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TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY FULLERTON.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

AFTER M. de Chambelle had left him, he remained out late, attracted by the beauty of the night. Though tired, he did not feel inclined to retire to rest. A musing fit was upon him. He had become conscious that evening that he was in danger of falling in love with Madame de Moldau. He had never yet been the better or the happier for this sort of interest in a woman. After the tragical end of the only person he had really cared for, he had made up his mind never to marry. But this resolution was not likely to remain proof against the attractions of so charming a person. It was the dread of suffering as he had suffered before; the fear of disappointment which had led him to form it, as well as the apparent hopelessness of meeting in the new world in which his destiny was cast with any woman capable of inspiring the sort of attachment without which, with what his friends called his romantic ideas, he could not understand happiness in marriage. It seemed the most improbable thing in the world that a refined, well-educated, beautiful, and gentle lady, should take up her residence in a wild and remote settlement, and yet such a one had unexpectedly come, almost without any apparent reason, as a visitant from another sphere. With her touching beauty, her secret sorrows, her strange helplessness, and her impene-

trable reserve, she had, as it were, taken shelter by his side, and was beginning to haunt his waking hours and his nightly dreams with visions of a possible happiness, new and scarcely welcome to one who had attained peace and contentment in the solitary life he had so long led. In the Christian temple reared in the wilderness, in nature's forest sanctuaries, in the huts of the poor, by the dying bed of the exile, he had felt the peace he had sought to impart to others reflected in his own bosom. He had been contented with his fate. He had assented to the doom of loneliness, and foresaw nothing in the future between him and the grave but a tranquil course of duties fulfilled and privations acquiesced in. If he sometimes yearned for closer ties than those of friendship and charity—if recollections of domestic life such as he remembered it in the home of his childhood rose before him in solitary evenings, when the wind made wild music amidst the pine branches round his log-built house, and the rolling sound of the great river reminded him of the waves breaking on the far-off coast, he would forthwith plan some deed of mercy, some act of kindness, the thought of which generally succeeded in driving away these troublesome reminiscences. He felt almost inclined to be angry with Madame de Moldau for awakening in him feelings he had not intended ever to in-

dulge again, visions of a kind of happiness he had tacitly renounced. Who has not known some time or other in their lives those sudden reappearances of long-forgotten thoughts, the return of those waves which we fancied had ebbed and been forever swallowed up in the great deep, but which heave up again, and bring back with them relics of the past joys or dreams of future bliss!

Maitre Simon's barge was lying at anchor near the village. It had just landed a party of emigrants on the way back from the Arkansas to New Orleans. He was storing it with provisions for the rest of the voyage, and was standing in the midst of cases and barrels, busily engaged in this labor, when Colonel d'Auban stepped into the boat, bade him good morning, and inquired after his daughter. On his first arrival in America he had made the voyage up the Mississippi in one of Simon's boats, and the bargeman's little girl, then a child of twelve years of age, was also on board. Simonette inherited from her mother, an Illinois Indian, the dark complexion and peculiar-looking eyes of that race; otherwise she was thoroughly French and like her father, whose native land was Gascony. From her infancy she had been the plaything of the passengers on his boat, and they were, indeed, greatly in need of amusement during the wearisome weeks when, half imbedded in the floating vegetation of the wide river, they slowly made their way against its mighty current. As she advanced in years, the child became a sort of attendant on the women on board, and rendered them many little services. She was an extraordinary being. Quicksilver seemed to run in her veins. She never remained two minutes together in the same spot or the same position. She swam like a fish and ran like a lapwing. Her favorite amusements were to leap in and out of the boat to catch hold of the swinging branches of the wild vine, and run up the trunks of trees with the agility of a squirrel, or to sit laughing with her playfellows, the monkeys, gathering bunches of grapes and handfuls of wild cherries for the passengers. She had a wonderful handiness, and a peculiar talent for contrivances. There were very few things Simonette could not do if she once set about them. She twisted ropes of the long grass which grows on the floating Islands of the Miss-

issippi, and could build a hut with old boards and pieces of coarse canvas, or prepare a dinner with hardly any materials at all—as far as any one could see. She mended dresses or made them, kept her father's accounts, or, what was more extraordinary still, proved a clever and patient nurse to the passengers who fell ill with the dreadful fever of the country. Wild as an elf, and merry as a sprite at other times, she would then sit quietly by the side of the sufferers, bathing their foreheads or chafing their hands as the hot or cold fit was upon them, and rendering them every kind of service.

During the time that d'Auban was on board her father's boat, it was the little stewardess herself who fell ill. One day her laugh was no longer heard—the plaything, the bird, the elf, ceased to dart here and there as she was wont to do in the exuberance of her youthful spirits. Nothing had ever before subdued her. She did not know what it was to tear any thing, except perhaps a blow from her father, and, to do him justice, his blows were not hard ones. A bit of European finery or a handful of sweetmeats were enough to send her into an ecstasy. Sometimes she was in a passion, but it did not last beyond a minute or two, and she was laughing again before there had been time to notice that she was out of temper. But now sickness laid its heavy hand on the poor child, her aching head drooped heavily on her breast. She did not care for anything, and when spoken to scarcely answered. Simon sat by his little daughter, driving away the insects from her face, and trying in his rough way to cheer her. D'Auban also came and sat by her side, and whispered to him, "Has she been baptized?"

"No, I have never had time to take her to a priest."

D'Auban sighed, and Simon looked at him anxiously. Faith was not quite extinct in him, and grief, as it often does, had revived the dying spark.

"May I briefly instruct, and then baptize her?" d'Auban added.

"You! but you are not a priest."

"No, but a layman may baptize a person in danger of death."

The little girl overheard the words, and cried out, "I will not die; don't let me die."

"No, my bird, my little one, you shall

not die," Simon answered, weeping and wringing his hands.

"Not unless the good God chooses to take you to His beautiful home in heaven," said d'Auban, kneeling by the side of the child. Then he talked to her in a low and soothing voice, and taught her the few great truths she could understand. Then, showing her a crucifix, he made her repeat a simple act of contrition, and baptised her in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. As the water flowed on her brow she raised her eyes no longer with a wild elfish smile, but a calm contented look. He made her a Christian that day, and on their arrival at the mission of St. Francis he took her to Father Maret, who, whilst her father's bark was repairing, placed her under Therese's care. She was christened in the church, and made her first communion before his next voyage. Therese took great pains with her charge, but she did not understand her character. The Indian's grave and earnest soul did not harmonize with the volatile, impulsive, and wayward nature of the Frenchman's child. Simonette heard Mass on Sunday, and said short prayers night and morning, but her piety was of the active order. She studied her catechism up in some tree, seated on a branch, or else swinging in one of the nets in which Indian women rock their children. She could hardly sit still during a sermon, and from sheer restlessness envied the birds as they flew past the windows. But if Father Maret had a message to send across the prairie, or if food and medicine was to be carried to the sick, she was his ready messenger—his carrier-pigeon, as he called her. Through tangled thickets and marshy lands she made her way, fording with her naked feet the tributary streams of the great river, or swimming across them if necessary; jumping over fallen trunks, and singing as she went, the bird-like creature made friends and played with every animal she met, and fed on berries and wild honey.

As she grew older, the life she led, her voyages to and from New Orleans, and above all, the acquaintances she made in that town, were very undesirable for a young girl. She learnt much of the evil of the world, was often thrown into bad company, listened to conversation and read books well adapted to taint the mind

and corrupt the heart. But as yet she had passed through these scenes and been exposed to those trials without much apparent bad result. When she returned to St. Francois du Sault, her manner was for a while bold and somewhat wild; she said foolish and reckless things. But an interview with Father Maret, a few days spent amongst good people, or a word of friendly advice from her god-father, would set her right again, and cause her to resume her good habits, to soften her voice, and sober her exuberant spirits. She had found a safeguard against contaminating influences in a feeling, the nature of which she could scarcely have defined, composed as it was of gratitude, admiration, and a love which had in it no admixture of hope and expectation of return. Sometimes these extraneous helps are permitted to do their work and to assist human weakness to keep its footing amidst life's shoals and quicksands—themselves at best but sands! But if a grain of sand has ever stood between us and sin it is not to be despised: nor will He despise it who caused the gourd to grow over the prophet's head, and to wither away when its mission was fulfilled.

"Where is Simonette?" inquired d'Auban, after the first words of civility had passed between him and the bargeman.

"She was here a minute ago," answered Simon with a grin, "but that is rather a reason she should not be here now. The girl is never in the same place for two minutes together."

"What! have not advancing years at all tamed her?" said d'Auban, laughing. "Is she quite the same light-hearted creature who enlivened for me the horrors of my first acquaintance with your barges, Maitre Simon? Well, I am glad of it. In the midst of mournful-looking Indians and careworn settlers, it is pleasant to have a laughing fairy like your daughter to remind us that there still exists such a thing as mirth. But I wish she was here. I have something to propose to her. However, I may as well, perhaps, broach the subject to you."

"Is it something profitable?" asked Maitre Simon, thrusting his hands in his pockets.

"It is a situation with a lady. You will admit that such an offer is not often met with in this country."

"What sort of a situation?"

"Partly as attendant, partly as companion."

"And is the lady a real one?"

"I have no doubt she is."

"And a person of good character? You see, Colonel, I am an old sinner myself, but I should not like my little girl to live with some of the ladies whom we know come out to the colony."

D'Auban felt he had no proof to give of Madame de Moldau's respectability beyond his own entire belief in it.

He answered in a somewhat sneering manner, "I will engage to say that, as far as morality goes, she is greatly superior to the persons your daughter associates with on board your boats."

"Ah! but there I watch over her."

Whatever d'Auban might think of the amount of Simon's parental vigilance, he felt that his own manner of speaking had been wrong.

"All I can tell you is," he said in a different tone, "that from what I have myself seen of Madame de Moldau, I am persuaded that she is a person of unexceptional character. Her father has more fortune than the generality of settlers, and has bought M. de Harlay's pavillon. I did not know them before they came here, but my impressions are so favorable that I do not hesitate to advise you to accept the offer I speak of, if Simonette herself is inclined to do so."

"Here comes the monkey," cried Simon, pointing to the thicket from whence his daughter was emerging. "May I speak to her first about it?" d'Auban asked.

"Certainly; only when you come to talk of wages you had better take me into council."

D'Auban went to meet the girl. In her half-French, half-Indian costume, with her black hair twisted in a picturesque manner round her head, and her eyes darting quick glances, more like those of a restless bird than of a woman, Simonette, as Maitre Simon's daughter had always been called, was rather pretty. There was life, animation, and a kind of brilliancy about her, though there was no real beauty in her features, and no repose in her countenance; she seemed always on the point of starting off, and had a way of looking out of the corner of her eye as if she caught at what was said to her rather than listened to it.

"How do you do, Simonette? It is a long time since I have seen you."

"Sir, I thought you had forgotten me."

"No, indeed, I have not; and the proof is in my coming here to-day to offer you a situation."

"Sir, I don't want a situation."

"Hear what it is, Simonette, before you decide. Madame de Moldau, the lady at St Agathe, would like to engage you as an attendant; but, in fact, what she really wants is a companion."

"Sir, she had better not take me."

"Why so, Simonette?"

"Because, sir, I should not suit her."

"But I think you would, Simonette, and I really wish you would think about it."

"Well, wait a moment, and I will." She darted off, and in a moment was out of sight.

Maitre Simon came up to d'Auban and asked what had become of her.

"She says she must take time to consider, and has rushed into the thickets."

"I always maintain she is more like a monkey than a woman," Simon exclaimed in a tone of vexation. "I daresay she is in the hollow of a tree or at the top of a branch. I wish she was married and off my hands. What wages would the lady give?"

"Well, forty francs a month, I suppose."

"Fifty would be more to the purpose. You see, sir, if it is not often that ladies are to be found in these parts, it is just as seldom that ladies' maids are to be met with."

"Well, I admit there is something in that. Let us then say fifty."

"Ah! I know you are a reasonable man, Colonel d'Auban. I wish the girl would come back."

In a few minutes she did return, holding a small ape in her arms, and playing a thousand tricks with it.

"Well, Simonette, your father is satisfied about the wages. It remains for you to say if you will accept the situation."

"No, sir, I will not," answered Simonette, looking hard into the monkey's face.

"But it is a very good offer," urged her father. "Fifty francs a month. What are you thinking of, child?"

"It would also be an act of charity towards the lady," d'Auban put in. "She is ill and sorrowful."

"And I am sure it would be a charity to ourselves," Simon said in a whining

voice. "Passengers are not so frequent as they used to be, and it is like turning our backs on Providence to refuse an honest employment."

"It is the lady we brought some months ago, father, from New Orleans," said Simonette. "A pale, tall woman, with blue eyes."

"Of course, I remember her quite well. The old gentleman paid my bill without saying a word, which very few of my passengers have the right feeling to do. I am sure they must be excellent people."

There was a slight sneer on the daughter's lip.

"What does this lady expect of me, sir?" she said, turning to d'Auban.

"To help her to govern her household, and render all the little services you can. She is much inclined to like you, and I think you would be very happy at St. Agathe?"

Simonette laughed a short, bitter laugh, and, hugging the monkey, whispered in its ear, "Oh, my good little ape! Are you not glad to see how foolish men can be?" Then, suddenly becoming grave, she looked steadily at d'Auban and said, "Then, sir, you really wish me to accept the offer?"

"I really do. I think it will be a mutual advantage to this lady and to you."

"Then, God forgive me, I will."

"God forgive you!" exclaimed d'Auban, puzzled, and beginning to feel irritated with the girl's manner. "What can you mean?"

"She is in one of her moods; it is the Indian blood in her," cried Maitre Simon. "But you know, Colonel, she soon gets out of these queer tempers; she is a good girl on the whole. May we consider the affair as settled?"

"I suppose so," said d'Auban, speaking rather coldly. "If you will come tomorrow at nine o'clock to St. Agathe, Simonette, Madame de Moldau will see you."

"Very well, sir. Have you any other commands for me?"

"No, only to catch and tame for me just such another ape as that."

"They are not easily tamed. They require a great deal of affection."

"Oh! that I cannot promise to give to a monkey."

"The love of a little animal is not to be always despised," muttered Simonette,

"nor its hatred;" and then she went about the barge pulling things about, and exciting the ape to grin and to chatter. When d'Auban and her father had gone away, she sat down on one of the benches and began to cry. "Oh, bad spirit!" she exclaimed—"fierce spirit of my mother's race, go out of my heart. Let the other spirit return—the dancing, laughing, singing spirit. Oh, that the Christian spirit that took charge of me when I was baptized would drive them both away, I am so tired of their fighting!"

Just then Therese came near the boat and said, "Simonette, all the girls of the mission assemble to-day in the church to renew their baptismal vows, and the chief of prayer will speak to them. The altar is lighted up, and the children are bringing flowers. Will you come?"

Simonette was soon with her companions in the forest chapel, and after the service was over she played with them on the green sward under the tulip trees. The maiden of seventeen summers was as wild with spirits, as turbulent in her glee, as the youngest of the party. She stopped once in the middle of a dance to whisper to Therese—"The Indian spirit is gone out of my heart for the present, but as to the French one, if I drive it out at the door it comes back by the window. What is to be done?"

CHAPTER V.

ON the following morning Colonel d'Auban met Simonette in the avenue of the pavillon. M. de Chambelle was coming out of the house with a very disconsolate countenance. He brightened up a little when he saw d'Auban.

"I do not know what is to become of us," he said. "Madame de Moldau is quite ill, and the Indian servant does not know how to do anything. Mon Dieu! what a country this is! Why would she come here?"

"I have brought Maitre Simon's daughter, M. de Chambelle. She wishes to offer her services to Madame de Moldau."

"Ah! Mademoiselle Simonette, you are a messenger from heaven!"

The celestial visitant was looking at poor M. de Chambelle with an expression which had in it a little too much *matice* to be quite angelic. "Let Mademoiselle," he continued, "name her own terms." It

was fortunate that Simon was not there to hear this, and d'Auban mentioned the same agreed upon between them. M. de Chambelle readily assented, and said he would go and inform his daughter of Mademoiselle's arrival. "I beg you will be seated," he said, bowing to the quadroom with as much ceremony as if she had been a princess in disguise.

With equal formality he announced to his daughter that he had found her attendant in the little stewardess on board the Frenchman's barge.

"Do you mean his daughter?" she asked, "the girl with eyes as black as the berries she gathered for us?"

"Yes, Madame, the young person who sometimes used to make you laugh."

"You know, my dear father, we had resolved not to have European servants. I feel as if it would be running a risk."

"But this girl is a quadroon. She has never been in Europe. She is really half a savage."

"On the contrary, my good father, she is a very civilized little being—far too much so for us. Indeed, I had rather not take her into the house."

"But I cannot bear any longer, and that is the real truth, to see you without any of the comforts you ought to have.

* * * * *

Oh yes, I know the walls are thin. I will not speak too loud. But did I not find you yesterday kneeling on the floor, trying to make the fire burn, and that horrible squaw standing stupidly by?"

"It is not the poor creature's fault; she is willing to learn."

"And in the meantime you, you, my own—"

The old man burst into tears, and leant against the foot of the bed overpowered with grief. "If you knew what I suffer when I see you thus!"

"Poor old father! do not grieve. There have been times when I have suffered much more than I do now. And let this thought be a comfort to you. What should I have done but for your care? I sometimes, however, ask myself if it was worth while to go through so much in order to lead such a life as this. If it would not have been better—" She hid her face in her hands and shuddered. "No, no, I am not ungrateful. But do not take it unkindly, dear good father, if

I talk to you so little. I often feel like a wounded animal who cares for nothing but to lie down exhausted. I remember—ah! I had resolved never to use that word again—but I do remember seeing a stricken deer lying on the grass, in a green valley near the tower where the hounds used so often to meet. It was panting and bleeding. I could not help weeping, even as you are now weeping. Dear old father! try not to give way to grief. It only makes me sad. Settle as you think best about this French or Indian girl. Does Colonel d'Auban recommend us to take her?"

"Most strongly. He is sure you will find her useful. He feels as I do; he cannot bear to see you without proper attendance."

"Well, let her come. I have not energy enough to resist yours and his kind wishes. The future must take its chance. But before you go, lock up that book, if you please."

This was the volume of German Psalms which had been snatched out of d'Auban's hand on the day of his first visit.

There was an undefinable expression in Simonette's face when she came into Madame de Moldau's room—an uneasy suspicious look. She answered briefly the questions put to her, and seemed relieved when her active exertions were called into play. She had not been many hours in the house before it assumed a new aspect. Some people have a natural talent for making others comfortable, and relieving the many little sources of disquietude which affect invalids.

Madame de Moldau's couch was soon furnished with cushions made of the dried willow grass, which the Indians collect for a similar purpose. The want of blinds or shutters was supplied by boughs, ingeniously interwoven and fixed against the windows. The sunbeams could not pierce through the soft green of these verdant curtains. The kitchen was put on a new footing, and towards evening a French *consomme* was brought to Madame de Moldau, such as she had not tasted since her arrival in America.

"I would not have believed a basin of broth could ever have been so acceptable," she said with a kind smile when her new attendant came to fetch the cup away.

Simonette made no answer. Her manner to her mistress was by no means

agreeable; she labored indefatigably for her, but the gaiety which had been her principal attraction only showed itself now by fits and starts. She soon became the ruling power at St. Agathe; took all trouble off M. de Chambelle's hands, and managed him as a child. The Indian servant, the negro boy, and even the slaves on the plantation, owned her sway. After she had been at the pavillon about three weeks, d'Auban met her and said, "Your employers are delighted with you, Simonette."

"They would do better to send me away, sir," she testily replied.

"Why so?" he asked, feeling hurt and disappointed.

"Sir, I do not like people who have secrets."

Before he could answer, M. de Chambelle joined them, and she went away. The recklessness of her childhood, and the exuberance of her animal spirits, had now taken the form of incessant activity. She never seemed happy except when hard at work.

D'Auban's visits to St. Agathe were becoming more and more frequent. There were few evenings he did not end his rounds by spending a few moments under the verandah or in the parlor of the pavillon. Most of his books, and all his flowers, gradually made their way there. Antoine, though little given to reading himself, bitterly complained that there was scarcely a volume left on his master's shelves. He began to feel at home in that little room, to which Simonette had contrived to impart an Old World look of comfort. Her glimpses of the colonists' houses at New Orleans had given her an insight into European habits. His chair was placed for him between Madame de Moldau and her father, and, though she was habitually silent, the hours glided by with wonderful rapidity during the now lengthening evenings, as he recounted the little incidents of the day, or described the scenery he had rode through, or dwelt on the new plans he was forming. She always listened with interest to everything he said, but did not seem to care much about the people amongst whom their lot was cast. The mention of any kind of suffering always made her shudder, but that negroes, Indians, or poor people of any sort were of the same nature as her-

self, she did not seem exactly to realize. Practically, she did not care much more about them than for the birds and beasts, living and dying around her in the sunshine and the shade. But d'Auban, by telling her facts which came home to her woman's heart, gradually awoke in her a new sense of sympathy. It was dangerous ground, however, to venture on, for if the woes of others did not always appear to touch her deeply, yet sometimes the mention of them provoked a burst of feeling which shook her delicate frame almost to pieces. M. de Chambelle on these occasions was wont to look at him reproachfully, and at her with a distressed expression till she had recovered her composure. D'Auban also got into the habit of watching every turn of her countenance, every tone of her voice. She attracted and she puzzled him. Not only did her father, and she herself, continue to preserve a nearly total silence as to their past history, but there were peculiarities in her character he did not understand. It was impossible in many ways to be more amiable, to show a sweeter disposition, or bear with more courage the privations and discomforts she was often subjected to. But he could not help observing that, notwithstanding all her sweetness and amiability, she took it as a matter of course that her wishes should be considered paramount to any other consideration. She acknowledged Simonette's services with kindness, but made ample, and not always very considerate, use of them. He was often sent for himself at inconvenient times, and for somewhat trifling reasons, and she did not seem to understand that the requirements of business were imperious, and could not be postponed to suit her convenience. But he was so glad to see her shake off the listless despondency which had weighed upon her during the first period of her residence at St. Agathe, so delighted to hear her express any wish and take pleasure in anything; the least word of thanks from her had such a charm for him, and ministering to her happiness was becoming so absorbing an interest, that, even whilst wondering at M. de Chambelle's paternal infatuation, he was fast treading in his footsteps, and in danger of being himself subjected to the same gentle tyranny. Their conversation grew longer and more intimate. He felt he was gaining influence over her. Often when he

was expressing his opinions on various subjects, she would say :

"I had never thought of that before ;" or, "it had never struck me in that light." And he would notice the result of some observation he had made in slight changes in her conduct.

There was one subject, however, she always carefully avoided, and that was religion. He was in total ignorance as to her feelings and opinions on that point. Except the volume of German Psalms which had been taken out of his hand, he had seen nothing at St. Agathe which gave him any idea as to the form of religion she professed, or whether she held any religious belief at all. At last he resolved to break silence on this subject by putting a direct question to her.

This happened one evening when he had been speaking of the slaves, and of the measures he was taking for their instruction in Christianity. He abruptly asked, "What is your religion, Madame de Moldau ?"

The silence which ensued was painful to both. His heart was beating very fast, and an expression of annoyance almost amounting to displeasure was visible in her face. At last, as he still persisted in expecting an answer, she said, "I think I should be justified in refusing to answer that question. There are subjects on which, in such a country as this at least, thought may be free. I would rather not be questioned as to my religious belief."

"Forgive me, Madame de Moldau, but is this a friendly answer? Do you think it is curiosity that leads me to ask? Do you think, as day after day we have sat talking of every thing except religion, that I have not longed to know what you thought—what you believed? . . . No, I will not let you be silent. I will not leave you till you have answered my question."

There was in d'Auban's character the strength of will which gives some persons a natural ascendancy over others. Other qualities may contribute to it, but determination is the natural element of all such power. It has also been said that in any friendship or intimacy between two persons, there comes a moment which establishes the ascendancy of one of the parties over the other ; and if this be true, that moment was arrived for those we are now speaking of. Madame de Moldau had resolved not to open her lips on the sub-

ject which he was equally determined she should speak upon. She wept and made signs that he should leave her ; but he who had been hitherto subservient to her slightest wish, who had treated her with an almost exaggerated deference, now stood firm to his point. He sat resolutely on with his lips compressed, his dark grey eyes fixed upon her, and his whole soul bent on obtaining that answer which he hoped would break down the wall of silent misery rising between her soul and the consolations she so much needed.

"Madame de Moldau, what religion do you *profess* ?" he again asked, laying a stress on the last word.

"I profess none," she answered in a voice stifled with sobs.

"Well, then, thank God that you have said so—that you have had the courage to avow the truth. If you would only open your heart—"

"Open my heart !" she repeated, with a melancholy emphasis. "You do not know what you are saying ; I am not like other people."

"But will you tell me, Madame, in what religion you were educated ?"

A bitter expression passed over her face as she answered :

"In no particular religion."

"Is that possible ?"

"I was always told it did not signify what people believed, and, God knows I think so now."

"Madame, is that your creed ?"

"I detest all creeds."

"And you have never practised any religion ?"

"I have gone through certain forms."

"Those of the Catholic religion ?"

Madame de Moldau was silent.

"For heaven's sake, Madame, answer that one question."

"No, I have never been a Catholic."

"Oh, I am so glad !"

"Why so ?"

"You will not understand it now, Madame, but some day you will. And now, before I go, tell me that I have not offended you."

"I ought perhaps, to be offended but in truth I cannot say that I am. Perhaps it is because I cannot afford to quarrel with the only friend I have in the world." She held out her hand and for the first time he pressed it to his lips.

"And I suppose I am to read these

books?" she said, with a faint smile, pointing to the last volumes he had sent. "I doubt not they are carefully chosen."

"There was not much to choose from in my library, and no art in the selection. I have sent you the friends which have strengthened me in temptation, consoled me in sorrow, and guided me through life."

As he was leaving Madame de Moldau's room, d'Auban perceived through the green leaves two eyes fixed upon them. He wondered who it was watching them, and darted out to see. Simonette was sitting at work on the verandah, humming the old French song :

Au clair de la lûme,
Mon ami Pierrot,
Prete-moi ta plume,
Pour ecrire un mot.

"Who was looking into that room?" he said, going up to her in an angry manner.

She shrugged her shoulders without answering. He felt convinced it must have been her eyes he had seen through the green boughs, but thought it better not to say so.

"Do you like your situation, Simonette?" he asked.

"No, sir, I do not."

"Are you not well treated?"

"I have nothing to complain of."

"What makes you dislike it, then?"

"Nothing that anybody can help."

"Come, Simonette, I am an old friend of yours. You ought to speak to me with more confidence."

"A friend to me! yes, you have indeed been the best of friends to a friendless girl; but, sir, it was not a friendly act to bring me here."

"I wish you would speak plainly."

"That is just what I cannot do."

"You are not used to service, and find it irksome, I suppose?"

"No, I have always served some one or other since I can recollect."

"Your mistress seems particularly kind to you, and I know both she and her father are greatly pleased with your services."

"And it gives you pleasure that I should stay here?"

This was said in a gentler tone of voice.

"Well, I should be glad that you remained, and I cannot see any reason against it."

"Then, sir, I will try to do so," she

answered, in a humble, submissive manner. "Good-bye, M. d'Auban."

When he was gone, the young girl sank down again on the seat, and for a moment covered her face with her hands. When she took up her work again, and as her eyes wandered over the lawn, they caught sight of something yellow and glittering lying on the grass, at a short distance from the house. She went to pick it up and found a magnificent gold locket, which contained a miniature set in diamonds. She held it open in the palm of her hand, and gazed alternately at the picture and on the words inscribed at the back. An expression of surprise, a sort of suppressed exclamation, rose from her compressed lips; then putting it in her pocket, she walked back to the house—not in her usual darting bird-like fashion, but slowly, like a person whose mind is wholly absorbed. Madame de Moldau had been asking for her, and when she came in complained a little of her absence; but, observing that she looked ill, kindly inquired if she was ailing.

"You work too hard, perhaps. I really do not think you ever take a moment's rest. I reproach myself for not having noticed it before."

"Indeed, you need not do so, lady, for it is not for your sake that I came here, and if I do spend my strength in working for you, neither is it for your sake that I do so."

Madame de Moldau colored a little, for there was something offensive in the tone with which this was said.

"Do you mean," she asked with a slight amount of irony, "that it is all for the love of God, as pious people say?"

"No, Madame; Therese works in that way, and I wish with all my heart I did so too. She has no master but the good God."

"And for whom do you work, then? Who do you call your master? Is it the priest, or your own father?"

"I am not speaking of them, Madame."

"Then of whom are you speaking?"

"May not I have my secrets, Madame, as you have yours?"

Madame de Moldau colored deeply, and joined her hands together in an attitude of forced endurance. Simonette was looking at her with a searching glance. One of her hands was in her pocket tightly grasping the locket she had found. At last she said :

"Lady, have you lost anything?"

Madame de Moldau hurriedly felt for the black ribbon round her neck, and not finding it there, turned pale.

"What have you found?" she asked.

"A very beautiful trinket," Simonette answered, and pulled the locket out of her pocket. "Of course it belongs to you, Madame? Those are larger diamonds than any I have yet seen, but I learnt at New Orleans the value of those kind of things."

Madame de Moldau held out her hand for the locket. "Thank you," she quickly said. "It is my property." Then she took off a small ring and offered it to her attendant. "This is not a reward for your honesty, for I am sure you do not wish for one, but rather a token of the pleasure it gives me to recover this locket."

Simonette hesitated. On the one hand the thought crossed her mind, that the offer of the ring was a bribe. She thought she had grounds for thinking this possible. The conflict which had been going on in her mind since her coming to St. Agathe seemed to have reached a crisis. "I am much obliged to you, Madame," she said at last, "but I would rather not accept this ring."

A long silence ensued. Both took up some needlework. The hands of the mistress trembled, whilst her attendant's fingers moved with nervous rapidity. After a long silence the former said, "You have been a kind and a useful attendant, Simonette, and I do not know what I should have done without you during my illness; but I am now quite recovered. You do not seem to be happy here, and I ought to learn to wait on myself. Is it not better that we should part?"

Again good and bad thoughts of that gentle lady passed like lightning through the girl's mind. "She wishes to get rid of me. She knows I suspect her. Perhaps, I am an obstacle to some of her wicked plans." The indignant inward voice was answered by another. "It is cruel to suspect her. Cruel to leave her. She will be ill again if I go. At the bottom of my heart I believe I love her."

She raised her eyes, which she had hitherto kept fixed on her work. Madame de Moldau was weeping; she looked the very picture of youthful and touching sorrow—so innocent, so gentle, so helpless. Their eyes met, and Simonette's were also

full of tears. "Would you be sorry to leave me, Simonette?"

"M. de Auban will be very angry with me if I do."

"Not if I choose to part with you?"

This was said with gentleness but firmness.

Simonette felt her conduct was ungenerous, and she exclaimed, "I have been wrong; do let me stay, Madame. I cannot bear that M. d'Auban should think me ungrateful."

"What has he done to inspire you with so much gratitude?"

"What has he *not* done for me?" Simonette replied, with deep emotion. "I was an outcast and he reclaimed me—a savage and he instructed me—I was dying, and he baptized me!"

"Indeed! When?—where?"

"Five years ago in my father's boat. I had the fever. I shall never forget the words he said to me then, or what I felt when he poured the water on my head."

"And he has been kind to you ever since?"

"Oh yes, very kind; he is always kind."

"He has, indeed, been so to us."

"May I stay?"

"I don't know, Simonette; M. de Chambelle will decide."

"Then I am sure I shall stay."

This was said in a tone which, in the midst of her emotion, which had not yet subsided, made Madame de Moldau laugh. That laugh settled the question. But although Simonette's heart had been touched, her mind was not satisfied. The sight of the locket and of the picture it contained stood between her and her peace. She took advice of Father Maret. He, probably, was of opinion that she should stay at St. Agathe, for she said nothing more about leaving; but though she grew every day fonder of her mistress, it was clear that some secret anxiety was preying on her mind.

After this day nothing occurred for some time to disturb the even course of the settlers' lives. D'Auban now spent all his spare time at St. Agathe, and Madame de Moldau gradually began to take an interest in his pursuits and occupations. The united concessions were flourishing under his management, and the condition of the laborers rapidly improving. At last she was induced to visit some of the huts on the plantation, and as soon as

the effort was made, she found pleasure in doing good to her poor neighbors, and in studying how to help them—first, by furnishing them with little comforts such as they could appreciate, and then by nursing them in sickness. But when it came to this she felt her own helplessness in cases where persons were troubled in mind, or leading bad lives, or plunged in ignorance. Her own ideas were too vague, her own belief too uncertain, to enable her to give advice or consolation to others. One day she found Therese in a cabin where a Frenchman was lying at the point of death. She had spoken to her two or three times before, and d'Auban had been anxious to make them better acquainted, but they were both very reserved, and no advance had been made towards intimacy. Wishing not to disturb her she remained near the door, and did not make her presence known. Therese was speaking earnestly to the sick man and preparing him for the last sacrament, which Father Maret was soon to bring to him. What she said, simple as it was, indeed, because of its simplicity, made a great impression on Madame de Moldau. It gave her different ideas about religion than she had hitherto had. She remained in that poor hut watching, for the first time in her life, the approach of death, and with all sorts of new thoughts crowding into her mind. She placed on the floor the provisions she had brought with her, and slipped away unperceived; but the next day Therese was surprised by a visit from the lady of St. Agathe, and still more so by her saying, "Therese, you must instruct me in your religion."

A thrill of joy ran through the Indian's heart, but she answered, "Not so, daughter of the white man. Let me take you to the black robe."

"Not yet, Therese, not yet. You must teach me yourself, and then perhaps I will go to the black robe."

"But the eagle of your tribe—he can tell you more than a poor Indian about the Great Spirit and the Christian's prayer."

"Are you speaking of Colonel d'Auban, Therese?"

"Yes, of the great and good chief of the white men. They call him amongst us the great hunter and the strong arm, but it is his goodness makes him a son of

the Great Spirit, and the hope of all who suffer."

"It is his goodness which began to make me think of learning your religion, Therese; but it is you who must teach me."

She would take no denial. Day after day the European lady sat by the side of the daughter of an Algonquin chief in her poor hut, and learnt from her lips the lessons taught from the time of the Apostles by simple and learned men, by poor monks and great divines, in universities and village schools, in the cathedrals of Old Europe, and the forest chapels of the New World. She drank in the spirit of child-like piety which breathed in all that Therese did and said, and never felt so peaceful as in her cottage. There no questions were raised which could agitate her, no allusions were made to the past, no anxious looks were bent upon her. D'Auban's affection, as well as Simonette's curiosity, were ever on the watch. They were all more or less watching one another. She was not ungrateful for his solicitude, but it sometimes seemed to weary her. There was a struggle going on between them, and also, perhaps, in her own heart. He was always trying to break through the barrier which, with all her feeble womanly strength, she was resolutely keeping closed.

Therese, on the contrary, cared nothing for her past history, had no wish to know who she was and whence she came. Her only object was to make her love the Christian prayer and serve the Great Spirit with as much zeal as herself. This simple and ardent faith, joined to the daily example of her holy life, had more effect on her disciple than able arguments or deep reasonings. The books she had lately read at d'Auban's request had doubtless removed some prejudices from her mind and prepared the way for the reception of dogmatic truth; but it was not Bossuet's writings, nor St. Francois de Sale's, the most persuasive of Christian writers, that finally overcame her scepticism and converted her to Catholicism. When she heard the young Indian girl speaking of the honor and joy of dying for one's faith, and envying the terrible sufferings which some of her countrymen had not long ago endured for the sake of their religion, it served to convince her far more than abstract reasonings that a creed

is not a mere symbol or religion a set of particular ceremonies. She saw in Therese how young persons can sacrifice for the love of a God everything that is commonly called happiness and pleasure; and that, amidst the untutored savages of the New World, as well as formerly amongst the proud and luxurious Roman nobles, Christians lay down their lives gladly for the sake of their faith, and this more than anything else showed her the difference between an opinion and a creed, a sentiment and a religion. Though she did not converse with freedom on these subjects with d'Auban, she liked to hear from Therese of his love of the poor, of his tenderness towards the sick and aged. She knew that priests and sisters of charity cared for the poor, but that a man in the prime of life, full of ability and talent, should cherish the outcasts of the human race—savages and slaves—was first a wonder and then a new light to her. Therese's imagination, fraught with imagery and tinged with enthusiasm, drew pictures of his goodness which had in them truth as well as beauty. She described how the white man, who could hunt and swim and slay the leopard and the wolf, and conquer in battle the greatest warriors of the four nations, loved little children and carried them in his arms. She said he was like the west wind walking lightly over the prairies, whispering to the lillies.

Madame de Moldau listened, and her blue eyes, which seemed often fixed in mournful contemplation on invisible scenes of sorrow, would suddenly light up as if a brighter vision rose before them. She was at last persuaded one evening to attend a service in the church of the Mission. It was one of those at which the negroes from the neighboring plantations usually flocked. Hidden in a recess, she heard the black robe preach to the poor slaves. He spoke of the weary and heavy laden, of a bondage sadder than theirs; and it seemed as if he was addressing her. Perhaps he was, for often God's servants unconsciously utter words which are a direct message from Him to some particular soul. The next day she came to see him, and after that they often met in the huts of the poor, and he sometimes came to St. Agathe. He, too, watched her with interest. How could it be otherwise? D'Auban's affection for the beautiful stranger was no secret to him,

and for his sake he tried to become better acquainted with her, to find out something of her past life, of her former associates, of her former place of residence. It was of no use. He was not more successful than d'Auban himself, or than Simonette. He did not express any suspicions, and yet he did not seem perfectly satisfied. He still advised him to be cautious.

"She looks so good! she is so good!" d'Auban would say.

"Well, so she does," he would answer with a smile, "and I hope she is so; but I wish she would tell us where she was born, and where and when M. de Moldau died. I have a fancy for facts and dates, baptismal and marriage certificates."

Some months elapsed, and brought with them little outward change in the lives of the little band of emigrants. It was a monotonous existence, as far as the surface of things went; but it had its under-current of cares and interests, of hopes and fears.

"Men must work and women must weep"—such is the burthen of a popular song which has often been sung in luxurious drawing-rooms by men who do not work and women who seldom weep. But it was true of those dwellers in the wilderness whom chance had brought together, and who were beginning to care more for one another than those should do who are not looking forward to a time when, before God and men, they may be all in all to each other. She often wept; sometimes with a passionate grief, or, if others showed her affection, with a kind of child-like sorrow which shows a latent disposition to be comforted.

He worked very hard for her and for others also, for his was not a narrow selfish love. It widened his heart to all human sympathies. Perhaps there was a little self-interest in it too. To every person whose passage to the grave he smoothed, and who whispered with their last breath, "I will pray for you in heaven," he said, "Pray for her." To those who blest him for his kindness or his charity, he again said, "Ask God to bless her." And the blessing he desired for that beloved one was the gift of Faith. He thought he saw its dawning, and watched its progress with anxious hope. The winter came, and stillness was on the prairie—the stillness which is like that of a mist lying on a waveless sea. The snow was

on the ground, the last brown and yellow leaves falling from the seared branches, and the mighty rushing of the neighboring river, the only sound heard in the depths of the windless forest.

It was a picturesque group which sat round the blazing pine logs in the hall of the pavillon. Madame de Moldau was the centre of it. What a clever French girl said of a princess of our day might have applied to the lady of St. Agathe—*"C'este la realite de l'ideal."* Simonette's dark arch countenance, d'Auban's handsome sunburt face, and M. de Chambelle's gray hairs, contrasted with her fair and radiant beauty. As a background to the principal figures of this picture sat Indian women nursing their children, men mending nets or feathering arrows. Negroes and whites and red men mixed together, crouching by the fire and enjoying the warmth. They were all devoted to Madame de Moldau since she had begun to take notice of them, and she liked them to come in and to surround her. As her spirits improved, she lost her love of solitude, and the homage of her dependants was evidently agreeable to her. She now seldom saw d'Auban in the morning, but was evidently not well pleased if he omitted to come in the evening. She avoided long or intimate conversations with him, but always listened with the greatest attention to what he said to others or in general conversation. None could see them together without perceiving that he was devotedly attached to her—no one, at least, who felt any interest in watching the progress of this attachment. M. de Chambelle evidently rejoiced that he had found in him a fellow-worshipper, and the dark-eyed girl sitting at her feet knew perfectly well that every word Madame de Moldau uttered thrilled through Colonel d'Auban's heart. She knew also that her mistress watched for the sound of his footfall on the grass just as she did herself, and that when he was in the room there was a brightness in her face which passed away when he left it.

It was a singular bond of union between persons so different from each other, and in such different positions; that they should be interested in the same person, though in a very dissimilar way. This sympathy was felt, though not acknowledged. If d'Auban wished something done, both were eager to carry out his

plans. If he stayed away longer than usual from St Agathe, both were depressed, and each knew what the other was thinking of. The grateful enthusiastic girl's affection was a kind of worship. The reserved and sensitive woman's regard—the highly-educated lady's feelings—were of a different nature. This was often evinced in the little daily occurrences of life. Once, when he was ill, Madame de Moldau would not believe that he was too ill to come to St. Agathe. Simonette turned pale at the thought of his doing so, for Father Maret had said it would be imprudent. Yet on another occasion, when a man was drowning, she was glad he plunged into the river to save him at the risk of his life, whilst Madame de Moldau entreated and commanded him to desist from the attempt. To see him honored, admired, and beloved, was the passion of the young quadroom—to be cherished and cared for and petted by him, Madame de Moldau's principle object.

There was as much variety in the subjects talked of in those evenings at St. Agathe as in the appearance of the persons gathered in that remote spot from the most opposite parts of the world. Tales were told and songs were sung which had called forth tears and smiles under other skies and amidst other scenes. Stories of the black forest and the Hartz mountains; legends of Brittany and of the bocage; traditions of the salt lakes and the fenlands—of African tribes and slavery in Brazil—were told in prose and verse, wild and rude at times, but now and then full of the poetry which belongs to the infancy of nations. Father Maret was one day relating that a Frenchman had escaped death by promising the savages, if they would spare his life, that he would prove to them that he held them all in his heart—a pledge he redeemed by discovering a looking glass which he wore on his breast. There was a general laugh, and from Madame de Moldau's lips it came sweetly ringing like the chirping of a bird in a hedgerow. D'Auban had never heard her laugh; M. de Chambelle not for a very long time. Their eyes met, and there was a silent congratulation in that glance. The laugh which had gladdened their hearts was like the first note of a cuckoo on a spring day, telling of green shoots and budding blossoms at hand.

On the same evening, when Father Maret was going away, Madame de Moldau followed him to the door, and said a few words to him. When she returned there was a pensive expression in her countenance. Simonette was distributing some maple sugar to the laborers about to depart. They were as fond of it as children. M. de Chambelle was dozing. There was still some heat in the red embers, though the fire had nearly burnt out. Madame de Moldau stood by the chimney gazing on the fantastic shapes of the gleaming ashes. D'Auban said to her:

"I am so glad, madame, that you like Father Maret and see him often."

She sighed deeply. "How could one know and not like him, and not admire him? But . . ."

"But what?"

"He is very severe."

"In what way?"

Madame de Moldau colored, and did not answer.

"Oh, that silence! that perpetual silence. Will you never have the least confidence in me. Do not you see, do you not feel how devotedly?" he was going to say "I love you," but he was checked by a look, in which there was perhaps a little haughtiness. At least he fancied he saw something like pride in the sudden drawing up of her swan-like neck, and the troubled expression of her eyes; but if so, it lasted but an instant. In an earnest feeling manner she said, "If we are to be friends, dear M. d'Auban, and we certainly must be friends, and continue so, abstain, I beseech you, from appeals and reproaches, which give me more pain than you can imagine. I know how trying my silence must often be to you; how often I must appear cold and ungrateful"

"No, no, indeed it is not that. On the contrary, it is your kindness which emboldened me to speak as I did just now."

"One thing I will tell you which you will be glad to hear. I am thinking of becoming a catholic."

"Thank God for it," he exclaimed,

"Madame, I have prayed and hoped for this ever since I have known you."

"Have you indeed prayed for it? You do not know what it may involve;" her voice faltered a little.

"Sacrifices, perhaps?" he gently said, and paused, hoping she would say more. But just then M. de Chambelle woke up and made a thousand apologies for his drowsiness. She seemed glad of the interruption, and d'Auban went away.

As he walked home, he turned over in his mind everything that had passed during the last eighteen months since Madame de Moldau's arrival. That lapse of time had not thrown any light on the points which from the first had puzzled him. A mystery is never a pleasant thing—seldom a blessed one. The trackless wilds of the New World had already been polluted by many a foot which had set its impress on the worn-out surface of the Old World in characters of blood. Many had brought with him ill-gotten gains wherewith to traffic amidst new scenes and new dupes. How many, also, to hide a name once held up to public disgrace, and begin a new life, not of penitence and atonement, but of artifice and sin. He had never for a single moment supposed it possible that Madame de Moldau belonged to any of these classes of emigrants. She was one of those beings, so he fancied at least, with whom it is impossible to couple a thought of suspicion. He would sooner have doubted the evidence of his senses than have deemed her guilty and deceitful. But it did not seem equally out of the question that she might be the involuntary accomplice, or rather the victim of the sins of others. Nothing could exceed the precautions taken by her and her father to conceal even the outside of the letters they received. M. de Chambelle always watched for the arrival of the boat, and fetched away himself the parcels and letters directed to them. He had also noticed that she always looked nervous when he brought a newspaper with him. The arrival of one was rather an event in the settlement, and he sometimes offered to read the contents aloud.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ERRING.

JULIA A. FLETCHER IN THE "AVE MARIA."

THINK gently of the erring !
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggle, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

Deal gently with the erring !
Oh, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring !
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring !
Thou yet mayst win them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be,—
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.

THE SPIRIT AND SCOPE OF EDUCATION.

SELECTED.

To educate a man is to lead him forward and to raise him to that which he ought to be. Now, man is made after God's image and likeness; and his end is to become on earth more and more like unto God, who is truth and charity, and hereafter to be eternally united to God, as to the source of life and bliss. The powers of the child should then be judiciously awakened and trained in accordance with this high destiny, and the germs of vice, these sad fruits of our fall, be kept down and gradually destroyed.

On this account, every eternal influence which tends either to rouse the yet latent faculties, or if awakened, to guide them judiciously, or if in a wrong direction, to lead them back to the right path, may be termed educational, in the wider acceptance of the word. In this sense, the various circumstances in which a man may be placed, the thousand vicissitudes and different scenes of life, its joys and its sufferings, all may be called educational. In a more strict acceptance, however, we mean by education, that influence which is intentionally brought to act upon a human being not yet come to maturity, with a view to his formation, development, and improvement, and in order to raise him to that degree of personal independence which we designate "maturity."

Maturity and independence can be understood here only in a relative sense, and as opposed to the bodily and mental helplessness of childhood. Perfect independence can never be the position of a created being, and perfect maturity is reserved for the life to come, where the just in a proper state will see God face to face. Hence we thank Him without ceasing, that He has placed us in the bosom of the true church, under the guardianship of His Holy Spirit. "That henceforth we may be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried away with every wind of doctrine by the wickedness of man, by cunning craftiness, by which they lie in wait to deceive: but doing the truth in charity, we may in all things grow up in Him who is Head, even Christ."

Accordingly, education does not consist in the creation of new faculties, but only in the arousing and the training of those which nature has given.

If it should happen that a child appears destitute of one or more of the natural faculties common to men in general, the educator should not lose courage, and despair of ever being able to awaken them. The assistance of art combined with Christian patience and charity, may produce the most astonishing fruits. What did not Christian zeal and perseverance effect among the savages of Paraguay who at first seemed quite unsusceptible of civilization?

Neither is education the theory of merely exciting the latent powers of the mind. But as fallen man's whole being is corrupted, and subject to the law of sin, education, the end of which is to raise him to what he originally was, and what he ought ever to have remained, should exercise also a healing influence. To the educator may be addressed the commandment contained in the prophecy of Jeremias: "Lo, I have set thee . . . to root up and to pull down, and to build and to plant." (*Fer. i. 10.*)

Education, does not, moreover, consist in destroying any of man's natural faculties. If vice does exist, it does not lie in them, in as far as they are essential parts of the human being, but only in their corruption and aberration from the course which they were intended to pursue. Hence they themselves dare never be destroyed; but if they are abused, this abuse should be prevented.

Again, education does not consist in merely guarding youth against failings. However important, nay, however essential this point may be, it forms but one branch of education. Youth must not only be guarded against failings, but they must also be modelled according to the standard of perfect humanity; their being must be stamped with the proper character, and they themselves gradually led on to the beau-ideal of man.

Finally, education does not consist

merely in imparting information on this or that particular subject, or in training youth to the observance of certain rules or forms in their outward behaviour. The most important object in view is to develop and improve the mental powers, that the young soul may at last stand erect in manly strength and dignity, able now itself to prosecute the work of its own cultivation—a work which should last as long as life.

The opposite opinion is frequently found among the higher classes. There, (to preserve the peculiar imagery of a modern writer upon this subject,) children are yoked to the carriage-pole of a favorite system, and are whipped on to the goal which this system purposes. They are methodically forced into certain forms of outward propriety. But true wisdom and virtue are things neither known nor thought of within the sphere in which they are made to move. Hence it often happens that the common man is more correct in his opinions and in his inferences, freer and less uncertain in his actions, than another on whose education (so called) thousands are expended, and a host of teachers employed. The multitude of subjects to which the latter is obliged to listen, creates doubts and confusion in his mind, and his being continually tutored, restrained in his freedom of action, and modelled in every imaginable shape, prevents the development of natural character.

RELIGION AN ESSENTIAL ELEMENT IN EDUCATION.

To educate is not merely to awaken by some means or other the dormant faculties of the soul, and to give them any training which may happen to strike the educator's fancy. To educate a child, is to rescue the rising man from the perdition entailed upon him by Adam's fall, and to render him capable of attaining his true end in this world and in the next. As a citizen of this world, he has to fit himself for the sphere of action in which Providence intends him to move; and as a candidate for the kingdom of Heaven, with his hopes in eternity, he has to produce fruits which will last forever.

To imagine that it is impossible to bring up a child at once for earth and for Heaven, is to betray very little knowledge of things. God himself has placed us on earth as in a preparatory school and a

place of probation, and it is His will that while we are here, we should all, in our respective callings, contribute our best exertions towards the welfare of the whole. For this purpose He has bestowed certain talents upon us, of the employment of which He will on one day demand a strict account. If we wish them to attain to our true and last end, which reaches from time into eternity, we must to the best of our power finish here on earth the part allotted to us. "What things a man shall sow, those also shall he reap." The branch of education which has earth in view, is most intimately connected with the other, which aims at heaven. The union between them is indissoluble. What is here advanced, would only then involve contradiction, if in speaking of an education for earth, such an education were meant, as would fit youth for purely temporal pursuits, just as if temporal welfare were man's only end, and he had after death nothing to either to fear or to hope for. This opinion is, alas, but too prevalent among men. Woe to the child whose educators entertain it, and who is thereby kept in ignorance of its own true and eternal destiny! Woe to society did this opinion become universal!

For man, however, to rise to an intimate union of friendship with God, it is absolutely necessary, under any circumstances, that God should first descend to him, in order to instruct and enlighten him, to strengthen and to sanctify him by light and grace from above. This is particularly requisite in man's present fallen state, where he is of himself only an object of Divine displeasure, and moreover corrupted both in mind and body. It is a task beyond the power of finite being to accomplish, to rescue him from the grasp of sin, to dissipate the clouds which obstruct his mental vision, to restore him to his former health and vigor, and to deliver his captive will from the unholy fetters of sin and egotism. Omnipotence alone could accomplish this great work, and Omnipotence did accomplish it. The God-man, Jesus Christ, came in loving obedience to the will of His Eternal Father, and delivered himself a victim for man's redemption, establishing on earth a new institution of salvation, which is to last unto the end of time.

Accordingly there is no salvation for man possible unless through Christ.

Hence, if education is really intended to attain the one great and true object of education ; if it is intended to furnish the rising generations, as they succeed one another on earth, with the means and assistance requisite for securing to them their eternal happiness, it must necessarily be Christian. It must be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christianity, breathing forth the life and soul of Christ's religion into the young beings entrusted to it, and not coldly mentioning it to them, as one among other institutions worthy of notice. Unless the educator conduct his little ones to Christ, their Redeemer as well as his own, he will inevitably lead them astray. Nay, if the spirit of religion is banished from education, education will not so much as promote man's temporal welfare. Without religion, there is not such a thing as true love of one's self, or of one's neighbor ; not such a thing as firm and enduring attachment to country ; not such a thing as a sincere union of heart and hand for the advancement of the common weal. As Christianity alone unites man to God, so it alone unites man to man ; and the good gifts which it produces, as mentioned by the apostle, are "charity, joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, longanimity, mildness, faith, modesty, continency, chastity." The more, on the other hand, man withdraws himself from its influence, the more disastrous are the works of the flesh, enumerated by the same Apostle. (*Galat v.*) And these works, no one can deny it, are fraught with ruin, both for time and eternity.

This profanation of education, the banishment and neglect of religion, the foolish attempt to raise and ennoble fallen man by the sole instrumentality of his fellow-man, is the greatest bane of modern times. Men may, indeed, be sent forth into the world with fine esthetic feelings, and with a fund of the most varied information, but they belong also frequently to the class which St. Paul describes as "filled with all iniquity, malice, fornication, covetousness, wickedness, full of envy, . . . deceit, malignity, detractors, hateful to God, contumelious, proud, haughty, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, foolish, dissolute, without affection, without fidelity," &c.—(*Rom. i., 29, &c.*) "In our schools," so writes a modern writer, "Paganism predominates ; Christianity has been either inten-

tionally banished, or has been allowed to disappear, through indifference or neglect ; or else, where it is still retained, it is treated as a subject of secondary importance. The atmosphere of the school is wholly that of the world. To educate, is now to make youth proficient in the arts, and to fit him for money-making. This is what is called forming good citizens, as if a man could be a good citizen without being at the same time a good Christian, and as if Christianity were not the true basis and the bulwark of Christian states and their constitutions.

ANECDOTES OF DR. JOHNSON.

MR. BOSWELL one evening ventured to undertake the defence of convivial indulgence in *drinking*. After urging the common plausible topic, he had recourse to the maxim, "*in vino veritas* ;" a man that is well warmed with liquor will speak truth. "Why, sir," said Johnson, "that may be an argument for drinking, if you suppose men in general to be *liars*. But, sir, I would not keep company with a fellow who lies as long as he is sober, and whom you must make drunk before you can get a word of truth out of him.

Another time, in a party at Sir Joshua Reynold's, the question was discussed, whether drinking improved conversation and benevolence. Sir Joshua maintained that it did. "No, sir," replied Johnson, "before dinner men meet with great inequality of understanding, and those who are conscious of their own inferiority have the modesty not to talk ; but when they have drunk wine, every man feels himself happy, and loses that modesty, and grows vociferous and impudent ; but he is not improved, he is only not sensible of defects. Wine gives a man nothing ; it neither gives him knowledge nor wit ; it only animates a man, and enables him to bring out what a dread of the company has repressed. It only puts in motion what has been locked up in frost—but this may be good or it may be bad."

"So, sir," answered Sir Joshua, "wine is a key which opens a box." "Nay, sir," said Johnson, "*conversation is the key ; wine is a picklock*, which forces open the box and injures it. A man should cultivate his mind so as to have that confidence and readiness without wine which wine gives."

IRISH MISCELLANIES.

WRITTEN AND COMPILED FOR THE HARP.

NUMBER THREE.

Popular Errors—Ma Bouchalleen Bawn—An Ancient Legend—Vitality of Learning in Ireland—Curious Fact—Anecdote of Sheridan, Jr.—Armor Patriæ—Phelim O'Neil—Sylvester O'Halloran—Bruce's Castle—Pol-a-Phuca Waterfall—Castle and Round Tower of Kildare—O'Sullivan's Beare.

POPULAR ERRORS.

IRELAND is a small country—not as large as the state of New York, and less than one-fifth of the province of Quebec. This is one reason why all Irishmen should think equally well of each other on the score of nationality. Yet there is a strong disposition existing among them to be partial to natives of their own county or town, or even parish, rather than those of other places. One might almost say from considering this fact that there are too many counties in Ireland. There should not be either north, south, east or west. It should be Ireland and Ireland only, from Londonderry to Bantry Bay, and from Howth Head to the hills of Connemara. We should feel like Dr. Cahill, that we come from no particular section, but “from Ireland: it is too small to be divided.” Law and conventionality made counties and districts; God made Ireland. This should be our glory.

The error thus alluded to is one made by Irishmen themselves. There is another made by a heedless public not Irish. It is that of judging Irish characteristics by the extravagances of the stage and newspaper monstrosity. The appearance, language, and actions of this individual would lead people to believe that Irishmen were clowns and ignoramuses, from the fact that he is put as a type of the race. We say a “heedless” public because educated and intelligent persons would never think of accepting such a buffoon as a criterion of the nation which produced the eloquence of Grattan and O'Connell, the poetry of Moore and Goldsmith, and the wit of Curran and Sheridan. A united action among Irishmen themselves by discountenancing such exhibitions either on the stage or in the press,

would both stop the insult and dissipate the error.

MA BOUCHALLEEN BAWN.

AND where are going, ma bouchalleen bawn,
From father and mother so early at dawn?
O! rather run idle from evening till dawn
Than darken their threshold, ma bouchalleen
bawn.

For there they would tell you, ma bouchalleen
bawn
That the mother whose milk to your heart you
have drawn,
And the father who prays for you ev'ng and
morn
Can never be heard for you bouchalleen bawn.

That the faith we have bled for from father
to son,
Since first by a lie our fair valleys were won,
And which oft in the desert our knees to the sod,
We wept for them small, for our sons and our
God;

That this was idolatry, heartless and cold,
And now grown more heartless because it is
old;
And for something that's newer they'd ask you
to pawn
The creed of your fathers, ma bouchalleen bawn

And now will you go to them, bouchalleen
bawn,
From father and mother, so early at dawn?
O! the cloud from your mind let it never be
drawn,
But cross not their threshold ma bouchalleen
bawn.

JOHN BANIM.

NOTES.

Ma bouchalleen bawn.—My fair little boy.
“Darken their thresholds.”—The so-called
“evangelizers,” who, unable to bribe the stout-
hearted parents into apostacy, tried to do so
with their unsophisticated children.

“Since first by a lie.”—Allusion to the papal
bill forged by Henry II.

“Wept for them all.”—That is, in lonely
places, away from the persecutors, who would
have slaughtered or imprisoned them, if discov-
ered assisting at the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

KING AENGUS, of Munster, enjoyed the
sovereignty of Arran, which a pagan chief

named Corban held under him in the fifth century. Enda, brother of the king, was an earnest *religious*, an abbot at the head of a large community. But to set them at work to build, plow and sow in the fertile plains of Munster was too luxurious an existence for this mortified man of God; so he asked of Aengus as a favor to grant him the most desolate and barren place in his dominions for a kitchen garden and farm for himself and his monks. "Go," said the king, "and take possession of Arranmore. I will give Corban in exchange a territory much more advantageous to him." So the exchange was made, and Corban, having conveyed his goods and chattels, sacks and barrels of meal and corn, dead and live stock to the nearest part of the continent, met there St. Enda and his brothers, placing their few necessities, including agricultural implements, on barques and rafts for transport to Arran. Purse-proud Corban had the ill-nature to make remarks on the scanty provisions of the new colony, and to say, "Really, I feel for your poverty so much that if you had boats capable of conveying some of these sacks and barrels of food across, I would not grudge them." "Never hesitate," said Enda, "about the want of conveyance; make the offer with good will." "I do," said he. The words had scarcely been said when sacks, tubs and barrels, as if provided with wings, started from the ground and sped across the bay straight to Arranmore. Corban had will strong enough to fall on Enda and his people, but fear of their invisible protector stayed his hand. The provisions came to rest on the sand above Port Daibche, and gave the bay the name it still bears—Dabhach, being the Irish for tub or vat.

VITALITY OF LEARNING IN IRELAND.

IRELAND'S pre-eminence in learning during the three centuries that followed the era of St. Patrick, and when the rest of Europe was in literary childhood, has been often referred to with pride by Irish writers and with admiration by those of other nations. But there is another remarkable fact in connection with this, which has seldom been noticed. The Danes and their Anglo-Norman successors closed up the schools and destroyed the universities of Ireland, yet, neither gross ignorance, utter mental darkness, nor

moral depravity ever fell upon the land. Down to the middle of the 17th century Ireland preserved not only her clans, princes and higher laws, but also her shanachies or historians, her books, her ancient literature and traditions. The invaders took from Ireland her institutions of learning, her independence and her liberty; but they could not wipe out from her memory the old songs, destroy her old manuscripts, nor silence the impassioned eloquence of her priests. If her masters *would* not supply her with new methods of practical science and art, they *could* not force upon her either infidelity, irreligion, or a corrupt system of morals. They shot her priests and expelled her teachers, but the vacant places were immediately filled by others who kept the lamp of religion and learning continually burning; and the nation which in the day of her power dispelled the ignorance of her neighbors, again in the days of her physical weakness showed them the same moral grandeur as of old, and in many instances proved the intellectual superiority of her sons. The storm of persecution hid but did not extinguish the light of learning in Ireland, and as the storm spent itself the light became more and more apparent.

CURIOUS FACT.

MANY years ago a man named Owen Cunningham was employed by a gentleman in Mourne to dig up a willow tree of considerable magnitude that encumbered a particular part of his garden. In the course of the work the man was surprised to find at the bottom of the tree a vessel which adhered firmly to its roots. On raising it, it proved to be an anker of Geneva, which some person had buried at a remote period and had forgotten to remove. The hoops of this anker had been made of green willows, one of which had vegetated and produced the tree which Cunningham had then rooted out.

ANECDOTE OF SHERIDAN, JR.

ONE day, the junior Sheridan, who inherited a large portion of his father's wit and humor, dined with a party of his father's constituents at the Swan, in Stafford. Among the company were of course a number of shoemakers, one of the most eminent among them being in the chair, who, in the course of the afternoon, called

on Tom for a sentiment. The call not being immediately attended to, the president in rather an angry tone repeated it. Sheridan, who was entertaining his neighbors with a story, appeared displeased with this second interruption, and desiring that a bumper might be filled, he gave, "May the manufactures of Stafford be trampled upon by all the world." It is needless to say that this sally, given with an apparent warmth, restored him to the favor of the president.

AMOR PATRIÆ.

THE love of our country, an attachment to the land of our fathers, is a feeling which grows to maturity under all climates, and it is always in the manliest minds that it takes the deepest root. What but this feeling arms the true patriot in defence of its freedom, and makes crowds troop around him willing to share its fate, and conquer or die in its cause. Even the savage clings to his native soil, however barren, and disdains to barter his independence. There is no nobler answer on record than that which was given by a Canadian chief to some Europeans who would have bribed him to give up his patrimony: "We were born," said he, "upon this spot; our fathers are buried here. Shall we then say to the bones of our fathers, 'rise up and go with us to a strange land?'"

In this respect there is something wrong as it regards Ireland. No people possesses a greater love of country than the Irish do, and yet how many thousands of them do we see annually expatriating themselves to foreign climes, to seek in distant lands that encouragement which they cannot expect at home. Irish landlords and the rulers of Ireland will, it is hoped, be wakened to their real interests. It depends upon them to make Ireland happy, productive and powerful.

PHELIM O'NEILL.

In th' historic pages of Erin's green Isle,
How bright shone the name of old PHELIM
the brave,
Who lived where the groves of Shane's Castle
now smile,
And Neagh's crystal waters the green meadow
lave.

His vassals a province—obey'd at command—
In peace he was gentle—terrific in war;

As a crest on his standard display'd the Red
Hand,*
An ensign of glory!—Insult it who dare?

Where the green top of Slemish salutes the
gay morn,
To hunt with his vassals would PHELIM
resort;
And there oft at dawn has the loud sounding
horn
Invited the chieftains of Ulster to sport.

The sons of Clanboy† often hasted along—
The mighty O'Caghan‡ ne'er failed at the
call;
How great, how terrific appeared the throng
Which oft issued forth from Shane's Castle's
long hall!

The chase being o'er, on the green spreading
plain,
The hearty repast still profusely was laid,
Whilst oft on the flowery banks of the Main,
The loudly-ton'd bag-pipe enchantingly
played.

With huge joints of meat were the chieftains
regal'd—
The stout aqua-vitæ in madders flow'd
round—
The wild-sounding drone of the bag-pipe ne'er
failed
To make every valley near Slemish resound.

In peace, or in warfare, or rude recreation,
High, high in our annals old PHELIM arose:
Whilst living—the glory and pride of a nation—
In death—e'en his name long the dread of
his foes.

Talk yet of old PHELIM—then mark the great
fire
That darts from the eye of each son of the
clan!
All his mem'ry revive—as their king, as their
sire,
Their leader—a mighty, invincible man!

Now dreary and dark is the lone habitation,
Where moulders the bones of Ulster's great
King!
Each heart feels a throbbing, a pensive sensa-
tion,
As his praises sound forth from the harp's
loud-toned string.

Long, long shall his name be recorded in story—
A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war!
And O'NEILL still displays, as an emblem of
glory,
The Red Hand of Erin!—Insult it who dare?

* The Red Hand is still the crest on the arms
of the noble family of O'NEILL.

† Clanboy was the more immediate related
connections of PHELIM O'NEILL.

‡ O'Caghan, a celebrated Irish Chief.

SYLVESTER O'HALLORAN,

AN Irish historian of great celebrity, was born in the city of Limerick, 1728. He studied physic and surgery in Paris and London, and must have made rapid progress, as he published his first performance before he had reached the age of twenty-one. He was elected a member of the Irish Academy in 1785, and soon after an honorary member of the Royal College of Surgeons in Dublin. He was eminently learned in the language, antiquities and history of the ancient Irish, and wrote a "History of Ireland," which is held in the highest estimation. He also wrote an "Introduction to the Study of the History and Antiquities of Ireland," "Ierne Defended," a letter to the Antiquarian Society, and a dissertation on the ancient arms of Ireland, sent to the Irish Academy. He died at Limerick in 1807, in the eightieth year of his age.

BRUCE'S CASTLE.

ON a precipitous cliff, near the northern angle of the island of Ragherry, stands the ruins of an ancient fortress, called Bruce's Castle, from its having afforded an asylum to that heroic chieftain when an exile in the winter of 1306-7. The greater part of this building has fallen down, and the remaining portion is mouldering in the last stage of decay; still even its very fragments are peculiarly interesting, from their presenting the singular fact that the lime with which the castle is built has been burnt with sea coal; the cinders are still visible in the mortar, and bear a strong resemblance to those of the Ballycastle coal; thus demonstrating that the use of sea-coal in this kingdom is of greater antiquity than has been imagined.

According to tradition, this castle was erected by the Danes, who are said to have exercised the utmost tyranny over the people of Ragherry, who at length effected their deliverance in the following manner: Having to furnish, on demand, straw, fuel, and necessaries, for the use of the garrison in the castle, they contrived to conceal in each creel, a sturdy native, armed with a skein, or dagger, who, in the following night, despatched the guard, and having admitted their friends from without, put the garrison to the sword, with whom expired the Danish power in Ragherry.

At a little distance from the ruin, on the beach, is a natural cavern, with a wall in front, evidently intended for defence, called Bruce's Cave, which oral history states was also used as a place of retreat by the Scottish chieftain; and it is here worthy of record, that, in the summer of 1797, every male adult in Ragherry, except the parish priest and one other gentleman, took the test of a *United Irishman* in the gloomy recesses of Bruce's cavern. Adjoining is a small haven, called *Portna-Sassanach*; and near it, a field of battle is pointed out, called the Englishmen's graves—a pit or hollow remains, where the dead were probably interred in one common grave. This action is believed to have taken place in 1551-2, when an English army who landed here were totally defeated by the M'Donnells.

POL-A-PHUCA WATERFALL.

POL-A-PHUCA or Poul-a-Phouka, situated near Rusborough, county of Wicklow, is a remarkable waterfall formed by the ponderous and rapid descent of the whole body of the river Liffey. The name signifies "The Devil's or Demon's Hole," it being an immense whirlpool whose depth has never yet been ascertained. The water is drawn by a suction, the power of which nothing can resist, to the edge of a craggy precipice, where the rocks are divided into several distinct falls, in the manner of a stair-case. The breadth of the opening through which the water falls is but forty feet, and the height of the entire, from the upper stage beyond the bridge to the lower level, about one hundred and eighty. The quantity of water is not generally sufficient to convey grandeur on the scene, but after rainy weather it presents a noble picture; the mass of water is then considerable, and the fall of such a quantity over a declivity of this kind is a magnificent object; the hoarse roaring of the cataract may be heard at a distance of some miles. The abyss into which the water is precipitated from such a height exhibits the appearance of a frightful vortex, into which all bodies that come down the stream are attracted with astonishing force and velocity. The perpetual agitation of the water in this whirlpool, which is circular, forms an eddy, which has been compared to the celebrated Maelstrom off the coast of Norway—a

phenomenon which no vessel dare approach lest the irresistible in-draught should bury the unfortunate navigators in an unfathomable abyss.

CASTLE AND ROUND TOWER OF KILDARE.

VERY SOON after the arrival of the English in this country, the town of Kildare came into their possession. It was then famous as a place of learning and piety; and a castle was erected by De Vesey, to whom the town and district around were granted for the protection and defence of his extensive possessions. About the year 1290, a quarrel of a very violent nature arose between the Lord of Ophaly, and William de Vesey, then Earl of Kildare and Lord Justice of Ireland. Fitz Thomas of Ophaly offered to decide the dispute according to the chivalrous custom of the times, by single combat in the lists, and God protect and defend the just cause. De Vesey refused, and then Fitz Thomas laid his cause before the king; when the king deprived De Vesey of the town and manor of Kildare, and most of his other possessions, which he granted to the Lord of Ophaly, who then became the first Earl of Kildare of the line of Geraldine. This latter circumstance took place about the year 1316, after the De Veseyes holding the property by the right of arms for upwards of a century.

In the year 1294, the Prince of *Hy Falia*, called Colbrach O'Connor, invaded the English possession, and took the castle of Kildare, and burned all the records and deeds of the manor; and, as the old account has it, destroyed the *tallies*, a species of wooden accounts kept between lord and menial, at a time when writing was considered a very high attainment. O'Connor held possession upwards of twelve years, and was then defeated by the Lord O'Phaly, and obliged to return to his own district, in what is now called the King's county, and county of Westmeath.

In 1643 the castle was repaired, and a garrison placed in it by the Earl of Castlehaven, and Kildare began again to assume the appearance of a town; as the protection afforded by the garrison encouraged the people to come and build houses again. During the wars of the period, the cathedral was nearly destroyed, having the steeple beaten down by cannon.

In 1647 this town was taken by Colonel

Jones, but it was afterwards taken by the Irish forces, in whose possession it remained until the summer of 1649, when the Lord Lieutenant again became possessed of it. The round tower, which is situated near the cathedral, is in good preservation, and seems to have been built of two kinds of stone. From the foundation to about twelve or thirteen feet is composed of a kind of white granite, and the remainder of a common kind of stone of a dark color. The entrance or door is placed about thirteen feet from the ground, and it is full one hundred and thirty feet in height.

O'SULLIVAN BEARE.

An unfortunate son of genius, the late Mr. Callahan, has given a translation of an Irish elegy on the death of Murtough Oge O'Sullivan, from which we select the following stanzas:—

The sun on Ivera
No longer shines brightly,
The voice of her music
No longer is sprightly;
No more to her maidens
The light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling,
O'Sullivan Beare!

Scully, thou false one!
You basely deceived him
In his strong hour of need—
When your right hand should aid
him;
He fed you—he clad you—
You had all could delight you;
You left him—you sold him—
May heaven requite you!

Had he died calmly
I would not deplore him;
Or had the wild strife
Of the sea-wave closed over him;
But with ropes round his white limbs,
Through ocean to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter,
'Tis therefore I wail him.

In the pit which the vile hands
Of soldiers have made thee,
Unhonored, unshrouded,
And headless they laid thee;
No sigh to regret thee,
No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
No friend to deplore thee!

Dear head of my darling!
 How gory and pale
 These aged eyes see thee,
 High-spiked on their gaol;
 That cheek in the summer's sun
 Ne'er shall grow warm;
 Nor that eye e'er catch light,
 Save the flash of the storm.

A curse, blessed ocean!
 Be on thy green water,
 From the haven of Cork
 To Ivera of slaughter—
 Since thy billows were dyed
 With the red wounds of fear,
 Of Muiertach Oge,
 Our O'Sullivan Beare!

TEMPERANCE.

A Lecture delivered by the Rev. Father O'Mahony, of London, in St. Mary's Cathedral Hamilton, under the auspices of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Association.

REPORTED FOR THE HARP.

THERE are very few men that have not some hobby or another which might be called the pet offspring of their thoughts. This you will find lugged into conversation on every conceivable occasion, nearly always to the annoyance, and often to the disgust of others. It is the field-dress of the mind of him who holds it, and no opportunity for its display is allowed to escape. What seems to be peculiar to the individual, we will find on observation to be also a trait of society at large, with this difference, however, that is this vast body is made up of many minds and tastes, this diversity of feeling begets a fickleness which is not so great in the individual. Thus, at times we will hear of some grand gigantic movement which seems to burst suddenly before the public; the cry is raised, and lo! a whole nation rushes after the *ignus fatuus*. Whilst it lasts it is at white heat, becomes the fashionable subject of conversation, and he who takes not an interest in it is looked upon with a feeling akin to pity. But, alas for the inconstancy of man, in a little while something else claims his attention, and what, for the time, was the pet idea, the favorite movement, lies forgotten and neglected. It would be a prodigious task indeed to undertake the history of even one-hundredth part of the popular movements which, all having the amelioration of some portion of the human race, have taken hold of the public mind within the last decade of years.

But there is one which, amongst all

the others, has the strongest claim to a stability of public attention and encouragement. I mean the great living question of temperance. We all remember some few years, perhaps about five or six, what a noise was raised on this question in the United States. A name from the chivalric ages was borrowed for its title and its sponsors dubbed it "Crusade." Unlike the days of old the champions in this new departure were of the gentler sex, nor did they need the buckler or sword of the doughty knight of yore; for the arms with which they sought the destruction of the monster intemperance were those of moral suasion and prayer. It was a noble sight, notwithstanding the sneers of many, to see the wives and daughters of the nation come in the might of their persuasive eloquence to destroy that which had brought desolation to many a once happy home. Whilst we cannot admire the means taken, nor avoid remembering that the love for notoriety, so agreeable to many, was a powerful temptation, still we have nothing but unfeigned admiration for those who from disinterested motives sought the accomplishment so desirable as that of the spread of temperance habits amongst the people. Like all other such movements, the novelty having worn off, it died the death of its predecessors. I would not be understood as withholding from many outside the Catholic Church, who uphold the cause of temperance, the just mead of praise. No; there are many earnest workers in the

cause, and if great success has not waited on their efforts, this fact by no means detracts from the merit of their good intention.

It may not be uninteresting to glance at the causes which led to this great upheaving of public opinion in the cause of temperance. An examination of the present state of society, with regard to this question will display the fact that it was forced upon the public mind by the sad inroads drunkenness had been making in the social kingdom. Few indeed were the families that had not to blush over the drunken excesses of some member. Young men brimful of talent bartered, in their love for drink, the brilliant eye and steady, manly tread of sobriety for the sottish look and tottering gait of drunkenness. Many a father, honored and beloved by friends and family, drowning alike his respectability and his family affections in the "flowing bowl." Nor was it confined to the male sex, for alas! it must be said, that the holy and noble character of woman was tainted with this vice, and the demon of intemperance, not unfrequently, robbed the angel of the family circle of her brightest halo. It is not wonderful that in such a state of affairs, society should be aroused and some effort made to stay the torrent that threatened to sweep away the very bases of society, but it is a matter of regret that the movement was not more permanent as well in its existence as in its effects.

In all the excitement attending such a move as this, due notice was of course taken of the action of every church institution on this all absorbing question. The Catholic Church came in for even more than her share of animadversion and was charged by loud talkers of not taking sufficient interest in the movement. On examination we will find that this charge is as false as it is unjust. True it is that her children kept aloof from these open-air exhibitions which often did more to retard than to forward the cause of temperance, but she has ever held consistent action in endeavoring to crush out its opposite vice, and has always inculcated on her children the duty of leading sober lives. It does not at all follow that because her exertions were not paraded before the world, they no not therefore exist. In her silent ministrations she has led thousands to embrace lives of temperance,

not because of the money wasted in stimulating drinks, but because of the destruction of immortal souls brought about by its baneful influence, and from her standpoint it is my intention this evening to view this great question of temperance.

The glory and omnipotence of God are manifested in His works. We are living among numbers of these testimonies of God's greatness, and yet how little effect they have on us. If we take the simplest little flower we will find the omnipotence of God shown in its tender leaves. So it is with all His works from the glorious sun that gives life and strength to the vegetable kingdom down to the smallest insect that creeps the ground, all speak of an all-powerful God, of an all-seeing wisdom that wisely and well ordains and regulates the entire creation.

Now each of these works emanating from His hand has a duty to fulfil and the higher and more important that duty is the more honor has been conferred on its creation, so that the purpose or end of its creation determines its rank among created things. Now nothing can be higher or of more dignity than to minister to the grand omnipotent source of the creation, so that work of His which, in the fulfilment of its destiny is brought nearest to Him, is without doubt the grandest. This creature is man, and the very mode of his creation foreshadows the place destined for him by the author of his being. We can scarcely conceive how this vast universe had its origin. Take even a single tree—what power has produced it? Come from this to the immensity of the entire universe. Yet we know that in the creation of all these things God simply expressed His will "Let there be light," and immediately the "orb of day" took his place in the firmament and shed light o'er the grand work of the creation. But when God comes to the creation of man we find that a different plan is followed—"Let us make man"—consultation. That love was perfected by the power of the Father, perfected by the love of the Son and sanctified by the spirit of the Holy Ghost.

All other creatures glorify God without knowing Him, but man has been able to know and to love the author of his being. He has existence with the rock, life with the vegetable, but intelligence with the angel. Now this creature of God's hands, with all his superiority over everything

else created, is the one with whom we have to deal in considering this question of temperance. In considering him we must look at him in a three-fold position, first with regard to God to whom he is indebted for everything he has; secondly, with regard to himself as the administrator of the gifts that God has bestowed upon him; and thirdly, with regard to society in which God has ordained that he should live, and to the interest of which he should contribute.

With regard to God the only duty of man which we will to-night examine is that of thankfulness. Gratitude for gifts received is a thing we all look for, and if God has planted this feeling in our hearts may we not naturally suppose that he too looks for gratitude from us. This gratitude is best shown by a judicious use of gifts received. How angry we are when we find one whom we have befriended using for any purpose but the one we desire, those things which in our charity we have given him. When we look around we see thousands of things that have been created simply that we might make use of them, but that use is to be guided by that prudence which will ever tell us that as they were given that they might aid and assist us in carrying out the grand primary end God had in view in our creation, so such a use of them as would render them injurious or opposed to that end is to be conscientiously avoided.

With regard to himself, one of the greatest gifts we receive from God is health. In the flush of youth and strength we are liable to underrate this blessing, but if we glance for a moment at the pitiable state of those who have lost it we will at once see in what high estimation we should hold it. How many duties remain unfulfilled in every walk of life through its loss. But apart from the performance of manifest duties there is another reason why we should guard its preservation, and that is from a motive of self-interest, that most powerful of motors in all humanity.

With regard to society, every man enjoys the benefits of living with his fellow-men in that almost family union which exists between its members. He enjoys all its privileges, and is bound to perform his duties as an upright citizen. Take for example the army that has taken up its position before the enemy; care and at-

tention are given in a particular manner to the outposts—to the men doing picket-duty—and for the time being, the honor no less than the security of the entire body rests upon them. Now, if they betray the trust reposed in them, if they neglect their duties, not only will they themselves suffer, but every man in that vast army will be a partaker in that misfortune. So it is in society; those individual positions which we occupy are the outposts, we are the sentinels; in betraying our trust we not only entail suffering on ourselves, but we also inflict more or less injury on the entire body of society.

In glancing over the several moral disorders that prey upon the vitals of society, I recognize intemperance as the most prominent and the most dangerous; prominent because it has become the fashionable sin of our day, dangerous because of its insinuating character, and the oblivion from sorrow which may be found in its treacherous influence. There is no sin more prominent, it is not confined to any one class, it desolates the homes of the rich, and renders miserable the already impoverished condition of the poor. No age is free from it; we see old age trembling on the verge of eternity become the besotted slaves of this vile sin, we see sturdy manhood dimming the bright intellect and enervating the strong arm by sinful excesses against intemperance, youth's laudable ambition is destroyed, manhood's usefulness is frustrated by the sin of drunkenness. There is a peculiar danger or rather temptation in that momentary relief from trouble which is to be found in indulgence in drink. A poor fellow tossed about by a cold and pitiless world, finding it hard "to make ends meet," returns after a hard day's work to a home rendered far from happy by unruly children or a scolding wife, in his trouble he seeks even a passing consolation, and whither does he go in search of it? Alas! too often to the tavern. Yes, none can tell the number of those who have gone down to a drunkard's dishonored grave because their home happiness was blighted by an imprudent or peevish partner.

This sin; so prevalent and so dangerous in a marked manner, prevents the fulfillment of man's three-fold duty. With regard to God it renders it impossible for

man to serve him. Sunday comes, but for the drunkard it is not a day on which he is to join in the praises of his God. No, it is either spent in debauchery, or his drunken excesses have so impoverished him that he cannot afford to dress in a sufficiently becoming manner to go to the house of God. How can he think of confessing or approaching the holy sacrament of the altar, when he has not the manhood and courage to fulfill the only condition on which he can be allowed to participate in the thing of heaven. Man's proudest honor is that he is made to the image of his God, his grandest prerogative is the use of reason; but these are destroyed by the sin of drunkenness. Look upon the drunkard, what sign can you detect of these three things that make his soul like unto God? Where is his memory? Gone, destroyed by the abuse of liquor. Where is his will? He has none to resist what he knows to be a crime. What signs do you find of that understanding with which God has endowed him? There is nothing we have a greater horror of than murder; we instinctively shrink from contact with him whose hands are stained with the blood of his brother, yet at the moment of his crime there is more chance for his salvation than for that of the drunkard, Let death strike at the door of the murderer, though his soul is blackened by a crime that cries to heaven for vengeance, yet one act of perfect sorrow will turn aside heaven's anger, and open to him the gates of Divine Mercy. God, in the excess of his love for that soul will turn with a look of pity on it, and the mercy-directed hand of the recording spirit will blot that sin from the record of his life. The robber who has defrauded his neighbor does not rob himself of reason, and one ray of divine light penetrating his soul may guide his steps to repentance. The drunkard alone cannot be saved, he has stained within him the image of God, he has destroyed his reason. What is there in him to mark the superior position which God assigned him in the creation? That soul that he is ruining is the one for which Christ died, and the duty of thankfulness or gratitude to God should of itself ensure, on the part of those for whom he died, an exertion to correspond with his work. Yet how little the drunkard thinks of its value.

With regard to society, this vice keeps him from doing his duty towards it. Outside of the general debt we owe society, we are particularly bound to certain members of it by the ties of blood or affinity. He who has entered the married state, is bound in a special manner to the members of his family. The children with whom God has blessed him, demand from him a particular care, which the drunkard can never give them. Let us examine how he performs these particular duties. Come with me in spirit to a scene which I would like to present to you. 'Tis true that you will not find it a very pleasing one, though some time ago you would have willingly visited it. See that lonesome and neglected house, as lonely as the grave-yard through which the night wind rings a dirge so sorrowful that it chills the very blood in our veins, everything around speaks of poverty and misery. Let us enter; how cold and bleak the room, not one ray of comfort to make it look like home, a figure is there seated, pale, care-worn, sickly. See those sunken cheeks that speak of disease, the bitter pinching want, bordering on starvation, has robbed them of their roses. What bitter thoughts fill her mind at sight of the desolation that surrounds her! What blasted hopes lie buried in her broken heart. Trace back her history. A few short years ago, she was the idol of an affectionate family circle, her mother saw her bloom into womanhood, and what bright pictures of the future must have filled her maternal heart. A girl full of life and hope, her soul the tabernacle of maidenly innocence, she meets with one whom she allows to lead her to the altar. Her young heart burns with love for him, for she believes him the best amongst men. Listen to the vows that are there pronounced and that are recorded in heaven. He swears to protect her! See how he fulfills his vow. Now, in her moment of weakness, when she needs the strong heart of man to lean upon, where is *he* to be found? You will find him loudest among the noisy throng of bidders, whilst she, who even in his guilt still fondly loves him, is alone in her misery and want. He has sworn to love her; is this the conduct of love? Once her heart bounded with joy at his coming, but now she cowers in abject fear at the sound of his footfall. That arm upon which in the days of

her youthful trusting she leaned with a confidence that could not be shaken, is now raised to strike her. In a word, the drunkard is a monster that shames the form of man, a tyrant who by his bad example tries to send his children to eternal perdition, a brutal coward who in his drunken fury abuses and illtreats a defenseless woman.

With regard to the duties he owes himself, God has created him for a grand and noble end ; He has destined him to occupy a throne in His own celestial kingdom. To work out this end he has allotted him a certain number of years of life. This time is most precious, for on its use depends a whole eternity. It is in the hands of God to terminate when He wills it. Now there is no crime of which sensible men have such a horror as that which snaps the thread of life : the suicide is one whom men look upon with terror. Yet, who is more truly a suicide than the drunkard. What constitution can stand the ravages which the intemperate use of alcoholic drink makes on the system. See the tottering step—the sunken and besotted eye, all indicate broken health and hastened death. I know that as a general thing these assertions are received with a certain amount of incredulity, but the testimony of skill is not to be sneered at. Dr. Miller, professor of surgery in the University of Edinburgh, speaking of this in one of his works says: "With less than no power to avert disease the power of alcohol to produce it when taken unnecessarily and in excess is all but incalculable. Diseases of the brain, of the lungs, of the heart and arteries are but a part of the long black list that might in sad and sober truth be enumerated as more or less directly caused by alcohol. This is neither the time nor place for entering in detail with regard to this. We assert the fact and defy its contradiction—there is no one cause of disease in this country one-half so prolific as alcohol." But not only this, he sustains another loss in the ruin of his reputation. This gave him a power for good, not only with the members of his own family, but also with those members of society with whom he came in contact in the different walks of life. This power is lost ; not only can he do no good, but those who know him shun him. Poor drunkard, we may well say to you with the poet :

Your friends avoid you, brutishly transformed
They hardly know you, or if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven ;
Despised, unwept, you fall.

You may have a home but no comfort, for you are tasting the bitter fruit of intemperance, cold but no fire, hunger but no food, sickness but no sympathy, debt and no credit ; all that remains to the drunkard are disease, death, the grave—and no hope beyond.

Such is the duty of the man, such the downward career of the drunkard. But now we come to what will be for many of us a more practical point. There are a number of persons who because they are not drunkards say they should not identify themselves with any temperance or rather total abstinence organization, and there are thousands gradually going to ruin because of this reasoning. Young men consider, where did the drunkard begin? Was he not at one time what you are now, a moderate drinker? What security have you that you will not become what *he* is now? Trust you to your good resolutions. Thousands who have trusted to them before, now fill a drunkard's grave. Whether you regard your future from a worldly standpoint and hope to achieve great worldly success, or that you look upon it as a christain and hope to save your souls, in either case temperance is an absolute necessity, and total abstinence your greatest security. We live in a land where, thank God, we enjoy liberty, where neither religion nor nationality are banned ; we possess every element of success, talent, energy and persevering industry, but if ever we take our stand amid the honorable citizens of this grand dominion, it will be only as temperate men we can hope to win. You are still in the sunshine of youth, and its light will not fail to illumine your manhood, and shed a halo round your declining years if you keep from your lives the grim shadow of intemperance. To enable you do this your temperance association possesses all the elements of success, and I need hardly tell you that the name and reputation which you will acquire from the character of a lover of temperance will repay you, aye, a hundred fold for the sacrifice of total abstinence. Lose not courage. Be men. We live in an age that places a premium on sobriety, and a stigma upon intemperance.

And you, fathers of families, allow me also to address you in a particular manner. I know that many in your position strive to meet the invitation to become temperance men by the flimsy excuse that, as long as you do not frequent the tavern you are doing all that is required, and it would not be amiss if mothers of families would take this to themselves too. In your position I recognize three grand characters—you are the representatives of God in your families, you are the caretakers of the souls of your children, and you are the guardians of society. As representatives of a God of sanctity, your lives should be spent in his service, and that service consists particularly in leading your children to God. As caretakers of their souls you should keep them from every danger, as the guardian of society, the children that you send to it as members should be sober, honest, godfearing citizens. In clinging to the custom of having the bottle in your homes, can you safely say that you are properly fulfilling these three duties? Are you not practically introducing your children

to the habit of drinking? You are called to save your souls and the souls of your children—put it to the test of your dying moments. What you would do then, do now.

The church has always been the advocate of temperance, she has ever striven to save her children. Her maternal heart throbs with anxiety for her children exposed to sin and temptation. She has seen the storm of intemperance lay desolate many of her most beloved; she has wept over the downfall of many, but has not remained inactive; her effort has not been spasmodic, but a continued struggle with the powers of darkness. She has called around her to aid her in her mission of charity and love her total abstaining children, and bravely are they doing their work. You whose conscience tells you that you should be of their number, heed not the sacrifice, but step courageously forward to aid in spreading total abstinence principles, and God will bless you for the aid you will have given to reclaim souls, and win them back to the cause of Christ.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

AN EASTERN TALE.

I.

THERE lived at Cordova, many years ago, an old Jew who had three passions: he loved science, he loved gold, he loved his only child, who bore the sweet name of Rachel. He loved science, not for its own sake, not because it was the means of the acquisition of truth, but for himself, that is to say, through pride.

He loved gold, a little perhaps because it was gold, very much because it gave him the means of providing luxuries for his darling child, greatly also because he could not have made the costly experiments necessary in the pursuit of science.

He loved his daughter alone, with the pure and disinterested but passionate tenderness of paternal love. In a word he was a savant, a father, and a Jew.

His name was Rabbi Ben-Ha Zelah,

and he practised medicine. He wrought such wonderful cures that very soon his fame spread throughout Spain, and from all parts of the kingdom the people came in crowds to consult him. He received his patents in the afternoon. In the morning he slept, it was said; but how his nights were passed none knew, and many were the speculations concerning it. This only was known, that they were passed in a secret chamber, of which he alone possessed the key, and it had been observed that this mysterious apartment was sometimes illuminated with many colored flames, blue, or red, or green, while a dense smoke issued from the chimney.

The police of the kingdom at length resolved to penetrate the mystery, which seemed to them very suspicious. *Everything* is suspicious to the police of all countries.

One evening, Rabbi Ben-Ha-Zelah saw two dark, grave men watching his house. He listened and heard these words of sinister import :

"To-morrow, at dawn, we will know whether this wretch is a money-coiner or a magician."

The conscience of the poor old Jew did not reproach him, for his life was pure and innocent ; but he had great experience of the world, and held as an axiom that innocence is worth absolutely nothing in a court of justice. He went still further, he considered it an aggravating circumstance. He often quoted the old Arabian proverb : "If I were accused of having stolen and pocketed the grand mosque at Mecca, I would immediately run off as fast as I could." He said that justice was a game of cards—and he was no player.

What misanthropic ideas ! How different would his conclusions have been had he lived nowadays ! However, as he had not the happiness of living in that Eden of justice, France of 1866, he put the philosophy of the proverb into practice, and left Cordova that very night, taking with him all his treasures. The next morning at dawn the two dark, grave men, found an uninhabited dismantled dwelling, which made them still more dark and grave.

II.

Rabbi Ben-Ha-Zelah, disguised as a merchant and mounted on a strong mule, passed rapidly through Spain. On either side of his saddle, and securely fastened to it was a long wicker basket in the shape of a cradle. Ben-Ha-Zelah looked from time to time at those baskets with satisfaction, mingled with sadness, and then urged on his mule, casting many a backward glance, to be quite sure he was not pursued. In one of the baskets were his treasures and his books ; in the other slept peacefully the young daughter of the fugitive. Having reached a small seaport town, the old Jew took passage in a vessel which was about to sail for Egypt.

Rabbi Ben-Ha-Zelah had often heard of the caliph Achmet Reschid, who was celebrated throughout the East for his love of science, and the high consideration in which he held scientific men. As for imposters, charlatans and empirics, he held them in sovereign contempt and took real pleasure in impaling them.

This good prince reigned in Cairo. Thither Ben-Ha-Zelah bent his steps ; for he believed himself, and with reason, to be a true savant.

The profound and extensive acquirements of the old Jew, together with his astonishing skill in everything appertaining to the healing art, soon made him as famous in Cairo as he had been in Cordova, and he was at once made court physician.

The caliph Achmet Reschid was never weary of admiring the almost universal knowledge of the old man, and often invited him to the palace to converse with him for hours upon the secrets and marvels of nature. Suddenly a terrible plague broke out in the city, and threatened to decimate the population. Ben-Ha-Zelah compounded a wonderful lotion, which cured six times in seven. He contended that in nothing could evil be conquered in a greater proportion than this ; that a seventh was a minimum of disorder, of sorrow, of vice, in the imperfect organization of this world, and that when the proportion of evil in the human body, in the soul, in society, in nature, had been reduced to a seventh, all the progress possible in this world had been made.

However that may be, he was summoned one night in great haste to the palace ; the wife and son of the caliph were stricken down by the pestilence. Ben-Ha-Zelah applied the miraculous lotion and the son was restored to health—but the wife died.

The caliph Achmet Reschid was overcome with gratitude for so signal a service and throwing himself into the arms of the physician, exclaimed : "Venerable old man ! to thee I owe the life of my son and my happiness ! As proof of my gratitude, I appoint thee Grand Vizier !"

The old Jew prostrated himself on the ground before his generous benefactor.

"Yes," continued the caliph, who had a truly noble heart ; "Yes, I need a friend in whom I can confide, as I have, one after another, beheaded all those whom I had in a moment of impulse honored with that title."

"Thanks, O mighty caliph !" humbly replied Ben-Ha-Zelah. "How shall I find fitting words to thank my gracious prince for such unmerited condescension ! Surely never did kindness like this rejoice the earth !"

"Thou sayst well and truly, child of Jacob," answered the puissant caliph.

Time, far from diminishing the love of the caliph for Ben-Ha-Zelah, only increased it. The jealousy of the courtiers had always succeeded in poisoning the mind of the caliph against any one on whom he had conferred the dignity of Grand Vizier; but the prudence of the old Jew baffled all their schemes, and Achmet Reschid had learned how to guard against calumniators. At the first word breathed against the new favorite that benevolent prince and faithful friend ordered the rash slanderer to be beheaded, and very soon the courtiers vied with each other in their praises of the Grand Vizier. The good caliph seeing the harmony of feeling among his people with regard to the new favorite, congratulated himself on his firmness.

"I knew very well," said he, "that the whole court would at last do him justice. I talk of him with every one and no man says aught against him."

III.

As for Ben-Ha-Zelah, he seemed to be perfectly indifferent to the immense power which his favor with the caliph gave him in the state. In vain did the courtiers try to entangle him in the intrigues of the court. In vain did the noblemen of the kingdom, in hopes of gaining his protection, lay costly gifts at his feet. He gently refused them all. Devoid of ambition, and prudent to excess, the old Jew withdrew as much as possible from public affairs. He even begged the caliph to excuse his attendance at the palace, except at certain hours of the day, that he might devote himself more uninterruptedly to scientific pursuits. The love of the caliph grew day by day, and the courtiers as well as the common people, seeing the humility and disinterestedness of the Grand Vizier, acknowledged him to be indeed a sage.

At court, as everywhere else, he was clad in a coarse brown robe, and was in no way distinguishable from the crowd, had not the intellectual expression of his face, and the strange brilliancy of his eyes, revealed at a glance a superior mind. He might often be seen in the streets of Cairo, carrying in his own hands the

metals, stones or medicinal plants, which he bought in the bazaars, or gathered in his solitary rambles. Wherever he went he heard his own praise; but never did he in any way betray that it was agreeable to him.

"No one is so poor and humble," said the common people to each other, "as the Grand Vizier of our high and mighty caliph."

The truth was, however, that with the exception of Achmet Reschid, no person in Cairo possessed such vast riches as the "poor" Vizier; but after the manner of the Jews he carefully concealed them, and lived in a very modest mansion situated outside the walls of the city. This humble dwelling was completely hidden by the palm and cedar trees which surrounded it, and for still greater security was enclosed by a high wall.

In this quiet and mysterious retreat, where he admitted no guests, he had centered all that made his life; there dwelt his child, the young Rachel, just budding into womanhood.

When, after passing weary hours in the unmeaning ceremonial of the court, he reached his garden gate, and stealthily opened it, his usually impassive face was suddenly illumined as with a sunbeam. It was as if he had passed from death unto life.

His daughter, clad like a queen of the east, ran to meet him, and embraced him so tenderly that it seemed as if a portion of her young life was breathed into the worn and exhausted frame of the aged father. Ben-Ha-Zelah forgot his sorrows and his cares, and seemed to revive as with the breath of spring. "I gave thee life, my daughter; thou dost restore it to me!" murmured the old man.

Rachel was just entering her sixteenth year. Her hair was of the beautiful golden color which poets love. Her eyes, her voice, her smile, her bearing, carried with them an irresistible charm. She looked, it was a ray of light; she spoke, it was a strain of music; she smiled, it was the opening of the gates of Paradise. Her heart was pure and innocent as was that of Rachel of old, whom Jacob loved. Can we wonder that the heart of her father was bound up in her? Who indeed could help loving a being so pure and bright?

IV.

Ben-Ha-Zelah was old, but his was a vigorous old age—and the young daughter and aged father, as they walked under the grand old trees of the garden, made a beautiful picture. The long white head, piercing eyes, eagle nose, and broad brow of the old man, formed a striking contrast to his humble dress, and when no longer under constraint, it revealed a mysterious and profound satisfaction in his own personality and intelligence. There was so much *pride* that there was no room for *vanity* in his soul.

What cared he for the admiration or contempt of others, the vain clamors of the multitude, whom he considered infinitely his inferiors? When he said to himself, "I am Ben-Ha-Zelah," the rest of the world no longer existed for him.

His pride was like that of Lucifer: it was not relative but absolute; he contemplated himself with a terrible satisfaction. Thence his disdain for all the inferior trifles which gratify the self-love of inferior men. The pride of *seeming* comes when the pride of *being* is not absolute.

Whence then came the gigantic pride of the old Jew?

Rabbi Ben-Ha-Zelah was the most learned man of his time.

He had carried his investigations far beyond those of the most scientific men of the age; he was well versed in physics, mechanics, dynamics, arithmetic, medicine, surgery, and botany; but the science he most loved, was that which, at first known under the name of alchemy, was destined to become the greatest science of modern times—chemistry.

He passed night after night shut up in his laboratory, as he had formerly done at Cordova, seeking to penetrate one after the other all the mysteries of nature. There, bending over his glowing furnaces, surrounded with retorts and crucibles of strange shapes, filled with metals in a state of fusion, by all sorts of instruments and alembics, old Ben-Ha-Zelah interrogated matter and demanded the mystery of its essence; and he pursued it from form to form, he tore it with red hot pinchers; he melted it in the glowing fires of his furnaces; he made it solid only to reduce it again to a liquid state, decomposing it a hundred times in a hundred different ways. He tortured it, as does the lawyer the prisoner

at the bar, that he may wring from him the most hidden secrets.

Matter, thus pursued by the indefatigable alchemist, had revealed more than one of its mysterious laws, which he had made useful in the practice of his profession, so that he was considered in Cairo little less than a demi-god. However, in his labors he sought not the good of his fellow-men, but the barren satisfaction of the passion that was consuming him, *the pride of knowledge*; he sought to penetrate the secrets of the most high God. The promise of the tempter to his first parents; *Eratis sicut dei scientes*, "You shall be as gods, knowing good and evil," had penetrated his soul; and he desired to plant in his garden that fatal tree to which the first-born of our race stretched forth their guilty hands. Like his ancestor Jacob, he wrestled with Jehovah.

One can readily understand that the old man, absorbed in his gigantic struggle, was dead to all vanity, so far as men were concerned. He had reached such dizzy heights that he had almost lost sight of them. To him they were like the brute beasts which crossed his path; he believed them to be of an inferior nature to him, who had been gifted with such vast genius—such indefatigable industry. His high thoughts were not for such miserable pigmies.

Sometimes seating himself in dreamy mood in his garden, at the foot of a grand old cedar, his favorite seat, and taking in his hand a pebble, a blade of grass or a flower he was plunged in profound meditation.

What makes this "a body" thought he. This "body" is brown, heavy, hard, square, or has many other properties which come under my notice. But it is evident that neither the color, weight, cohesion, nor form constitute its *essence*. They are its manner of beings—not its doing. If I modify it, destroy it even, it will be the same body, and I shall, after all, have only attacked its manner of being; the essence which has heretofore always escaped me—the *soul of the body*, if I may say so—will have suffered no change. It is as if I were suddenly to become hunchback, lame, idiotic—I would still be the same man. I must discover the substance *quod sub stat*; in the first place, what causes this to be; in the second place, what constitutes it a body; and finally, what makes

it this particular body I hold in my hand and not another.

The problem was formidable; it was the mystery of the omnipotence of the God who created the world, and nevertheless this unknown Prometheus shrank not from the task, and flattered himself he could wring from created matter the secrets of its Creator.

In his experiments Ben-Ha-Zelah had started with the axiom that all bodies were formed from certain elements which were invariable, but combined in different ways. Moreover, his researches had proved to him that many elements, formerly believed to be primary, were composed of different elements into which they might again be readily resolved. So that seeing their numbers decrease as his investigations became more abstruse and his analyses more delicate, he had arrived at the conclusion that there existed an original and absolute substance of which all bodies, even those apparently the most different, were only variations.

He affirmed the identity of the base under the infinite variety of the forms. This primary substance which he considered coeternal with God, was, he thought, that on which Jehovah breathed in the beginning, and in his Satanic pride he believed two things—first that the Almighty had combined the atoms of matter in so wonderously complex a manner only to conceal from man the secret of its creation—and secondly, that the Rabbi-Ben-Ha-Zelah would be able to baffle the precautions of the Almighty, and by analysis after analysis, at length succeeded in finding the simple primary substance from which all things were originally formed.

Such were the thoughts which continually filled his mind—such the gigantic plan which he had conceived. Again and again he had said to himself that by taking from a body one after the other its contingent qualities, as one takes the bark from a nut, he would succeed at length in penetrating its most hidden depths, to that *matter essence* from which was made, as he believed, all that existed in the universe.

He had inscribed on the door of his laboratory *Materia, mater*. And as soon as he should be able to imprison in his alembics this primary matter he could at will, disposing it after certain forms, make in turn bronze, stone, wood, or gold. Nay

more, he hoped to surprise with the same blow the mystery of life—and then, thought he in his impious pride, I shall be a creator, like unto Him before whom every knee bends in adoration. I shall be God! *Eritis sicut dei*.

The old man, lost in the search for the absolute basis of matter, little suspected that the final word of all science is; "The essence of matter is immaterial.

However, he devoted himself most zealously to the great work he had undertaken, and passed night after night in the recesses of his laboratory which would have reminded one of the entrance to the infernal regions but for the presence of the young and lovely Rachel, who glided in and out, bringing order out of confusion, and in the evening beguiled the long hours by singing snatches of the old Hebrew songs of which such touching and beautiful fragments have come down to us.

v.

One night, Ben-Ha-Zelah, regardless of fatigue, was still bending over his glowing furnaces. For more than a week he had allowed himself no sleep, nor had he permitted his eyes to wander from the vast crucible which had been heated to white heat for six consecutive months. He had discovered phenomena hitherto unknown. His bony hands clutched convulsively the handle of the bellows, and his eager careworn face was illuminated with a two-fold radiance, that from the purple light of the furnace and the interior flame which consumed his soul. He was motionless from intensity of emotion. At last then he was about to attain the aim and desire of his whole life!

The primary substance, the absolute essence of matter, he was about to seize it—to be its lord. The old man still watched; a whitish vapor rose slowly from the crucible; matter decomposed in this crucible seemed to be a prey to a fearful travail—to struggle in an internal conflict.

The old man raised his tall form to its full height and at that moment he appeared like a second Lucifer. He shouted in triumph, "I have created!"

Then rushing to the casement he gazed upward to the starry heavens, not in prayer, but in defiance.

"I have created!" he repeated, "I have

created! I have conquered! I am the equal of God!"

A noise, slight in reality, but to the excited senses of Ben-Ha-Zelah, louder than the crash of thunder, was heard behind him. He turned with agitated countenance. The crucible, unwatched during his delirium of pride, had fallen, and was shattered to atoms. All was lost; the creation of him who aspired to an equality with the Most High was but a heap of ashes.

Ben-Ha-Zelah was stunned by this unlooked-for calamity. He fell back fainting, as if, while he rashly sought to penetrate the mystery of life, pale death, entering his dwelling had touched him with her sombre wing.

VI.

When consciousness returned, the fire of the furnace, which had been fed with so much care for six weary months, was extinguished. Through the open casement he saw myriads of stars blazing in the firmament. The majestic silence of the night hovered over the unchanged immensity.

The old man was seized by a indefinable terror. He understood that he was punished for his pride, and had a presentiment that the sudden failure of the labor and research of so many years was but the beginning of his punishment. It seemed to him that in the midst of the thick darkness the living God had looked into the depths of his guilty soul and had stretched out his all-powerful hand to smite him. Suddenly, as by a revelation, there came to him a knowledge of the point where God was about to strike him.

"My child! my child!" cried he, in a voice broken by terror and remorse.

He ran to the chamber of his daughter.

The old man opened the door gently, taking, in spite of his terror, a thousand paternal precautions not to awaken the sleeper. The trembling light of a small alabaster lamp cast its rays about the apartment. Gently he drew back the curtains of the bed and gazed fondly upon his child.

Rachel slept soundly, her breathing was as peaceful as innocence. Ben-Ha-Zelah looked upon the sweet, calm face with a transport of delight. The tranquillity of this peaceful sleep of childhood was com-

municated to him, and for a moment stilled the agitation of his soul.

He leaned fondly over the sleeping form; listened joyfully to the calm breathing of his darling child, to the regular beating of her heart; then stooping, imprinted a kiss of fatherly love upon the beautiful brow.

Rachel remained immovable, and her sleep was unbroken. "It is strange she has not awakened," said the old man to himself, looking at her again. "Sleep is so like death."

As he allowed his thoughts to take form a vague terror took possession of him.

"Bah! she sleeps! I hear her breathing," said he aloud.

The secret indefinable fear which he could not banish, and for which he could not account, still remained; he could not contain himself.

"Rachel!" cried he in a loud voice. The young girl slept on.

"Rachel! my child!" he cried again, at the same time shaking her gently by the arm.

Still the calm sleep was unbroken; and the peaceful breathing which at first had delighted the fond father now seemed like a fatal spell.

"Rachel! Rachel!"

He took her in his arms; he placed her on a couch; he tried to make her walk; and in vain essayed with his trembling fingers to open the sealed eyelids.

The young girl slept on; her respiration as calm, and the rhythm of her heart still preserved its frightful monotone. All the efforts of the despairing father were vain. Day dawned, night came, the next day, and weeks and months, and Rachel awoke not.

VII.

The distracted father, remembering that he was a physician, sought in medical science a remedy for this strange malady. He tried every known medicine, he essayed new ones; but nothing could break the fearful sleep. He no longer went to the palace of the caliph, but his days and nights were passed in his laboratory as they had formerly been at Cordova; his researches, however, were no longer to feed his pride. Sorrow concentrated his mighty genius on one thought—to discover a remedy for his idolized child. Bitterly did he expiate the old anxieties of

his pride by the torturing perplexities of this new sorrow.

More than six months passed thus. A last and desperate remedy to which he had recourse, had, like all the others, failed; Ben-Ha-Zelah on a night like that on which this weight of sorrow had come upon him, was in his laboratory bending as ever over his retorts. He had made every research, every experiment that genius, quickened by affection, could suggest, and had failed in all. Rachel still slept. Then the broken-hearted old man, convinced of his own impotence, let fall his arms at his sides and burst into tears.

At that moment he heard a voice which seemed to come at once from the depths of immensity, and from the inmost recesses of his own heart.

"All thy efforts are vain," said the voice. "Thou wilt cure thy child, only by passing about her neck a pearl necklace, not the pearls which bountiful nature gives, and God makes, but pearls that thou thyself hast fashioned. Thou thoughtest thyself the equal of God, the equal of Him who created the world; and he punishes thee, by condemning thee to create only a few pearls, and he is willing to lend thee all the riches and treasures of this beautiful world. Go and seek! And when thou hast made enough of these pearls to fill the box beside thee, make a necklace of them. Put it on the neck of thy child, and she will awake."

It was not an illusion. The old man had seen no one, but the box was there beside him. It was a little box, of a wood unknown to him, which exhaled a delicious odor. On the lid inscribed in letters of gold, was a Hebrew word, meaning "Treasure of God."

Ben-Ha-Zelah re-kindled the fires of his furnaces and again applied himself to explore the arcanæ of alchemy. He took from his coffers all the pearls he possessed, and after having analyzed them, tried in vain to form them again; but the secret of omnipotence which he attempted to grasp, fled from him. He decomposed precious stones and succeeded only in making a gross calcareous substance. Again and again he flattered himself he had penetrated the mystery of the Creator; but all his hopes ended in nothingness. Nature, which he at once attempted to conquer to satisfy his pride as a savant,

he now wooed in vain to still the passionate yearnings of his fatherly heart.

One day he said to himself: "My knowledge is very little; and with the little I know, I shall never succeed in solving this problem, and nevertheless it is possible!"

The voice which spoke to me is a voice which does not deceive.

Then an inspiration came to him which lighted with a pale ray of hope the sorrowful face long unused to happiness. The idea occurred to him, that if he should go and study the shells of the Persian gulf where pearls are found, he might succeed in winning from nature the mystery which he had so much interest in learning.

He set out the next morning on his long and wearisome journey, leaving his child to the faithful care of the old Jewish slave who had been so many years in his service, and in whom he reposed the most perfect confidence. She had been the nurse of Rachel, and loved her almost with a mother's love. He spent two months in studying the pearl oysters of the Persian gulf; but there, as in his laboratory, all his efforts were vain.

Providence, thought he (he no longer said "nature"), Providence has secrets which will never be known to mortals!

Convinced of the utter folly of his painful researches—anxious, moreover, to see his poor child again, he sadly turned her face homeward.

VIII.

As he slowly and sadly pursued his way toward Egypt, he saw on the second day of his journey across the desert, a group in the distance, appearing just in his route; continuing to advance, he saw a dead camel covered with blood, beside him the dead body of a knight, pierced with sabre-strokes, on the road-side a woman, apparently dying, holding in her arms a young infant.

Ben-Ha-Zelah, moved with compassion, approached and accosted the woman. She told him that in crossing the desert with her husband and child, they had been attacked by the brigands, who had killed her husband, left her mortally wounded, and had rifled them of all their treasures; even their water-bottles—more precious than all in the desert.

"I am dying," said she, "but my bitter-

est sorrow is in leaving my poor little babe, who must perish thus alone in the desert."

The poor mother for one moment thought of asking the kind old man to take her child, but she saw that one of his water-bottles had been broken by some accident, and that he had hardly enough water to cross the desert.

Ben-Ha-Zelah had had the same thought, but he calculated the quantity of water remaining to him, and said to himself that it was impossible.

The woman was dying.

There, in the presence of the mother's despair, with the wail of the infant so soon to be an orphan, in his ears, he thought of his own child.

"Woman," said he, "I will take your babe, and will care for him as for my own. I will save his life even at the cost of my own."

The mother died, invoking blessings on his head.

Ben-Ha-Zelah resumed his journey across the desert, placing before him on the saddle, the infant, who at first wept, then laughed in infantile glee, then amused himself by teasing the patient nurse, pulling his beard, or tangling the reins of the camel. The old man who had become as gentle as a mother, sought every means which affection could suggest to amuse the hapless little creature, so strangely given to his charge—sometimes with the gold tassels of his bridle, sometimes with his bright fire-arms, sometimes by rattling in his ears the gold sequins in his purse. Again he would sing to him a lullaby, long-forgotten. The child was pleased with each new amusement devised by the old savant, but it was only for a few moments, and was again looking about for something he had not seen.

How much we all resemble children!

Poor old Ben-Ha-Zelah knew not what to do to satisfy this restless craving for amusement. Suddenly he thought of the beautiful little box, which the child had not seen, and drew it out from the folds of his robe.

The child eagerly grasped this new plaything and turned it about in every possible way.

To the amazement of the old Jew, there was a slight sound, as of some small object rolling about in the box.

The child shouted with delight. The old man was breathless and trembling.

He grasped the box convulsively from the infant, who held it out to him, smiling. He opened it. His blood froze in his veins, with an emotion not of terror but of joy and hope.

He beheld in the box a pearl, pure and more beautiful than any he had ever seen.

Speechless with emotion he could only raise his eyes to heaven in a wordless prayer of gratitude.

Then he heard a voice which seemed to fill the immensity of the desert, and nevertheless, was as low and sweet as the loving murmur of a mother.

"O Ben-Ha-Zelah! every tear which thou shalt dry, is a pearl which thou dost create."

Ben-Ha-Zelah looked about him. All around him was the desert. Before him, in his arms, the little babe, suddenly grown calm, and smiling in his face.

A few more days and his journey through the desert was ended. But many were the privations he endured that the helpless little infant, now so dear to him, might not want.

Ben-Ha-Zelah was rich, and now he was good. His goodness made use of his riches to dry the tears of misfortune—there are as many, alas! in this world of suffering, as there are dewdrops on a summer's morning—and very soon his box was quite full.

When he again saw his child, the mysterious sleep was unbroken. She came not to welcome him, but he put the pearl necklace about her beautiful throat, and she awoke, smiling.

"Oh! what a lovely necklace, papa," she cried.

"It is the first I have ever given thee, my darling," said the happy father, "but I hope it may not be the last. My pearl-casket is now empty, but I trust in God that I may fill it many times before I die."

WHEN Agesilaus was dying, he desired that no statues should be erected to his memory; if, said he, I have done my country any service, let that be my monument. If I don't live in the memory of my fellow-citizens, statues are but perishable trumpetry.

A lover of self is like the owl that presented her young ones to the eagle to be ministers of state.

CATHOLIC POETS.

REVIEWED BY THE HARP.

THE HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY OF CATHOLIC POETS from Chaucer to the present day. Edited by ELIOT RYDER. Published by Joseph A. Lyons, the University of Notre Dame, Indiana State. Nearly 200 pages, royal octavo, well printed on heavy toned paper. Full bound.

THE "Imitative Art," as Plato calls poetry, has ever, in its true state, exercised a peculiar effect on the imaginations and feelings. In practical existence, poetry possesses no economic value. Commerce, manufactures, the science of government, and the many other matters that go to make up the real business of life, are beyond the sphere of poetical influence. But in the cultivation of intellectual taste, in the refinement of sentiment, and in the exercise of pleasurable emotions, poetry, properly so called, finds its natural place. The poet cannot make a nation great, but he can enshrine its greatness in the memory of generations; his creations cannot confer riches upon the individual, but they can purify his thoughts, and help him to the performance of actions that ennoble and dignify his nature.

If these remarks have logical force at all, their worth is certainly evident in the works of Catholic poets. By the term "Catholic poets," we do not so much mean those poets who are Catholics as those whose poetry breathes the spirit of Catholicity. Nominal Catholics as well as absolutely non-Catholics have written poetry injurious to religion and morality, and should, where that injurious tendency predominates, be excluded from the list of Catholic poets—the term being taken, in its proper sense. The world has produced many a poet without the rule of the church whose creations contain the essence of Catholicity, men who have "reached the vestibule of truth and stood

upon its threshold" without knowing it, and who wanted but the divine gift of faith to make themselves as Catholic as their poetry. Nevertheless, among those poets who are and have been Catholics, we find the vast majority of writers whose productions, in a greater or less degree, fulfill the requirements of true poetry without being traced with the leaven of infidelity, or the germs of moral deformity. To this class, as well as we can judge, belongs to Mr. Elliot Ryder's book before us, containing selections from most of the dead and living Catholic poets.

He begins with Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," and in two or three selections exhibits the salient qualifications of that ancient writer. The chivalrous estimate of woman's worth, with which many writers have accredited Chaucer, is aptly proved in one selection, while the figurative title of "well of English undefiled," given him by Spencer is fully shown in the other two. Still, many of Chaucer's compositions are morally objectionable; in plain English, they are filthy. By some oversight the editor omits reference to the "Moral Gower," the contemporary and friendly rival of Chaucer. Passing by other ancient writers mentioned in this book such as Barbour, author of an epic *The Bruce*, James I. of Scotland, and William Dunbar, we come to Sir Thos. More (who though famous as a prose writer, did little in the poetic line), and Robert Southwell the poet, priest and martyr. In the poetry of this good and able writer, one perceives indeed truly noble and heart-warming sentiments:

Not always fall of leaf or even spring,
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day;

The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:
Thus, with succeeding terms God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise yet fear to fall.

Not so lofty in sentiment, but yet sparkling are "Rosalind's Madrigal" by Thos. Lodge, and "Lire's Troubles" by Henry Constable. "Death," by Philip Massinger, and the "Passing Bell," by Shirley, are both grave and dignified. Other admirable pieces such as Digby's "Life," Davenant's "Soldier going to the field," Habington's "Lesson for Belles" rapidly follow, until we come to Dryden, that poetic genius who, as Johnson says, "found the English language in brick, but left in marble." Dryden's life is a splendid example of the good effects of true conversion. In the early part of his life we find that his writings though characterized by undoubted genius, were tainted with licentiousness and ribaldry, so that looking at them from a moral view-point, they are a snare to innocent hearts. But once Dryden obtained the Faith, a purifying influence passed over his mind, and his poetic thoughts became not only brilliant and powerful, but what is better, morally chaste and graceful. The "Ode to St. Cecelia's Day," selected by Mr. Ryder, shews the quality of Dryden's latter day thoughts :

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sang the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above:
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

Next comes Pope, a pupil of Dryden's school, with a mind less sublime and capacious, but more subtle and brilliant than that of his master. He indulged in trifles, but it was with the gravity of a man playing chess rather than the levity of a child with toys. He could describe a lady's mirror in language as magnificent as that used by Homer in describing the shield of Achilles, and could invest kitchen scullions with as much importance as the

Greek poet did the heroes of the Trojan war. Yet all his poetry did not breathe the Catholic spirit. Selfishness, scurrility, lewdness, and bitter sarcasm are scattered far and wide through his works, for which his electricity of thought and "elegance of style," fail to atone.

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,

says Pope. It is not so, if the learner be humble and docile; but if he be proud and self-willed like Pope himself, then learning, little or much, is dangerous. Frequently however, the latent sentiment of Catholicity bursts forth in Pope's mind with a vigor and fullness that shew what a powerful moral teacher he would have been, had his thoughts been influenced by Christian charity and self-command. As his "Messiah" may be taken as an evidence of his real Catholic feelings, let us hope his "Dying Christian to his Soul" is indicative of his dispositions at death.

The next star in this poetic galaxy is Thomas Moore. No poet has exhibited more patriotism and pathos in his compositions than this national poet of Ireland. Country, companions, and associations are dealt with in a manner that stir the soul and warm the heart of the reader. His "Irish Melodies" can be read and re-read with renewed pleasure at each successive perusal; his "Lalla Rookh" is graceful, deeply interesting; his "Odes of Anacreon" full of classic beauties, and his smaller pieces witty and sparkling. This is not bestowing too much praise on the poetic genius of Moore. Even if we cannot respect the personality of the man who in latter days allowed amorous sentiments to dwarf his faith into indifferentism, still the true friend and patriot must admire the author of these lines :

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love
best,
Where the storms that we feel in this world
should cease,
And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in
peace.

The names of Dr. Wm. Maginn, the scholar; J. J. Callanan, the gifted but unsteady; John Banim, the philosophic story-teller; and "Father Prout," more poet than priest, appear in rapid succession with appropriate remarks and choice selections associated. Cardinal Newman, justly called by the editor "the greatest living master of the English language," and Cardinal Wiseman, both receive honored places in his book. The sterling Catholicity of these men, both in life and labor, is known to the world. The devotion of the former to the Blessed Virgin is of the highest order, and is truly set forth in the following lines from his "Queen of the Season:"

The freshness of May, and the sweetness of
June,
And the fire of July in its passionate noon,
Munificent August, September serene,
Are together no match for my glorious Queen.

O Mary! all months and all days are thine own
In thee lasts their joyousness when they are
gone;
And we give to thee May, not because it is best,
But because it comes first, and is pledge of the
rest.

Several beautiful selections from the pen of the talented but unfortunate James Clarence Mangan will repay perusal; but there is a greater profit to be derived from a consideration of the character and works of Gerald Griffin. As a writer Griffin was not always a perfect moralist, but taking his works as a whole, the good in them is like the light of the sun, the faults are like its spots. Catholicity was in his heart, his mind and his actions, and it obtained an advanced stage of development when he cast the world aside that he might serve God better in the cloister. The tendency of his life towards this point was

foreshadowed when in earlier years he wrote:

Forgot in the halls is that high sounding name
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barter for heaven the glory of earth.

There are many other able writers whose merits we might continue to discuss to an almost unlimited extent. Some of these, such as Denis Florence McCarthy and Thomas D'Arcy McGee, are already enshrined in the temple of fame; others are fast earning for themselves a position in that coveted object of poetic strife, but as the career of the majority is still before us, or but recently closed, it would be premature at this early date to comment on them specifically.

The book itself, taken as a whole, we would consider a valuable addition to a library. It is replete with useful historical facts, and profuse in beautiful poetic gems. It shews much research in its compilation, and Mr. Ryder deserves for putting together in a pithy and compact order, so much of a class of literature perhaps never so exhibited before. In this imperfect review, little attempt has been made to value the contents according to literary laws. But as we were struck by the title of the work, we took the liberty of trying to shew that something else than the name is necessary to constitute a Catholic poet. He who so far forgets his religious training as to sneer at the ceremonies of the Church and the ministers of God, is not so Catholic in spirit as he who despite his early prejudices, can pay a heartfelt tribute to the memory of a Catholic saint, or sing the glories of "Ave Maria."

TALES FOR THE YOUNG.

THE PEAR TREE.

OLD Robert was sitting under a great pear tree which stood before his house, and his grand-children were eating some of the fruit, whose fine smell and flavor they were loudly praising.

The old man called the children round him and said to them: "I will tell you, my children, how I obtained this tree. I was standing on this spot one day, more than fifty years ago, and being sad and thoughtful, I was complaining to a rich neighbor of my poverty. 'Oh' said I, 'how happy and contented I should be, if I were only master of fifty dollars!' My neighbor, who was a sensible man, said: 'And so you might soon be if you knew how to set to work. Look here, there is more than fifty dollars concealed under the ground on which you stand; dig it up.'

"I was then very young and giddy, and so I set to work at night and dug up all the earth to a great depth; but to my great disappointment I did not find a single shilling. When my neighbor passed the next morning and saw the hole I had dug, he burst out laughing, and said: 'You silly fellow, I did not mean this; but since you have had the trouble to dig this hole, I will give you a young pear tree to put in it, and in a few years you will find it produce many dollars.'

"Well I planted the tree; it took root and prospered, and has become the splendid pear tree you now behold. The exquisite fruit with which it has been yearly covered has already brought me in more than fifty dollars. In fact, it is an excellent capital, and produces very good interest. I have never since forgotten the wise counsel of my good neighbor, and I wish you to learn it and act up to it, and you will find that—

"An active arm, an earnest will
Best of all your purse will fill."
Youths' Cabinet.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men;
How He called little children like lambs to his fold,—
I should like to have been with Him then.

How I wish that His hands had been laid on my head.

And my arms had been thrown round His knee,
And that I might have seen His kind looks when He said:

"Let the little ones come unto me."
Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;

And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.
In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;

For many dear children are gathering there,
And of "such is the kingdom of heaven."
But His mercy and love each day I may see,
For He says: "I am all days with you;"

And surely He loves little children like me,
And all who are simple and true.

His words I believe, and I trust in His grace,
And will straight to His altar repair;
For He says He shall dwell in that sweet, holy place,
And a child may worship Him there.

Youths' Cabinet.

ST. MICHAEL AND THE HERMIT.

A POOR but venerable hermit, wearing the habit, sandals, and cord of St. Francis of Assisi, travelled, from dawn till the going down of the sun, over the flowery highways of verdant Normandy, passing through boroughs and villages, castles and towers.

"What art thou seeking, pious traveller? Thy ardor is greater than that of a knight-errant longing to break a lance in honor of the fair lady whose color he wears."

"I am seeking a soul," replies the hermit, "because St. Michael the Archangel has made known to me that a throne in the eternal mansions awaits some soul from earth, a throne of dazzling beauty, resplendent with sapphires and diamonds, and the golden palms of the heavenly Jerusalem. But the soul thus summoned to a throne on high must not be *too young.*"

"Keep on thy way. Old men are to be found in every country on the earth."

And the hermit kept on his way from the earliest dawn till eventide. At last he finds an aged abbot beneath the Gothic arches of an old Benedictine abbey. His reputation for sanctity and his great age, which was fourscore years, made our pilgrim hope that he had found the object

of his search. So, on Sunday, after the hour of lauds, the hermit joyfully offered St. Michael, on bended knee, the name of the venerable abbot, with an account of his exemplary life; but, in the evening, after the hour of compline, the archangel said unto him, "Continue thy search. The abbot Fulgentius, worthy as he is, merits not this high reward. That servant of the Lord is still *too young*."

"He is fourscore years of age, of which sixty-four have been spent in the monastic state and in the same monastery."

"He has not yet lived twenty years as years are reckoned by the guardian angels. Pursue thy way, good hermit, and continue thy search."

After three months the pilgrim worn by fatigue and prolonged vigils joyfully brought four names to St. Michael. It will be understood that these names were chosen from among thousands by the zealous pilgrim. The first bright name on the list was that of a Lord of Falaise, illustrious through his ancestors and still more so for his own charity. His castle with its square towers, surrounded by crags, deep moats, and high walls, was always hospitably open to all pilgrims and strangers as well as to the unfortunate. There he himself waited upon them at table, after having washed their feet with his own hands, count and baron as he was, and he never suffered them to depart till he had given them alms and chanted the divine office with them in the nave of his chapel of St. Prix. A numerous progeny revered him, and all his vassals proclaimed his fatherly kindness. What more could be asked that he might exchange his feudal power for a throne in heaven?

The second on the list was the mother of fifteen children, seven of whom served their King as brave soldiers, seven others served the altar as priests or monks, and and the remaining one, a daughter, had many children, who were reared under the careful and vigilant eye of their grandmother of pious renown. What more could be asked that she might pass from family honors to a throne in heaven?

The third was a noble warrior of the Knights of Malta, covered with wounds and scars gained in the service of God.

He seemed truly endowed with valor and sanctity, which made up for want of age, for he was only twenty-nine. What more could be asked than that he might

pass from the midst of combats to the bosom of everlasting peace, and from the triumphs of victory to a glorious throne in heaven?

Finally, the fourth name was that of a widow, like the prophetess Anna, who departed not from the temple of Jerusalem, by fasting and prayers serving God day and night. Like her, she was devoted to good works, to the care of the sick, the help of the infirm, and the charge of orphans. She was called "the eye of the blind," and "the consolation of the afflicted," and throughout old Neustria with its green orchards the echoes of the manor-houses and the huts alike knew of the wondrous deeds of good Dame Lois.

Proud of all these names, the hermit at the early hour of lauds presented the list to St. Michael; when evening had brought the hour of compline, the holy chant being ended, St. Michael gave back to the hermit the precious paper, all perfumed with the incense of paradise, and said to him: "Faithful servant continue thy search: all these names are dear and precious in the eyes of God; but they who bear them are still *too young*."

"But the sire of Falaise has seen almost a hundred years pass over his now bald head and his beard is whiter than the snows of Mount St. Bernard!"

"That noble lord of a hundred years is only reckoned fifteen by the calendar of the guardian angels," replied the archangel.

"But this mother of fifteen children and twelve grandchildren who are her crown and her glory? . . . And the pious widow?" . . .

"The mother will only be eight years old come the festival of the Assumption of Our Lady, her holy Patroness; and the pious and chaste widow is hardly older than the sire of Falaise."

"And the Knight of Malta? Illustrious and brave above his fellow-knights, he is only twenty nine years old according to the record of his baptism; but these few years have been well employed in defending Christendom against the infidel Turks who tremble before his Damascus blade."

"The knight has made progress, it is true, in the way of real life. He is almost old enough to reign; but his guardian angel demands yet a space of time before imprinting on his soul the seal of the eternal and heavenly life. Go thy way, and continue thy search."

The hermit, in the silence of his cell, was terrified to see how hard it was to attain length of years according to the reckoning of the angels; but he redoubled his zeal to discover the rare treasure demanded by St. Michael. Seven Sundays having passed away weeping and praying in the undercroft of the church of St. Gerbold, shepherd of Bayeux, of learned memory, he saw the archangel with his sword of gold coming toward him resplendent with light. Troubled in the depths of his heart, the hermit said to him humbly: "I have only one name to present thee, and this name offers but little that is worthy of relating; yet I lay it before thee." And he held forth the paper wet with his tears to St. Michael, who took it, smiling meanwhile on the trembling hermit.

The paper had hardly been placed in the angel's hands when the sombre crypt was filled with a soft light; an unknown perfume embalmed the air, and the hermit, almost ravished with ecstasy, at once understood that the chosen one so long sought after was at length found. . . .

The elect soul rose like a blue vapor above the tower of the church, above the lofty mountains, beyond the stars: it rose luminous and full of majesty, till it came to the courts of the New Jerusalem to take its place upon the dazzling throne awaiting it among the angels.

"How old, then, is this soul according to the calendar of eternal life?" were the first words addressed St. Michael by the hermit, still on his knees.

And St. Michael graciously replied: "This saint was only twenty-one years old according to the reckoning on earth, but he was a hundred by that of the guardian angels who watch over souls. Not one hour of his short life was lost for eternity. It was not only not lost, but—which is necessary to attain length of years that are meritorious and venerable in our eyes—not one hour failed to be reckoned twice or thrice, and sometimes a hundredfold, by the merit of his deeds of faith, hope, charity and mortification. Nothing is lost which is pleasing in the eyes of the Lord. A glass of water given with love in His name becomes a majestic river flowing on for ever and ever: while a treasure given without love or from human motives is counted as nothing in the great Book of Life! To really live, thou must love God while exiled here below, as we love him in

the home of the blessed. Thou must also love thy neighbor, whose soul reflects the image of its Maker."

With these words the angel disappeared, leaving behind him a long train of light in the dim vaults of the crypt of St. Gerbold.

"O Lord!" cried the hermit "grant me a true knowledge of the Christian life—the only life really worth the name—that at my last hour I may not hear resounding above my head the terrible words, *Too young!* Teach me, O my God! the value of time, which is only given us that we may lay up treasures for heaven. Time is the money of eternity! time is the price of the Saviour's blood! time, so fleeting, which we seek to kill, and which will surely kill us; time, the inflexible tyrant who spares no one! Oh! that I might in turn triumph over time by making it serve to the sanctification of my soul and the winning of an eternal crown."

YOUNG MEN.—The most unfortunate day in the career of any young man is the day on which he fancies there is some better way to make money than to earn it; for from that feeling spring the many extravagant and visionary plans which are indulged in for the purpose of gaining a livelihood without labor. When a young man becomes thoroughly infected with this feeling, he is ready to adopt any means for the accomplishment of his objects, if he is foiled in his efforts upon the crest of the wave which he has already mounted, and even though in full view be the temptation of crime; all this, to shield him from the disgrace which he thinks must inevitably follow in the wake of defeat. To temptation he yields, and the first he realizes he finds himself an outcast in the community, and the inmate of a prison; all brought about for the want of a manly firmness in the outset of life to prompt him to choose an avocation where the penny earned would bring with it its sure if slow reward.

Who has not often heard it said that God will help those who help themselves? When we have done all we can we may safely trust the rest to Providence. Let us not allow the spirit of the times which has faith in nothing but money and material force, destroy our confidence in that great resource which is open to the poorest and weakest among us—the resource of prayer.—*Youths' Cabinet.*

THE "HARP."

HAMILTON, ONT., FEBRUARY, 1882.

THE CROSS AND THE HARP.

RELIGION and nationality are closely allied in the minds of the Irish people. In fact, they are associate ideas : any consideration of the one involves an equal contemplation of the other. This remark is true of almost any period of Irish history. In reviewing the events of the past three hundred years, we cannot help considering that the efforts made by the Irish for freedom were chiefly for liberty of conscience, the noblest of all liberties. The struggles of the Anglo-Norman period call up thoughts, not only of political freedom, but also of the high-handed attempts of the English kings to impose a system of ecclesiastical discipline at variance with the ruling of the Sovereign Pontiff and the spirit of the Catholic Church. The three centuries of warfare with the Danes remind us that the efforts of the chieftains were directed, both to expel tyrannical oppressors and to punish the destroyers of their churches and the insulters of their holy religion. The blessed era of St. Patrick and the happy times that followed it are also illustrative of this association of ideas. Under the banner of the cross the Irish people won their noblest victories. Druidism was completely crushed, and Ireland, in the brightness of her faith and learning, became for a time the day star of European civilization.

The glories of Ireland are her heroic struggles for the Faith. These are her pride and her boast, and if they were sub-

duced from her history, scarce anything worthy of mention would be left. The days of "Conn of the Hundred Battles," and of "Nial of the Nine Hostages," are days of war and bloodshed carried on for their own sake ; and if freed from the myth that surrounds them, they would only prove what has been since frequently manifested in a far better cause, that the Irish are a brave and hardy nation. But afterwards, when animated with religious zeal, they filled the land with churches and schools, became the evangelizers of pagans and the teachers of barbarians, the Irish people covered themselves with true glory. In that troublous period, when other nations boasted of rapine and destruction, and kings gloried in the multitudes they had reduced to misery, Ireland alone pursued the noble calling of improving the moral and intellectual condition of her neighbors, of bravely building up what others had savagely pulled down. It was the prevalence of religious motives that made sacred the wars of the Ulster chieftains, and flung the odium of Christendom on their opponents, when the latter refused religious toleration. The heroism of Sarsfield would lose its highest value were it not that freedom of conscience was the paramount idea in his mind. Few can admire the rebellion of "Silken Thomas," unless we allow the admiration that is given to headlong unproductive bravery ; but every right thinking person must pay a tribute of respect

to the gallant Owen Roe O'Neill, who, before his battles, invoked the aid of the Lord of Hosts; who, after his victories, never failed to return Him thanks; and who, when fortune frowned on his country, bowed his head and exclaimed, "Thy will be done." The passage of the Emancipation Bill won for O'Connell his greatest fame. While the struggle for that important measure lasted, all the world sympathized with him; when it became law, and a whole nation was made religiously free, the world admired and applauded him.

So, whether we consider the career of the nation or of the individual, the Irish race is famous for its unswerving attachment to religion as well as country, for its love for the Cross as well as the harp. Other nations have fought for liberty, too, but

in many cases it was the liberty of the socialist and communist, the liberty to trample upon divine and civil laws, and to give full vent to other lawless passions. Irishmen's struggles for freedom have been associated with the dearest and grandest of principles, to obtain just and equitable laws and a proper share of the sacred rights of humanity. This combination of the spiritual and the physical good has been the bright and prevailing feature in Irish history. It has made Ireland a nation of heroes and saints, it has caused priest and layman to work hand in hand in the same glorious cause, and we trust that the day will never come when this noble union will be disassociated, when the triumphs of the Cross will cease to be themes for the harp.

"I'LL FIND A WAY OR I'LL MAKE IT."

THE wise smith strikes the iron while it is hot; the determined smith strikes the iron until it becomes hot. The one makes use of favorable opportunities, the other in the absence of opportunities makes them himself. These two examples represent the two classes of men who succeed in this life. The third class, the drones of humanity, those who lazily wait for opportunities to present themselves, seldom achieve success, and are, as a rule, socially and personally useless.

By far the most serviceable man to the community is he who does not wait for the means to appear, who does not despair at not finding them, but proceeds with a resolute heart and determined will to *make* his way to success. He neither curses bad nor idly prays for good times. If he does not seek the giddy heights of presumption neither does he sink into the

depths of despair, but practices the virtuous medium, hope, in conjunction with a vigorous exercise of his mental and physical faculties. He does not magnify a mole-hill of difficulty into a mountain, but boldly grappling with the mountain, by persevering industry reduces it to mole-hill dimensions.

When the Roman general of old was informed that all possible ways of beating an active and skilful enemy had been exhausted by his predecessor, he firmly replied, "I'll find a way or I'll make it." Disregarding the tactics of former commanders, he studied those of the victorious enemy and attacked him at a most unlooked for point. He "carried the war into Africa," transferred the scene of danger from Rome to Carthage, forced the conqueror to forego the long and arduous lahor, and to fight for his own

country under the walls of his native city. Thus, Hannibal, who scaled the icy Alps, withstood the storms of the Appenines and defeated four great Roman armies, was at length overcome by Scipio, a man of inferior genius, but of prompt action, keen apprehension and unconquerable will. The first attempts of Demosthenes at speech-making were utterly unsuccessful. He was mocked and hooted at from one end of Athens to the other. No speaker could have spoken worse. Yet, despite the taunts of his fellow citizens, the scorn of the orators and his own violent stammering and painful hesitancy, he set resolutely to work, and by persistent study and practice won his way to the summit of oratorical fame. Those who once laughed at him lived to applaud him, the great speakers of the day paid tribute to his excellence, and mankind has ever since acknowledged him to be the greatest political orator the world ever saw.

"He who would have the fruit must climb the tree" Waiting for the fruit to fall is a waste of time. Some more enterprising persons may gather it before you. Besides, when it does fall, it is often worthless—dashed to pieces by the wind, worm-eaten or unpalatably ripe. So it is with the business of life. He who would be famous, wealthy or happy, must labor hard to be so, and his success will be in proportion to the judicious expenditure of energy.

The number of those who are born fortunate, or who have fortune "thrust upon them" are few, in comparison with those who have been the architects of their own fortune. If the world depended on the former for its material advancement, mankind might still be dwellers in tents, and herders of flocks. To be sure as many good men have been found in these capacities as in others, but there are few among us to-day who would exchange the comforts of civilization for the simplicity of primitive life.

When Bonaparte laid siege to Mantua, he was surrounded with apparently unsurpassable difficulties. His army was small and badly equipped. The enemy was well supplied and strongly fortified, and to make matters worse, a powerful well-appointed army led by a veteran general was marching against him. He could not retreat in safety, for the Austrians held the passes into France, and he could not force the surrender of Mantua in time to make it a place of defence. Suddenly raising the siege by night, he marched with lightning speed against the advancing host. The Austrians knew nothing of his approach until they beheld his army in line of battle, and being thus taken by surprise, were hopelessly scattered with one fierce well directed blow. Hurrying back to Mantua he soon forced the now terrified garrison to surrender. Had he waited until the arrival of the relieving forces his army would have been destroyed and probably an end put to his own career.

The principle of conservation of energy should be duly observed. As it would be absurd to attempt the battering down of a castle with a pea-shooter, so it would be equally absurd to use an Armstrong gun for the destruction of a fly. The careful man calculates the proportions of his object, the difficulty or ease with which it may be accomplished, and makes his preparations accordingly. Earnestness and determination being added to his caution, he sets to work with confidence. Trifles do not turn him from his object, yet neither does he despise apparently insignificant things. The lordly lion would scorn the opposition of the humble mouse, yet the mouse in the fable once gave freedom to the king of beasts. Repeated failures serve but to whet the energy of the resolute man. Again and again he returns to the struggle, and in the success that finally crowns his efforts he finds the reward of his industry and perseverance.

GENERAL NOTES.

WITHIN less than three-quarters of a century the manufacturing industries of Ireland have declined 90 per cent, that is to say, where before the Union there were ten factories with their corresponding number of employees, there is now but one. Restore the Irish parliament and the industries of Ireland will revive.

THE Brooklyn *Catholic Review* proposes an American Pilgrimage to the Vatican as a step towards an "adequate expression of lay Catholic opinion, in protest against the gross outrages on the Holy See." The press of America might commend this proposition to their readers, whose circumstances would permit such an undertaking. Numerous and frequent pilgrimages to Rome would console the Pope, and convince the son of the robber king that the oppressions of his usurping government find no favor beyond the circle of political bandits.

THE recent elevation of Cardinal Howard to the dignified position of head of the College of Cardinals, calls to mind his noble ancestry. He belongs to the illustrious house of Norfolk, and being of the Plantagenet race, has royal blood in his veins. This noble family has always ranked highest in the land—next to that of the sovereign—the Duke of Norfolk being the premier duke of England. It is the only ducal house whose Catholic faith withstood the trials and the storms of religious persecution down to the present day. Its members have distinguished themselves for their learning, their patriotism, their devotion to religion even to the extent of suffering martyrdom for its sake, and its representatives of to-day are every way worthy of their ancestral fame.

ACCORDING to the latest census, the area of the United States, including Alaska, is about 3,600,000 square miles, and its population about 50,000,000. The area of the Dominion of Canada is about 4,000,000 square miles, and its population nearly 5,000,000.

THE shepherds of the West have discovered that the goat is an excellent protector of sheep. The strong, sharp horns and "butting" propensities of the goat are too powerful for predatory dogs and wolves, who fly from the sheepfold before his attack.

THE latest novelty in American inventions is the "Cattle Restaurant." It is proposed to build at regular intervals along railway lines properly fitted up establishments for the due entertainment of hungry and weary cattle, hogs and horses. It is a project of the Humane Live Stock Express Company.

SOME of the English papers are discussing "The Relation of Art to Morals." Every æsthetic man must acknowledge that art appears in its highest form when associated with morality. In the Middle Ages, when faith was stronger and morality purer than at the present day, and when men sought for their subjects among holy things, and for nobler purposes, the grandest works of art were produced by the greatest painters and architects whom the world ever saw.

THE *Catholic Shield* for January administers a fitting rebuke to the zealots of Natick, Mass., who in a very un-Catholic manner attacked Father Walsh for not participating in the ill-regulated "No Rent" agitation. Referring to their "resolution" to pay "no more pew rent" until Father Walsh be removed, the *Shield* remarks, "Pews! Their fathers—God rest their honest, faithful souls—would have died thanking God for the privilege of attending Mass, barefoot, on their knees in the open air!"

THE bigots are becoming alarmed over the rapid growth of Catholicity in England. It galls them to think that the Catholic population has been doubled within a quarter of a century, that churches, schools, monasteries and convents are springing up in all directions, that Catholics number among their ranks some of the noblest, wealthiest and most learned men and women of the land, and that scores of the same are yearly entering the Church. This is a sort of *renaissance* whose occurrence they fondly hoped would never be witnessed within the limits of the "bulwark of Protestantism."

THE gross acts of injustice practised on the Pope by the Italian government are at length beginning to excite the disapproval of several European States, and it is likely that at least a modification of the present condition of things

will be effected. Even the London *Times* has sacrificed its bigotry to a sense of justice and says: "Could Italians have abstained from more than a political incorporation of Rome, and have ruled it from Florence, they would have consulted both their own benefit and the general comfort."

THE names of the Holy persons canonized Saints of the Universal Church on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception are: "John Baptist de Rossi, Lawrence of Brendiso, Benedict Joseph Labre, Confessors; and Clara of the Cross, Virgin. Their places in the Calendar will be as follows: that of John Baptist on the 23rd of May, that of Lawrence on the 7th of July, of Benedict Joseph on the 16th of April, and that of Clara on the 18th of August."

CATHOLIC periodicals should waive their legal right to mutual abuse and square their conduct by the moral standard. For the edification of their readers, whose spiritual benefit they ought to consider as well as their own profit, they should overlook each other's little faults; or, if reproof be necessary in order to serve a good purpose, it should be administered according to the rules of Christian charity.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that some parts of the Land Act are capable of improvement. "Everything points to the advantage of a great extension of the purchase clauses. The ministerial policy rests on efforts to promote the material prosperity of the Irish people. If this is successful, the other demands—we may call them the obvious requirements of Ireland—will be comparatively easily satisfied." Not so easily unless Home Rule be granted.

AN Italian paper *La Perseveranza* (secular) boldly states in effect that the Papal influence has vastly increased throughout Europe and is daily becoming stronger, while that of the Italian government is rapidly losing ground. It calls Leo XIII a "sagacious Pope," is astonished at the tact he displayed in bringing "the great Chancellor Bismarck" to terms, and seems to fear "the transformation of King Humbert into a Vicar of the Pope." Let us devoutly hope that such will yet be the case.

LORD DERBY has allied himself with the Liberal party of Great Britain. But if we are to judge by his utterances the noble lord is in spirit as illiberal as ever. This is his opinion on Home Rule question: "The sense of the majority of the people of the United Kingdom must overrule the wish of a merely local and possibly

temporary majority in a particular part of it." The majority is not "temporary" because it has existed since the time of the Union and is greater now than ever; and if the wish be 'local' it is only for local objects, and cannot prejudice the interests of the other parts of the kingdom.

JOHN BRIGHT is severe on the landlords of Ireland. According to his calculations, "If all that the Irish tenants had done were swept away from the soil, and if all that the landlords had done were left upon it, it would be as bare as the American prairie where the Indian now roams and where the foot of white man never trod." Then, should not each class be rewarded according to its merits.

OUR BOOK SHELF.

WE have received a copy of the *Irish-American Almanac* for 1882, published by P. M. Haverty, 14 Barclay St., New York. Besides the usual astronomical information, its contents are made up of: The calendar, which gives the feasts of the principal saints, and the dates of historical events in connection with America and Ireland; several pretty tales, biographical references and choice literary selections. A number of neat illustrations help to decorate the book. The usual price, 25 cents.

THE *Scholastic Annual* for 1882 has also been received. This is its seventh issue and it is fully equal to its predecessors in admirable mechanical and literary arrangements. It contains a variety of useful information, such as Church feasts and fast days, astronomical calculations, weather predictions, post office regulations, etc., Poetry, tales, topography and biography are the principal features in its literary department and are very interesting. It is published by J. A. Lyons, Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Indiana, Price, 25 cents.

THE *Youth's Cabinet* is the name of a new magazine, designed for the young, and issued monthly by P. O'Shea, 45 Warren Street, New York. Its contents are light, entertaining and wholesome—just the class of reading for Catholic youth. There are charming tales, standard poetry, biography, natural history, pretty stories, adventures, wit and wisdom, music, etc. Many of the articles are beautifully illustrated. The book is typographically faultless, being neatly printed in large clear type on fine toned paper, demi-octavo, making a conveniently large book of 32 pages to each number. The price is only one dollar a year in advance. The HARP wishes the new enterprise complete success.

Donahoe's Magazine, the *Catholic Fireside* and the *Scholastic* are at hand this month as spirited and interesting as ever. McGee's *Illustrated Weekly* has adopted a new allegorical heading which much improves its appearance. The *Scientific American* has also been received. Its cuts and letter press are, as usual, artistic and talented.

WIT AND WISDOM.

No reproof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example.

SOME decedent of Solomon has wisely remarked that those who go to law for damages are sure to get them.

No man ever offended his own conscience but, first or last, it was revenged upon him for it.

A NICE old lady, who was over-nice in regard to cleanliness about her house, once scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through into her cellar.

A HUSBAND complained sadly at the price of "ducks." His wife recently bought three for \$226, viz: A "duck" of a dress, a "duck" of a bonnet, and a "duck" of a parasol.

BEING positive in judgement to-day is no proof that we shall not be of a different opinion to-morrow.

BAD habits are thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will spring a new crop of weeds.

A WESTERN newspaper having repeated the old paradox that if two letters be taken from money there will be but one left, the Vicksburg *Times* remarks:—"We once knew a fellow who took money from two letters, and there was none left."

THERE is nothing like beginning life with settled economical principles. Extravagance is a habit easily contracted, and goes on increasing as a snow ball does in volume when rolling down hill. The slang phrase, "Go it while you're young," has been the ruin of thousands.

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.

LOVING wife at Long Branch: "The horrid surf makes me keep my mouth shut." Sarcastic husband: "Take some home with you."

I LIKE music. I can't sing. As a singer I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am.—*A. Ward.*

WILLIAM III. had many a quarrel with Marshal Luxemburg. The latter on being told that he had been called hump-backed by the King, replied:

"How can he know that? He has never seen my back, although I have often seen his."

AN OLD CHICKEN.—In attempting to carve a fowl one day, a gentleman found considerable difficulty in separating its joints, and exclaimed against the man who had sold him an old hen for a young chicken.

"My dear," said the enraged man's wife, "don't talk so much about the aged and respectable Mr. B.; he planted the first hill of corn that was planted in our town."

"I know that," said her husband, "and I believe this hen scratched it up."

A SAN FRANCISCO EDITOR, who has been to a Chinese theatre there, thus speaks of the quality of the music furnished:—Imagine yourself in a boiler manufactory when four hundred men are putting in rivets, a mammoth tin-shop next door on one side, and a forty-stamp quartz mill on the other, with a drunken charivari party with six hundred instruments in front, four thousand enraged cats on the roof, and a faint idea will be conveyed of the performance of a first-class Chinese band of music."

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."