become a spectacle to the universe, and, mute and voiceless as he is at this moment, he cries aloud, ‘ Do not such things as I have done, lest ye should suffer what I suffer ’ How eloquent the lesson which he gives us in his very silence! Illustrated by the spectacle before us, the altar darts forth an unprecedented splendor. How tremendous, how august, doth it appear, since it holds this lion in chains, and crouching at your feet! Thus, the monarch is illustrious, not when seated on his throne, invested with purple and resplendent in the diadem; but when treading beneath his feet the captive barbarians, who crouch at

his foot-stool and grovel in the dust. You yourselves, by the eagerness with which you rushed to these altars, as contrasted with your present comportment, prove better than any words of mine could do, what are the rights and what the power of these altars of the Most High. An extraordinary spectacle is presented to my eyes; the church is thronged as on the festival of Easter; this culprit, with a silence more eloquent than the trumpet's voice, has summoned the city hither. Men, women, nay, virgins themselves, who fly from the public gaze, have quitted their homes to repair to this spot. The places of public resort are deserted; all have hastened hither, to behold this memorable example of human frailty, this image of the instability of all human things. The splendid fortunes of this man, yesterday so brilliant, so dazzling by their meretricious glare, now stand unmasked in all their naked deformity; a sad reverse has tarnished their lustre, and exposed their hollowness and abjection. Does the rich man enter here? What a salutary lesson will he read in this strange reverse of fortune. For on beholding the man at whose nod the universe trembled, precipitated from his lofty elevation, his proud nature humbled, and himself become more timid than the most timid of animals, bound without fetters to yonder pillar, girt around with fear as with a chain, and forced to confess the humbling secret of his littleness;—in beholding all this, he feels a home-conviction of the truth of those words of the Prophet: *all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth.* Doth the poor man enter here? He also shall receive a salutary lesson. Consoled by this spectacle of human vicissitudes, he ceases to repine at his lot, and to grieve that he is poor; nay, he droppeth a tear of gratitude to his poverty, because it hath been to him a citadel impregnable to the attacks of fortune, a harbor secure from the storm, an asylum of peace and repose; he feels that, were the choice offered him between his present humble condition, and the possession of all the goods of the world, to be afterwards forfeited by some sudden reverse, he should not hesitate which to adopt. Thus, then, both the rich and the poor, the great and the little, the freeman and the slave, may profit by the specta-

cle before us. To one and all it may supply a healing balsam, to be applied to the different maladies with which humanity is afflicted.

“And now, have I succeeded in softening your hearts, and soothing your resentment? Has the indignation which filled your bosoms given place to gentler feelings? Yes, I dare flatter myself that better sentiments have prevailed. Pity has found an entrance into your souls. Your altered looks proclaim it; your flowing tears attest it. Since the generous and feeling part of your nature has triumphed, let us avail ourselves of the happy moment. Let us bring forth the works of mercy, by hastening to throw ourselves at the feet of the prince; or, rather let us prostrate ourselves before the God of mercy, that He would Himself deign to touch the soul of the emperor, and incline his heart to pardon. And truly, since the day on which he whom you see before you sought refuge in his temple, an important change has been effected. For when the soldiers thronged tumultuously round the palace, demanding with indignant cries the head of the culprit, the emperor directed to them a discourse, in which he employed every argument to persuade them that, instead of dwelling on the faults of this man, they should recall to mind whatever good he had done. At first they would not listen to reason; it was, they said, the cause of outraged majesty that they sought to avenge. The cries for vengeance redoubled; swords waved in the air, and they demanded the blood of their victim. It was then that, with tears in his eyes, he represented to them the sanctity of the hallowed asylum to which he had fled, and by his touching representations appeased their fury.

“What now remains but that the application be made to our own hearts, and that we imitate the noble conduct of our prince? Surely, when an offended emperor pardons the guilty, and forgets the injuries he received, should we be excusable for cherishing such resentments, we who have sustained no immediate injury?

“With enmity still rankling in your hearts, will you have the hardihood to approach the holy mysteries, and with the same lips that exhale imprecations, to repeat that prayer in which we are commanded to say, *Forgive us our trespasses,*

as we forgive them that trespass against us?

It is possible that this man may have been guilty of great crimes, that he has indulged in violent excesses against you. I admit the charge. But this is a season of mercy, not of rigor; of remission, not of accusation; of indulgence, not of scrutiny; of grace and favor, not of trial and condemnation. Let us, then, no longer dwell upon the idea of revenging ourselves. Let us achieve a triumph over ourselves; let us entreat the God of mercies to pardon the culprit, to deliver him from the danger which threatens him, to preserve his life and give him time for repentance. Let us supplicate our gracious monarch, in the name of the altar, and by the authority of the church, beseeching him that she may call a single individual her own. If this be the course we pursue, the emperor will approve—but far more, the King of kings will applaud the deed; it will be registered in the archives of heaven, and will draw down upon us its benedictions; for as the Almighty detests and reproves the cruel and inhuman, so likewise doth he love and cherish the compassionate and the merciful. Every page of the Scriptures speaks of mercy and not sacrifice; it is through the virtue of this that we are to find the remission of our sins. If this, then, be our course, we shall draw down upon ourselves the favor of heaven, we shall add honor to the church, we shall merit both the clemency of the emperor and the applause of the whole people. We shall merit for our city a reputation for gentleness and moderation, which will reach to the very ends of the earth. Let us, therefore, hasten to the feet of the emperor, let us kneel, let us implore him to save this miserable captive, this humble supplicant; that to us the grace may be granted of attaining to the good things in the land of the living, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and dominion now and for evermore. Amen."

If one of the most important ends of eloquence be to war against the more violent and debasing passions of our nature, by opposing to them noble and virtuous emotions, to the victorious influences of which they are compelled to yield, then must the Homily of St. Chrysostom on the Disgrace of Eutropius be entitled to rank among the master pieces of oratory. *Exanima atque omnium regina rerum oratio*, is the lively definition of old En-

nius; but this "soul-subduing queen" would exert but half her powers were she to rest content with merely seeking the motives proper to persuade; she must know the art of skilfully marshalling her materials, and of so graduating them as to produce the most powerful effect. In the homily in question, St. Chrysostom has employed this address, with all the ability of a practised master.

The bold and abrupt exordium was naturally supplied by the spectacle presented to the eyes of his excited auditory. What more obvious than the different aspect of the fortunes of Eutropius to-day and yesterday? *Hæcine est illa civitas?* "and is this the city?" is the obvious reflection that presents itself to the wanderer amidst the ruins of Jerusalem, arising from the contrast between its present desolation and the recollection of its past greatness.—Striking contrasts like these dispose the mind to feelings of pity, and of respect of misfortune.

The first part of the enumeration points to Eutropius as despoiled of the exterior pomp by which his greatness was encircled; the second depicts him in his state of personal destitution, deprived of the enjoyments which prosperity affords, and of the consolation which friendship promises.

The repetition of the opening words, *vanity of vanities, and all is vanity*, at the close of the exordium, is very striking; it is like the recurrence of some favorite motive in the overture of a great composer.

Up to this point the discourse of the orator is direct. It was necessary to divert the attention of the auditory from the object of their resentment, and this could not be more effectually accomplished than by a train of moralizing, clothed in the most striking imagery. St. Chrysostom now turns to Eutropius. It is some consolation to the wretched that men condescend to address them, though in a tone of rebuke. But these rebukes are not directed to Eutropius alone; by being divided, their intensity is weakened; indignation is diminished when exerted upon a number of culprits. Palliatives are sought for. After all, Eutropius may not be the most criminal of those by whom he was surrounded. The orator inveighs against certain foreigners who have ruined him, those courtiers, those perfidious

sycophants whose servile flatteries were calculated to turn a stronger head than his and then his crime is a want of experience. It is thus that the general indignation against the fallen favorite is insensibly diminished, till the sentiments said to have been expressed by the emperor himself, complete this master-piece of address.

No sooner does the orator perceive that he has effected a breach in the prejudice and resentment of his hearers, than he presses his advantage by having recourse to the touching and the pathetic. Once master of the field, he leaves the enemy no room for a rallying point. He anticipates objections, and, by rejecting, converts them into arguments in his favor. It is an *apparent* zeal that actuates the enemies of Eutropius. It is religion herself who demands his pardon; his enemies, therefore, become the enemies of religion. We now behold the culprit protected by the seal of divine authority; he has become a sacred object, as trees scathed by lightning are converted into things deserving of veneration.

The sacred orator has triumphed. His hearers can resist no longer. Base and violent passions are hushed; noble and generous emotions are awakened; indignation gives place to pity, and pity itself becomes sanctified by the blessed effects of which it is productive; for, see, the rich man trembles, and learns the danger

of his riches; the poor man rejoices, and consoles himself in his poverty. The whole auditory responds to the orator by tears of virtuous emotion. Eutropius is saved.

Critics have concurred in giving to this homily the palm of excellence. It has been characterized as the master-piece of Christian antiquity. Eutropius quitted his asylum some days after, upon a promise that his life should be spared. His riches were confiscated, and he was condemned to perpetual exile in the island of Cyprus. Even there the implacable resentment of his enemies pursued him. He was lastly recalled, and carried to Chalcedon, where, after a hurried trial, he was condemned to loose his head.

In another homily, St. Chrysostom alludes to the scene which took place in the Cathedral. He says that the destruction of Eutropius was to be ascribed to his own inconsiderateness in quitting the sanctuary. The church would never have forsaken him; and yet, continues the saint, it was no wonder that he derived no benefit from the sanctuary, since he had not entered it in a Christian spirit, and with a heart disposed to profit by such a privilege.

He adds: "When the distressed seek the sanctuary of the church, they should be there as well in mind as in body. For what constitutes a church? Not the material walls, but the unity of its members in Jesus Christ."

IRISH MISCELLANIES.

NUMBER SIX.

Ireland, One Hundred Years Ago.—Legend of St. Patrick.—Customs &c. of Ancient Irish.

IRELAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IN 1788 there was published in London a work entitled *The Complete Irish Traveller*. The writer preferred to remain anonymous, but his remarks on the people of the green isle, their manners and their customs are couched in so fair a spirit, and exhibit such a striking contrast to those of many other English writers of his own and later periods, that one can hardly help regretting his resolution. He visited Ireland imbued with many prejudices and prepared to find a people dis-

playing characteristics very different to those which he really found. He tells us in his introduction that "the inhabitants, in general, are very far from being, what they have too often and unjustly been represented by those of our country [*i.e.* England] who never saw them, a nation of wild Irish; since I have been in Ireland I have traversed from north to south and from west to east, but more particularly through the provinces of Ulster, Leinster, and Munster, and generally found them civil and obliging, even amongst the lowest class of the natives. Mi-erable and oppressed as by far too many of them are,

an Englishman will find as much civility in general, as amongst the same class in his own country; and for a small pecuniary consideration they will exert themselves to please you as much as any people, perhaps in the king's dominion. Poverty and oppression will naturally make mankind sour, rude, and unsociable, and eradicate, or at least suppress, all the more amiable principles and passions of humanity. But it should seem unfair and ungenerous to judge of or decide against, the natural disposition of a man reduced by indigence and oppression almost to desperation. Let commerce, agriculture, and arts but call forth the dormant activity of their genius, and rouse the native spirit of enterprise which lies torpid within them; let liberal laws unfetter their minds and plenty cheer their tables, they will soon show themselves deserving to rank with the most respectable societies in Europe."

As a matter of course the first portion of the country described by our traveller was Dublin and its vicinity. The metropolis appears to have fully satisfied his anticipations and to have impressed him favorably. He justly remarks that "to expect many works of the fine arts in a country but just recovering from an almost uninterrupted warfare of near six hundred years would be to look for the ripe fruits of autumn in the lap of spring." He visited Trinity College, where in the museum they showed him the skeleton of a so-called "ossified man," and that of an unhappy boy whose stature the notorious Bishop Berkeley claimed to have increased to seven feet high at the age of sixteen by adoption of certain treatment; "but so disproportioned were his organs that he contracted an universal imbecility both of body and mind, and died of old age at twenty."

The visitor found hackney carriages much used in Dublin, owing chiefly in his opinion, to the badness of the streets, and "sedan-chairs everywhere as common as about St. James'." He had heard much of the drinking habits of the Irish, but was happily disappointed; the bottle is circulated freely, but not to that excess we have heard it was, and I, of course, dreaded to find." He experienced the wonted hospitality and was received with the renowned geniality of the Irish people. The mist of his prejudices fled, as have those of many other strangers,

before the sunshine of the nameless charm which, spite of wrong and misrule, pervades Irish social and family life. He never found, he tells us, in his intercourse with the merchants of Dublin, "a stinted dinner at two o'clock, with a glass of port after it; but you find a table not only plentifully but luxuriously spread, with choice of wines both at dinner and after it; and which gives the highest zest to the entertainment, your host receives you with such an appearance of liberality, and indeed urbanity, as is very pleasing. Here they betray no attention to the counter, discover no sombrous gloom of computation, but display an open frankness and social vivacity of spirit.

The first provincial journey made by our traveller was one through the southern portion of the island, during which he saw the duly described and far-famed beauties of the County Wicklow; passed through Wexford, Taghmon, and other towns to Waterford—a city which made a favorable impression on his recollection. From Waterford he returned to Dublin via Carlow, anent the county of which name and its inhabitants he notes that "the soil of this part does not promise much; but the hospitable tables of the inhabitants are furnished with the utmost plenty and elegance. Their principal joy consists in entertaining those who visit them. As soon as any company come to their houses word is sent to most of their relations, who join and make the sweetest concord in the world. After two or three days spent in innocent pleasure you are all invited to another gentleman's, with the same agreeable round of mirth; and so on until you have gone through the whole race. The day of parting is the only day of grief or discontent." He visited Mount Leinster and the "round church called Drimesen, much esteemed by the Roman Catholics. . . . Whenever any of that race expire they leave it in their wills that they shall be buried in Drimesen churchyard; and some corpses have been brought seventy miles to be interred here."

After our traveller had returned to the capital and "reposed for a few days," he started upon a tour through the south and southwest counties, and *en route* visited Kildare, where he inspected the ruins of the cathedral and those of St. Bridget's Convent. From Kildare he proceeded to

Kilcullen Bridge, and on his way thither "visited the seat of — Eustace, Esq., which is a fine, large building, with a noble court before it, that bore the face of antiquity; but yet no decay appeared in any part. The situation is on the summit of a hill, and the front looks down from a high eminence into the river Liffey; but what charmed us beyond imagination was a vast body of water in an artificial bed of a large extent, where we saw a ship completely furnished, as if ready to make a long voyage by sea: her sails spread, her colors flying, anchors weighed, guns firing and the sailors neatly dressed, every one at their proper function, with their usual sea terms." The visitor was conducted on board this "ship," and there he found realism carried so far that part of the repast placed before him by the "worthy owner" consisted of "sea provisions and biscuits." At Kelly's Town he saw "a large ruined church dedicated to St. Patrick, and, as we were informed, built by that saint; if true, the foundation must be near fourteen hundred years old. It formerly belonged to the ancient family of the Cummins, a name still surviving, and numerous in this country. There are several of that name interred in the church, whose vaults are still remaining; yet we could find but one whose inscription was intelligible, as follows: "*Hoc jacet sub lapide Hugo MacCummins, 1603.*" I only mention this to let you know that Protestant and Papist mingle together in the grave here." Near this church he was shown a well dedicated to St. Patrick, surrounded by a stone wall and shaded by large trees. His guide related to him the following legend: "A profane wretch, who wanted wood for firing, repaired to this well to cut down one of these sacred trees. The first stroke he gave he imagined he saw his cabin in flames, and ran with the utmost speed to quench the fire; but when he came there he found everything as he left them. He returned to his work again, and, giving another stroke, saw the flames rise higher than before, which obliged him to repair home a second time, when, finding all things safe as at first, he returned to the tree, and by his repeated strokes brought it down to the ground; but before he could drag it home he found his cabin and furniture entirely consumed to ashes. We were shewn the very spot where the

cabin stood, and no one will venture to erect another in the same place, nor contradict the truth of this tradition."

The traveller visited Kilkenny, its castles and notable places, its marble-quarries, etc., and speaks in commendation of it generally. He tells us that "Kilkenny values itself upon its superior gentility and urbanity. It is much frequented by the neighbouring gentry as a country residence, has a stand of nine sedan-chairs, and is not without the appearance of an agreeable place. I went last night to their weekly assembly and was soon given to understand by one of my partners that Kilkenny has always been esteemed the most polite and well-bred part of the kingdom." He adds that "this was the seat of the old Ormond family. Here the last duke kept a court, as several of his predecessors had done, in a style much more magnificent than any of the modern viceroys. The people imbibed the court manners; and manners remain long after their causes are removed. At present the inheritor of the castle and some of the appended manors, a Roman Catholic gentleman, affects the state of his ancestors; his wife receives company as, I am told, the old Ormond ladies used to do; she never returns visits; and people seem disposed to yield her this pre-eminence."

The personal appearance of the people of the county won the writer's admiration, for he adds: "I am not singular in remarking that the peasants of this county are a most comely breed of men. They are generally middle-sized, and have almost universally dark-brown hair and eyes of the same color. Their complexions are clear, their countenance grave, and their faces of that oval character which the Italian painters so much admire." He found the counties of Kilkenny, Waterford, Wexford, and Carlow "overrun with lawless ruffians called Whiteboys"; and although occasionally some of them were taken prisoners and executed, and though, as he tells us, "executions are likewise read against them by their priests from the pulpit, yet they are so numerous it is not likely they will be soon extirpated."

Passing through the Golden Vale, he found the people of gallant Tipperary worthy his commendations, for he met with none "of that simplicity attributed by poets to the shepherd state; nothing

like the surly awkwardness of our English clowns, who have one general answer, 'I don't know,' to almost every question a stranger asks." Arriving at Cork, he was agreeably disappointed, for he tells us he found it "a city large and extensive beyond my expectation. I had been taught to think worse of it, in all respects, than it deserves" "The inhabitants are hospitable and generous; they are rich and deal largely in provisions." "Before the Reformation there were no less than fifteen convents of religious belonging to this city." "It must, too, be observed that, though the monasteries are destroyed, the monks remain to this day, and have regular service in their distinct houses as in the parish Mass-houses; in all of which they have a succession of services, on Sundays and holydays, from early in the morning till late at night, for the accommodation of their numerous votaries." After leaving Cork he proceeded to Kinsale, and thence to Bandon, whose people he found as staunch opponents of Catholicity as in the days when, according to tradition, they inscribed over their portals :

"Turk, Jew, or Atheist,
All may enter here,
But not a Papist,"

for he records that "the inhabitants are such staunch Protestants that they will not let a Papist dwell among them, which proceeds from the ill-usage they have formerly received from them. They will not suffer a bag-piper to play in their hearing, or let one of the Popish religion, if known, though a traveller, lodge there one night."

After visiting some other places the tourist proceeded to Dublin, whence, after a short sojourn, he started upon a third journey. Visiting Leixlip, he viewed "Castletown, the seat of Mr. Connolly, the greatest commoner in the kingdom, whose house is fitted up in the most elegant modern taste, and whose mode of living is in the highest style of hospitality. He has a public news or coffee-room for the common resort of his guests in boots, where he who goes away early may breakfast, or who comes in late may dine, or he who would chuse to go to bed may sup before the rest of the family. This is almost princely." On this trip the writer again entering Tipperary, visited Cashel, gazed with admiration at its famous Rock with the memorials of its former greatness and of the homage of its rulers to the

Great Ruler of all. He writes: "You would be amazed considering how thinly the country is inhabited, at the number of Romanists I saw on Sunday assembled together. Round the altar were several pictures, which being at the distance of a very long nave of an old monastery, I went round to the door of one of the transepts, in order to see them more distinctly." From Cashel he proceeded to the town of Tipperary, where he learned that "in this neighbourhood lives the descendant of him who gave the last and fatal stroke to the unhappy Charles. He had been a common dragon in Cromwell's army, and for this service the usurper rewarded him with a Captain's double debenture." On this journey also he visited Kanturk and saw the famous castle of the olden lords of Ealla, or Duhallow—the Mac-Donoghs. This castle was represented to "the virgin queen" as being such a formidable fortress that instructions were sent to the lord deputy to prevent its completion. On this journey, too, he visited the old abbey of Kilcrea, and saw the bog of the same name, "formerly very inconvenient and unprofitable, the middle of it being woody, bushy, and very deep, quite inaccessible, and edged on the east and west with red bogs, and, till about thirty years ago, frequented by wolves, to the great annoyance of the adjacent inhabitants." Passing on through Kerry, the traveller visited Ventry, and, stopping at Smerewich, viewed the remains of the fortification erected by the Spaniards in 1579 and called Fort del Ore. "The country people say that the Spaniards buried the pope's consecrated banner somewhere near this place, with a considerable quantity of treasure. It is certain that a few years ago several croslets of pure gold were discovered on the lands near a small chapel which the Spaniards had erected about a mile from the fort." Calling at Castle Island, he found "a decent parish church, a good parsonage-house, a foot barrick, a session and market house with a handsome assembly-room for dancing"; he adds: "There are, too, some tolerable inns here." From Castle Island he proceeded to Tulligarron, near which place Saunders, the Papal Nuncio, "died miserably of an ague and flux, brought on him by want and famine, in the wood Clonlish, in 1582."

A LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK.

SEVEN weary years in bondage the young Saint Patrick pass'd,
Till the sudden hope came to him to break his bonds at last ;
On the Antrim hills reposing, with the north star overhead,
As the gray dawn was disclosing, " I trust in God," he said—
" My sheep will find a shepherd, and my master find a slave,
But my mother has no other hope but me this side the grave."

Then girding close his mantle, and grasping fast his wand,
He sought the open ocean through the by-ways of the land ;
The berries from the hedges on his solitary way,
And the cresses from the waters, were his only food by day ;
The cold stone was his pillow, and the hard heath was his bed,
Till, looking from Benbulbin, he saw the sea outspread.

He saw that ancient ocean, unfathom'd and unbound,
That breaks on Erin's beaches with so sorrowful a sound ;
There lay a ship at Sligo bound for the Median sea—
" God save you, master mariner, will you give berth to me ?
I have no gold to pay thee, but Christ will pay thee yet."
Loud laughed that foolish mariner, " Nay, nay, *He* might forget !"

" Forget ! Oh, not a favor done to the humblest one
Of all His human kindred can 'scape th' Eternal Son !"
In vain the Christian pleaded, the willing sail was spread,
His voice no more was heeded than the sea-birds overhead ;
And as the vision faded of that ship against the sky,
On the briny rocks the captive pray'd to God to let him die.

But God, whose ear is open to catch the sparrow's fall,
At the sobbing of His servant frowned along the waters all ;
The billows rose in wonder and smote the churlish crew,
And around the ship the thunder like battle-arrows flew ;
The screaming sea-fowl's clangor in Kish-corran's inner caves
Was hush'd before the anger of the tempest-trodden waves.

Like an eagle-hunted gannet, the ship drove back again,
To where the Christian captive sat in solitude and pain—
" Come in," they cried ; " O Christian ! we need your company,
For it was sure your angry God that met us out at sea."
Then smiled the gentle heavens, and doff'd their sable veil,
Then sunk to rest the breakers and died away the gale.

So, sitting by the pilot, the happy captive kept
On his rosary a reck'ning, while the seamen sung or slept.
Before the winds propitious past Achill, south by Ara,
The good ship gliding left behind Hiar-Connaught like an arrow—
From the southern bow of Erin they shoot the shore of Gaul,
And in holy Tours, Saint Patrick findeth freedom, friends, and all.

In holy Tours he findeth home and altars, friends and all ;
There matins hail the morning, sweet bells to vespers call ;
There's no lord to make him tremble, no magician to endure,
Nor need he to dissemble in the pious streets of Tours ;
But ever, as he rises with the morning's early light,
And still erewhile he sleapeth, when the north star shines at night,
When he sees the angry Ocean by the Tyrant Tempest trod,
He murmurs in devotion, " Fear nothing ! trust in God !"

TALES FOR THE YOUNG.

VIII.—WHAT CAME OF A PRAYER.

IN the fifth story of an old house in the Rue du Four-Saint-Germain, lay a sick woman whose pale emaciated face bore traces of age and sorrow. Beside her bed was a young man, whose tender care showed him to be her son. The furniture of the apartment, though of the plainest kind, was neatly and carefully arranged, while the crucifix at the head of the bed and a statue of the Blessed Virgin marked the Christian family. The youth had just given his mother a spoonful of gruel, and she had fallen asleep smiling on her son—that quiet sleep attendant on recovery from severe illness. He knelt to thank God for having saved his mother's life, and while he prays, and she sleeps, without disturbing the prayer of the one, or the sleep of the other, I will tell you their story in a few words.

The father was a printer at Sceaux. Industrious, prudent, of scrupulous integrity, loving justice and fearing God, he acquired by his honest labour a competence for his old age and a fair prospect for his son. Losses, failures, and unforeseen misfortunes ruined him, and he found himself bankrupt. This blow sensibly affected him, but did not overwhelm him. He was offered a situation as compositor in a printing office in Paris, resumed the workman's dress, and courageously began to work. His wife, as strong as he, never uttered a complaint or regret. Their son was withdrawn from college to learn his father's trade, and although so young, his heart was penetrated with a profound religious faith. Thus lived this humble household, resigned and happy, because they loved each other, feared God and accepted trials. Several years elapsed, years of toil in their endeavours to liquidate the debts of the past: fruitful, however, in domestic joys. The child became a young man, and fulfilled the promises of his childhood. God blessed these afflicted parents in their son.

Suddenly the father fell sick and died. Those of us who have wept at the death-bed of a father, know the anguish of those hours when we contemplate for the last

time the beloved features which we are to see no more on earth; the impressions of which grief time softens but can never efface. For those who live entirely in the domestic circle, the separation, in breaking the heart, breaks at the same time the tie to life. Left thus alone, the mother and son were more closely united, each gave to the other the love formerly bestowed upon him who was no more. Jacques Durand was now twenty-five years old. His countenance was frank and open, but serious and grave. He had the esteem of his employer, the respect of his companions, and the sympathy of all who knew him. He was not ashamed to be a mechanic, knowing the hidden charm of labour when that labour is offered to God. During the month of his mother's illness he did not leave her pillow. The physician pronounced her, the day before our story opens, out of danger. You understand now why the young man prayed with so much fervor while his mother slept. His devotions were interrupted by a knock at the door. It was Mme. Antoine, the porter's wife, a little loquacious, but obliging to her tenants, in a word, such a portress as we find only in books. Jacques, who was going out, had requested her to take his place beside his mother. She entered quietly for fear of disturbing the patient, received the directions which the young man gave her in a low voice, and seating herself near the bedside, busied her skilful fingers with her knitting. Old Antoine, the porter, stopped our friend Jacques at the foot of the staircase. He was polite, benevolent, attached to his tenants, did not despise them if they were poor, and rendered them a service if he could. He was an old soldier of 1814. He delighted to speak of the French campagne, wore with pride the medal of St. Helena, and showed a seal which he received at Champaubert, "In remembrance of Napoleon," he says, raising his hat and straightening his bent figure. I don't know of any fault that he had except relating too often the battle of Champaubert.

"Well," said he, "how is Mme. Durand?" "Much better," replied the youth, "she has just fallen into a quiet sleep, which the doctor declares favorable to her recovery." "God be praised," resumes Antoine. "Beg pardon, M. Jacques, I can tell you now Mme. Durand has made us very uneasy." In saying this he gave the young man a cordial shake of the hand, which the latter heartily returned.

In going out Jacques took the Rue du Vieux-Colombier, and entered the office of the Mont-de-piete at the corner of La Croix-Rouge.

During his mother's illness he had spent many hard-earned savings, for you already know he had imposed on himself the obligation of paying the debts of the failure, and besides, detained at home with his mother, he had been unable to earn anything during the month. Still the doctor had to be paid, and medicines bought; the small sum advanced by his employer was nearly exhausted, and he was now on his way to pawn a silver fork and spoon. A young girl stood beside him in the office, and as there were many to be served before himself, he relieved the weariness of waiting by watching her. Her cap had no ribbons, but was gracefully placed on her light hair; a woollen dress, not new, nor of the latest fashion, but clean and well kept, a wedding ring (doubtless her mother's legacy), and a plain shawl, completed her poor toilette. Jacques was attracted by her modest air. Some industrious seamstress, he said to himself. As his turn had now come, he presented the fork and spoon—the value was ascertained—and the sum paid. The girl, following him, drew from a napkin a half worn cloak, which she offered with a timid air.

"Ten francs," said the clerk.

"Oh!" said she blushing, "if you could give me fifteen for it! See, sir, the cloak is still good."

"Well, twelve francs; will you trade at that price?"

Having given her assent, she took the money and the receipt, and went out. Jacques preceded her, and before passing out the door, he saw her dry a tear. "She is weeping," he said to himself; "I suppose the rent is unpaid. Poor girl! Stupid clerk!" With these reflections he arrived at the druggists; he bought the

remedies prescribed by the doctor; then certain that Mme. Antoine was taking good care of his charge, he thought he should have time to say a prayer at the church of St. Sulpice. Jacques had a particular devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It is to her intercession he attributed his mother's cure: it is before her altar that he knelt. His prayer was an act of thanksgiving and a petition for a new favor. His mother wished him to marry; he had often dreamed of cheering her old age by the affection of a daughter, and he asked the Virgin to guide him in his choice.

Happiness disposes the soul to charity. He thought of the motherless, the suffering, and the sorrowful, and prayed for them. He remembered the young girl he had just seen weeping, and prayed for her. At this moment, a woman kneeling in front of him rose, and as she passed him to leave the church he recognized the young girl. Prayer has the secret of drying our tears; her face had resumed its usual serenity. He still prayed for her: "Holy Virgin, watch over that child, grant that she may be ever pious and chaste, and all else shall be added to her." As he prepared to leave, he saw a letter beside the chair where the girl had knelt. He made haste to rejoin her in order to restore it; but she had already left the church. He put it in his pocket, intending to burn it when he reached home.

That evening, as he sat by his mother's side while she slept, he reviewed the events of the day, according to his custom, preparatory to his examination of conscience. Thus he recalled the incidents of the morning, and having drawn the letter from his pocket prepared to burn it. He approached the fire and was about to throw it in. What restrains his hand? In the letter he feels something—a piece of gold, perhaps. It was not sealed; he opened it, and drew out a medal of the Blessed Virgin. The open letter excited his curiosity; he was tempted to read it. Do not blame him too severely, reader, if he yields to the temptation. He has finished his perusal, and I see he is affected. His emotion excites my curiosity, and I am tempted to read it in my turn. Will you be angry with me, or will you be accomplices in my fault? Here are the contents of the letter:

TO M. LUCIEN RIGAUT, CORPORAL IN THE
110TH REGIMENT, MENTZ.

"MY DEAR BROTHER :—I cannot send you the hundred francs you ask me for. Do not blame me, it is not my fault; work is not well paid, and everything is very dear in Paris, and you must know last month I had to pay something to the man who takes care of mamma's tomb. When you return I am sure you will be much grieved if that is neglected. You shall receive fifty francs. Here are thirty from me; the remainder is from the good Abbe Garnier whom I went to see, and who wishes also to assist his extravagant child. At the same time he gave me for you a picture of the Blessed virgin, which you will find in my letter and which you must wear on your neck. That, my naughty brother, will preserve you from danger and keep you from sin. Promise me never more to associate with bad companions, who lead you to the cafes and who are not too pious, I am sure. You must say your prayers morning and night, go to mass on Sunday, confess, and live like a good Christian. I will not reproach you for having neglected your duties, but I am grieved, and if you could have seen your poor sister weep I am sure you would reform. Do you remember when mamma was about to leave us, and we were beside her bed restraining our tears that she might have as a last joy in this world the smile of her children, how she made us promise to be always good and religious? Never forget that promise, Lucien, for the good God punishes perjured children. What will you think of my letter? Oh, you will call me a little scold. You will be angry at first, then you will pardon me; you will put the medal around your neck, and you will write me a good letter to restore gaiety to my heart. You do not know how well I have arranged my room. When you return you will recognize our old furniture. Mamma's portrait hangs over the bureau, and I have placed our first communion pictures on each side. When I have money I buy flowers, and for four sous I give to my abode the sweet odor of the country. Shall I tell you how I employ my time? I am an early riser. First my housekeeping, then my breakfast; afterward I hear mass, and from the church to my day's work. Thanks to the recommendation of the Abbe Garnier and

of the sister at the Patronage, I do not want for work. In the evening, before returning, I say a prayer in the church; then my supper, and a little reading or mending till bed-time. On Sunday after mass I go to the cemetery to pray at mamma's tomb, afterward to the Patronage, where we enjoy ourselves much. I wish you could see how good the sister is, how she spoils me, how gently she scolds me when I am not good, for in spite of all my sermons it sometimes happens that I deserve to be scolded. You see, brother, that I have no time to be sad. If in the evening I feel lonely, I think of God, who is always near us, of my good friends, of you, whom I shall see next year, and these sweet thoughts make me forget the isolation of my little room. How proud I shall be to go out leaning on your arm, and to walk with you on Sunday in the Luxembourg! With the Corporal's ribbons and the Italian medal, I am sure everybody will turn round to look at you. Do you know I have made a novena that you may be made sergeant before the beginning of next year? I will send you every month ten francs to finish paying your debt. Have no scruples in accepting them; it is superfluous money which would have served to buy gew-gaws. You do me a favor in taking it, as I shall be prevented from becoming a coquette. What shall I say more to you? Be good, be a Christian; but I have already said that. Do not forget me, but write often. We must love one another, since each of us is all the family of the other. Farewell, Lucien.

Your affectionate sister,

MADELINE."

I do not regret having been curious. I understand the emotion of Jacques. I am also moved. This letter from a sister to a brother, so simple and naive, breathes in every word the perfume of sincere piety, and in each line is found the candor of an innocent heart. When Jacques had finished reading it, he still lingered before throwing it into the fire. He wished to read it again. He read it several times; then he shut it up in a drawer, and put the medal around his neck. He was charmed. He loved this simple letter, and he loved, almost without knowing it, this child whose thoughts had been accidentally made known to him. He guessed

what the sister did not tell her brother, the pawning of the cloak to complete the fifty francs, the privations to which she submits in order to send every month the promised ten francs. "I understand now," said he, "the secret of her tears. Three francs are wanting for the required sum." He was still more moved by her tears now that he had the secret of them. "A good Christian girl," thought he. In his evening prayer she was not forgotten.

The following day, as his mother was tolerably restored, he returned to the printing office. As he worked he thought of Madeline, and was sad that he should see her no more. It was a folly, but who has not been foolish? A little folly is the poetry of youth.

Time passed, the impression grew fainter, but was not effaced. It was like a dream we try to retain on awakening, but whose brilliant colors fade by the light of day. Mme. Durand was fully restored, but although occupied with the care of the household, she did not go out, and this explains why on Easter Sunday Jacques was alone at high mass in the church of St. Sulpice. This festival, when the faithful are united in one common joy, disposes the heart to serene impressions. After having thanked God for his mother's recovery, he dreamed of a new affection, and begged the blessed Virgin to guide him in his choice. Mass being ended, a young girl on her knees in front of him rose to leave the church, and he recognized Madeleine. He left in his turn, and during the day he thought of that sweet face which had twice appeared to him as if in answer to his prayer. It is Madeleine whom he will marry, her smile shall make the joy of his Christian fireside; still, how is he to see her again? He knows not; the Blessed Virgin, when she chooses, will bring him back to her.

Again, on one of those mild days which are the charm of the month of April, he was walking in the Luxembourg. It was a beautiful Sunday, the lilacs were in flower, and the old garden seemed rejuvenated in its new dress. As he thought of Madeline, two verses from Brizeux recurred to his memory:

"Vienne Avril, et jeunesse, amours, fleurs sont
ecluses;
Dieu sous la meme loi mit les plus belles
choses"

At the turn of a walk, in a fresh, simple

dress, he saw her once more. When she had passed he followed her. He knew not why himself, but an indescribable charm attracted and retained him near her. He left the Luxembourg, went down the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, and saw her enter a house which he recognized as an asylum for young work-women.

One morning, as he stopped at Antoine's lodging, he saw on his face traces of sorrow.

"You seem sad," he said to him; "has any misfortune happened to you?"

"No," replied Antoine, "but I am grieved. A young woman, beg pardon, who has lived above for two months, has just fallen ill, of bad fever, the doctor says. She is a good girl, M. Jacques—a good industrious girl. She has worked hard and sat up late, which brought on fever, and when I think of it I am troubled."

"Is she alone?" asked Jacques.

"Entirely alone; but so gay, of a disposition so sweet, that though poorly fed and overworked she never complained. When she passed, morning and night, she had always a pleasant word for old Antoine. You will not believe it, but for three days she has not been down. I have been as much afflicted as if she were my own child."

So saying, he wiped a tear which fell on his white mustache.

During the day Jacques recalled the words of the old man. He was sad at the thought of the poor girl, sick without a friend near her, for even Antoine was detained at the lodge during his wife's absence. He did not know her (and that was not surprising, as in Paris two neighbors often live strangers to each other) and had never seen her: he was troubled that she suffered, and that no one was near her to alleviate her suffering. He resolved to speak to his mother in the evening of her case, that she might go and take care of her. He thought of how Madeline might fall sick, and have no one near her. He determined to confide to his mother the secret of his love, and to beg her to see Madeline and obtain her consent to their marriage.

In the evening he informed his mother of their neighbor's illness, and the next day Mine. Durand took her place at her bedside. It was a dangerous illness, but youth, good care, prayer, and a novena to the Blessed Virgin triumphed, and at the

end of fifteen days she began to improve. During this time Mme. Durand devoted herself to this sweet, patient child. When her care was no longer necessary she continued to go every morning to her patient's room. They worked and talked together. Mme. Durand spoke of her son and she of her mother whom she had lost, and insensibly a mutual affection sprang up between them. Jacques listened with interest to his mother's praise of the sick child, and was for a moment distracted from his remembrance of Madeleine. He had, moreover, that modesty of true love that shrank from the avowal of its tenderness. His mother knew nothing of his love, and touched by the sweetness and patience of the young girl whom she had nursed, hoped she might yet become her son's wife.

One evening in the month of June he was walking with his mother in the gardens of the Luxembourg. He remembered his last meeting with Madeleine, which recalled these verses of Brizeaux :

"Un jeune homme
Natif du meme endroit, travailleur, economie
En voyant sa belle ame, en voyant son beau
corps
L'aimee : les vieilles gens firent les deux
accords."

He was about to speak to his mother of Madeleine when she said to him, "My son, you are entering your twenty-sixth year; it is time for you to marry, and if you wish, I should like to call our neighbor, the young girl whom I have nursed, my daughter."

"Mother," said Jacques, "I cannot marry her; I love another." He then related his simple story, and pronounced for the first time Madeleine's name. Mme. Durand listened much moved. She understood and shared the trusting faith of her son. "My child," said she, "it shall be as you desire. I will go on Sunday to the Patronage."

The week passed. Mme. Durand continued to see her patient often, and she, nearly restored, came sometimes to her apartment at the time Jacques was at the printing office, for his mother wished to prevent a meeting which might perhaps trouble an innocent heart. But on Saturday, having returned sooner than usual, he found the young girl in his mother's room. They conversed a moment and she withdrew. In the pallid face he recognized the sweet countenance of Made-

leine. When she had gone he embraced his mother, weeping and smiling at the same time. "It is she, it is my sweet Madeleine." His mother, returning his embrace, exclaimed: "She shall be your wife and my daughter."

I must tell you how, on Jacques' return from work, Mme. Durand went for Madeleine, how they passed many a pleasant evening in conversation or in reading a good book, and under their mother's eye loved each other with a pure and earnest love.

At the end of a month Mme. Durand obtained the consent of Madeline, but she said nothing to her of her son's secret, of their meeting, of the letter, of the feelings so long cherished, nor of the protection of Mary, who had brought together these two Christian souls. This she left for him to relate one day when he was alone with his betrothed. She listened much affected, and you may be surprised to learn that she forgot to ask for the lost letter and the medal of the Virgin.

Mme Durand saw the good abbe and the sister at the Patronage, and they approved the marriage. The consent of the soldier brother was asked and obtained.

The great day arrived. The abbe blessed the union and Antoine gave away the bride. He straightened his bent figure; he put a new ribbon in his medal. He was prouder than on the evening of Champaubert, when Napoleon said, "Soldiers of the 110th, you are heroes!" Brother Lucien, with his corporal's badge and his Italian medal, added much to the brilliancy of the cortege. Mesdames Durand and Antoine put on their richest dresses. What shall we say of Madeleine in her bridal dress? of her veil, and the wreath upon her auburn tresses? of the sweet face reflecting the purity of an innocent heart and a chaste love? of the tears which flow when the heart is too full? of the sacred hour when this Christian couple unite in a common prayer?

Old Antoine grows old, but his heart remains young; his figure is more bent, but he still straightens it when he speaks of Napoleon, and relates to our friends the battle of Champaubert. He was the godfather of the little boy. "A fine child," said he. "Beg pardon, we will make a general of him." "I am willing, I am sure," said Madeleine, "but we must first make him a Catholic."

FOR THE HARP BY J. K. FORAN

DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY.

(DIED, 9TH APRIL 1882)

"MacCaura the pride of thy house has gone by,
But its fame cannot fade and its name cannot die."
D. F. McC.

LAST Bard of "The Nation" thy lyre I claim
One moment, the song of thy *requiem* to sing,
To chant but a note to the glory and fame
That long round thy mem'ry shall faithfully cling:
Thy praising, thy loving, thy warning, reproving,
Thy hopes and thy prayers for the land of thy birth,—
Thy poetry flowing, thy sentiments glowing,
For the home of thy pride, fairest Isle of the earth!

The "Bell-Founder" Bard of the "Clan of MacCaura,"
To-day, in thy chill house, mortality, sleeps—
And Erin the fair, in her garments of sorrow,
O'er "Desmond," her dear one, disconsolate weeps.
The Buyv's solemn singing, "St. Mary's" bells ringing,
Thro' the "Vale of Shanganagh" loud, loud is the wail,—
And "Una" is dreaming, sad music is streaming
Thro' lone "Ceim-an-Eich" on the western gale.

The "Towers of the Guebre," tall, stately and grand,
Look sombre to-day, in sadness and gloom;
The "year's coming Bridal" is dull in the land,
Since the Bard of "St. Brendan" sleeps cold in the tomb.
What fairy-like throngings, what bright "Summer Longings"
Are over, are hushed, once so brilliant and fair!
Thine eye, once so beaming, with tear drops is streaming,
"Thou fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Kenmare."

"Invocation" and "Warning," like "The Foray of Con,"
Are hushed, since the Bard of the lyre's no more
That sang all the praise and the power of "MacJohn,"
When the days of the heroes were vanished and o'er.
But long thro' the Island, in valley and highland,
From the "Pass of the Grey Man" to "Scattery's" bawn,
His songs shall they number—tho' deep in his slumber—
McCarthy awaits on Eternity's dawn.

Sleep Bard of old Erin, the noble, the true,
'Neath the shamrocks of Erin MacCaura finds rest—
And light on thy grave fall the softest of dew—
While thy spirit is safe in the home of the Blest.
And Erin recalling, while tear-drops are falling,
The son that now lies 'neath her glorious sod;
To her fond bosom pressing this lately lost blessing,
This gift "that was *given and taken* by God!"

Green Park, Aylmer, 11th April, 1882.

THE "HARP."

HAMILTON, ONT., MAY, 1882.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

CANADA AND IRELAND.

THE House of Commons of Canada, at a recent meeting fully attended, passed resolutions memorializing the British Government in behalf of the Irish people. The text of the resolutions set forth the advisability of granting to Ireland either a local legislature similar to that enjoyed by each of the Canadian provinces, or some other important measure calculated to relieve the people of Ireland from the peculiar disabilities under which they labor.

This action of the Canadian Parliament cannot fail to have its effect. As our Dominion is the most important of British foreign possessions, it will be an evidence to the Home Government that intelligent minds even in the outside world acknowledge the justice of Ireland's demands, while it will have the effect of encouraging the people of Ireland in their efforts to secure a full measure of justice for their long ill-treated country.

A fellow-feeling should exist among nations as well as among individuals. When a good man sees his neighbor in affliction he hastens to his assistance; so, when among the family of nations, the weak suffers from the encroachments of the strong, it behooves all on-looking nations to interfere, at least in the interests of justice. But Canada, in her present action, is actuated by something higher than this general principle. She beholds in Ireland, not only a sister country suffer-

ing from injuries inflicted by a powerful neighbor, but also a sister dependency on the crown, whose rights have been trampled on, whose people have been socially and politically ostracised, and whose claims for redress have been systematically ignored. In her plea for Ireland, Canada includes both neighborly and fraternal sentiments.

Canada thinks of the days when her own people groaned under the oppression of the "Family Compact;" when her lands were sequestered for the use of a purse-proud unpopular state church, and when for the gross mis-management of her affairs, her rulers could not be held responsible. Contrasting that gloomy period with the present bright and prosperous era, when all aggravating disabilities being removed, and every province with its local parliament managing its own affairs successfully and harmoniously, Canada steps to the front with respectful dignity, and requests that Ireland, the parent land of thousands of our Canadians, be freed from the incubus that crushes her energies, and be invested with the power of self-government to which she is rightfully entitled.

Canada, pointing to the unanimity of sentiment existing among her various provinces, their devotion to the federal government and loyalty to the British crown, proves to the Imperial authority that Home Rule for Ireland does not mean Imperial disintegration. She invites the attention of the world to our

Catholic province of Quebec with its Catholic governor, Catholic parliament, and we might say Catholic laws, but where Protestants enjoy all the rights and privileges that human society can wish for, and thus assures the Protestant minority of Ireland that they have no cause to fear either bodily or social harm from their numerous Catholic fellow countrymen in a representative Irish parliament. On the principle of the division of labor the empire would gain rather than lose by the existence of an Irish legislature, and when Ireland attains that degree of prosperity which self-government can confer, it is plain to the unbiased mind that Catholics and Protestants alike will share in the benefits.

Canada has set an example to the world which shall forever redound to her credit. Whatever may result from these resolutions, honor is at least due to Mr. Costigan for their introduction, and to the members of the Canadian parliament whose liberal spirit caused their triumphant passage.

THE time has not yet arrived when Catholics, who attend the offices of the Church, think more of the choir than of the sanctuary, more of the music than of the Mass. Yet there is a practice, newly introduced among newspapers in many parts of this country, which has a tendency to produce this unfortunate deterioration of religious sentiment. It is that of profusely noticing the musical portions after the manner of a fashionable concert *critique*, praising Mr. Dash, the tenor, flattering Miss Blank, the soprano, and complimenting Mons. Allegro the organist, while the ceremonies of the Church are blurred over or entirely ignored. Any Catholic who has even an average sense of the solemnity of Mass and Benediction, must feel pained to notice this increasing custom, because it shows that there is a marked predilection among would-be lov-

ers of æsthetics for the performances of the frequently rattle-brained votaries of the muses, to the exclusion of a due consideration of the mysteries of that sublime Sacrifice in which the Eternal Son of the Sovereign Lord of the Universe is the victim for the salvation of sinful man!

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY, the Irish poet-laureate and scholar, is dead at the age of 62 years. Millions of Irish men and women, whose hearts have warmed with affection and whose eyes have kindled with enthusiasm on reading his patriotic poems, will regret that this gifted writer and genuine son of Erin is no more. Of the noble race of McCarthy More, king of Desmond, he shewed his nobility in his manner, conduct and works. Death has claimed him for its own, but as long as Irishmen exist, the memory of Denis Florence McCarthy will be loved and respected.

ASSASSINATION under any circumstance is to be deprecated. It is no remedy for a grievance, and in most cases alienates from the perpetrator all public sympathy, however good his cause. Yet that is no reason why the English press should single out Ireland as the hot-bed of murderers, when the "outrages" committed in that country are but a fraction of the thousand and one crimes that occur in the great English cities. But, like Swift's famous tub story, it serves the purpose of bigotry and selfishness, in drawing attention from the real question at issue—the just demands of the Irish people.

THE Land League Convention recently held at Washington was largely attended, about two hundred and fifty members being present. It is said that they composed altogether a body of able and influential men, and that their deliberations were calm, discreet and wise. The resolution demanding the recall of the American minister Lowell from England was

well meant and may produce good effect. Other resolutions with regard to the condition of Ireland and the attitude of England are similar to those passed at the preceding convention. That demanding "not momentary liberty, but eternal liberty from despotized England" has a revolutionary ring in its tone, and is somewhat obscure as to the degree of liberty, and the means to attain it. Nevertheless it was a very significant demonstration. There are now in America about one thousand branches of the land league organization.

SINCE the passage of the above-mentioned resolutions, it has transpired that Minister Lowell has demanded either the immediate trial or release of the imprisoned American suspects in Great Britain. The Convention has already begun to bear fruit.

FOR the second time within a comparatively short period, Halifax mourns the death of its archbishop. The Most Rev. Dr. Hannan, whose death was announced on the 17th ultimo, was consecrated archbishop of Nova Scotia on the 20th of May, 1877, so that he had enjoyed the episcopal dignity scarcely five years. By his prudence and ability he successfully administered the affairs of his province, and by his piety, zeal and religion, and faithful attention to the spiritual wants of his people, he earned their love while living, and now passes to the tomb amid their universal regret. In their affliction, the Catholics of Halifax have the sympathy of their co-religionists all over the Dominion.

"DISTANCE lends enchantment to the view." The men of Ontario, groaning under the increasing burden of high prices, cast their eyes abroad for lands with cheaper bread. Looking at Manitoba, at long range, through the medium of the glowing descriptions by the land jobber

and government agent, they fancied the prairie province a modern land of Canaan. But experience, sad and rough, speedily dissolved the enchantment, and those who exchanged average comforts for the prospects of becoming Rothschilds, find themselves in the position of the dog who dropped the solid beef for its shadow in the stream.

THE *Catholic Shield*, of Ottawa, after an existence of one year, has suspended publication. Its life, though short, was a vigorous and useful one; and its editor retires from the field enjoying the opinion of all competent judges that he has done his duty faithfully and well.

THE question of cheaper railway fares than at present exist is beginning to receive public attention. The average fare now is three cents a mile. There is little doubt that if it were reduced by one-third the amount of travel would be increased one hundred per cent. Cheap rates have worked to advantage all around in the postal service. The railway fares have an equal chance of success.

WE have received the first number of the *Catholic Chronicle*, a new weekly published in Bay City, Michigan. Its matter includes the best quality of editorial comments, literary selections, and general news, all neatly arranged. Better than all, its articles have a Catholic tone unmistakably sound and genuine, and by no means rendered discordant by the false-sounding notes of modern "culture" and "advanced ideas."

FRESH Indian troubles in the west show that the pipe of peace does not smoke well between the white chief and his dusky subjects. Let the U. S. government treat the Indians with that justice and humanity which Canada has uniformly exercised towards the aborigines within its

territory and the public will hear no more of burned settlements and massacred women and children.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN is a candidate for the governorship of New York, with the view, as rumor has it, of making it a step towards another attempt for the Presidency of the United States. If so he will have a harder road to travel than before, because his cowardly conduct at the close of the former contest has cost him great loss of prestige and thousands of influential supporters.

THE English papers are crying out against the ruffianly lawlessness of London. They say that gangs of young roughs parade the streets of the city creating alarm and terror among the peaceful inhabitants, and cruelly attack and wound harmless people. Stabbing and killing appear to be favorite amusements of the ruffian "cockneys." Had these things occurred in Dublin or Cork, there would be a hue and cry raised all over England about the atrocities of the "horrid Irish."

THE cross and the crescent in the persons of France and Turkey, have formed a friendly alliance. Possibly the simple-minded Turk expects by this event to prevent further encroachments on his Barbary possessions, but it is equally possible that the glory-loving Gaul will make it the means of strengthening his position in the land of dates and palms.

THE English Constituencies, Gloucester, Macclesfield and Sandwich have been permanently disfranchised for corrupt practices in connection with Parliament elections. This is a very severe punishment; but bribery had become so general that English legislators decided to make an example of these three to serve as a warning to others.

It is surprising how far stubborn pride will go, when supported by physical strength. Every means but conciliation have been tried in order to tranquilize the Irish, and without success. If national friendship and the dictates of reason were admitted as influences by the British government, there would no longer be any difficulty seen in granting a local legislature for Ireland, and thus pour oil over the troubled waters.

THE English house-holder, that fierce opponent of arbitrary kings and high-priced beef, has risen in his might and protested against the construction of the channel tunnel. He says he doesn't wish to wake up some fine morning to find Dover Castle in the hands of the French, and Marshall McMahon with a hundred thousand other "frog-eaters" pouring out of the tunnel in full march on London!

UNEASINESS is the spring of action. He who is continually satisfied with himself or his actions, may find himself before long in a mediocre if not dangerous position: while he who is often dissatisfied with the result of his labors and seeks for an improvement, will generally find, "Let well enough alone" is a motto good enough in its place, if one can only find a place for it. Man's social, material, mental, and religious conditions are never so well off that they will not admit of improvement. Imperfection in one or the other will surely bring its own penalty, and he is wise who attends in time to the warning which this penalty gives. If ignorance had no drawbacks, men would not strive to be learned; if poverty produced no hardships, they would not strive for wealth; and if life were not chequered with misery and pain, few would make future happiness an object.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE rarest flower in life's garden is Heart's-ease.

LOOK *up* to your associates; if you cannot, shun them.

WHEN you labor, labor for an end. Haphazard efforts only produce chanceful effects.

FRIENDSHIP has an noble effect upon all states and conditions. It relieves our cares, raises our hopes, and abates our fears. A friend who relates his success talks himself into new pleasure; and by opening his misfortunes, leaves part of them behind him.

THE FUTURE.—The uncertainty of the future is a great drawback to the young. It acts upon their inexperienced minds as a paralyzer of action. Those who have fought long and earnestly with the world can afford to look forward with a calm confidence begotten of their experience, and to act with promptitude and decision in cases of difficulty and danger.

THE HARES AND TORTOISES OF LIFE.—We always liked the fable of the tortoise and the hare in the race—the slow, plodding old reptile, with his eye fixed only on the goal, crawling steadily over the ground, while his volatile contestant lay down to sleep. The world is full of hares, but the tortoises are not so many. This is illustrated in life continually, and always has been, and always will be, we suppose.

HOME.—Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain, in making his home—the dwelling of his wife and children—not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will admit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects—in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive.

DRUNKENNESS turns a man out of himself, and leaves an animal in his room.

ONE man is thankful for his blessings. Another is morose for his misfortunes.

KNOWLEDGE.—Learning will accumulate wonderfully if you add a little every day. Do not wait for a long period of leisure. Pick up the book and gain one new idea if no more. Save that one and add another as soon as you can. Says the old Scotch adage, "Many a little makes a muckle."

EXAGGERATION.—How many are the griefs caused by exaggerated reports! How may the peace of families be destroyed by them! The discords and quarrels in neighborhoods may frequently be traced to this malignant source. The misrepresentations of detraction have even caused friends to arm themselves against one another, and murder has been the consequence.

MASKS.—If we could only read each other's hearts, we should be kinder to each other. If we new the woes and bitternesses and physical annoyances of our neighbors we should make allowances for them which we do not now. We go about masked, uttering stereotyped sentiments, hiding our heart-pangs and our headaches as carefully as we can; and yet we wonder that others do not discover them by intuition. We cover our best feelings from the light; we do not so conceal our resentments and our dislikes, of which we are prone to be proud. Often two people sit close together, with "I love you" in either heart, and neither knows it. Each thinks, "I could be fond; but what use of wasting fondness on one who does not care for it?" and so they part, and go their ways alone. Life is a masquerade at which few unmask, even to their very dearest. And though there is need of much masking, would to heaven we dared show plainly our real faces, from birth to death, for then some few, at least, would truly love each other.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The time to buy an overcoat—When the fit is on you.

"I am certain, wife, that I am right, and you are wrong; I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry betting to such *extreme lengths*."

Why are young ladies, at the breaking up of a party, like arrows? Because they can't go off without the beaux, and are in a quiver till they get them.

A woman who never owned a Bible supposed she was quoting it when she greeted her son, who came home to keep Thanksgiving, in the following words:—"Here comes the fatted calf."

The editor of the Danbury (Ct.) Times is going into the "interviewing" business, and evidently to some purpose. He gives notice as follows:—"We shall 'interview' a number of our citizens this week on the subject of finance."

RECIPT FOR A PUDDING—Take a large quantity of prime railroad stock, water it well and shake it together, then put in two or three smart lawyers, and you have an abundance of pudding, sufficient to afford a comfortable subsistence for as many as can get in their thumbs to pull out the plums, unless the bottom comes out.

THE REASON WHY.—During a recitation on natural history in one of our well-known colleges, a student in the pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, said: "Professor, why does a cat, while eating, first turn her head one way and then the other?" "For the reason," replied the professor, "that she cannot turn both ways at once."

A GOOD ACCOUNT.—"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit." "JOHN WEEKS, Butler, N. Y."

If a young man likes a girl, he may give her a present, If he loves her, he should offer her a future.

Perplexed Pedestrian—"Bub, which is the quickest way for me to get to the Eastern depot? Accommodating News-boy—"Run!"

Mrs. Partington says she did not marry her second husband because she loved the male sex, but because he was just the size of her first husband, and could wear out his old clothes!

The Buffalo *Express* lately contained the following; Ac80c0ar80!!" The next day it explained it thus: "It's easy—A c-eighty (cat) c-aught (caught) a r-eighty (rat)—A cat caught a rat! Ain't it?"

Lately an amateur collector of paintings showing a friend through his gallery, pointed to a very primitive-looking daub, of which he spoke with enthusiasm as being very rare. "I should like it better if it was well done," quietly remarked his friend.

A very young mother relieved herself of some divine afflatus on "baby" a short time since. Here is one pathetic verse:

"Doxery doodle-um dinkle-um dum,
Tum to its muzzery muzzery mum;
Tizzery izzery boozery boo,
No baby so sweet so pitty as oo."

"Fellow," said an offended and very plain-looking patron, "I shall lend you my countenance no longer." "Why, bless you, sir, if I had such a countenance as yours, I should be willing and anxious not only to lend it, but to give it away to the first simple individual I could get to take it."

THE GREATEST BLESSING—A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.