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TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

PART II—CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

So he evaded the question, and did not revert to the subject.

As they were returning to the castle the baron met them, and took Mina into the hall. He asked her to point out the exact spot where she had seen that limb of Satan, Lohie. She showed him the window at which she had caught sight of his face. Then inspired with a sudden courage, she said:

"M. le Baron, will you tell the gendarmes not to kill Osseo till I have spoken to him?"

"You would not wish, my dear, to speak to a robber?"

"Oh, but I would, M. le Baron, indeed, indeed I would."

"He is an outlaw, like the rest of the gang, and our men may destroy them like vermin. But I have given orders that if this Lohie or Osseo is caught he should be brought here alive, as he may give information as to the others. By the bye, Raoul tells me you speak the language of these savages, Mademoiselle Mina. As you are so courageous, we shall get you to examine him."

"Shall you put him into the dungeon?" she asked.

"Take care, grandpapa," Bertha cried; "Mina will let him out."

The baron looked grave.

"This man is a murderer and a robber. Mademoiselle Mina has been too well brought up, I am sure, to pity such a wretch."

Poor Mina! she did not answer, but she longed to say that it was because this man was a murderer and a robber, and an unbelieving, unbaptised heathen, that the thought of his sudden death wrung her heart.

The day went by somewhat wearily; and, as the night approached, some of the inmates of the castle felt restless and anxious. The ladies and the servants had related to one another

stories of robbers and assassins till they had grown so nervous that a foot-fall on the stairs, or the rustling of leaves near the window, made them start and shudder.

The baron desired that every one should go to bed as usual, except the sentries to whom he had assigned their several posts. Madame d'Auban and her daughter withdrew to their room, and both fell asleep soon after going to bed. But Mina woke in about an hour, her nerves on the full stretch, and her heart beating like a pendulum. For two hours not a sound disturbed the tranquility of the night. Then a sort of faintness, the result of intense watching came over her. She slipped out of bed, put on her dressing gown and shoes, and a mantle, and a hood over her head. The door of the bed-room opened on an outward winding staircase leading to the parapet. She opened it gently, and stood on the steps breathing the fresh air. There was no moon, but the night was not very dark: a few stars were visible, when the clouds divided in the sombre sky. She stood there for a few minutes, and was about to reenter the room, when she saw a figure ascending the steps perfectly noiselessly. She did not move or scream, but said in a low whisper, "Osseo!"

The figure stopped, and she heard it answer in the Indian language—

"Who are you that know Osseo?"

She stepped forward and said:

"I am Mina. In the city of Natches you once called me your sister. Go away; the white men are watching for you, and will kill you. Throw away the serpent, Osseo: leave the wicked tribe."

"I have shed the blood of the white men," answered the Indian, in a low but distinct whisper: "the serpent delivers them into my hand. But the sound of thy voice is like water to the parched lip. O, daughter of the French tribe,

come with me into the woods, and I will shed no more blood: I will lie down on the grass and listen to thy words."

"Osseo, in the name of the Great Spirit of the Christian's prayer, go away before my people kill thee. If I call out they will come."

"Maiden, the tribe that kills and steals is at hand, and if I whistle they will scale the wall and put thy people to death. But come with me, little bird of the west: I will hide thee from them before I give the signal."

"They cannot come, Osseo; they cannot come. There are armed men upon the walls. At the least noise they will rush upon thee."

"My fetish is stronger than they are," whispered the Indian, and Mina saw him feeling in his bosom for the serpent. She shuddered, and stood transfixed to the spot, as if fascinated herself, and unable to raise her voice. There was a minute's silence. Then a flash and the report of a gun. The Indian had seized hold of the serpent more roughly than usual. The creature hissed, and sprang to his throat. He gave a violent start and his gun, which he held with one arm against his shoulder, slipped, went off, and wounded him in the breast. The noise roused at once all the sentinels, and the baron and Raoul were in an instant on the spot. Torches threw light on the scene, and Mina was found kneeling by the Indian's side, who lay apparently dead. The serpent on his bosom was lifeless also. But when they took up Osseo, to carry him into the hall, it was perceived that he still breathed, and Mina implored the baron to send for a priest. Raoul went to fetch the cure, and her mother tried to take her away; but she turned round with an imploring countenance, and said:

"Let me stay, mother, in case he revives."

And the priest, who arrived at that moment, seconded her entreaties. Raoul had told him who the dying man was, and how anxious Mina was about his soul. Nobody quite understood what had happened. She looked for the baron, and said:

"He told me before the gun went off that the robbers were close at hand."

"Aye," said he, "we must be on our guard, then; but the sound of the gun will have frightened them away, I think. But how, in heaven's name, my child, were you speaking with this wretch?"

"I was standing at the door of our room, to get air, for I was faint, and I saw him gliding up the stairs. I called to him, and told him who I was, and begged him to go away—"

"The deuce you did!" ejaculated the baron.

"But he would not go; and as he was feeling for his fetish—that serpent you see there—his gun went off."

"Hush!" said the cure; "I think he is moaning."

The Indian had opened his eyes and looked at the bystanders with a half-fierce, half-bewildered gaze, but when he saw Mina a more human expression stole over his features. He raised his hand to his mouth. This was a token he recognized her. The village doctor, who had been summoned, felt his pulse, and said he had not long to live. The young girl bent over him, and in accents low and sweet, spoke to him in his own tongue. The hall was

by this time crowded, and every one was watching the dying man and the child, and the priest standing close to her. A pin might have been heard to drop. No one uttered a word but herself, and no one understood what she was saying except the dying man, whose eyes fastened themselves on her face. She looked inspired. On the ashy paleness of her cheek a red spot deepened into crimson as her emotion increased. Sometimes she raised her hand and pointed to the sky. Once he felt in his breast, as if searching for something there. She took up the dead serpent and showed it to him, then throwing it down she set her foot upon it, and held the crucifix before his eyes. Raoul de la Croix felt at that moment a thrilling sensation in his heart which he never forgot. He would fain have fallen at her feet; and her own mother gazed with awe on her child. At last the Indian spoke. His strength seemed for a moment to rally. He raised himself on his elbow, took the crucifix in his hand, and touched his forehead with it. Then in her ear he murmured a few words.

"Monsieur le Cure," Mina cried, "he asks to be baptized. He believes now in the Great Spirit who died for him. He is very sorry to have robbed and killed His children. Oh, M. le Cure, will you baptize him?"

Whilst she was speaking, a spasm passed over Osseo's face, and the death-rattle sounded in his throat. There was no time to lose. The priest baptized him, and whilst the water was still flowing on his brow, the poor ignorant savage, on whom a ray of light had shone in the last hour of his life, died with his eyes fixed on the crucifix which Mina was holding in her clasped and upraised hands.

Those who had witnessed this scene had been deeply impressed. Mina herself did not seem at all conscious that she had been admired, or even much noticed, on account of the part she had taken in it. An immense weight was off her mind, and during the days which followed, she was often in high spirits. The friendship between her and the young de la Croix grew more and more close. The baron, delighted at the result of Mandrin's projected attack, and at the disappearance of his gang from the Forez, which followed upon his lieutenant's death, could afford to forgive Mina, and to laugh at her for her connivance, as he called it, with the robbers. Madame d'Auban, mean time, was counting the hours till her husband's arrival. He had written to say he would leave Paris in two days. No positive promise had been given him about an appointment in Bourbon, and recent circumstances had made him adverse to press the matter. He had accordingly contented himself with obtaining letters of introduction to the governor and one or two other French residents in the island. He added, that he had sent Antoine to their former lodgings in the Rue de l'Écu, and that he had ascertained that the Comte de Saxe had called there, and expressed great surprise at their departure. The landlord had told him they had left France as well as Paris, and were on their way to the Isle de Bourbon.

When Raoul heard that M. d'Auban was expected in a day or two, he looked more thoughtful than he had ever done in his life before.

He could scarcely sit still a moment; and on the morning when he was expected, he rode to Montbrison to meet him.

As he walked up and down under the plane trees of the promenade, it seemed as if years instead of days had elapsed since the one on which he had handed out of the diligence Madame d'Auban and Mina. When the same cumbersome vehicle drove to the inn door, his heart beat fast, and before Colonel d'Auban had fairly set foot on the ground, he found himself clasped in the chevalier's arms.

"Ah! my young friend," he exclaimed, "I need not ask you who you are. The warmth of your welcome would make me know it, even if you were not so like what your father was at your age, when we were at college together."

"Monsieur, he must have been younger than I am now," said Raoul, who did not like to be considered as a collegian.

"Ah! but I knew him, too, after we had left Vannes, when he was about to be married."

"He married very young indeed," cried Raoul, eagerly, "when he was about eighteen."

D'Auban then inquired after the health of all the members of the baron's family, and spoke of their kindness to his wife and daughter.

"Mademoiselle Mina is an angel!" Raoul said, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

D'Auban smiled, and then both mounted their horses and rode out of town.

D'Auban was delighted with his young companion. There was something so ingenuous, so frank, and so noble about him, and then he was evidently in love with his little Mina. He related the story of Osseo's death with such an ardent enthusiasm about her goodness and her courage, and described how beautiful she looked by the side of the dying Indian, that the father's heart was touched, and tears stood in his eyes.

"If only," he murmured to himself, "if only the spirit does not wear out the frame!" and then turning playfully to his companion, he said aloud, "I had rather, M. Raoul, she had been playing at dominoes than playing the heroine. She has played enough of that sort of thing for a child like her."

"Ah! she is not a child, M. le Colonel."

"I fear not. Would she was, my young friend! She has known too early what it is to suffer. Is she looking well?" d'Auban anxiously asked, for he did not like to think of the scene she had gone through.

"Oh! yes. She has the most lovely colour in her cheeks, like that of a deep red rose, and such a brilliant light in her eyes!"

The boy's enthusiastic description made the father sigh. But when Mina ran out into the court of the castle to meet him, he was satisfied. She was looking stronger than in Paris, and seemed very happy. After receiving the most affectionate greetings from all the family, and seen the young people go off on a fishing excursion, Mina on the dun pony, and Bertha on a grey one, and Raoul walking alongside of them, their merry voices still ringing in his ears, he drew his wife's arm in his own, and they went into the parterre to take a quiet stroll, and to talk over the incidents of the preceding days. If ever there was an instance of the romance of wedded love in advancing life, and amidst the many changes it had brought

with it, this was one. These two beings loved each other with the most intense of all affections—that of married love. The dangers they had gone through, if they had not added to the intensity of that affection, had preserved it in all the freshness of its romantic beginnings.

"This is happiness," she exclaimed, as they hurried into the garden, and sitting down on a bench which overlooked the valley, rested her head against her husband's shoulder with a sense of repose. He smiled, and fondly gazed on the pale face he so passionately loved.

"And you do not mind, sweetheart," he said, "that we are poorer than ever, and that when we get to Bourbon we may have to live in a small cottage, and in a very different manner than at St. Agathe?"

"Perhaps," she said, with a little *malice*, "you are going to ask me, M. d'Auban, if I have no regret for the King of France's magnificent offer, or for the suite of apartments I was to have occupied at the palace of Fontainebleau."

He laughed, and said, "It must be owned, madame, that you have treated his majesty somewhat unceremoniously."

"You know I had no direct message from the king. But, Henri, you have heard of Mina's heroic conduct about the poor Indian robber. I assure you that when she stood that night, with her little foot on the dead serpent, and the cross in her hand, it was like a heavenly vision. She rises before me over and over again in that attitude, and with the peculiar look in her eyes we have sometimes noticed. But I have something to communicate to you. What will you think of it? Madame Armand de la Croix has been speaking to me about our child. It seemed to me very strange. Our own destiny has been so extraordinary, and Mina is so young really, although she looks grown up, that a regular proposal of marriage took me by surprise."

D'Auban started, and looked amazed.

"A proposal of marriage for Mina?"

"Yes; the baron is about to ask you for her hand for his grandson."

"If I did not hear it from you, love, I should deem it impossible. Raoul is the baron's heir; would he wed him with a portionless girl?"

"Madame Armand has owned to me, that a heavy debt of gratitude is due from their family to yours; that your grandfather and your father never would accept of the large sum which at the time of the League the former gave as a ransom for the life of the Baron Charles de la Croix; but that the debt is not cancelled in their hearts or in their memories. From the moment the baron heard that you had a daughter, he determined, in his own mind, that the Chevalier Raoul should marry her, and since they have known Mina he is more bent upon it than ever."

"And what do you say to it, madame? Is the chevalier a good enough match for your daughter? I have always resolved to leave the decision of fate in your hands."

His wife smiled and answered, "I ask only one thing for my child, that she should be free to accept or reject the offer made for her hand. The twofold experience of my life has taught me beyond measure to value freedom on that

point; I would not for the world have her controlled."

"She is too young to marry, and so is he."

"Ah, but what the baron proposes is that they should be affianced at once and then that the chevalier should travel for three years—at the end of that time, wherever we are, he will come and claim his bride."

"I see, my sweetest wife, that the thought of this marriage pleases you."

"I do not deny it. If I could have pictured to myself a fate I should have chosen for Mina, it would have been to enter a family of noble but yet not of princely birth, one in which I have witnessed the most admirable virtues and the purest domestic happiness. Young Raoul is handsome, good, and I need not apologize to you, Henri, for adding, though others might laugh at me—he is in love with her."

"And does the little *Dame de ses pensees* return his passion?" asked d'Auban, smiling.

"Ah! I don't know. That child of ours is often a great enigma to me. Open and guileless as she is, I am sometimes at a loss when I try to fathom the depths of her young heart."

"Do not be too romantic, sweet wife. Far be it from me to force her inclinations, but at her age assent is sufficient."

"You know no French young lady ever utters a stronger form of approval of the suitor presented to her acceptance than the admission, that he is not dissagreeable to her. In this case we might rest satisfied with it. But there is one consideration I cannot quite get over. Is not the Baron de la Croix, are not all his family, making an effort of generosity in asking for the hand of our little portionless daughter? It is so contrary to French usages for a young man to marry a girl without a fortune, that I cannot rest quite satisfied that it is not an overstrained point of honor which alone induces them to make this proposal."

Madame d'Auban looked a little pained, her cheek flushed. "Henri, do you give me credit for such a total absence of pride, as to think I should have spoken as I have done if I had not seen beyond a doubt that the hearts of your friends are set upon this marriage;—had I not heard from Raoul's mother, expressions which seldom fall in these days from the lips of French mothers, as to her hopes and fears for the darling of her heart; as to her knowledge of what Mina is, and her intense desire that his destiny should be united to hers? She never mentions her child since the night of Osseo's death without tears in her eyes. But far be it from me, however, to urge you . . ."

"Enough, dearest, enough. I am more than satisfied," exclaimed d'Auban, who felt he had unintentionally slightly wounded his wife's feelings.

A conversation d'Auban held that evening with the Baron proved to him the justice of his wife's appreciation of the old man's real feelings; he was so thoroughly happy at the thoughts of an alliance with the family to which his own had owed so much, so full of delight at acquitting a debt of gratitude as regarded the past, and he kindly added, pressing his friend's hand in both his, "in incurring a fresh one in the shape of the holy and beautiful child he asked of them for his Raoul, that it would have

been playing an unkind and ungracious part to reject, from a false delicacy, the proposal so cordially made. He seemed a little surprised, indeed, when d'Auban stipulated that the betrothal was not to take place unless his little girl gave her full and free assent to it,—that her mother had made him promise this.

"But surely," said the Baron, "a young lady as well educated as Mademoiselle Mina, and of as amiable a disposition, would never dream of opposing her parents' wishes on such a subject."

"My best of friends," d'Auban answered. "Mina's education was not a bad one, thank God, but yet it has been in many respects peculiar. Events, more than teaching, have formed her character. She would doubtless obey our orders, but her mother's ideas on that point are strong, and she would never compel her daughter to marry, or to promise her hand to any one she did not freely choose."

The idea of young ladies choosing their husbands was quite a new one to the baron, and utterly distasteful to him. He would like to see Bertha and Isaura think of choosing for themselves, indeed! And as to Raoul, when he had informed him that he was about to ask for Mademoiselle d'Auban's hand for him, he had behaved as well as possible, and expressed his perfect submission to his grandfather's wishes.

"But I suppose your daughter is not likely to object to the chevalier," he said. "He has, I hope, made himself agreeable to her since she arrived here?"

"I should think your grandson as likely as any youth I have ever seen to win a young lady's heart," answered d'Auban; "and I trust I may have the happiness of calling him my son."

On the morning of the next day, which was to be the last but one they were to spend at the Chateau de la Croix, Madame d'Auban sent for her daughter into her room from the library, where she had gone with Isaura, to copy some passages out of an old book of poetry they had been reading together, and when Mina came bounding into the room she found her father and mother sitting together. They made room for her between them, and he said to her:

"Have you been very happy here, my daughter?"

"Yes; very happy," she answered. "Everybody has been so kind to me, and I love them all very much."

"They are all very fond of you, Mina. The Baron has been speaking to me about you."

"I was afraid he was a little angry with me, because I told Osseo to go away, instead of calling to the sentinels."

"Well, he seems to have forgiven you. He told me you were a brave little girl. I suppose you will be sorry to part with Isaura and Bertha?"

"Yes; and with Raoul also."

"Ah! you like him. I am glad of that. I have taken a great fancy to Raoul. He is very pleasing, and so good and noble-hearted."

"He ought to be good, for his mother, oh, dearest papa! she is quite a saint. I like so much to watch her when she is speaking to a poor person, or dressing their wounds. There

is a little room, quite out of the way, where they come to her every morning; but I know where it is, and she lets me help her. She does not speak much, but the few words she says are full of love and sweetness."

"Then you would be glad to live some day with Madame Armand?"

"I would give the world to be like her."

"Then I think you will be glad to hear, my daughter, that she would like to call you her child?"

"Would she?" answered Mina, innocently; "Then I wish she would."

"What I mean is that she and the Baron want you some time hence to marry Raoul, and be at once affianced to him."

Madame d'Auban's heart beat fast as he said this. Mina drew her arm from her neck and her hand from her father's, and sat up between them with her eyes fixed on the ground and the colour deepening in her cheeks. She did not speak. They remained silent also for a few minutes, and then her mother said:

"What is my Mina thinking of? Tell us, dearest, will you promise to marry Raoul?"

"No—no. I cannot promise to marry him. Oh, dearest papa, dearest mamma, do not ask me."

"And why not, Mina?" said d'Auban, looking vexed and disappointed.

"Because, papa, it would make me miserable: because" . . . a flood of tears stopped her utterance. She wept with what seemed passionate sorrow.

"My child," said her mother, anxiously, "speak, explain to us what you feel."

"Mamma, do you remember my telling you long ago that I would never marry a white man?"

"Oh, Mina, that old childish story!" exclaimed her mother; and her father said with impetuosity:

"You are no longer a child, my daughter; and I cannot brook this infatuation about Indians. You do not suppose that we should ever consent to give our daughter in marriage to a red man?"

"I know you would not, papa, and I will never ask you to do so. But I wish to keep my promise."

"A child's promise! which does not bind you in the least, Mina."

"Then, mamma, if I am too young to be bound by one promise, do not tell me to make another. I told Ontara I could not marry him, when we were at Natches; and after he was baptized in Paris I said so again: but when he was unhappy I promised never to marry at all, and to be always his sister; and it comforted him a little. Mamma don't you remember that one day in Paris, when Julie d'Orgeville had been talking to me about her cousin Jeanne being forced to marry the old Count d'Hervilliers, and I asked you if you would make me marry against my will, you said, *never*? And, mamma, when you said it, I don't know why, but there was tears in your eyes, and you added, 'No, my own, you will never know what it is to wear gilded chains.'"

"But Mina, darling, you like Raoul, and you would be very happy with him."

A troubled look came into little Mina's face;

some large tears gathered in her eyes. She heaved two or three deep sighs, and then hiding her face in her mother's bosom, she murmured:

"I could not be happy if I broke my promise."

Madame d'Auban fondly pressed her lips on her head, and, looking at her husband, smiled. Her womanly instinct was not at fault. She guessed what was passing in the child's heart.

"Mina," said her father, gravely, "if it is that foolish promise that weighs on your mind, Ontara would, I am sure, relieve you from it."

Madame d'Auban shook her head.

Mina started up. "Oh, papa, that would not be really keeping it. If you order me to break it in that way I must, but my heart will break too. Mamma, you remember the day you took his hand and put it on my head, when Osseo was going to force me away from you? We were friendless then; we were prisoners; and he had parents and friends, and brothers and sisters. We were condemned to death, and he saved me. He saved papa, who saved us all. And now he has only me—only me to love him, I must keep my promise."

"Mina," said her father, sitting down again by her, you are too young to understand what you give up when you say you will never marry.

The heavenly expression they sometimes noticed in their child's face shone in it, as she looked up and said:

"I would give up any thing to keep that promise."

"And if, which I never shall, I was to say you might marry Ontara, would you marry him?"

Mina closed her eyes, thought a moment, and then said "Yes," but in a tone that made her mother thrill all over, there was something so peculiar in the child's way of saying it.

She made a sign to her husband not to press the matter further; and they talked to her gently and soothingly, and said she should not be asked to make any promise to Raoul or any one else; that she might remain a child for some years to come, and plant flowers and sow seeds in a cottage garden at St. Denys.

She kissed them and went straight out on the steps which led to the church. At that moment Madame Armand's poor people were passing through the gate on their way to the room where she received them. A woman was staggering under the weight of a sick child, and seemed ready to drop.

Raoul, who was passing through the court with his dogs, whistling a merry tune, caught sight of the beggar, and taking her baby in his arms, carried it to his mother. It was one of those deliberate impulses which show the tone of a man's feelings. He was off again in a moment, not, however, before he had slipped an alms into the woman's hand. He seemed to tread on air, his handsome face was beaming with animation, and snatches of an old French song burst from his lips as he passed the foot of the stairs. He did not see Mina, who had been watching the little scene. She went into the church and prayed a long time. It is said that St. Catharine of Sienna, in one of her mysterious visions, was offered her choice of a crown of roses and a crown of thorns. She chose the

last, because it was like the one our lord had worn. Had two different visions also passed before Mina's eyes, and had she made a similar choice?

CHAPTER IX.

It had not been easy to induce the Baron de la Croix to give up his favorite idea of a betrothal between Raoul and Mina; but her parents and Madame Armand, to whom Madame d'Auban had confided the grounds of her daughter's refusal, and her own belief that time would overcome her determination to lead a single life, out of fidelity to her promise and affection to her deliverer, found means to persuade M. de la Croix that the engagement must be deferred, and the ring of espousal which he had sent for from Moulins put aside for the present.

D'Auban assured him that, on the whole, it was better the young people should be free till they met again in two or three years, and could better judge of their own feelings.

"But I never heard of feelings in my youth," cried the baron. "The will of my father was the only feeling spoken of when I married Madame de la Croix; and nothing ever answered better than our marriage. But let it be as you wish. Wherever you are in three years' time—whether at the north or south pole—I shall send Raoul to ask for the hand of that pretty little heroine of yours, who, I hope, will not have found out by that time that she has feelings of her own. Feelings, forsooth! do you know, my dear d'Auban, that you have gained some strange ideas in the New World?"

"Or by staying out of the Old one, my dear baron. It is wonderful how absence modifies one's views of certain things. It takes time to tune one's self to the key of European civilization."

"Your daughter finds Raoul agreeable, I hope?"

"Indeed, she does; but truly, my dear friend, she is too much of a child fully to appreciate yet the honor you do her."

"But why is she then so tall? she takes one in."

"Ah! she has seen and felt too much for one so young."

"Ah! feeling again! Feeling and thinking will be the ruin of the present generation."

Raoul was very angry and very unhappy when his mother told him little Mina would not promise to marry him: and he took a long walk by himself, and would not speak to her all the evening. But before she went away, they made friends again, and she rode that last day the dun pony once more, and two or three times he saw her large dark blue eyes filling with tears, as Bertha and Isaure said affectionate things to her. And when he whispered, as he helped her off her horse in the court of the castle, "You are not sorry to part with me, Mina; you care only for my sisters!" she blushed deeply, and said, "I do care for you, Raoul—only—"

"Only what?" he asked, as they both stood by the pony, patting his head.

She did not speak, her heart was so full; she was afraid of crying.

"Only you like a savage better than me. Oh, Mina, I cannot forgive you."

"I never said so," she said, hiding her face in the pony's mane.

"I know all about it," he said, stamping his foot. "I guessed it immediately I should like to call him out."

"Oh, Raoul!" she said, raising her tearful eyes to his, "who is a savage now?"

"But I cannot bear you to love him better than me."

"There are such different kinds of love. You never saved my life; you never adopted me; you are not alone in the world; you have every thing to make you happy, and he has nothing."

"If he has your love, Mina, he has every thing I care to have. But you say you have a kind of love for me. What sort of a love is it?"

"I don't know; I should like to die for him, if it would make him happy."

"But you would like to spend your life with me—to be my wife?"

"No; I will never be anybody's wife."

"I do not believe that, Mina. But will you make me a promise? Will you promise not to marry anybody else, till I come in three years to see you in the Isle de Bourdon?"

"I don't like to make any more promises," Mina answered sadly. "I do not think promises are good things. One must keep them, you know, Raoul. But I am sure I shall not marry till you come."

This was said with a look which was very like a promise. He felt it as such, and he told his mother so. And after Mina went away, he was always thinking of these words, and of her look when they were said. And he often patted the dun pony, and fed it out of his hand; and his sisters smiled when they saw how fond he was of it; and Isaure peeped into his room, one day, and saw on his table the book of old romances he used to read to them in the library, and the life of Father Claver, which Mina had forgot in hers. She was very sorry when she missed it. It was the book *Ontara* and she were to finish reading when they met again, and she had left it behind at the chateau. Had she left any thing else behind? Not that she knew of, but her mother sometimes thought so.

Some months elapsed, and a ship was nearing the Isle de Bourdon. The passengers were standing on deck watching the coast becoming every moment more distinct. The vessel had had a long and wearisome passage. For three weeks it had been becalmed. But now the shores of the fair Island, its verdant undulating hills with their grand background of mountains, rose before their eyes, as they went on deck at sunrise. St. Andre and St. Suzanne, and the bright little river of St. Jean, and St. Denys, the town where they were to land, were successively all pointed out to them. As they drew nearer they discerned the negroes at work in the fields, and the planters' houses, and the people almost all dressed in white, and wearing straw hats.

"Oh, mamma!" Mina exclaimed, "there is a concession, and a pretty habitation! And, oh, look at those palm-trees, and at those

piners, and at the oleanders and the orange-trees, and the black women gathering the blossoms. Is it not beautiful? Is it not like Louisiana?"

As the ship glided into the port, crowds gathered at the landing-place to watch the disembarkation of the numerous passengers. A government officer came on board to examine the passports. They were handed to him, and as he read the names, he also attentively looked at the persons who presented them. When colonel d'Auban's was given to him, he looked up quickly, and then said, in a low voice, to one of the men who accompanied him, "These are the persons the governor expects. He is to be immediately informed of their arrival. Send this passport at once to the government house."

Madame d'Auban overheard the whisper, and turned as pale as death. She was obliged to catch hold of her husband's arm to support herself. She instantly apprehended that a quicker sailing vessel than their own had previously arrived and brought orders to arrest them. This blow seemed almost more than she could bear. D'Auban had been looking ill again, and she had fixed her hopes on the benefit he would derive from a warm climate and a settled mode of life. The fear of fresh troubles and miseries seemed quite to overwhelm her.

"It was hard," she thought, "if they were not suffered to live in obscurity in this remote island."

Tired and exhausted, she began to weep bitterly, regardless of the bystanders. It was that sort of weeping induced by fatigue even more than by grief, but which, when joined with it, can neither be stayed nor checked. Her husband, who did not know the cause of her distress, hurried her on shore. Though the passport had not been returned, no one opposed their landing. Madame d'Auban and Mina were conveyed in a litter to the house of M. Thirlemont, a gentleman to whom a friend in Paris had recommended them, and who, with the well-known hospitality of the Bourdon creoles, had invited the new comers to take up their abode with him. He was one of the wealthiest landowners of the island, and his habitation, just outside the town, almost a palace. When the litter, carried by four blacks, stopped in front of the entrance door, he came out with his wife to greet their guests. When Madame Thirlemont caught sight of them, she cried out, "It is Madame d'Auban, monsieur, I told you it must be her;" and to the astonishment of that lady she clasped her to her breast.

At the first instant neither Mina nor her mother recollected who she was, but after a minute both exclaimed almost at the same time, "Madame Lenoir!"

"Ah! not any longer Madame Lenoir," answered their hostess, as she led them through the hall into the drawing-room. "A life of single blessedness did not suit me at all. M. Thirlemont came on business to New Orleans soon after our deliverance from those abominable savages. I am sure we can never be thankful enough to Colonel d'Auban," she turned round and bowed to him, "for so gallantly coming to our rescue. Ah, my charming Mina,

I hope since you have been in Paris, you have got over your preference for those wicked wretches who so nearly murdered us. But as I was telling you, M. Thirlemont offered me his hand, and I have really had no reason to regret having accepted it, though of course I did not do so without much hesitation, seeing all I had gone through in consequence of my first marriage. Not that I mean to say that it was M. Lenoir's fault, poor man! Ah, Madame d'Auban, when we used to talk over our mutual sorrows, I was most to be pitied. Providence was, however, preparing for me a happy compensation," this was said with a sweet smile and glance at M. Thirlemont, whose jovial countenance and loud cheerful laugh seemed indeed calculated to offer a contrast to the tragical passage of Madame Lenoir's history.

After some further conversation had taken place, and just as Madame Thirlemont was about to conduct her guests to their apartments, a servant came into the room and presented a letter to M. Thirlemont. He hastily read it, and then placed it in his wife's hands. A cloud suddenly overshadowed her face, and her demeanour to her guests became cold and dignified. The letter was from the governor. It was a most puzzling one. There was no guessing its drift. "His excellency requested M. Thirlemont, at whose house he understood Colonel and Madame d'Auban had arrived, not on any account to let them depart before he had seen them, and added, that as soon as some pressing business he had on hand was concluded, he would come there himself, as he wished for a private interview with his guests."

The messenger who had brought this missive was cross-questioned by Madame Thirlemont, who went out to speak to him.

"The governor," he said, "had appeared excited when he heard of Colonel d'Auban's arrival, and immediately sent to inquire where they were gone. He had been ordered to lose no time in delivering the letter his excellency had written."

Madame Thirlemont made her plans. It struck her this was an emergency which required prudence and resolution. She hastened back to the drawing-room, and once more proposed to conduct Madame d'Auban to the chamber prepared for her, and then by a bold stroke, which might, if necessary, be explained away as an accident, she locked the door and carried away the key. Then rushing to the one where her husband had just left d'Auban, she took the same precaution.

"What are you doing, Madame?" exclaimed the astonished M. Thirlemont, who was still in the passage.

The lady placed her finger on her lips, and drew her husband into a small room on the ground floor, which was his own sitting room. There she was proceeding also to lock the door, but this he would not stand.

"Madame, are you gone out of your mind?" he asked.

She again laid her finger on her lips, and answered, in an impressive whisper, "Monsieur, this is not the time for irrelevant, and I might add, indecorous exclamations. We are in a position of the greatest, of the most awful, responsibility. If I was liable to go out of my

mind, I suppose I should have done so when M. Lenoir was murdered, or on the night when I so narrowly escaped being a martyr." Madame Thirlemont's idea of martyrdom consisted in dying a painful death, and going in consequence as a matter of course to heaven, a sort of *pisaller* which she evidently thought we must all come to at last.

"As I did not go out of my mind *then*, I suppose I shall not do so now, though the circumstances in which we are placed might very reasonably drive one mad."

"Oh! if you please do not go mad, madame; that would only make matters worse, whatever the matter is; but—"

"Do not say *but*, M. Thirlemont. Look the matter in the face, and give your attention to it. These people are the same who were in Louisiana at the time of the Natches insurrection. M. d'Auban led the force which delivered me and many others from the hands of the savages, and I saw them afterwards in New Orleans."

"Well, but what of that?"

"Oh! very well, M. Thirlemont; if it is 'well, but what of that?'—if I am considered a fool—if every thing I say is turned into ridicule, I have done. M. Lenoir would not have acted in that way; he had reliance on my judgement; he never did any thing but by my advice—"

"And ended by being murdered, poor man!" ejaculated, in an incautious moment, M. Thirlemont.

This was indeed a fair ground of attack; a justifiable theme for his injured wife to descant upon. He had accused her of some sort of complicity with her first husband's murderers—of having, at least, recommended him to follow the course which led to that result; and there seemed for some time little prospect of M. and Madame d'Auban being released from captivity, or M. Thirlemont from the conjugal *tete-a-tete*, to judge from the torrent of words, pathetic, passionate, and utterly senseless, which flowed from his wife's lips. But it came to an end at last, and when she paused to take breath he inquired once again, but taking care to avoid any offensive insinuation, why their guests were to be suspected because they had been in Louisiana at the time of the insurrection, and shared, with many others, and Madame Thirlemont herself, the sufferings of the colonists. She then explained that somebody at New Orleans had once said to her that there were strange stories about the d'Aubans. No details had been given. One of those assertions had been made which, like the seed blown about by the wind, and which gives birth to many a noxious weed, propagates mischief with fatal facility. A strange story about somebody, which the speaker himself does not know much about, has often done more harm than a positive calumny. A direct charge friends can reply to. But who could always deny that, in their own or others' lives there have been no strange stories? The few who knew the details of the one we have been describing, could certainly not have denied its strangeness.

"But why lock them up?" persisted M. Thirlemont. "Whatever stories there may be about or against them, I do not see the use of that."

"Not see the use use of it? Why does not

the governor charge you not to let them go till he come."

"But he cannot intend that we should keep them prisoners. He would have had them arrested, if such had been his meaning. For heaven's sake, go and unlock those doors before he arrives. I declare there is the sound of a horses' feet in the avenue! Give me the keys, and go and meet his excellency."

Madame Thirlemont hurried into the hall, and confronted with no little trepidation the Governor-General M. de La Bourdonnais, who had never honoured her before with a visit. She curtsayed profoundly, and at once proceeded to assure him that the strangers who were just arrived happened to be at her house. From the first moment of their arrival, she had had suspicions that there was something unsatisfactory about them; indeed, it had been quite against her advice that M. Thirlemont had shown them hospitality: but gentlemen would have their own way. . . . M. de La Bourdonnais patiently awaited the ebbing of this tide of self-defence, a slightly sarcastic smile hovering on his lips, and then requested to be shown into a room where he could see M. and Madame d'Auban. He was accordingly ushered into the drawing-room, where M. Thirlemont had politely led his guests, who had been perfectly unaware of their temporary imprisonment. Madame d'Auban, when she heard that the governor wished for an interview with her husband and herself, had trembled from head to foot, and the respectful manner with which he approached her only tended to heighten her fears. In her husband's heart a feeling of indignation was rising. Wild thoughts were passing through his mind about the tyranny of kings and the iron yoke of despotism. Both saw at once that her position was perfectly known, and that a crisis in their fates must be at hand. Still both preserved their self-command, and received with courteousness the governor's greetings. After a few preliminary remarks and inquiries as to their health, the length of their voyage, and their first impressions of the island, he said that the last ship from France had brought an order from his majesty (Madame d'Auban became very pale) to name Colonel d'Auban to the post of sub-governor of the Island; and to offer him also the direction of all the agricultural operations carried on by the government in its own domains. He was also desired by the king to place at Madame d'Auban's disposal the habitation of St. Andre, one of the most salubrious and agreeable residences in the neighbourhood of St. Deny's; "as desirable a one," he added, in low voice, "as the island could offer for a lady of exalted rank."

A deep flush overspread Madame d'Auban's cheek, which soon subsided. She looked at her husband. Their eyes met. "The king is very good," she said, in a faltering voice. Then hiding her face in her hands, burst into tears. M. de La Bourdonnais, with a well-bred delicacy of feeling, led away M. d'Auban to another part of the room, and gave him some details about the post to which he was appointed, the emoluments of which had been doubled by his majesty's commands. He soon took leave of him and his wife with a courtesy

and a kindness which ever afterwards marked his manner and conduct towards them. He made a gracious bow to Madame Thirlemont as he passed her in the ante-room, and advised her and her husband to hasten and pay their respects to the new sub-governor of the Island, to whom they had so amicably extended hospitality. This was said with a smile, which had in it a slight mixture of French malice, the most different thing in the world from malice in English.

The poor hostess experienced as strong, if not as interesting, a revulsion of feeling, as that which her guests had felt a moment before, when the announcement had been made to them of so unexpected a happiness. She quivered all over. She repossessed in her memory every word she had uttered, every civility she omitted or performed towards the new dignitaries. She went back in thought even to the old days at the Natches, and to the night when she and Madame d'Auban had been about to die side by side. She was very glad of her good fortune, and when, on entering the room, the pale, gentle woman who had suffered so much, came forward to meet her with tears in her eyes, but a smile on her lips, the good feelings of her heart overcame her uneasiness, and she, too, wept for joy at another's happiness. For it was happiness she could understand and sympathize in, that of being sub-governess of Isle de Bourdon and enjoying a good income, and possessing the best house in the Island. She did not know of the relief, the peace, the release from the disquietude of ceaseless apprehension that was pervading the heart of one by whose side she sat, whose hand she held. She sympathized with the obvious good fortune which had befallen Madame d'Auban, and did not at all wonder at an emotion, the cause of which she little appreciated. It did not seem to her at all excessive for the occasion. She would have been herself much more agitated if M. Thirlemont had been named sub-governor of the island. On the whole, Madame d'Auban took it very calmly, she thought. Yes! she was calm with the calmness of one who has long battled with the waves, and has reached a peaceful shore; calm with the calmness of a heart at rest. Calm as those are from whom a great anguish has passed away, to whom a great blessing had been vouchsafed. She could lie down and rise in peace. Her husband was now her own. The fears of separation was no longer before her eyes. His energies would be once more directed in high and useful channels. The house promised to them was all they could desire. Its vicinity to the sea would, she knew, be to d'Auban an immense enjoyment. Like a friend of his childhood, cheering his declining years. If the trees round St. Andre were not so grand as those of the primeval forests; if the flowers did not blossom so spontaneous in its gardens as in the wild pleasure-grounds of Louisiana, there would be beauty in abundance about their new abode, and more repose, more security, a stronger home-feeling in their position, than in the lodge in the wilderness so much loved in former days.

Before the governor left, he had placed in Madame d'Auban's hands a sealed packet, con-

taining letters which explained the change in their fortunes. There was a long one from the Comte de Saxe. He spoke of his own surprise at her departure, which he felt somewhat afraid of announcing to the king. Important political events had, however, happily supervened, and turned his majesty's thoughts in another direction; and some days elapsed, during which no inquiries were made as to the princess and the interview which the comte had had with her.

In the mean time, the Queen of Hungary's reply to the king's letter arrived. It expressed in courteous terms her majesty's gratitude for the French monarch's information on a point so deeply interesting to her. Her royal relation, she assured him, would be most warmly welcomed by her, and every honour and attention due to her rank paid to the sister of her late mother. His majesty's gracious offers with regard to the gentleman whom the princess had espoused in America, and the child that had been born there, would, doubtless, be gratefully accepted by all parties. It would, of course, be impossible, as his majesty justly observed, that the princess, restored to her rightful position, and received by her as her aunt, should acknowledge that person as her husband. But she trusted that a separation so inevitable under the circumstances, and softened by the generous goodness of his majesty to all parties, would be acquiesced in without difficulty. "On the receipt of this letter, the king immediately sent for me," wrote the count. "He had it in his hand when I entered, and after reading it aloud, he said, 'You must immediately communicate this important intelligence to the Princess Charlotte of Brunswick, and advise with her as to the time and manner in which she desires to avail herself of her royal niece's invitation. I have received a favourable report of Colonel d'Auban's character and abilities, and I shall take care of his fortune. It is fortunate that the princess did not marry an adventurer.' I felt myself obliged to broach at once the state of the case to his majesty. 'Sire,' I said, 'women have always been unaccountable beings; they never feel or act as we should expect. What will your majesty think, when I tell you that the Princess Charlotte has eloped with her husband?' The king started. 'When?' 'A few days ago, sire.' 'Why did you not inform me of this at once, M. de Saxe?' 'I did not know it myself, sire, till after the princess was gone; and I have since been occupied in seeking to discover where the married lovers have fled.' 'And have you succeeded in doing so?' 'Sire, they have sailed for the Island of Bourbon.' 'What an extraordinary infatuation!' said the king. 'Strange, indeed,' I answered with a sigh. 'But there is no reasoning with a woman when she happens to be in love with her husband.' The king laughed and said: 'The queen is capable of admiring her. But what can we do for them, M. de Saxe?' 'Leave them alone, sire: wilful people deserve to suffer.'

"Suffer!" his majesty said. "You do not mean that the princess is entirely without fortune?"

"I answered nothing; and the king, after a moment's thought, exclaimed:

"I will make M. de Frejus write to M. de La Bourdonnais and desire him to treat Madame d'Auban with the greatest consideration, and to bestow upon her husband the post of sub-governor of the island, which happens to be vacant since M. d'Eperville's death. Will that do, M. de Saxe?"

"I kissed his majesty's hand with more fervent gratitude, madame, than when his majesty promised me the next 'baton de Marechal de France.'

"And I suppose," the king said, "that I must inform the Queen of Hungary that her royal aunt has played truant, and left us all in the lurch. Upon my word, M. de Saxe, I like her for it. But I wish I had seen those blue eyes I have so often heard of."

"Madame I have but a few words to add. By his majesty's desire I secretly informed your royal highness's brother and the other leading members of your family of the extraordinary events already disclosed to her majesty the Queen of Hungary, of the decision you had taken, madame, and of your recent departure from France. The answers returned to this communication all agreed in acquiescing in the course your royal highness has adopted. In the complicated state of affairs between Russia and the German powers, it is deemed advisable that the existence of the Czarovitch's widow should not be brought forward to public notice. Had your royal highness claimed from your relatives the recognition which would have enabled you to resume your position, they would have felt themselves bound to accede to your desire, and publicly to acknowledge your identity. But under existing circumstances, the course your royal highness's own wishes have marked out is considered by the duke, your brother, and the other members of your family, as the most conducive to your peace of mind, and the tranquility of your relatives. They are desirous, however, to secure to your royal highness an annual income sufficient to remove all pecuniary embarrassments in the position chosen by yourself, and have entrusted to my care the necessary arrangements for this purpose. I am charged, madame, to express to your royal highness the affectionate sentiments of your royal brother and of your other relatives, and their regret that an unprecedented destiny should have placed an insuperable bar between persons so closely allied by the ties of consanguinity."

The day came to an end at last, and Madame d'Auban was alone in her room with her husband and her daughter. They could sit quietly together, looking back to the last four years of their lives as to a feverish dream, and forward with grateful hearts to one of usefulness and peace. If they had been allowed to choose for themselves, they could not have fixed on a destiny more in accordance with their wishes than the one Providence had assigned to them. From the window, where they were sitting, they could see their future habitation in the midst of orange gardens and coffee plantations, and trees bending under the weight of the most beautiful fruits, the blue sea breaking gently on the smooth yellow coast; the evening breeze rippling its surface without stirring its depths.

They could scarcely speak, their hearts were too full.

"My Mina, is not this a beautiful land?" said her father, looking fondly at his child.

"An earthly Paradise," murmured her mother, clasping her to her breast.

Mina threw her arms round her neck and covered her with kisses. Then she followed with her eyes her father's hand as he pointed out to her the habitation of St. Andre, and they rested on the sugar-cane and cotton fields, and on long lines of negroes marching home from their work, followed by an overseer with a whip in his hand. She cried:

"O how beautiful is the sea! and how lovely the trees and the sky! and the most beautiful thing of all, mamma, is the smile on your face. I have not seen you smile quite in that way since we left St. Agathe."

"Papa," she said, gently stroking her father's hand, "you will have to manage a great many plantations besides the one we see from this window, round St. Andre."

"Yes, my sweetest; please God, we may do some good here."

"You will have a great many slaves?"

"Yes, my child; there is no work done here except by slaves."

"I wish I had not left Father Claver's Life at the Chateau de la Croix, papa. There are no slaves there. I should like to read it again here."

"Do not you know it by heart, Mina?" said her father, smiling.

"Almost by heart," she answered slowly, with her eyes again turning towards the plantations, and the long files of black men bearing their burthens home. The story of that life-long apostleship amongst the slaves of Brazil had, indeed, been conned by the young girl till it had awakened thoughts which—

Condensed within her soul,  
And turned to purpose strong.

There is happiness, real, intense happiness in this world. By the dark blue sea he so much loved, amidst the spicy groves and orange flowers of that delicious land, in the performance of pleasant duties and the fullest enjoyment of domestic happiness, their hearts overflowing with affection for each other and for their child; beloved by their dependants; all but worshiped by their slaves, whose fate was exceptionally happy, and generally liked by their neighbors; months and years went by in peaceful serenity. And Madame d'Auban we would fain take leave of her in her pretty rooms, or her charming garden; greeting every friend with kind words, every stranger with a courteous smile, every sufferer with soothing sympathy. Less active than of yore, for the climate was enervating, she often reclined on a couch on the verandah, whence she could see the waves rippling on the shore, and the white vessels nearing the coast. Visitors crowded about the sub-governor's lovely wife, and whippers went abroad that she was not born a thousand miles away from a palace. Rumours more or less removed from the truth, but generally credited in the island, ascribed her ample means, her boundless generosity, and the union in her manner of courteousness and dignity, of kindness and reserve, to a regal origin, vaguely

and variously hinted at. Yes, it would be well thus to part with her. The present is bright, and the future smiling. For Raoul de la Croix is soon coming to seek his young bride, now no longer portionless, and when Mina is happily married there will be nothing for her mother to wish. This would be a pleasant way of concluding a tale; but the story, the legend, if you will, which we have been endeavoring to illustrate, ends not here; and there are some who may wish to trace to its close the course of so strange a life. For them the following pages are written. Let others close the book, if from weariness they have not done so yet.

## CHAPTER X.

MANY years later than the date of the last chapter, at the close of a November day, in Brussels, the shutters were being closed in the small sitting-room of a *rez du chaussee* in the *rue de Parc*, not far from the Cathedral of St. Gudule. A lamp had just been placed on the table, where an elderly lady, dressed in black, was tying up a variety of parcels, and writing upon them the names of the articles they contained.

"Antoine," she said to the old man who was stirring the fire and trying to make the room comfortable, "is not to-morrow the day that the case must be sent to the Foreign Missions?"

"To-day is Thursday; to-morrow consequently Friday. Yes, madame, I must take it to the office before four o'clock.

Then lingering by the table as if glad of an excuse for remaining in the room, he glanced at the parcels and said—

"My goodness! how glad Pere Marie Guillaume will be when he looks at all these fine things! Let me see; madame sends him six dozen crucifixes—he asked for three dozen in his last letter—and as many dozens of rosaries and pictures; and the Gospels just printed in Paris, in the Indian language; and a chalice, a very handsome one too! and vestments they would not despise at St. Gudule. Faith! the good father will be famously well set up. And what are these things, I wonder! Clothes, I declare; red and blue and yellow handkerchiefs for Mesdames les Sauvages, as poor M. de Chambelle used to say."

"Somebody is ringing, Antoine. It is perhaps M. le Cure, or the nuns of St. Charles."

Antoine went to the door, and remained for a few minutes in conversation with the person outside. When he came back into the room he looked a little excited.

"A gentleman asks to see madame—somebody she knows very well, but whom she has not seen for a long time."

"Who is it?" she quickly answered.

"Madame, it is the Comte Marechal de Saxe."

Madame d'Auban, for the pale and now gray-headed woman in this little lodging was the same who, during half a century of her earthly pilgrimage, had gone through such extraordinary vicissitudes, heaved a deep sigh and passed her thin hand over her brow.

"Beg M. le Marechal to come in," she said, and rose to receive him.

There was but little visible emotion in her

manner when first they met. He seemed embarrassed, as persons often are when they come into the presence of one whom they suppose to be in great affliction. She greeted him kindly, but a careless observer would have said, coldly—

"It is very good of you to have thought of me, M. de Saxe. Several years have elapsed since my return to Europe, and during all that time I have not seen any one I used to know. You are looking well. I perceive time has dealt leniently with you. It is only in fame that you can be considered old." This was said with a smile which recalled to his mind, though faintly the smile of other days.

"And you, madame," he answered, "you whom fate has so cruelly used . . ."

She waved her hand, and interrupted him. "No, my dear friend, say not so; God has been very good to me."

For a moment neither of them spoke, he looked at her faded eyes, her gray hair, tied and turned up according to the fashion of the day, but not powdered, only bound by a black ribbon, and a cap such as widows wore at that period. He remembered how those pale blue eyes had flashed the last time they had met at the thought of a human power thrusting itself between her and those she loved, and now, "the fire has gone out of them; quenched by many tears," he said to himself. And then he glanced at a picture over the chimney, but quickly turned his eyes away till he saw that hers were fixed upon it.

"Do you think it like?" she asked.

"I never saw in my life anything so like," he answered; and then after a little hesitation, said, "Madame, I have never forgotten that face. It has haunted me at strange times, and in strange ways. It is painful to you to speak of her?"

"No, Maurice, I find a sweetness in it. Except sometimes to my old servant, I never breathe her name. But it is not because I fear to do so. You remember her, then?"

"I see her as if she was still standing before me with her wonderful beauty, and that gaze which had in it all a woman's tenderness and a child's simplicity. It was not her mind only, but her whole soul which seemed to speak in her face. Ah, madame! how could death be so cruel as to rob you of that fair creature? How dared it to approach her?"

"She did not think it cruel, she welcomed it with a smile, and the last words on her lips were *Deo gratias*."

"Was it a sudden illness that snatched her from your arms, princess, or did you watch the slow decline of that young existence?"

"Do you wish to hear about her, M. de Saxe? Would you like her mother to relate to you the life and death of the little girl you remember so well?"

"Nothing could interest me more. But you, dear friend, have you the strength to go through this recital?"

"I should wish you to know what she was. How in the words of the Bible, 'Being perfect in a short space she fulfilled a long time.' Ever since she could think or speak, Mina's passion, if I may so speak, was charity. At the time you knew her, the temporal sufferings and the

spiritual necessities of the people amongst whom she was born, the Indians of North America, were continually in her thoughts, and her attachment to the young Indian who had adopted her as his sister at the period of our captivity, partly arose from this engrossing feeling. She looked upon him as the representative of that suffering race, and before we left France, she refused the hand of the Chevalier de la Croix, whom we wished her to marry, on account of the promise she had made to this Indian not to marry a white man. She seemed to consider it as a pledge to devote herself in some form or other to his, and, as she called them, her own people. We did not thwart her on this point, which we looked upon as a childish fancy. She was too young at that time to be married, and the chevalier's parents were willing to wait. After our arrival at Bourbon, and our establishment at St. Andre, the slaves became the object of her intense solicitude. Whilst we were still in America, at the convent I believe, she had become possessed of a life of Father Peter Claver, which had made the deepest impression on her. You are not a Catholic, Maurice, but you may have heard of this wonderful man?"

"Is he not the priest who was called the apostle of the Brazils?"

"Yes; for forty years and more he laboured under the burning sun of South America, and devoted himself, soul and body, to the conversion of the negroes in and around Carthegena. His life was spent in consoling, relieving, and instructing them. In the pestilential holds of the slave ships he went to greet them on their arrival. He passed whole days in the noisome buildings to which they were consigned on landing, breathing an air which after a few minutes caused the strongest men to faint away. He followed them to the scenes of their labours; to the homes of their purchasers. He mediated between them and their masters, and exposed himself to ill treatment for their sakes. It was given to him to work miracles in their behalf; the hearts of cruel men softened when he spoke; cupidity and cruelty stayed their hands at his word. M. de Saxe, from the moment of our arrival at St. Andre, Mina took this holy man for her model; and I dare to say that in her measure, and with her feeble strength, she copied into her own the features of that saintly life. The same love which burnt in his heart inflamed hers. It was a consuming fire. It sustained her strength, even while her fragile form wasted away. It could not be stayed. We could not, dared not, stop her work. She would have obeyed our commands, but the effort would have destroyed her more quickly than the work itself. What that child effected in three years is almost incredible. How many she instructed, converted, and reconciled to their fate. How many she brought to be sincere Christians, instead of normal converts. How many she saved from cruel treatment; for she sometimes succeeded where the magistrates, and even the governor himself, had no power, and priests no influence. There was scarcely a slaveowner in the neighborhood who would not listen to her when she begged, on her knees, and as a favour to herself, the remission of a sentence or the pardon of a runaway

slave. She was so beautiful, so engaging, so eloquent. M. de la Bourdonnais, that great and good man, now in the Bastille, for having dared to defend the cause of humanity and good faith against the passions and prejudices of interested men, used to say that when discouragement at the sight of evil, which all his efforts could not prevent, stole upon him, the sight of Mina at work amongst the slaves, strengthened and cheered him. And the poor negroes of our own plantations, how they worshipped her! And with what wonder those freshly imported from Africa looked upon the white angel who met them on their arrival! Many of them, when they landed after the horrors of the passage, were sunk into sullen despair. They were persuaded that nothing but torture and death awaited them, and would not listen to any white man, whether priest or layman. But Mina could always gain a hearing. She had learnt the Angola language, which most of them speak; or, if they belonged to other tribes, her early acquaintance with the use of signs gave her faculties for communicating with them. I really believe that at first they took her for a celestial visitant. No other European woman came near them. The sight of their wounds—the stench of the places they inhabited on first landing—kept them away, even from the vicinity of these buildings. But she used to go with her father or with Antoine. I can see her before me, even now, starting on those errands of mercy; her face literally beaming with joy; her large straw hat shielding it from the sun; the wide pockets of her green silk apron filled with sweetmeats and biscuits, whilst some of our own slaves carried behind her fruit and wine and cooling drinks. The angel in the fiery furnace, breathing a moist refreshing wind through its flames, could scarcely have been more welcome than this dear child in those haunts of woe. She used, her father told me, to kiss the children and embrace the women. He hardly liked to see her do it, so loathsome sometimes were those poor wretches; but the effect was unfailing. Their hearts were touched, and despair vanished before her like a dark mist before the sunshine. And it was all done so simply, so joyously! It was such a real joy to her. When notice was given us of the arrival of a ship laden with slaves, her impatience to rush to the port, her active preparations, her solicitude as to the selection of her little gifts and offerings, was like that of an affectionate child anticipating the arrival of much-loved relatives. M. de Saxe, am I wearying you?"

"Madame, I remember once saying to your angelic daughter, that next to fighting battles, I loved to hear of them. Next to the happiness of performing heroic deeds, is that of listening to the record of such a life as hers."

"We saw that she was growing every day more delicately fair, her complexion more transparent, and the light in her eyes more unearthly in its brightness. But there was no feebleness in her step—no alteration in her spirits. She was always ready for every exertion. No call upon her strength seemed to tax it too much. She used to ride with her father, or with our old servant if he was too busy, to every spot where help or consolation was

needed. Sometimes, if a great wrong was done, or some act of cruelty committed towards a slave which she could not prevent, a passionate burst of grief and indignation would shake her frail form, and bring out a crimson spot upon the marble paleness of her cheek. She would go into a little church, or into her own little room, and I have heard her pray for hours prostrate on the ground. I have no doubt her prayers were heard, and often obtained where she sought.

Three years and more had elapsed since we had left France. One day a letter came which announced the approaching arrival of the Chavelier de la Croix. A singular feeling came over both my husband and myself, as we found afterwards, though at the time we did not know how to put it into words, and did not mention it to each other. We wished as much as ever this marriage to take place, but we dreaded to speak of it to Mina. Less than ever we felt that she could be restrained in the free exercise of her choice of a state of life. Perhaps she would still plead the old promise, the old allegiance she had alleged three years before. She had not alluded to it again, nor had we spoken to her of marriage. Letters had passed between her and Ontara. He seemed to be making rapid progress in knowledge and in virtue. In two years his studies would be finished, and then he hoped to visit us in our new home. One day, about this time, she received one from him, and the expression in her face whilst she read it, immediately showed me that its contents were deeply interesting. An exclamation burst from her lips; she let the letter drop, and clasping her hands together, she bent her head over them, pouring forth thanksgivings, as I found afterwards, but at the moment I felt uneasy, not knowing if she was sorrowing or rejoicing. But the instant she raised it, I saw it was joyful emotion which filled her soul.

"What is it, dearest?" I asked, still feeling anxious.

"I am too happy!" she cried. "Oh, too, too happy! It is what I have longed and prayed for. Ontara is going to be a priest. God has put it into his heart to devote himself to His service, and to that of his brethren. As soon as he is ordained, he will be sent to the Missions of New France to preach the Gospel to his own people. Oh, dearest mamma, I am so happy; I have nothing left to wish. He will do for them what I could never have done. Mamma, you know the Indians were my first love, though I am so fond of our poor negroes now."

"Well, I was very happy also, and yet my heart was not free from a vague uneasiness. I have always been a believer in presentiments; is it not one of our German traditions? Some days afterwards we spoke to Mina of Raoul's approaching arrival, and her father said to her:

"Now, my Mina, that Ontara has renounced every worldly tie, I suppose you consider yourself free from a promise which we always told you was not binding?"

"She smiled, and answered—

"Oh yes, he gives me back my promise in his last letter. I do not think he thought of it, of late at least, as seriously as I did."

"And have you now any difficulty in receiving Raoul de la Croix as your future husband?"

"I have never forgotten the expression of her face when this question was put her. She did not seem troubled or grieved, or glad, but a tender, thoughtful look came over it. She took up her long accustomed position between us, joined our hands together, and then kissing them said, 'Would it make you happy?' Her father said, 'Yes.' I kissed her without speaking. 'Let him come,' she said; 'dear Raoul, I shall be so glad to see him.' My dear friend, he came, and she received him with that holy serenity of expression which you see in her picture. It was taken at that time. She showed him much affection, maidenly, tender, gentle love. He was all that we could desire, good, gracious and brave. He had treasured up in his heart the remembrance of Mina, as he had known her at fourteen, and he all but worshipped the girl of seventeen who was about to become his wife; but he has since told me that though he fell passionately in love with her, he had, from the first moment of his arrival, a misgiving that there was something too pure, too ethereal, he had almost said, too divine about her for an earthly bride. I think myself that she had a clear presentiment of her approaching death, and did not expect to live to marry him. She seemed very happy during the weeks which followed his arrival. Two or three times she said, 'I am so glad Raoul has come. I am so glad you will have a son.' I used to listen to his joyous laugh and her sweet voice mingling together, as they sat on the seashore, like the whispering of the breeze and the ripple of the waves. She seemed willing to give up much of her time to him, and was always ready to talk and to laugh when he was in the humor for it. Poor Raoul! he is married, and has children, but I do not think as long as he lives he will forget those conversations in the shaddock grove, by the blue southern sea. I observed that she visited by turns all her poor negroes, and made them little presents as if taking leave of them, though nothing had yet been said about her departure from Bourbon. We knew she must go to Europe if she married, but no definite time had been mentioned."

Madame d'Auban paused, and then Marechal de Saxe exclaimed abruptly, "You cannot go on. I am sure you cannot go on!" His eyes were full of tears.

"Yes," she said, "I will tell you all. This is probably the last time we shall meet, and the last time I shall speak of her to one whom I knew and she knew. I should not have done so, perhaps, but that a short time before she died, she said she hoped I should see you again, and that I was to give you her love."

Tears were now running down the marechal's cheeks, and he murmured, "God bless her!"

"It was one morning, on a very hot day, that she fell ill, that is, if that painless, quiet sinking into the arms of death, which it was, could be called illness. A ship laden with slaves had arrived in the night, and when she heard of it, as usual, she prepared to ride to St. Denis. But when on the point of starting, she fainted away, and was obliged to lie down. Antoine went alone with their usual attendants. I saw

a change in her face and in her manner. She did not seem grieved, as she would usually have been, to give up this active office of charity. It seemed as if she felt that her work was done—as if the signal of eternal rest was sounding in her ears. From that moment her strength did not rally. She sat or reclined in the shade, with her fixed eyes on the sky, or on the sea, or fondly turning from one loved face to another, with a look of indescribable tenderness. Not one of them to whom she was so dear, felt surprised when it became evident that she was dying. Not one of the breaking hearts gathered round that angel form thought to keep her on earth. No father, or mother, or lover. She was too fit for heaven; too clearly on her way home. The life of a work had been done in a few years. The earthly frame worn out; the soul breaking its bonds. There was wild weeping amongst the crowds that gathered round our doors, when it became known that she was dying, and prayers were put up in all the churches for her recovery. But the word recovery had no meaning for us. We bent down in anguish, but did not pray to detain her.

“She left us fourteen days after the one on which the slave-ship had arrived. Her last thought was for the poor wretches it had brought. The priest who gave her the last Sacraments, told her of some little children born during the passage, whom he had just time to baptize before they died. She smiled, and said, ‘*Deo gratias.*’ Those were the last words she uttered.”

Madame d’Auban remained silent. The *marechal* attempt to express sympathy, but broke down in the attempt. He could only murmur:

“God knows I feel for you, madame, and I admire your fortitude. Has it never forsaken you?”

Her lip quivered.

“There came a time when it gave way, Maurice. For seven years we remained in the place whence she has gone. Her father took up her work, and as long as he lived I could look calmly on those bright skies and those sunny seas, and the negroes toiling in the fields. He was stemming, with all his might the evils of their lot. He was doing what she had done. But when he was taken from me, he on whom I leant with too absorbing love, when for a while resignation was only despair, I loathed

the sight of all the natural beauty and that moral misery. I longed for obscurity, silence, and shade. Not that of the forest, not that of the green glade or the quiet valley. I fled back to the Old World, to the deeper solitude of a city. The dark cathedral, obscure dwellings of the poor, the crowds that take no heed of a stranger, and this little room in an unfrequented street, are more congenial, more soothing to me than Nature’s loveliest scenes, more peaceful than its silent haunts.”

“And here you dwell alone, princess, alone with your grief?”

“Say, rather, dear friend, alone with blessed memories, alone with dearest hopes, alone with God—bereft of all that looks like happiness, and yet happy. And now tell me something of yourself, Maurice, and speak to me of my sister’s children, and of my brother. I sometimes send for a number of the ‘*Gazette de France*’ and see their names in it, but not with the old painful feelings it used to cause me. I think my heart has softened towards them, towards every one of late years. Is it true what I read some time ago, that with the *baton de marechal*, his Majesty the King of France has given you the domain of Chambord, with a right of royal endowment?”

“It is perfectly true, princess. Fortune has been a kind mistress to me, and the king a generous master. I have nothing to complain of at their hands, and yet . . . to-night I am almost inclined to envy you, your sorrows, your obscurity, and . . . your faith. I believe you are happier than I am.”

Again, as when they had first spoken together, she smiled in her old way, and the face, once so beautiful, lighted up for a moment. They talked a long time, that night, of past events. They went back to scenes of early youth, and then kindly and sadly parted never to meet again. He died a short time afterwards; she lived to an advanced age.

With him passed away the last link between her and the world she once belonged to. She lingered long on earth, a deceiver, and yet true; unknown, and yet known; as one dead, and yet alive; sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; needy, yet enriching many. Her life was a mystery; her story has become a legend. In the by-ways of history she has left a name, which may indirectly point a moral, whilst it serves to adorn a tale.

THE END.

WHAT IS GOD?

OH! thou sublime and glorious God,  
Author of all, oh! what art Thou?  
Creation trembles at Thy nod,  
And millions at Thy foot-stool bow.

Kingdoms and crowns are dust to Thee,  
A thousand thrones before Thee fall;  
For, in Thy might and majesty,  
Thou reignest sovereign o'er them all.

In each, and every thing, Thou art  
The unseen centre and the soul;  
Of the whole universe the heart,  
Thou bid'st the beauteous system roll.

We stand, astonished at Thy power,  
When gazing on yon sky of light;  
We mark Thee in a fly or flower,  
As in the glittering globes of night.

We hear Thee in the awful blast,  
And see Thee in the brilliant bow;  
The ocean speaks of Thee when, cast  
By storm, its boiling billows flow.

We feel Thee in the silent soul,  
Brightly in bliss, but undefined;  
Where reason sits without control,  
Mysterious monarch of the mind.

The human soul!—how strange it seems,  
With angel talents brightly blessed;  
Yet a vain world of vicious dreams,  
That knows no peace, that knows no rest!

Reason in ruins!—What! convulse  
A temple viewless as the wind?  
And can disease fix on the pulse  
Of that which sight nor search can find?

Philosophy becomes a fool,  
When grasping at a thought so high;  
Nobler than knowledge of the school  
Is that which teaches how to die.

Say, can philosophy e'er teach  
How matter mingles with the mind?  
Can metaphysics proudly preach  
How mind with matter is combined?

With Thee, O God! the secret lies;  
As well might man attempt to go  
Into the secrets of the skies,  
As seek such mysteries to know.

King of creation's empire free,  
Incomprehensible thou'st proved;  
It is enough to know that we  
Have been by Thee redeemed and loved.

FOR THE HARP.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC PILGRIMAGE  
FROM MONTREAL TO SAINTE ANNE DE BEAUPRE, 1882.

AMONG the precious old volumes that live in retirement upon upper shelves on which cobwebs love to linger, is one wherein is set forth in quaint old French the story of how on the 15th of March, 1658, Monsieur Louis d'Ailleboust de Coulanges, Governor of New France, with Rev'd M. Vignard, visited the coast of Beupre to see if the work of building dwelling houses there was being properly carried on. It is further told how M. Vignard commissioned by his superior in Quebec, blessed the site for the church of "Petit Cap," and how the governor with all due ceremony, laid the corner stone. This "Village du Petit Cap," on the coast of Beupre is to-day known and loved throughout Catholic Canada as the miraculous shrine of the good St. Anne.

How it first was settled, and by whom is not definitely known, but from the shadowland of tradition come legends that give us some inkling of the facts. These legends tell that shipwrecked mariners drifting from the broad open of the river into the narrow arm that divides the northern shore from the Isle of Orleans, would pray to the Star of the Sea for help, offering should their lives be saved, to contribute towards building a church on the ground of their rescue. They go on to tell that year after year sailors were guided to land in safety at this spot, and how it thus attained celebrity, and in time became a village.

From the first settlement of Quebec the Jesuit Fathers had held missions at this place, destined hereafter to be so famous.

On the 25th October, 1645, Monsieur de St. Sauveur, a secular priest from Quebec, started for Beupre, the "Company of a Hundred Associates" having promised to pay him a yearly stipend, should he undertake the spiritual and temporal charge of the mission. For this charge M. de Sauveur was to receive the magnificent sum of "twenty five crowns a year."

In the year 1648, Rev'd Father Emiont, Superior of the Jesuits, held a mission at Beupre. It lasted during the entire week preceding the festival of Christmas. In November, 1650, the mission was held by Rev'd Father de Dagueneau, and in 1656, by Rev'd Father du Quen.

On the 23rd January, Monseigneur de Laval, Bishop of Quebec, visited Beupre, "attended by Monsieur de Bernier Docket, and Duraux, Valet to his Lordship the Bishop."

In 1661, the historian tells how, at 8 o'clock in the morning of the 18th of June, the Iroquois coming from Tadousac, descended upon Beupre and massacred or made captive several persons, in all 15, 7 from the Isle d'Orleans, and 8 of Beupre.

In January, 1662, Rev'd Father Diblon, held an Algonquin mission at Beupre, and so the chronicle goes on, shewing that from year to year the mission of Beupre was served by holy and devoted men.

The church of which Mons. d'Ailleboust laid the foundation stone was opened for worship in 1660, and was dedicated to St. Anne.

On the 30th March, 1666, the Marquis de Tracy with the governor, and a Father Beady, went on a pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beupre. On the following morning over thirty persons assisted at mass, and a collection was taken up which is chronicled as *abundante* the sum of 68 livres—about \$14.

We may conclude that the noble Marquis obtained the grace for which he prayed, for on the 7th August 1666, he revisited St. Anne with the same companions, and presented to the shrine a handsome oil painting, which may still be seen by the pilgrim.

Miracles were frequent at Beupre, every here and there we read the account of some wonderful cure obtained from the good St. Anne. Old Mother Marie de l'Incarnation writes to her son in 1665:—"At seven leagues distant from here is a

village called 'Little Cape' where there is a church dedicated to St. Anne, in which our Lord works great marvels in favor of the Holy Mother of the Blessed Virgin."

The pioneer church was built on the river's brink. In time the rising of the tide, and the constant play of the waves, undermined its foundation, so that in the year 1676 it was either removed to, or rebuilt on a more convenient site. This was done by M. Fillion, at that time a parish priest. It still stands on a slight eminence, rising from the north side of the roadway, a quaint old building with the high pointed roof and rickety tower, that mark Canadian architecture in those early days. The new church, a large stone edifice built in 1870, is on the lower or southern side of the road. It is still unfinished and is being gradually completed by the donations of pilgrims who flock hither in great numbers each year. The parish is, and has been for some time in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers.

From the earliest days of Canada, converted Indians have been in the habit of visiting this shrine in great numbers. Towards the end of July the St. Lawrence would be black with their canoes, and the shore bristle with wigwams. From distant deserts, from beautiful Gaspé, from the Restigouche, from the shores of the Great Lakes, even from bleak Hudson Bay, the red men came in hundreds to do homage to their good mother, St. Anne, and to beg her intercession. The wild Ojibeway, the sturdy Iroquois, the graceful Algonquin, the Huron, Abbeniquays and Mic-Mac, were all brothers in their love for her, and would make this pilgrimage with faith and earnestness, approaching the sacraments with reverence, and venerating the precious relic of her who has been so manifestly a protectress to the Indians. This relic of St. Anne was sent out to Mgr. de Laval in 1668, the gift of a Jesuit, Rev. Father Henry Nouel. It was first publicly venerated on the 12th March, 1670.

In the year 1875 the bishop of St. Hyacinth, with 75 priests and a large contingent of the laity of his diocese, started on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Beupré, and the following year the Irish Catholics of Montreal followed his lordship's lead. This latter pilgrimage became annual,

and was until 1881 under the auspices of the Catholic Young Men's Society, but in that year the charge devolved upon the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.

On Saturday the 29th July the pilgrimage of 1882, under the management of the above mentioned societies, left Montreal for Beupré. The committee chosen on this occasion were :

St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, B. Emerson, W. P. Nolan, P. O'Donoghoe, B. Greening, M. Sharkey, J. P. F. Tansey ; Catholic Y. M. Society, J. R. McLaughlin, J. F. Fosbre, P. M. Wickham, J. A. McCann, John P. Hammill, P. F. McCaffrey.

The directors were the reverend clergy of St. Patrick's parish. By appointment of Rev. Father Dowd, Mr. B. Emerson was constituted president, Mr. J. R. McLaughlin vice-president, Mr. P. O'Donoghoe treasurer, and Mr. P. F. McCaffrey secretary of the committee. The kindness, tact and ability of these gentlemen could not be surpassed, they knew their duties well, and performed them to the satisfaction of all concerned. Each member wore a badge, excellent in design and artistic in execution, the work of Mr. Rowan.

The Richelieu Co's steamer "Canada" had been chartered for the occasion. For hours before the time appointed for starting the committee were at their posts, welcoming the pilgrims, and seeing to the comfort of all. About 600 had taken passage. Of this number the majority were from Montreal, but several hailed from other parts of the Dominion, and not a few from the neighboring Republic.

The clergymen in attendance were Fathers Martin Callaghan, James Callaghan and Luinlevau of St. Patrick's, Montreal, Father O'Donnell, of St. John's, Newfoundland, and Father McBrady of St. Basil's, Toronto. Father Martin Callaghan acted as Director, in the absence of Father Dowd, and ably discharged the duties which devolved upon him; his genial face and hearty manner endeared him to all on board.

In case physical as well as spiritual maladies should require a physician, Dr. Ambrose was in attendance with all necessary remedies.

At five o'clock all was ready, the time had come for starting, the pilgrimage had received the special blessing of his Lordship, the Bishop of Montreal, the saloons

and decks were crowded with the faithful, the adieus were said, the last handkerchiefs waved, and the "Canada" carrying the Pontifical and Irish flags as well as those of England and America, let go her grapplings and steamed down the river. From her decks rose the sweet strains of the "Ave Maria Stella," invoking the blessings of our Lady upon this pious undertaking. If fair weather and favoring breezes can be taken as an earnest of the good will of heaven, the pilgrimage of 1882 was specially favoured. Particularly beautiful in the golden summer afternoon is the aspect of Mount Royal from the river, green and cool are its pine covered heights, to which, here and there, the sunbeams give a russet tint. The summit, consecrated by Maisonneuve's cross, and Pere du Peron's mass of thanksgiving, is partially hidden in silvery clouds that break the monotony of the almost tropical blue of the sky. Below lies the city, her many domes and spires glittering in the sunlight, her vast avenues of houses and shops attesting to her wealth and importance, and her ever increasing number of factories lazily smoking, adding their quota to the heat and weariness of the atmosphere. Past Montreal steams the "Canada," past beautiful St. Helens, past Longueuil, Boucherville, Varennes, and Grosbois, and all the other entrancing spots so easy of access to Montrealers. When the bustle of starting was over, Father Martin Callaghan assembled the pilgrims in the saloon, and from the gallery delivered a short address, saying they were now under the protection of St. Anne, and should all try by attention and devotion to make a good pilgrimage, that they might thereby gain the spiritual benefits attached to so doing. He then explained the rules, copies of which were posted in many places about the steamer, saying that their observance would conduce to the comfort of all.

The confessionals were then opened and were thronged until a late hour.

At half past six supper was served. Mr. Macpherson, the caterer, cannot be too highly complimented on the manner in which he provided for so large a number of people.

At eight o'clock there was a general recitation of the Rosary, after which Rev. James Callaghan gave a very eloquent and impressive sermon; his discourse

treated on the following propositions, viz.:

"The saints exercise a wonderful influence over God in our behalf, and need but our prayers to call into action their marvelous power of intercession. Who are the saints? On earth they were but pilgrims. Here below they were associated with the grand army of Christ and labored, not only for their own spiritual advantage, but also for the eternal welfare of their brethern of the church militant. Has the cold hand of death severed them absolutely from the beloved ones whom they were forced to quit? No; its withering touch must needs break momentarily assunder the tender links which a corporal and sensible presence never fails to engender, but never shall it destroy or even weaken the happy relations established and fostered by true Christian affection.

"Who are the saints? In heaven they are the loyal subjects of the king of kings. As the potentates of the world treat with their subjects through the officers of the realm, so also God communicates His graces and favors to His children through the saints.

"Intercede for us they will, if we but call their attention to our needs. Prayer is a note which ever finds an echo beneath the vaults of the heavenly Jerusalem. A fervent aspiration of our heart is the only means afforded us for our communications with the celestial spirits above. With the rapidity of lightning it reaches the most distant shores of eternity and awakens the warmest sympathy in the hearts of the saints to whom our piety appeals.

"The more elevated the throne of a saint is, the more power he is invested with in the kingdom of glory. St. Anne being the mother of Mary Immaculate claims our deepest gratitude and deserves our sincere confidence. We are indeed indebted to her for her august daughter, and we owe her our filial dependence for the faithfulness with which she complied, when on earth, to the inspirations of heaven, and for the superior degree of glory to which God has raised her in the eternal mansions."

The reverend gentleman was listened to with deep attention; indeed the devotion, faith and respect evinced by those who compose this pilgrimage is worthy of praise. The people regard it as an act of faith, not of festivity, and this spirit is shewn even in the choice of the music

with which some of the young people beguile the evening hours. Professor Fowler ably presides at the piano, and pious hymns greet our ear, canticles to our Lady and to St. Anne.

At half past ten all had retired for the night; no one was stirring but the indefatigable committeemen.

As the morning sun rose clear and fair over fortress crowned Quebec, the "Canada" steamed up to a wharf at which was waiting the steamer "Brothers," Captain Balree. The "Brothers" was resplendent in decoration, and what with young trees and old flags presented quite a holiday appearance. The passengers of the "Canada" were transferred to this smaller boat, which at 5.30 A.M. left Quebec for Beaufre. Who can tell the beauties of that sail? The rugged outlines of old Quebec, the cradle of our great Dominion, the green heights of Point Levis, the winding river St. Charles, with its hosts of old associations — Beauport, L'Ange, Guadian, Montmorenci dashing headlong over its rocky steps, looking like a wonderful path of silvery light in the distance, then as we came nearer, showing itself an angry torrent, discharging its body of water down a dizzy height and sending up clouds of glittering spray. To the right, green and smiling in its placid loveliness, is the Island of Orleans; to the left, after a two hours sail, St. Anne de Beaufre. Apart from its fame as a marvelous shrine, the village of St. Ann would be noticed for its natural loveliness. It lies in the shadow of the purple Laurentides, a picturesque cluster of cottages, with church and monastery standing out in bold relief. Away up on the hillside is the convent of the Sisters, and, running down through a verdant marsh, a long pier rises from water so deep that the pilgrimage boats can lie up beside it, and thus spare their passengers the most incommodious means of transport of former days, when pilgrims were all landed in small boats that were laboriously paddled to the water's edge, where they were exchanged for carts which often became embedded in mud, forcing their occupants to wade to shore. Now we walk up the gangway, or, if the tide is out, scramble up, a difficult matter for some of the old and infirm. It is pitiful to note the expression of many faces; such wistful hope, such earnest faith, so many who feel that this is, for them, life or

death; and yet, alas! here, as in other manifestations of God's grace, "few are chosen." We pass quickly along the pier, and up the village street, which brings us to the House of God. A Mass is being said, so we take advantage of the time of waiting to visit the celebrated fountains. Of these there are two, one in front of the new church, and one in front of the old chapel. The latter is evidently the favorite, and many vessels are filled from its basin, in order that the influence of St. Anne may be extended to the homes of the pilgrims.

Entering the chapel one is struck with its simplicity. There are no pews, on the walls many paintings discolored by age and damp. Two very old statutes stand one on either side of the altar. A crowd has gathered round an old block of wood, a portion of the pioneer church built in 1658-60, a relic indeed of the missionary heroes. Outside the chapel is a little graveyard where repose peacefully many "good and faithful servants." The bell collects the scattered band of pilgrims, who soon fill the new church to its utmost capacity. It is capable of holding 700, but it is too small, and an extension on the north side is being commenced. The Redemptorist Fathers who serve the mission have this object much at heart. Pious souls wishing to subscribe to some good work, cannot do better than remember it. Among the altars is one to St. Patrick, graced by a statue of Ireland's patron saint, the gift of the Catholic Young Men's Society of Montreal.

The Pilgrim's Mass was celebrated at the principal altar, by the Rev'd Director of the pilgrimage, who was aided by the four other fathers in the distribution of Holy Communion.

There are few more striking scenes than a pilgrimage Communion at the shrine of St. Ann de Beaufre. After long weeks, sometimes months and years of prayer and faith and patience, the supreme moment has arrived, God is about to come unto His own in this His most holy place, and whether the pleading prayer be granted, or whether the grace be withheld, each knows it will be well with him, for God's will must be best. But oh! the hope, the yearning of human hope, longing for a special manifestation of divine grace, followed by an expression of awe, almost of terror, as the poor cripple feels

the thrill of returning strength, and tottering on her limbs so long useless, goes back to kneel and give thanks to God and to St. Anne. Such was the case of Mrs. Murphy, of St. Elizabeth St., Montreal, for many years a paralytic, who was cured on the pilgrimage of 1882, and who added two more crutches to the pyramid standing on the epistle side of the sanctuary. This pyramid is about thirty feet high, and is composed of all sorts of crutches and other instruments of relief for suffering humanity. So many of these have been left there, that the Rev'd Fathers, not knowing how to dispose of them, were recently obliged to have a large number burned.

Immediately after Mass and thanksgiving, the pilgrims dispersed for breakfast, some to the convent where the good sisters were in readiness to supply them with tempting country fare, others to the different hotels of the village. Here, by-the-bye, Ireland is well represented by Mr. David Foran, who keeps the "Retreat Hotel," a hostelry well worthy of patronage.

At eleven o'clock the pilgrims again met in the church where they venerated the relic of St. Anne and were addressed by the Rev'd Fr. McBrady, prayers were said, after which word was given for the boat—and home. Arrived in Quebec there are two hours to spare spent pleasantly in viewing the town. At five o'clock the whistle blows, we re-embark on the "Canada," and pass gaily up our beautiful river on our homeward way. After supper all assemble in the main saloon where the rosary is said, and prayers and praise offered to God for His great goodness. After the close of the religious exercises it is whispered that a concert has been organized by Professor Fowler, which proves to be a most charming amateur performance. At 10:30 all retire for the night.

In the morning the gong gives notice that Montreal is in sight, and after breakfast all assemble for the last time in the main saloon.

Mr. B. Emerson, president of the committee, then addressed the audience saying:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my pleasing task once more to thank you in the name of our committee for the large numbers in which you have presented yourselves at this pilgrimage and for the

assistance you have given our committee. It also gives me pleasure to propose a vote of thanks to the Rev'd Clergy of St. Patrick's, and the other clergy who accompanied them, and in a more especial manner to the Rev'd Father Dowd, for their care and watchfulness over our interests at all times, and for the benefit they have conferred upon us in instituting this pilgrimage."

Mr. P. M. Wickham then spoke in support of the motion, saying:

"Through each succeeding year, we, the Irish Catholic people of Montreal, find ourselves more and more involved in debt to the Rev'd Clergy of St. Patrick's for the many favors which in their studied care they constantly bestow upon us. On the occurrence of the Irish pilgrimage I always feel overflowing with gratitude to them for the grand opportunity afforded to us of worshipping at the ancient and holy shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. I have therefore much pleasure in seconding the motion thus made by our president, Mr. Emerson, thanking the Rev'd Clergy of St. Patrick's for the grand and successful pilgrimage which is now drawing to a close."

In returning thanks, Father Martin Callaghan, on behalf of himself and the other clergyman, addressed the assembly as follows:

"I feel justified in publicly stating, and I know you will readily endorse my statement, that the executive committee of the pilgrimage claim our sincerest gratitude, and unqualified praise at our hands. They have been the chosen objects of a most singular confidence; need I say that they have proved worthy of this confidence. Many should and would have shrunk from the charge which they volunteered to accept. This charge could not have been entrusted to any better qualified body of gentlemen. In the first place their task required a profound consciousness of its importance, this consciousness they realized to its full extent. In the second place it called for no ordinary display of skill, energy, perseverance and generosity; since the beginning of this movement they have evidenced even to the highest degree all that could be desired on their part. Their task is now done, and I proudly say nobly done. It is crowned with the most brilliant success. You thank the clergy for the prominent part which they have

taken. In their name I acknowledge your thanks. You have furnished a practical illustration of the esteem in which you hold the priesthood; you have duly appreciated its dignity, by the manner in which you have availed yourselves of its ministrations. I style it a dignity, yes, and the most sublime dignity to which any mortal can aspire. Yet it is a yoke and a burden by reason of the dreadful responsibilities which it entails. Happy, thrice happy all those who preside over your spiritual welfare, and that of the race to which you belong. Their 'yoke is sweet and their burden light.' Your faith has peculiar characteristics and such as surround the life of a priest, however laborious it may be, with an abundance of the choicest and purest consolations. You allude to the Rev'd Father Dowd, and tender him your thanks, you admire him, but not beyond his deserts. Justly may we call him a prince, nay the prince of the Canadian clergy. He is a prince not only in his physical bearing, but also in mind and heart. Yet he is not a prince who consults his own interests. His superior endowments have always been employed in advancing God's greater glory, and in promoting the good of souls. From his footsteps blessings grow. On board is a gentleman who is entitled to a share of gratitude from this large body of pilgrims. His piety and musical talents blend most harmoniously, and vie with each other in enhancing religion whenever the opportunity occurs. I mean Professor Fowler. I have been singularly edified and so have my confreres by your behavior and piety. You have presented a most ravishing spectacle, your souls have been freed from sin, and embellished with every grace, your hearts clinging solely to the One for whom they were

created, and pledged to throb only in loving Him. Together we have formed a most charming family. We have been like the angels and saints making, as it were, our apprenticeship to heaven, unconsciously enacting a miniature representation of what takes place in the realms beyond the skies. I have been delighted with the grand spirit of religion and charity by which you have been animated, and which you have breathed in your constant, mutual intercourse. We must now bid each other farewell. Long live the many endearing recollections which we have been treasuring up together. May we meet when life's pilgrimage is ended, in the land where falls no parting tear, where heaves no sigh of regret, and where, in each other's company, we may realize, throughout the endless years of eternity, the beau ideal of happiness."

Those who were deterred from joining in the pilgrimage by a fear of not returning in time for business, must have regretted their groundless fears, as, at a quarter past six on Monday morning, the "Canada" was moored to the wharf and her passengers on their way to their homes.

Captain and Mrs. Collette then entertained the members of the committee at breakfast, where complimentary speeches were exchanged. If all the promises to "return and bring many friends" were sincere, the pilgrimage of 1883 will be one of the grandest on record. Surely we are privileged to live in a land on which God has bestowed so many especial marks of his favor and love, and where, without fatigue or inconvenience, we can gain all the favors and indulgences of a pilgrimage to that hallowed spot, the valley of Beaupre, shrine of the good Saint Anne.

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A BENEDICTINE monk has papered the walls of a room in his monastery with postage stamps. He collected eight hundred thousand of many colors and formed animals, flowers and words with them. It is a sight.

AFTER the Divine Infant was laid in the manger, an ox came from a field near

by, and mingling his breath with that of the ass, warmed the new born Saviour, to whom his chosen people had refused a shelter from the bitter cold of winter. Thus were verified the words of the prophet Isaiah: "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel hath not known me."

## THE LAST VICTIM OF THE SCOTTISH MAIDEN.

A TRUE TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—CONCLUDED.

"AMEN," said a deep, stern voice, almost at Kenelm's ear, and he started involuntarily as he saw that it had come from the blind woman's lips. Something, too, in the sudden passion of the Campbell had stirred the angry blood within himself, and whilst an involuntarily instinct told him what train of thought had thus fired the retainer of Argyle, he had much ado to hide his own antagonistic feelings.

"You speak sharply, Master Campbell," he said at last. "The capital of Scotland is beholden to you in truth."

"Ay," said the Highlander, his brow growing red with suppressed rage; "but why should I curse the senseless stones, though they were stained with the blood of the noble Lord Argyle. Rather let me curse his enemies, who drove him to the death—his bitter foes, who made his life so dark to him that he was fain to break some petty law that he might die. Curses, then, I say, upon the traitor Hamilton, who stole his bride."

"Amen," the deep voice answered, but this time Kenelm heard it not; his fiery passions were aroused beyond control; he forgot all but that he had been called a traitor, and, starting to his feet, he advanced on the Campbell, saying—

"Man, know you to whom you are speaking."

"I neither know nor care," said the innkeeper, rising also. "But I say yet more; not only curses upon him, the traitor, but upon her, his lady-light-o'-love, who would have brought a stain upon Argyle's time-honored house had she become his bride!"

This was too much. In another moment Hamilton's dirk was gleaming in his hand. "Villain, unsay that word," he thundered out; "she is as pure as driven snow."

"His lady-light-o'-love," repeated the Campbell, with a mocking smile, at the same time preparing to defend himself; but the furious Hamilton had closed with him ere the words had well passed his lips—one fierce struggle followed, then the Highlander fell heavily to the ground as his assailant plunged the dagger into his

breast up to the very hilt, exclaiming, "Die, then, with the foul lie in your throat." One deep groan—one strong convulsion of the stalwart limbs, and Campbell was a corpse.

Hamilton stood transfixed, while his boiling blood gradually subsided, and his passion cooled in the presence of death. The whole thing had taken place so suddenly, that he could hardly believe the living, breathing man he had been talking to so amicably but a few moments before, was lying there murdered by his own hand. But suddenly as he gazed, he felt his flesh creep with a strange horror, as he saw the soulless eyes of the blind maiden upturned towards him as she knelt on the ground by her dead father, towards whom she had crept with a step so stealthily that he had not heard her. Hamilton drew back, shuddering, from the fixed stare, so dreadful seemed the expression of hate on her white, ghastly face; but as he receded she crept towards him on her knees and laid her hand, which she had steeped in her father's blood, on his till it bore the same red stain, and said in a low stifled voice—"You have murdered him and you shall die for it. None saw the murder for my blind eyes saw it not; but think not to escape: the vengeance of Heaven will track you out one day." Then flinging up her arms to heaven, she exclaimed—"My father, oh, my father!" and fell upon the corpse with a shriek so wild and piercing, that Hamilton felt as if it must have rung upon the ears of every person in the town, and reached even through the massive walls of Inverary Castle.

That cry recalled him to himself; he must escape right speedily, or another moment would see him surrounded by those whom it must rouse: the instinct of self-preservation at once took the place of every other feeling, and with one bound he darted to the outer door, opened it, rushed to the stable, mounted his horse without saddle or bridle, and the clattering of his horse's feet, as he galloped away, was all that the inhabitants heard

of him as they rushed to the inn, whence the blind girl's shrieks were still heard echoing.

Hamilton never slackened his pace till he had laid ten miles between him and Inverary. In those days the course of justice was as stern as it was summary; and he felt well assured that the present Marquis of Argyle, the younger brother of his rival, would never rest till he had found out the murderer of his retainer, especially when he heard from Elspeth the circumstances of his death; and if he succeeded in his search, the services of the "maiden" would right speedily be called into action for Kenelm himself.

When at last he ventured, under the cover of a dark fir wood, to stop his furious course, he began to consider the best means of avoiding discovery, with no small anxiety as to the issue. His best hope was in the fact, that none had been present during the murder but the blind girl, who could not indentify him; and that not a single inhabitant of Inverary had seen him, except her dead father himself. He was now not very far from the house of his kinsmen, where he originally intended to have passed the night. The time he had spent so fatally in the inn at Inverary had not extended beyond an hour, and the rapid pace at which he had traversed the last ten miles had fully brought him to the time when he would, according to his ordinary style of travelling, have reached his destination. He therefore resolved to proceed thither at once, as if he were only arriving from the village where he had left his servants, and to trust that no one would ever suspect him of having made his unfortunate detour into the domain of his enemy. This plan succeeded perfectly; he was expected by his cousin; and next morning his servant joined him, having left his comrade doing well; so that no doubt was for a moment entertained that he had ever deviated from the road he had been expected to take, and he had once more started for Edinburgh before the news of the murder had spread beyond Inverary. Nevertheless, when the fact did become known, it created a great sensation, chiefly owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case—a murder committed by an unknown assassin in presence of one sole witness, and that one deprived of the power of seeing the murderer, was, even in those days

of bloodshed, a striking event, and the mysterious escape of the criminal seemed altogether unaccountable.

The Marquis of Argyle, who was at his castle on the fatal night, left no stone unturned in his efforts to discover the perpetrator of the deed; being stimulated to unusual activity in the search, by the strong suspicion he entertained that the assassin was in some way connected with the family of his foes, the Hamiltons. This he gathered from the conversation between the murderer and his victim; which Elspeth detailed word for word, but it afforded no clue whatever to the actual individual, and Kenelm himself was never suspected.

After a few weeks of useless investigation the search was given up; but the details of the murder were carefully recorded by the court of justice, and the Lord of Argyle declared that if ever in his lifetime the assassin were discovered, he would bring him to the scaffold, be the interval ever so long. Elspeth found a home in the Marquis's household, after the good old fashion of these times, which recognized a claim on the part of all the helpless and afflicted of the clan to find a refuge with the family of their chief, and Kenelm had, to all appearance, escaped with perfect impunity.

Yet he, gay and reckless as he seemed, was secretly haunted by one dark forboding, which never left him night nor day. Campbell was not the first man he had slain in the course of his stormy career; but he was the first he had *murdered*; the first whose life he had taken otherwise than in honorable warfare; and already the unfailing retribution of actual crime had commenced in the deep secret of his heart. Wherever he went, alone or in crowds, from the hour when the low solemn warning of the blind girl came to him as he stood with his feet dabbling in the blood of her father, he heard that voice ringing in his ear, and telling him that vengeance would surely find him yet, and the sleepless justice of the Invisible track him out when least he expected it. Not even the joy-bells, on his wedding morning, could drown that ominous whisper in his soul, nor the sweet tones of the gentle Lady Ellen, while she murmured her bridal vows. Still was it sounding there, when the feeble cry of his first-born spoke of new ties to make life sweet; and,

later still, he heard it through the firing of the salutes that greeted him as ambassador on a foreign shore. Years passed on, most of which were spent at one of the continental courts; and when, at last, he returned, with his wife and family to Edinburgh, the murder of the innkeeper had not been thought of by any one for a longtime past.

One day, about a month after his arrival in the Scottish capital, Hamilton was walking along the most fashionable part of the old town, where the houses of the nobility where chiefly to be found, when his attention was attracted by a fray, which was going on in the streets between two young men. Such a sight was by no means uncommon in those days; but the fury of the lads was so great that it was evident some serious mischief would ensue if they were not separated. Hamilton, whose rank in the city entitled him to interfere, at once rushed in between them, calling to them in a loud voice to desist immediately from further quarrelling, and with a firm grasp of his strong hands on the shoulder of each he sent them reeling to the opposite sides of the street.

The affair had collected a considerable crowd, and Hamilton's rank and position were well known amongst them, so that they all made way for him as he turned to resume his walk. One moment he stood there in all his proud prosperity, receiving the homage of the people as his right, and scarce bending his lofty head in acknowledgement of it—the sunshine of a bright summer sky streaming down upon his noble and commanding form seemed but to typify the brilliancy of his worldly prospects. One moment he stood thus, and the next, the vengeance that had so long tracked his steps unseen laid hold upon him with a deadly grasp, and the sun of Hamilton's career sunk down to set in blood. A shriek, so thrilling and intense that it seemed to pierce his very heart, suddenly rung through the air, and all eyes, as well as his own, were turned to the spot from whence it appeared to have arisen—and there a sight presented itself which caused the stately Hamilton to grow pale and tremble like a child. On the highest step of the stone stair which led to the door of the Marquis of Argyle's town residence, a tall haggard-looking woman was standing—her arms were outstretched towards Hamilton, and her eyes whose glassy vacancy showed

that they were sightless, seemed to glare upon him with a horrible triumph as she shrieked out in tones that were heard far and near—"Sieze him! sieze that man whoever he may be—he is the murderer of my father, I know him by his voice." Many of Argyle's retainers were amongst the crowd, and the Marquis himself had been drawn to the window by the noise of the quarrel. All knew Elspeth Campbell the blind woman, and remembered her father's mysterious murder—all could testify to the acuteness of her sense of hearing, and to the repeated expression of her longing desire that she might hear the voice of the assassin so long sought in vain, for she remembered the full rich tones that had called on her father to unsay his words one instant ere he fell a corpse, and she felt certain she could recognize them again could she but once hear the murderer speak; and now, after the lapse of all these years, the well-known voice had struck her ear, and again and again she screamed out—"Seize him! seize him! I know he is my father's murderer." In another moment Argyle was confronting Hamilton, too thankful to have such a charge established against his ancient enemy. The people crowded round, and if any had been disposed to doubt the blind woman's recognition, Hamilton's own awe-struck countenance set a seal upon its truth, for he attempted no defence, but kept his appalled look still fixed on the blind woman's ghastly face, he let his hands fall at his side and exclaimed—"It is the hand of God, and I am lost."

He spoke truly; he was lost indeed. Argyle speedily brought him to justice. The blind woman's evidence was unquestionable, nor did he attempt to controvert it; it was as if the very blood of the murdered man had risen up to cry for vengeance; and all men deemed it a righteous sentence which doomed him to the scaffold.

Not many days after that bright morning when he stood, as it seemed, on the pinnacle of fortune with admiring crowds around him, he found himself again the centre of a large assemblage, the object of interest to all. The deadly maiden had been prepared to receive another victim, and at her feet the noble Lady Ellen Hamilton sat weeping bitterest tears, as

she saw the lover of her youth, the husband of her riper years, led up to die.

They let him pause one instant to take leave of her. "My Ellen, do not weep," he said, "this is but the work of God's unsleeping justice. I ever knew that I must die for that rash deed. The blind woman's voice has haunted me through all these years, as it seems mine has haunted her. She told me vengeance would overtake me, and it is come—merciful it is that it meets me on the scaffold and not in the fires of hell." He kissed her pale lips and passed on.

Still nearer to the fatal maiden stood the blind woman, who had murdered him as surely as he had killed her father. He laid his hand on hers:—"Elspeth, you are avenged," he said; "I am about to

die. Now, let your hatred pass away, and pray for me."

"I will, she answered, and tears fell from her sightless eyes as he passed on to suffer.

In another instant the maiden had done her work, and the last of her victims lay slaughtered in her terrible embrace.

The instrument of death thus strangely named was never used again. It was superseded by the more modern fashion of executing criminals, and it may now be seen in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh, with the dark stains yet corroding on the fatal knife, which were left there by the blood of him who in very deed and truth was brought to justice by the signal retribution we have recorded.

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THERE are some men who appear born for good fortune, and others whose destiny appear to subject them to continued failure and disaster. The ancients represented fortune as a blind goddess, because she distributed her gifts without discrimination: and in more modern times the belief has been prevalent that the fortunes of a man were ruled chiefly by the influence of the planet under which he was born. These superstitions, however ridiculous, show at least that the connection between merit and success is not very conspicuous; yet it is not therefore the less perpetual. To succeed in the world is itself a proof of merit; of a vulgar kind it indeed may be, but a useful kind notwithstanding. We grant, indeed, that these qualities of mind which make a man succeed in life are to a great extent subversive of genius. Nevertheless, numerous examples might be given of men of the highest genius being as worldly wise as duller mortals.

The most important element of success is economy; economy of money and economy of time. By economy I do not mean penuriousness, but merely such wholesome thrift as will disincline us to spend our time and money without an adequate return either in gain or in en-

joyment. An economical employment of time brings leisure and method, and enables us to drive our business, instead of our business driving us. There is nothing attended with results so disastrous, as such a miscalculation of our time and means as will involve us in perpetual hurry, debt and difficulty. The brightest talents must be ineffective under such a pressure, and a life of expedients has no end but penury. The best recipe, then, for succeeding in the world is this: work much and spend little. If this advice be followed, success must come, unless, indeed, some unwise adventure, or some accident against which no human foresight could provide, such as sickness, conflagration, or other visitation of Providence, should arrest the progress onward, but in the ordinary course of human affairs it will ever wait upon economy, which is the condition by which prosperity must be earned. Worldly success, however, though universally coveted can be desirable only in so far as it conduces to true happiness, and it conduces to true happiness very little unless its possessor cultivates an active charity towards God and his fellow-men.

FOR THE HARP.

## REFLECTIONS AT SUNSET.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

SLOW the summer sun was sinking o'er Laurentian's purple height,  
 Swift the mountain stream was leaping 'neath the ray of fading light,  
 Fairy pencils tipped the cloudlets with a deepening crimson glow,  
 Casting shadows, ever shifting, on the wooded hills below.  
 Cool the summer breeze was rising, like the spirit of the stream,  
 Pure refreshing breath of even—changing, haunting like a dream;  
 Scene for artists, poets musing—scene for saintly visions grand,  
 Telling man the power and glory of the All-Creative Hand.

Bright affections fill the recess of each true and noble breast,  
 Shedding forth a glowing lustre, like the day-god in the west,  
 Illuming all the thoughts and feelings with a radiance pure and bright,  
 Tender clothing grief and sorrow in the mantle of its night.\*  
 But, alas! how true the picture! Frail affections soon must die,  
 Even as the golden beauties in the gorgeous summer sky;  
 While the *love* that's chaste from heaven, tho' in death it sink away,  
 Like the orb at eve, it passeth into one eternal day.

Hope, a star is ever beaming o'er the youthful and the brave,  
 Leading onward human creatures from the cradle to the grave;  
 Now it shines in haloed beauty, now it sinks in tempests dark,  
 Now it twinkles in the azure, now it fades a dying spark.  
 Ah, the *hopes* that fly before us, earthly tinctures ever share,  
 Fickle, weak and disappearing, like the marsh light's lurid glare,  
 While the hope that God has given—tho' it dies array in gloom,  
 As the sun, 'twill rise in glory from the darkness of the tomb.

Life is but a day of sorrow, tho' its choicest beauties blend,  
 All its splendors, all its lurings, towards the coming evening tend,  
 Tho' the morn be rich and radiant, tho' the moon be warm and bright,  
 Yet the hours are swiftly moving towards the darkening shades of night.  
 Let the day be traced by duty's all-enchanting magic wand,  
 And the evenings lingering charms by devotion's sacred hand;  
 Let the close be calm and holy—and its sun will sink to rest,  
 Passing thro' the ivory portals to "the mansions of the blest!"

Fleeting phantom, bright illusion, gleaming ever o'er our way,  
 Fiery pillar in the night time, cloud of splendor in the day,  
 Followed thro' the sandy desert of this vexed and troubled life,  
 Pointing out some land of promise—guiding onward in the strife—  
*Earthly bliss*; that man is seeking, chasing on from hour to hour,  
 Sought by nations, generations, sought in beauty wealth and power;  
 Vain and feeble, vague, deceiving, pale delusions internal,—  
 Why not seek the bliss of Heaven? Bliss eternal of the soul!

Gone the splendid sun of summer, lost behind Laurentian hills,  
 Deep and deeper fall the shadows on the mountains and the rills;—  
 Day and night are blending slowly in the twilight cold and gray,  
 Sad, oppressive, mournful feelings—all invite us now to pray.  
 "Lord eternal, in Thy temple, 'neath its azure dome we kneel,  
 All Thy power, and grace, and glory o'er our wandering senses steal,  
 Day is passing, night is nearing—may our eve be free from gloom—  
 Like the summer sun, in glory, may we rise beyond the tomb!"

*Green Park, Alymer, Que.*

\* The word *night* does not mean the opposite of *day*, but is used in scientific sense, as for example, "the night of a candle"—that dark space enveloped by the bright flame.

FOR THE HARP.

## MEAT AND VEGETABLE FOOD.—CONCLUDED.

GOD must be true—though every man be proved a liar. No Divine Being would sanction anything injurious, even in the slightest degree, to the beings whom he created and loves. The Saviour is divine, and not only created man, but loved him to such a degree as to die for him; and He, by an astounding miracle, created animal matter for food.

Our cherished friend, the vegetarian, now turns from History and Biography to Physiology, with little benefit to himself. Physiology furnishes the strongest proofs against the theory held by him. The physician tell, by merely examining the alimentary canal of any animal, the kind of food upon which it was intended to subsist. He will inform you that the flesh eating animals—as the lion, or the eagle, or the domestic cat, have alimentary canals very simple and very short; that the animals living upon vegetable substances—as the cow, have alimentary canals very long and very complex. The reason is not hard to discover. Taking the cow as an illustration, we find that their stomachs are properly called compound stomachs—being more like three stomachs than one. After the food has been taken into the first stomach, it is forced again into the mouth to be chewed afresh, then sent back to another section of the stomach to undergo another digestive process. In a word, the cow is constantly employed either in eating or in chewing its food. An American naturalist lately remarked that he regarded cows as collectors, storing up in their bodies for the use of man, the nutrition which they obtained from vegetables. Liebig, on page 351 of his justly celebrated "Letters on Chemistry," indorses this opinion. The length of the alimentary canal in man is only six times the length of his body; the length of the alimentary canal of the herbivora is from eleven to twenty-eight times the length of the body. If Physiology, therefore, is given in evidence, it proves that man was intended to live upon an exclusively animal rather than an exclusively vegetable diet.

Next, as to Chemistry. Does Chemistry help our friend, the vegetarian? What says Liebig, the great chemist? In his "Letters on Chemistry," page 365, he writes: "Innumerable observations, made during centuries, have demonstrated beyond a doubt that different forms of food are extremely unequal in regard to the production and restoration of these powers and forces; that wheat surpasses rye, that rye surpasses potatoes and rice, and that flesh surpasses all other food in reference to these effects."

On page 368 he testifies to the wisdom of experience:

"This indeed, is saying no more than is well known, since the world and its inhabitants have existed, that the man who has to do that amount of work which, according to the conditions of his organism he can perform, must add to his bread a certain amount of flesh; that according to the structure of his body the proportion of the plastic to the other constituents of the food must be increased, if he has to do more than average work; and that in the state of rest he requires a smaller proportion of plastic nourishment."

On page 346 we are led to infer that vegetarians are not impartial observers, for, says the Baron, "The commonest observations teach us that flesh possesses a greater nutritive power than all other kinds of food." This is not only convincing but conclusive: our friend, the Vegetarian enters no protest.

But we are not done with Liebig yet. Vegetarians are accustomed to reiterate with considerable pertinacity that the flesh-eater obtains his nutrition second hand. They maintain that any nourishment in the animal food is derived from the vegetable food eaten by the animal; therefore the vegetarian acts with much wisdom in taking the nutrition at first-hand, or from the vegetables direct. On page 414 this pretty theory is exploded—the Baron testifying to the existence of substances in flesh entirely wanting in vegetable food:

“Bread and flesh, or vegetable and animal food, act in the same way in reference to those functions which are common to man and animals; they form in the living body the same products. Bread contains in its composition, in the form of vegetable albumen and vegetable fibrine, two of the chief constituents of flesh, and, in its incombustible constituents, the salts which are indispensable for sanguification, of the same quality and in the same proportion as flesh. But flesh contains, besides these, a number of substances which are entirely wanting in vegetable food; and on these peculiar constituents of flesh depend certain effects, by which flesh is essentially distinguished from other articles of food.”

Again, vegetarians maintain that vegetable substances are more easily digested than animal food. This position is also disproved. On page 422, the truth of the subject is thus stated:

“It is evident that the constituents of the blood, which are so different from those of the juice of flesh, must undergo a series of changes before they acquire the form and quality adapted to the production of the living muscle, before they become constituents of the juice of flesh. In flesh we eat these products prepared, not in our own organism, but in another, and it is extremely probable that they, or a part of them, retain, when introduced into a second organism, the power of causing the same changes, and producing the same effects as in that organism in which they were formed. Herein consists, obviously, the high value of flesh, taken as a whole, as an article of food. Hay and oats, potatoes, turnips, bread, etc., produce in the living body blood and flesh; but none of these substances reproduces flesh with the same rapidity, or restores the muscular substance, wanted by work, with so small an expenditure of organic force as animal food.”

We are also referred to the individual consciousness of vegetarianism which, we are told, becomes more developed in proportion as it is practical. This is almost the “last shot in the locker” of our amiable friend, the vegetarian. If we are to consult experience we must extend our view to the most distant parts of the earth; and if we do so, we shall find that it is impossible that vegetarianism can be universally practiced. All extreme cli-

mates require strong animal food. The Negro of the Tropic can subsist upon rice, but the Esquimaux of the North must have animal food. This is absolutely necessary to them for two reasons: first, because vegetables will not grow, and fruits will not ripen in the arctic regions; and second, if they did they would not yield animal heat sufficient to counteract the rigors of the climate. Let it not be said, as vegetarians have said, that human beings should not inhabit extreme regions. The produce of every zone is a compensation for toil, and a reward for industry. Man is able to wield the powers of fire—heat within and fire without, whereby seasons, latitudes and altitudes are levelled into one genial temperature, nay, whereby every spot may in time bear its harvest of men, and contribute its proper merchandise to even the poorest brother of the social table.

One word as to the domestic economy of the vegetarian theory, and we close this paper wherein we have striven to make science as interesting as our limited knowledge and humble abilities will admit. Vegetarians declare that 75 per cent. of beef is water, and, therefore, only one part in four is solid matter. Accordingly, when you buy 100 pounds of beef at 15 or 20 cents per pound, you buy 75 pounds of water, for which you pay 15 or 20 cents per pound—the beef holding water like a sponge. It must be at once admitted that this difficulty makes materially in favor of the principles of our ever welcome familiar, the vegetarian. But can this position be sustained? Are the facts as represented above? Let us inquire. Liebig, in the 430th page of his “Letters,” thus writes:

“Fresh meat, in fact, contains more than three-fourths of its weight in water, which is retained in it as in a sponge. But the power of flesh to absorb and retain brine is far less remarkable. In similar circumstances, it only takes in its pores half as much of saturated brine as of water. Hence it happens, that fresh meat, in contact with dry salt, allows water to flow out, because its water becomes brine. But this expelled water, which is found surrounding the meat, is not pure water, but juice of flesh—soup, with all its active ingredients, organic and inorganic.” Also, on page 427 of the “Letters,” Liebig further writes:

"The juice of flesh contains, beyond a doubt, the conditions necessary for the formation of the whole muscle, and for the production of its peculiar properties. In the albumen of this fluid we have the substance serving as transition-product to the fibrine of flesh, and in the other substances the matters required for the production of cellular tissue and nerves. The juice of flesh contains the food of the muscles; the blood the food of the juice of flesh. The muscular system is the source of the manifestations of force in the animal body; and in this sense we may regard the juice of flesh as the proximate condition of the production of force."

After a prolonged and searching inquiry into the relative value of animal and vegetable food, we have concluded that it is impossible for man to subsist in every part of the world solely upon a vegetable diet. The rigorous climate of Canada demands an abundance of the very strongest animal food. How could our shantymen live without their pork? There is good reason to believe that a Canadian vegetarian, enduring any great physical or intellectual exertion, would soon become as "a reed shaken in the wind." Moderation in the use of animal food is an important rule of health; but total abstinence leads to speedy and inevitable ruin. The French philosophers have asserted that the perfecting of man and his species depends upon attention to diet and digestion; and, in a material point of view, they were not far wrong. With diet and patience, Walpole thought all diseases of man might be easily cured. Montesquien, on the other hand, held that health purchased by rigorously watching over diet, was but a tedious disease. Both authors are splendid authorities, so that we can only bow our heads in dubious submission, and whisper in the classic words of Sir Roger De Coverly: "Much might be said on both sides." One thing is certain, all precedent and experience are in favor of roast beef and mutton chop. The student of Grecian history has read of the good cheer and glorious fare of Amphitryon; those who delight in the majestic annals of the mighty Roman Empire will not easily forget the manifold meals that smoked upon the sumptuous board of the twelve Cæsars. Englishmen will scarcely blush

to sympathize and pride in their historic "beef-eaters." Irishmen have been made vegetarians in their own land by the brutal landlords who have robbed them. It would be difficult to conjecture how much this pure branch of the noble Celtic race was made to suffer by this enforced but inferior diet. Sidney Smith says that Scotland is able to "cultivate literature on a little oat meal," but we opine that she would do much better with more substantial food. As in Greece and Rome so in every land and literature; the authors of systems of philosophy, the inimitable sculptors of antiquity, the world-renowned painters, the high-priests of liberty, the great generals and the conquering warriors, were the sons of those who thought it no wrong to "kill and eat." Every great man—from Solon to Sir John Macdonald; from Cato to Edward Blake; from Milo of Croton to Hanlan of Toronto—delighted in tables as rich and varied as those which good Archbishop Fenelon found in the Utopian Land of Cocagne. We might render this paper as didactic as a homily, did we choose to do so; but we hesitate to obtrude good advice, being aware that the world has a very violent predilection for it. Indeed, St. Thomas Aquinas, in his celebrated treatise, *De Regimine*, addressed to the Prime Minister of the King of Cyprus, states the fate of all good advice given to people in power—it is always more easily given than received. The sagacious remark applies equally well to the Plebians as to the Patricians and to all the intermediate grades of society. The sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of the *De Regimine* are devoted to an elaborate and very instructive comparison between medicine and good advice. Medicine is never pleasant to the taste, neither is the other article. We may say that were all writers of essays quite candid they would all conclude as we are doing. When one enters upon the examination of a question, a dogmatic tone is generally assumed, because there has been a secret and perhaps involuntary decision beforehand, just as we, notwithstanding our badly assumed impartiality, had decided in favor even before this article was begun.

M. W. C.

Ottawa, July 20th, 1882.

## THE RIGHTS OF THE CHURCH OVER PUBLIC EDUCATION.

THAT which certain Catholics refuse to the church, even in a community Christianly constituted, is not the right of giving instruction in the public schools, and making her influence felt there to the advantage of the morality and good education of the youth. No one but a rationalist or free-thinker can deny the necessity of making religion the foundation of all education, if we would bring up Christians, and not unbelievers. More than this, these same Catholics acknowledge, besides, that the church by her priests, and her religious devoted to the education of youth, enjoys the right possessed by all citizens of opening public schools and teaching, not only the verities of the Catholic faith, but letters and human science in all its branches. They are generally advocates of freedom of instruction to its utmost extent ; and the power they accord to the humblest citizen they do not commit the folly of refusing to those whose character, knowledge, and disinterestedness best qualify them for those delicate functions.

Here, then, are two acknowledged rights of the church, on which we need not insist further. First, the right of providing religious instruction for the youth at school, and their education according to the principles of Christian morality. Secondly, the right of giving, herself, to children and to young people, whose families entrust them to her, a complete education embracing instruction in letters and in the secular sciences ; the right, consequently, of founding religious congregations entirely consecrated to the ministry of instruction and Christian education ; the right of establishing these institutions, providing for their recruitment, and for their material means of existence. All this, it is acknowledged, constitutes the normal condition of the church in communities which concede a just share of influence to the Catholic religion, to its ministers, and to all those who are inspired with its spirit of devotion to the general welfare. But observe the points of divergence between the Catholics of whom we are speaking and those who are more

jealous to preserve intact the rights conferred by Jesus Christ upon his church. According to the former a distinction must be made between religious education and literary or scientific education. The former, by its object and by its end, escapes from the competence of the state to re-enter what is exclusively the province of the church. It is different with literary and scientific instruction. That, they say, is a social service which belongs, like other services of a similar kind, to the jurisdiction of the city or nation. The exercise of the teaching ministry is undoubtedly free. Private individuals are entitled to devote themselves to it without let or hindrance. But the direction of this ministry should be ascribed to the state, the only judge of whatever affects the present and the future of society. Guardian of order, of justice, and of morals in the community, it is the duty of government itself to regulate the discipline of public schools, the instruction which is given there, the academic titles which open the way to certain civil or administrative careers, and the choice of masters ; who, at any rate, should not have incurred any of the disqualifications determined by the law. Moreover, since its functions impose on it the duty of encouraging as much as possible, useful institutions, and such as are essential to public prosperity, the government is bound to support schools founded by private individuals ; and even if there be not enough of them for the needs of the people, to institute others by its own authority, and out of the public funds. This, according to them, belongs to the domain of the state. Here it reigns supreme, without having to share its power with any other power, civil or religious. Public instruction is a branch of administration on the same grounds as war or finance.

Thus think and speak Catholics of the modern political school. Unluckily for them, such is not the doctrine of the church. Pius IX., in the forty-fifth proposition of the *Syllabus*, explicitly condemns the opinion we have just described, and which he formulates in the following

terms: "The whole direction of public schools, in which the youth of a Christian state is brought up, with the exception, to a certain extent, of episcopal seminaries, can be and ought to be vested in the civil authority, and that in such a manner that the right of no other authority should be recognized to interfere with the discipline of those schools, with the curriculum of studies, with the conferring of degrees, or with the choice or approval of masters." This, however specious, is thus erroneous, and no Catholic can maintain it. It is, in fact, false in a two-fold point of view—false in a merely natural point of view, because it ascribes to the state a function which, in default of the church, belongs exclusively to the family; false also, and especially, in a supernatural point of view, because it separates what ought to be united, the temporal consequences of education, and its supernatural end. We will expose this two-fold error.

Under the empire of a nondescript philosophical paganism, our modern politicians have a striking tendency to enlarge more and more in society the circle of governmental privileges. One would suppose, to listen to them, that it was the function of power to completely absorb all the organic elements which go to make a nation, and to leave no longer existing side by side of it, or beneath it, ought but inert individualities, social material capable of receiving impulse and movement only from it. Healthy reason protests against a theory so destructive of the most indispensable elements of social prosperity. Families collecting into cities forfeited none of their natural rights; cities, in associating themselves in nations did not pretend to abdicate all their powers. What both sought, on the contrary, in association, was a stronger guarantee of those very rights; it was the maintenance of the most inviolable justice in human relations; it was, in short, an efficient protection against violence and oppression, whether from within or without.

What! Are we to admit that the right and the duty of educating children sprung from society, and was originated by it? The bare thought is folly. From the first creation of the family, God willed that the infant should come into the world in feebleness and impotence; that, physically, intellectually and morally, it should have need of a long and toilsome education

before becoming a complete man. On whom was it, then, that he imposed a natural obligation of undertaking and accomplishing its education? Certainty not on society, which did not then exist. It was on the family itself, on the latter especially, who is its responsible head. The power of endangering human beings includes of necessity the duty of not leaving such a work incomplete—the duty, consequently, of guiding the infant up to full manhood.

The family thus, by virtue of a law of nature, possesses the power of instructing and educating the understanding and will of the child born of it; and this power the family does not lose by being associated with others in social life. For, we repeat, the state is not instituted to absorb into its collective life all pre-existing rights. The act of union merely consecrates those rights by placing them under the protection of public authority. But when this authority, instead of protecting the rights of the family, proceeds to take possession of them, it commits an usurpation, it breaks the social pact, by making itself guilty of the very crime which it ought to prevent.

Nothing less than the utter and ruinous confusion of ideas introduced by the philosophy of the last century, and by its absurd theories about the Social Contract, could have caused principles so clear and so indisputable to be lost sight of, and all the usurpations of the liberty and rights of families and individuals by the civil power to be legitimized. But, be the errors of the time what they may, it is not fitting that we Catholics should be either their accomplices or their dupes. Enlightened by faith, our reason must hold fast those principles on which human society is based, and were we to be their only defenders, it would be to our honor to have maintained them against all the negations of the spirit of system. To judge, then, only by reason, the state has not those rights over the education of youth which a certain school ascribes to it.

We asserted, moreover, that the opinion of this school is also false in a supernatural point of view, because it separates what ought to be united, because it makes the inference the principle, and despises the one in order to attach itself exclusively to the other. And here we touch the pith of the question.

It is alleged, a public education good or bad, has very serious consequences for society. Its security or its ruin may depend on it, and, anyhow, nothing more vitally affects its peace, strength and prosperity. The power, therefore, with which the government of a community is invested cannot be a matter of indifference in education. It ought then to superintend and direct it, and to place itself at its head, as it naturally does of every social function. We shall presently see how much this reasoning is worth. It includes three things—a principle, a fact, and an inference. The principle is as follows: Whatever is for society an element of strength and progress, and can cause its prosperity and decay, is within the competence of the civil authority and ought to be subject to it. The fact is affirmed in the premises of the argument, to wit, that public education according as it is good or bad, is naturally of serious consequence to the state. Whence the inference, that it ought to be subject to the civil authority—that is, to the government.

The principle we dispute; the fact is explained and vindicated in another way, and the inference is inconsequential.

First, it is not true that whatever affects the prosperity of the state ought of necessity to belong to the jurisdiction of the civil power, and to be subject to its direction and control. Are not commerce and manufacture elements of national prosperity? Is it necessary, on that account, that the government should assume the direction of them, and that nothing should be done in those two departments of social activity except by it. No. In these the office of power is limited to causing right and justice to be respected in industrial and commercial transactions, to intervene in contentions to decide what is just, to secure the observance of positive laws enacted by it for the purpose of applying to every particular case the general principles of the natural and of the divine law. The rest is an affair of individual enterprise among citizens. Thus in the question which engages us, that the education of youth ought to contribute much towards the prosperity of a state is not sufficient reason to induce us to resign the whole of it into the hands of the civil power. We must further inquire if there is not some one in the community authorized, by the law of nature or by divine light, to as-

sume its direction and control. If this be so, it will not do to invest the state with a right which belongs to another.

In the second place, the happiness and prosperity of a state are certainly the result of a good education of its youth; of a complete education, that is, well conducted; such in a word, as gives to the young man all the qualities of perfect manhood. Now this education is, of necessity, Christian education, in which the state can do nothing—the church, and the church alone, as we have endeavored to show, everything.

What, once more, is education? We have already defined it: the work of fitting a man to fulfil his destiny; to place the faculties of man in a condition of sufficing for themselves, and of pursuing, with the help of God, the end which is allotted to them. Such, clearly is the work of education; such the end it must of necessity propose to itself. Suppose that in educating a child this consideration of his final destiny should be neglected, that he was brought up with an eye solely to a proximate and terrestrial end, beyond which he could do nothing. Could such an education be called complete? Could it be called sufficient? Would it deserve even the name of education? Undoubtedly not. That child would not have been educated. He would never become a man, *vir*, in the full sense of that term, because the vision of his intelligence would never reach beyond the narrow horizon of this world; because his powers of well-doing would necessarily be extremely limited; because at last, he would miss the end which every man is bound to attain, and would be compelled to remain for ever nothing but an immortal abortion.

Such is the necessity of recognizing man's final end in education. That must be its aim, that only, under pain of compromising all the rest. Is there any need of mentioning the guarantees afforded by generations thus educated, for the peace and happiness of communities? Has not true and sincere piety, in the words of the apostle, promise of this life as well as of that of eternity? Is it in any other way than practicing the virtues which make man a social being that we can hope to achieve immortality? Thus to labor to render ourselves worthy of the destiny which awaits us is, also to prepare our-

selves to become good citizens of the earthly city, is to give to society the best possible security of being useful as well as loyal to it. The greatest men of whom humanity is proud, were they not at the same time the most virtuous ?

Now, we must repeat to Catholics who forget it, that there are not two last ends for man, but only one ; and that is the supernatural end of which we treated at the commencement. Created by God to enjoy his glory and his happiness through eternity, in vain would man seek elsewhere the end of his efforts and of his existence. Everything in him tends towards this end. It is his perfection, and in order to exalt himself to it, he ought to give to his faculties the whole power of development of which they are capable. Woe to him, but much more woe to those who have had the responsibility of his education, if, through their fault, he does not find himself on the level of his destiny ; if, instead of gravitating towards heaven in his rapid passage across life, he drags himself miserably along the ground, wallowing in selfish interests and sensual passions !

But if this be so, what can the state do to guide souls to heights which surpass itself ? There is nothing to be done but to apply the principle formulated by S. Thomas : " It is his to order means to an end, in whose possession that end is "—*Illius est ordinare ad finem, cujus est proprius ille finis*. The supernatural transmutation of the soul into God, and eternal beatitude, which education ought to invariably propose to itself, are not the objects of human society any more than of the civil power which regulates it. That power is consequently incapable of itself, of ordaining the means which contribute to this supernatural end. It cannot afford the very smallest assistance to education in this respect, nothing to form the man, and to adapt him to the grand designs of God in his behalf. In a word, education is not within the jurisdiction of earthly governments. It is above their competence.

What, then, is the power in the Christian communities commissioned with the sublime ministry of the education of souls ? Who has received from God the divine mission of begetting them to the supernatural and divine life, roughdrawn on earth, perfected in heaven ? There is, there can be, but one reply. The Church ! When

He founded that august spiritual society, Jesus Christ assigned to it as its end, to guide them to eternal happiness ; and on that account He endowed it with all the powers necessary to ordain and to put in operation the proper means for this end. Education conducted in a spirit fundamentally Christian—such is the universal, indispensable mean, over which, consequently, the church has exclusive rights.

See then, established by Jesus Christ, the great instructress of the human race—the only one which can rightfully pretend to direct public education in Christian communities ! That superintendence, that direction, are an integral part of the pastoral ministry. The church cannot renounce it without prevarication.

Her reason, therefore, is obvious for insisting, with such obstinate persistency, in claiming, everywhere and always, the exercise of a right which she holds from God himself. Obvious is the reason for which the Sovereign Pontiffs have so severely condemned a doctrine which is the denial of this inalienable right for which, in the concordats concluded with Catholic powers, a special clause invariably reserves for the church the faculty of " seeing that youth receive a Christian education."

Nothing is more clear than that, when the Catholic Church, in a Christian state, claims for itself the ministry of public instruction, it is no monopoly which it seeks to grasp for the profit of its clerics. It has but one object, to wit, that instruction should have as wide a scope as possible ; and for this object she appeals to all devotedness. Laymen and ecclesiastics, seculars and religious, all—all are besought to take a part in this work of instructing the people. Whoever offers himself with the necessary qualifications, a pure faith, Christian manners, and competent knowledge, is welcome. To such a one the church opens a free scope for his energies, to cultivate the rising generations under her shelter and in co-operation with her in order to enable them to bring forth the fruits of knowledge and of virtue. What she does not assent to, what she cannot assent to, is that, under the pretext of liberty of instruction, the ravening wolf should introduce himself into the fold in the person of those teachers of errors and falsehood who lay waste the flock by bringing into it discord and war ; that, under the guise of science and intellectual pro-

gress, they should sap the religious belief of a people, assault Christian truth, and infect the young understanding with the deadly poison of doubt and unbelief. No, indeed! Such havoc the church can neither sanction nor allow them an opportunity to accomplish. She remembers that she has received from Christ the care of souls, that the salvation of His children has been entrusted to her keeping, and

that God will demand of her an account of their blood shed—that is to say, of their eternal perdition. *Sanguinem ejus de manu tua requiram* (Ezech. iii. 18). As a watchful sentinel she keeps guard over the flock, and so long as the criminal violence of human powers does not rob her of her rights, neither the thieves nor the assassins of souls can succeed in exercising their ravages.—*Catholic World*.

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### LEGEND OF THE FRIAR'S ROCK.

THERE was once a monk, the youngest of the brotherhood, who was left to keep the watch at a lighthouse from midnight until dawn. Through the windows the moonbeams fell, mingled with the light that burned before the tabernacle, and with the gleam of the monk's small taper. Outside, the sea was smooth like glass, and the stars shown brightly, and a long line of glory stretched from shore to shore. Lost in supplication, the monk lay prostrate before the altar. His thoughts and prayers were wandering far away—to the sick upon their beds of pain, to travellers on land and sea, to mourners sunk in loneliness or in despair, to the poor who had no helper, to little children, to the dying; most of all, to the tempted, wherever they might be.

He was intensely earnest, and he had a loving temperament and a strong imagination which had found fitting curb and training in the devout practice of meditation. The prayers he used were no mere form to him; he seemed actually to behold those for whom he interceded, actually to feel their needs and sore distress. This was nothing new, but to-night the power of realization came upon him as never before. He saw the dying in their final anguish; he suffered with the suffering, and felt keen temptations to many a deed of evil, and marked Satan's messengers going up and down upon the earth, seeking to capture souls. Sharper than all else was the conflict he underwent with doubts quite new to him—doubts of the use or power of his prayers. Still he prayed on, in spite of the keen sense of unworthiness to pray. He would

not give place for a moment to the suggestion that his prayers were powerless. Again and again he tortifed himself with the name of all-prevailing might. And then it seemed to him, in the dim candle-light and among the pale moonbeams, that the Form upon the crucifix opened its eyes and smiled at him, and that from the lips came a voice saying, "Whatever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do."

The hour came to tend the light; he knew it. But he knew, too, that the sea without was calm, even like the crystal sea before the Throne, save where the wild currents that never rested were surging white with foam and uttering hoarse murmurs. He knew that the night was marvellously still; that there was no wind, not even enough to stir the lightest leaf. What mariner could err, even though for once the light of the monks grew dim—nay, even if it failed? Could he leave that glorious vision, in order to trim a lantern for which there was no need; or cease his prayers for perishing souls, in order to give needless help to bodies able to protect themselves? These thoughts swept through his mind, and his choice was hastily made to remain before the altar; and even as he made it the vision faded, yet with it, or with his decision, all temptation to doubt vanished too. If devils had been working upon him to cause him to cease from intercession, they left him quite free now to pray—with words, too, of such seeming power as he had never used before.

Suddenly a sound smote upon his ear—such a sound as might well ring in one's

brain for a lifetime, and which he was to hear above all earthly clamor until all earthly clamor should cease. It was the cry of strong men who meet death on a sudden, utterly unprepared; the crash of timbers against a rock; the groan of a ship splitting from side to side. He sprang to his feet and rushed to the door. Already the great bell of the monastery was tolling, and dark, cowed figures were hastening to the shore. He looked up. In the cross-topped tower, for the first time in man's knowledge, the lamp of the monks was out. Just then the prior hurried by him and up the stairs, and soon, but all too late, the beacon blazed again.

With an awful dread upon his heart he made his way to the coast. The water foamed unbroken by aught save rocks; but pallid lips told the story of the vessel that had sailed thither, manned by a merry crew made merrier by drink, careless of their course, depending on the steadfast light, and sure, because they did not see it, that they had not neared the dangerous whirlpool and hidden rocks. Only one man escaped, and, trembling, told the story. He had been the only sober man on board; and when he warned the captain of their danger, he was laughed and mocked at for his pains, and told that all true mariners would stake the monks' light against the eyes of any man on earth. It was not the Holy Cape that they were nearing, but Cape Brie, they said, and every one knew that it was safesailing there. With jests and oaths instead of prayers upon their lips, with sin-stained souls, they had gone down into that whirling tide, which had swept them off in its strong under-tow to sea. There were homes that would be desolate and hearts broken; there were bodies drowned, and souls launched into eternity—perhaps for ever lost—for lack of one little light, for the fault of a single half-hour. And still the stars shone brightly, and the long line of glory stretched from shore to shore, and the night was marvellously still; but upon one soul there had fallen a darkness that might be felt—almost the darkness of despair.

Monk Felix they had called him, and had been wont to say that he did not belie his name, with his sweet young face and happy smile, and his clear voice in the choir. He was Monk Infelix now and while time lasted.

In the monastery none saw an empty place; for the man whose life had been the only one preserved in that swift death struggle had begged, awed and repentant, to be received into the number of these brethren vowed to God's peculiar service. But in village and in choir they missed him who had gone in and out among them since his boyhood, and under their breath the people asked, Where is he? No definite answer was given, but a rumor crept about, and at length prevailed, that Monk Felix had despaired of pardon; that day and night the awful death-cry rang in his ears; and day and night he besought God to punish here and spare there, imploring that he might also bear some of the punishment of those souls that had passed away through his neglect. And a year from that night, and in the very hour, the last rites having been given to him as to the dying, the rock now called the Friar's had opened mysteriously. Around it stood the brotherhood, chanting the funeral psalms very solemnly; and as the words, *De profundis clamavi ad Te, Domine*, were intoned, one left their number, and, with steady step and a face full of awe and yet of thankfulness, entered the cleft, and the rock closed.

Years came and went, other hands tended the lantern, till in the Revolution the light of the monks and the Order itself were swept away, and the monastery was laid in ruins. But the legend is even now held for truth by simple folk, that in Friar's Rock the monk lives still, hearing always the eddying flood about him, that beats in upon his memory the story of his sin; and they say that with it mingles ever the cry of men in their last agony, and the cry is his name, thus kept continually before the Judge. There, in perpetual fast and vigil, he watches and prays for the coming of the Lord and the salvation of souls, and the rock that forms his prison has been made to take his shape by the action of those revengeful waves. What he knows of passing events—what added misery and mystery it is that now no longer the holy bell and chantecho above him—none can tell. But there, they say, whatever chance or change shall come to Bretagne, he must live and pray and wait till the Lord comes. Then, when the mountains fall and the rocks are rent, his long penance shall be over, and he shall enter into peace.

FOR THE HARP.

## IRELAND'S LITERATURE.—No. 5.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

WE have now reached the fifth century with our gleanings from the books on Ireland's past literature. Let us then continue the subject as we have heretofore done, without preface or much comment. The field is extensive, and the beauties which it enfolds are out of number. To the general reader of our day, those dry repetitions of the names of dead kings and lost poets—names very often difficult to pronounce and remember—is very tiresome; but to those who take an interest in Ireland's past, her histories, memories, etc., these articles may prove, as they have proven to us, very interesting and exceedingly instructive. How very many we find to-day talking in high phrases and loud tones about the "great glories of Ireland," and who know, really, so very little about the sources and causes of all Erin's greatness. It is, we consider, far more instructive and far more profitable, so far as a real, true knowledge of the past goes, to pick up the old, old relics, manuscripts, magazines, poems or histories, and if at times a little dry to not mind it, but read away and glean all that is possible from them; far more profitable than "spread eagle" declamation, and heaps of rhetorical figures, at times as vague and useless and unmeaning as the problem of the sphinx. We deplore greatly that we know so very little about Ireland, but what little we do possess we freely give it to those whose occupations and other circumstances would not permit of their acquiring themselves. And sincerely we hope that the example may be followed on a greater scale by those of more knowledge and deeper study, and more varied science.

After promising no preface or comment, and after following that promise by the foregoing, it is time to take up the thread of our account of Ireland's early literature.

No. 30, A.D., 433.—DUHACH *Mac ni Luhair* was the poet and druid of Laoaire, monarch of Ireland, at the commencement of Saint Patrick's mission, and was converted to christianity by that apostle.

He was one of the famous Committee of Nine, who were appointed to revise the ancient records of the nation and from them compiled that body of records afterwards called the *Sheanchas mor* or "The Great History." After his conversion he applied his poetic talents to the praise of his Maker and Redeemer, and an elegant hymn of his on that subject is preserved in the *Felire Aenguis*, or account of the festivals of the church written by Angus *Ceile-De* in the latter end of the eighth century, a copy of which work is inserted in the *Leavair Breac*, or "Speckled Book" of MacEogan, in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, and another more ancient copy was in the collection of the late E. O'Reilly.

(In the year 1797, the late General Vallancey published a paper, addressed to the president and members of the Royal Irish Academy, in vindication of the Ancient Histories of Ireland, in which he introduces a translation from the above hymn. He styles it "A hymn to *Creas*, or the sun." A knowledge of the original, and a little attention to its contents, would be sufficient to convince that the hymn was addressed not to the sun, but to the Almighty God, who created the sun and all that exists. Literally, the hymn begins :

" Bless, O Christ, my words,  
Thou Godhead of the seven Heavens  
Who gave'st the gift of religion.  
O King of the resplendent sun !

The Irish for Godhead, as given here, is *joint-God* or *united-God*, or the Trinity. When he speaks of the seven heavens he surely was a christian and did not adore the sun or anything beneath God).

In the "Book of Rights" is preserved an old poem ascribed to Duhach. It begins, "*Ni dli cuairt no cendai-echt air in fili freolach*," or "There is no right of visitation or headship (superiority) over the truly learnrd poet." The poem is on the privileges of the Bordic order. Another of his, of 392 verses, begins : "*Teavair Tech ambi Mac Cuiin*," o

"Tarah, house wherein dwelt the decendants of Conn."

We come now to the famous "Book of Rights." Although it is scarcely fair, in our rapid glance, to spend much time upon any one particular work, yet this being the most important work of the fifth century in Ireland, but one of the pillars of her ancient literature. Altho' it may take a page or so, we will dwell pretty fully upon it. All the other works of the first year of christianity in Ireland are mere satellites to this orb.

No. 31, THE BOOK OF RIGHTS.—Saint Beinín died on the 9th November, A.D., 468. He was the son of Sescnen, a man of great power in Meath, who entertained St. Patrick on his way to Tarah, and was, with all his family, converted by him. Beinín received holy orders from the hands of our apostle, and was consecrated bishop by him. In the year 455 St. Patrick placed him as Archbishop of Armagh, which he governed for ten years; but in 465 he resigned his bishoprick and lived in retirement for three years, when he died in 468.

The *Leawar ma Geart*, or "Book of Rights," is said to be written by St. Beinín, but of this some doubts may be reasonably entertained. Its language, and some of its internal evidences in the composition, show it to be at least enlarged and altered near to our times. It is, however, a very ancient composition, and throws great light on the early history of our country. It gives an account of the revenues and rights of the monarchs of Ireland, payable by the provincial kings, and by the subordinate lords of districts; and subsidies paid by monarchs to the provincial kings and inferior nobles for their services; and also on account of the revenues of each of the provincial kings, payable to them from the nobles of districts in their respective provinces; and the subsidies paid by the provincial kings to those nobles. These accounts are first delivered in *prose*, and the same are afterwards recorded in *verse*, to render the work the more acceptable to the national tastes, and its contents the more generally known.

Ancient copies of this book, on Vellum, are in the Trinity College and in the Royal Irish Academy, and in a couple of private collections.

The *title* prefixed to the Book of Rights

runs thus: "The beginning of the Book of Rights, which relates to the revenues and subsidies of Ireland, as ordered by Beinín, son of Sescnen, psalmist of Patrik, as is related in the book of Glendaloch." The work itself begins with, "Of the just (lawful) rights of Cashel, and of its revenues and dues, *in* and *out*, here follow: And of the subsidies to which the kings of Munster, and the other kings of Ireland, are entitled from the king of Cashel when the king of Cashel happens to be monarch of Ireland." Then follows in prose a list of the articles paid by the king of Cashel as subsidies to the minor princes, and of his rights of entertainment, etc., from them. This is followed by the *same account in a poem* of 88 verses, beginning: "The duties of each king from the king of Cashel." Then is given an account, in *verse* and *prose*, of the revenues of the king of Cashel from the princes of Muskerry, Uaihne, Ara, Corco-lui-heach, Corco-duib-ne, Ciarruihe-Luachra, Corco-baiscin and Borrin. The *poem* of this part is 52 verses long, and begins: "The rights of Cashel without vexation." By this account it appears that the king of Cashel received annually from the above districts 2,300 oxen, 5,500 cows, 4,400 swine, 100 vessels of strong drink, 1,000 rams, 200 wethers, and 100 garments. A further account of the rights of the king of Cashel is given, which says, that when he was not monarch of Ireland, that division called *Leach Moha* was under his control, and contributed his revenues. The tributes paid by the king of Leinster, and the remainder of the states of Munster, to the king of Cashel, are then recited in prose and supported by four poems. The first begins: "Beinín, blessing on thy birth;" the second, "The rents of Cashel have you heard;" the third, "O ye learned of great Munster;" the fourth, "Here is the history of unoppressive taxation." Then follows an account in prose of the royal mansions of Cashels. (Will the historians of coming years be able to speak of, or the future part or sing of any *unoppressive taxation* in the Ireland of the nineteenth century?)

After Cashel follows an account of the rights, revenues and privileges of the king of Connaught, and the subsidies paid to him by the lords and nobles of his province. This book begins "The revenues and subsidies of Connaught, *i.e.*, the great

rents of Connaught, both food (or entertainment) and attendance. First to Cruachan." An account is then given of the rights, etc, of the kings. The poem begins, "Hear ye a story not contemplate." This is followed by an account of subsidies paid by the king to his nobles.

In this province, as in Munster, some tribes were free from regal taxation, and had other privileges above the clans. In Connaught they were the Iv Bruin, the Siol Muireahaih or Murrays, the Iv Fiachra, and the Kinel Aoha. The account of Connaught is followed by that of the Iv Neill of Ulster. The rights due the kings are given. Then a poem of 56 verses, beginning, "The rights of the king of Oiligh hear ye." The account of subsidies to nobles in *verse* begins, "Oh, man, if thou goest northward."

The rights and privileges of Oriel follow next. The *verses* (64 in number) begin, "Listen to the tribute you have heard." Then the subsidies received by the prince of Oriel from the monarch of Ireland. The poem is of 80 verses, and commences, "This inquiry on the decendants of Colla."

Then comes the subsidies received by the king of Ulah (Down and Armagh). The verses are eighty: "Here are the emoluments of Ulah," it begins. (It is unnecessary to remark each time that all this book is in prose, save the few *poems* or *verses* at the end of each chapter, which constitute a synopsis of all that goes before.)

Then come the rights of the king of Tarah, and the subsidies of the subordinate monarchs of Meath. The king of Tarah was the monarch of Ireland, he received 100 swords, 100 shields, 100 horses, 100 colored garments, and 100 suits of armor. The *poem* begins, "The rights of Tarah's king I here rehearse." The *metrical account* of the Meath tax commences, "Tax of the district of Meath—great the report."

Then follows the will of *Cahair mor*, or Cahair the great, king of Leinster, and then monarch of Ireland, A.D., 122, by which the kingdom and his property is divided amongst his sons. This is followed by a *poem* of 80 verses, attributed to Benin. The poem begins, "The rights of the king of Leinster, Benin relates." This poem alone is enough to prove that this *work*, in its present form, is not that of

Benin who died at this period. (When we have concluded the Book of Rights we will say a word about Irish names.)

The next article is an account of the contribution to which each of the nobles of Leinster was subject, for the support of the king of that province. The *verse* account is in 68 raims. It begins, "Listen, oh Leinster of heroes."

This is followed by a poem of 72 verses, giving an account of the GALLS of Dublin at the coming of St. Patrick!! The poem begins, "Here is a pleasant and agreeable history,"

The privileges of the poets and their rewards are then recited; the *prose* account is supported by one in *verse* ascribed to *Duach mac in Luhair*, which we already spoke of under the year 433.

The "Book of Rights" closes with an account of the rights of the king of Tarah and the subsidies due by him. This is ended by a poem beginning, "Tarah house, in which are the decendants of Conn." This closes the famous "Book of Rights."

One word about Irish names: They were preserved in families or septs from generation to generation, and thus it is easy to conceive that the circumstances of there being different writers of the *same name*, and at different periods, must cause difficulty now with respect to some of the works which have descended to us, in determining who the real authors were. How many Patricks are there in Ireland? How many Georges are there in England? Surnames were not adopted in Ireland until the reign of Brian Boru, who was killed at Clontarf in 1014. But this uncertainty as to the identity of the writer does not lessen the value of works which contain such important historical information, nor does it alter the beauty of excellence of the style or composition.)

*No. 32, A. D. 499.*—SAINT CAILIN, first Bishop of Down, wrote some prophecies in *Irish verse*, but we cannot be sure that those *now extant* ascribed to him are genuine. That beginning, "Eireenoble Isle," ascribed to him, gives a catalogue of Irish Kings, and counts 227 years from Clontarf. It may be presumed it was written before the middle of the 13th century.

*No. 33, A. D., 500.*—SAINT FIECH, the first Bishop of Stetty, was a desciple of St. Patrick, and flourished for some years

after the death of his master. He wrote a *hymn in Irish* consisting of 363 verses in praise of our Apostle, in which he states that St. Patrick was born in Tours in France. It begins: "Patrick was born in holy Tours." A very ancient copy of the poem is in Trinity College. It has been printed in the *Acta Sanctorum*, in latin, and in a faulty English translation; also in 1792 by a Mr. Richard Plunkett, of Meath, and lastly by the late Mr. Patrick Lynch in his "Life of St. Patrick," with a correct English version.

No. 34.—In 500 also flourished SAINT CIANAN, first Bishop of Duleek in Meath. He wrote the life of St. Patrick in Irish.

This brings us to the sixth century. Here we will stop for this number and terminate this essay by a few remarks and a few simple questions to the reading public.

Even those few extracts given on the subject of Irish Literature, (though but the commencement) should surprise many, and effectually prevent our ever again hearing asked the ignorant question. "*Is there anything to be read in the Irish language?*"

There is a thread-bare bigotry that often calls forth a foolish and unwise accusation from the self-conceited enemies of religion wherein they proclaim that the Catholic Church and its clergy have ever been opposed to advancement and civilization and strive continually to keep the people ignorant and uneducated in order that they may retain their power over the masses.

We will say nothing of the history of every nation on earth, each of which gives the lie to such evil-doers and evil-speakers. Glance alone at Ireland's history for the fifth century, during which, Christianity was only dawning upon the island and see how the Bishops labored and wrote (in prose and verse) to instruct, educate and enlighten the people. Wonderful how energetic they were and have ever since been in that respect!

Whose were the hands that labored in building those glorious structures, the very ruins of which to-day attract the attention and excite the wonder of the traveller? The same hands that wrote so many literary monuments of no less worth and value to the antiquarian of our day and the devoted children of the past,—the hands of of priests, monks, Bishops! Glory, to the priesthood of Ireland, who, when prescribed and hunted like wild beasts sought

shelter in the mountains of the land and there kept alive the flame kindled by St. Patrick! Glory to the clergy of Ireland, who, on prosecution, found altars in the humble huts on the hill-sides whereon to offer the adorable sacrifice! Glory to the sacerdotal band, that followed the example of the first christians of the Catacombs, and instructed and guided their flocks despite the terrors of a more than Pagan prosecution! Glory, to the anointed of the Lord, who, in the shade of the hedge or in the side of the ditch held the forbidden assembly of youth for the impartment of knowledge and faith!

Ireland may be robbed, injured, down-trodden—yet she cannot be deprived of her intellect and mind. She *will* and *must* be educated, and consequently free; and to her clergy and priesthood she owes the greater portion of the learning of the past. A letter appeared the other day in the "London Graphic," from an Anglican minister, on the subject of the Dublin exhibition. If a few of those fanatical calumniators of Romanism would kindly read that letter they would—we were going to say blush, but bigotry knows no such exterior sign of inward feeling—but they would be confounded. He upbraids the Protestant clergy for not following the example given them for years and years by the clergy of the Church of Rome.

How many, not only clever, but splendidly adorned minds, sleep to-day in the dullness of indifference! Amongst the Irish race there are thousands that might shine if they would only once move, once started they would find the road easy. Each one in his own sphere could do an immensity for the advancement of Ireland's cause and the glory of her people. Truly they may not see the immediate results of their exertions: but certainly they will come sooner or later. If each one would help, in as far as he can, the advancement of Irish literature, the education of himself, and the education of others, he would be doing a good and noble work. But if every one stays back and waits for some one else to go ahead, the result will be that Ireland and her history, her literature, her rights, etc., will slumber in the dust of forgetfulness or neglect, and then each one will be blaming his neighbor and wanting to know why *he did not do something or say something*. Do not say "I am not able." Try; you are able

Break the ice and the water will flow on smoothly ! Don't ask what good would the little I know do ? Every little makes up. Let us have that *little* and we may find it *big*. You may tell us something on Ireland, her past, her present, or even her future, that we never heard of, or thought of, or dreamed of, and we will be grateful to add it to our store and use it if ever it becomes necessary. We may know something you never heard of, etc., and you glean that information from us, and thus we mutually replenish our stocks and by degrees become wiser, and more learned, and better educated with less labor and exertion. And thus all our fellow-countrymen profit by us and we by them, and finally something may turn out of it all of benefit to the "dear old land." Don't ask us what are we to do ? Do whatever you know best how to do. If

you can write, do so : if you can speak, do so ; if you can work, do so ; and give the example of industry to those about you. Don't say there is no place to publish, no field to work in. Just look at the "Harp" that you are now reading. Is it not a field, a workshop, a place ? Look about you and see a thousand like channels.

Come, let us be up and doing ! It is a duty we owe this country and the old land ; a duty we owe ourselves and our friends. Let us see if Canada does not possess a few more Irish-Catholic-Canadians, who can make their mark, and help the honor and advancement of their country's and religion's cause ! We will watch the publications hereafter with the fond hope that the hint here given may be taken !"

GREEN PARK, Aylmer, Que.

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## DUNLUCE CASTLE.

(COUNTY ANTRIM.)

OH ! of the fallen most fallen, yet of the proud  
 Proudest ; sole-seated on thy tower-girt rock ;  
 Breasting for ever circling ocean's shock ;  
 With blind sea-caves for ever dinned and loud ;  
 Now sun-set gilt ; now wrapt in vapor-shroud ;  
 Till distant ships—so well thy bastions mock  
 Primeval nature's work in joint and block—  
 Misdeem *her* ramparts, round thee bent and bowed,  
 For thine ; and on *her* walls, men say, have hurled  
 The red artillery store designed for thee :—  
 Thy wars are done ! Henceforth perpetually  
 Thou restest like some judged, impassive world  
 Whose sons, their probatory period past,  
 Have left that planet void amid the vast.

AUBREY DE VERE.

## NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.—ANECDOTES.

THE lectures which have recently been delivered on "living burials" in a continental city, by a physician of some eminence, go to prove that such things happen in countries where rapid interment succeeds death, much more frequently than the generality of English people would deem possible.

We who hold our dead so sacred, and who err if anything on the side of keeping them too long unburied, must naturally feel a kind of horror creep over us when, from circumstances, we are brought to witness with what haste and want of reverence the last sad ceremonies are gone through in some countries where climate renders speedy interment after decease an absolute necessity. I propose to relate three marvellous escapes from living burial, which happened to different members of the same family at different periods. The scene was in Italy; the facts were related to me by the daughter of two of the parties concerned; and I shall tell the tale as nearly as possible as she told it to me.

"You will scarcely wonder," she said, "at my horror of being buried alive, when I tell you that a peculiar fate seems to pursue our family, or at least did pursue it in the last generation. My father was an only son, and from having been born several years after his parents' marriage, was an object of especial devotion. His mother was unable to nurse him herself, and a country woman was procured from a village at some distance from the chateau where his parents resided, who was not only well calculated to replace the mother as a nurse, but was of so affectionate a disposition that she seemed to throw her whole soul into her care for the well-being of the child, and lavished as much affection on him as did the real mother. When the age came for weaning him, it was found impossible to accomplish it whilst the nurse remained with him: and so after many terrible scenes, and the most heart-breaking sorrow on her part, she had to go. The boy thrived very well until he was about three years old, when he was attacked by some childish malady, and to all appearance died.

"It is unnecessary to dwell upon the distracted grief of the parents. The mother could scarcely be induced to leave the body, and even though all life was extinct, grudged every moment as it flew towards the time when even what was left of her darling would have to be removed for ever. (The time that was allowed by the government for bodies to remain unburied was three days.) The father had given strict orders that the child's nurse should not be informed of the death of her foster-son until after the funeral, as he felt convinced she would at once come to see him, and he dreaded the effect the sight of her grief might have on his already broken-hearted wife. However, the order was ill kept, and on the morning of the funeral, after all the guests had arrived, and were grouped round the coffin taking their last farewell of the lovely boy, in rushed the nurse, her hair down, her dress all torn and travel-stained, her boots nearly worn off her feet. On hearing the news, she had started off without waiting for extra clothing, without word or look to any one, and had run the whole night, in order to be in time to see her boy. As she entered the room she pushed past servants and guests, and on reaching the coffin seized the child, and before any one was aware of her intention or had presence of mind to prevent her, she had vanished with him in her arms. It was found she had carried him off to the *grenier* or garret, and had locked and barricaded the door. She paid no attention to threats or entreaties, and all attempts at forcing the door were equally fruitless. The guests waited patiently, hoping that she would before long return to her senses, and bring back the child's body for funeral.

"At the end of an hour or more they heard the heavy furniture rolled away and the door opened. The nurse appeared, but with no *dead* child in her arms—the little thing's arms were clasped lovingly round her neck as she pressed him to her bosom. The mournful assemblage was turned into one of joyful congratulation. The woman would never speak of the means she used to restore the boy to life; indeed, although she became from that

hour a resident in the family and a trusted and valued friend, she steadily forbore ever referring to the incident in which she played so important a part. She lived to see the rescued child married and with a family of his own around him.

“The heroine of the second anecdote was a first-cousin to the above rescued child—a young lady of about thirteen or fourteen years old. After a somewhat protracted illness she, to all appearance, died. The mother literally refused to believe it, although the doctors and the other inmates of the house saw no reason to doubt the fact. The funeral was arranged, the grave made, and the specified three days had come to an end. The mother had never left her daughter’s body; she had tried every available means to restore her, but to no avail. As the hour approached for the ceremony to take place, she became more and more distracted, and more desperate in her efforts to convince herself that life still lingered. As a last resource, she went for some strong elixir, and taking out of her pocket a fruit-knife with two blades—one blade of gold the other of silver—proceeded by continual working to force the gold blade between the teeth; when inserted, she poured a drop of the elixir on the blade, then another and another, and tried to make it enter the mouth; but it seemed only to trickle back again and down the chin. Still she persevered, becoming more desperate as the moments flew on to the hour, now so near, when her child was to be taken from her. At the very last, when she was beginning to dread the very worst, she thought she detected a slight spasm in the throat; and on closer examination she became aware that the liquid was no longer returning, as it did at first. She continued the application, every moment feeling more excited and more joyfully hopeful. Presently the action of swallowing became more decided; she felt a feeble flutter at the heart, and before long the eyes gradually opened, and closed again; but the breathing became quietly regular, and the mother was satisfied that now no one would dispute the fact; so she called her household round her, and proved to them the joyful fact that her child was restored to her, and that no funeral procession would leave the house that day. Before long the child fully recovered. The fruit-knife with its two blades is to this day

the most precious heirloom in the family possessions.

“The recovered one lived to form a deep attachment to her cousin (the rescued boy of the first story), possibly from the fact of the strange similarity in their early history; but his affections were already engaged by the young lady whose story we are now going to relate, the facts of which resemble somewhat those already told. This young person was no longer a child when death seemed to claim her, but had reached the age of eighteen or nineteen. She had been suffering from an infectious and dangerous fever, and when the crisis arrived, instead of rallying, she, to all appearance, died. It was the custom of the district in which she lived to dress marriageable girls as brides after death, and to bury them in their bridal costume. The young lady in question was therefore laid out as a bride, in a white dress, orange-flower wreath, and veil. The day before the funeral, the most intimate friend of the deceased, who had been on a visit at a distance, came home, and insisted with floods of tears that she should be allowed to see her. The mother most decidedly refused, explaining that her daughter had been the victim of an infectious fever, and that she could not allow the daughter of a friend to run the risk of catching it. The young lady persisted, and would not leave the house; but the mother, much as it pained her, was firm in her refusal. However, in the evening the young friend being on the watch, saw the paid watcher leave the room to go down to her supper, leaving the door unlocked. She immediately entered, and having reverently kissed her friend’s pale face, knelt down by the side of the bed to pray. There were candles at each side of the bed at its head, and two placed on a table at its foot.

“The poor girl was deep in her prayers, when suddenly, without any movement or warning, the dead girl sat up, and said in a sharp tone of voice: ‘*Que faistu la?*’ (What are you doing there?) Startled and horrified to the last degree, her friend sprang from her knees, and in trying to rush out of the room, upset the table on which the candles were placed, and became wedged between it and the bed, her head downmost! Inextricably entangled, she shrieked loudly for help. The supposed dead girl had a keen sense of the ridicu-

lous, and being weakened from illness, she went off into a hysterical fit of laughter; and the more her poor friend kicked and screamed, the more she kept up the duet by peals of laughter. The mother and household hearing the noise, rushed up as quickly as possible. The mother was the first to enter the room, and being a quick witted woman, at once comprehended the situation; she flew to her daughter, and angrily ordering her to be quiet and not laugh at her friend's misfortune, she pressed her to her bosom, and hastily tearing off wreath and veil, dropped them to the floor and kicked them under the bed; then calling assistance, she carried the girl into another room and put her to bed. The doctor, who had been at once sent for, ordered her to be taken from home without delay, and they started as soon as was possible. She perfectly recovered; but strangely enough, could never call to mind

the startling events of her return to life. *She afterwards married the gentleman who was the hero of the first story.* Her poor friend, when extricated from her unpleasant position, was quite delirious, she had a nervous fever, of which she nearly died, and she never entirely recovered from the shock her friend's sudden return to life had given her."

On writing to the lady who related these anecdotes for permission to publish, she says: "You are at liberty to make what use you like of our family story, on condition you do not mention the names of family or places; but you may add, that all three who were so nearly buried alive, lived to be very old—my father to eighty-four, my mother and aunt to seventy-six, retaining their health, rare intelligence, and to a wonderful extent, their personal beauty, to the last."

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## COMPLIMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

### RACY SKEICHES.

WHEN Dr. Parr, charmed by Erskine's tongue, declared he intended to write his epitaph, the great lawyer paid the vain scholar in his own coin by pronouncing the promise a temptation to commit suicide. Nothing came of this odd expression of mutual admiration, as happened in the case of a similar interchange of civilities between Nelson and Benjamin West the painter. Just before the famous Admiral left England for the last time, West sat next him at a dinner in his honour. Con- versing with Sir William Hamilton, Nelson lamented his want of taste for art, but said there was one picture the power of which he felt, never passing a print shop where the Death of Wolfe was exhibited without being stopped by it; and turning to the gratified hearer on his other hand he asked why he had painted no more pictures like it. "Because, my lord," replied the artist, "there are no more subjects. But I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me with such another scene; and if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it." "Will you, Mr. West?" cried Nelson. "Then I hope I shall die in the next battle!" Trafalgar realized the hero's hope, and West redeemed his promise by painting the Death of Nelson.

It is something to succeed in impressing the unimpressionable, but there is more satisfaction in extorting praise from competitors in the same field. A diplomatist could not desire more conclusive testimony to his ability than that won by Mirabeau's "audacieux et ruse" minister, the first Earl of Malmesbury, of whom Talleyrand said if you only allowed him to have the last word he was always in the right. Father Onorato must have been exceedingly vain or exceedingly indifferent if he did not inwardly exult at hearing that Bourdaloue, upon being asked what he thought of the Father's preaching, replied: "He tickles the ears indeed, but he pricks the heart; people return at his sermons the purses they have stolen at mine." And Sir Walter Scott was no doubt delighted when Manzoni acknowledged his congratulations with: "My book is yours, for I owe it to the deep study I made of your works;" but he gave the Italian a Roland for his Oliver by replying: "Them *Il Poomessi Sposi* is my best novel." Scott, however, was not a whit more sincere than the gallant country mayor who, handing a handsome matron down to dinner, was rather taken aback by her observing: "I don't know, Mr. Mayor, whether you are afraid

of the measles, but my little ones have them, and I myself have had a slight attack." But, equal to the occasion, he replied: "Madam, I should be only too delighted to take anything from such a charming source."

"Everything belongs either to the king of France or to Madame Champmesle," wrote La Fontaine to that queen of the French stage; but flattered as she may have felt at receiving such a tribute to her charms, we may be sure the actress thought much more of the involuntary eulogy wrung from Mademoiselle d'Œillet, who as the curtain fell on the new Hermoine, exclaimed; "There's an end of d'Œillet!" Nor could Talma but be satisfied he was right in attiring Proculus in a genuine toga, as the first step towards reforming stage costume, when Conlet, aghast at the innovation, cried out: "Look at Talma! Was anything so ridiculous ever seen! He looks like an ancient statue!"

Talking over Garrick's retirement with Mrs. Montague, Dr. Beattie told her he was so excited the first time he witnessed that actor's performance of Macbeth, that he nearly fell over into the pit from the front of the two-shilling gallery, and wished he could have another opportunity of risking his neck and nerves in the same cause, since to fall by the hands of Shakespeare and Garrick would ennoble his memory to all generations; supplementing this compliment to his dramatic idols with expressing his belief that if all actors resembled Garrick, it would be impossible for a person of any sensibility to outlive the representation of Hamlet, King Lear, or Macbeth. But all compliments paid to players pale before Ben Jonson's eulogistic lines upon Salathiel Pary, the boy-actor:

Years he numbered scarce thirteen  
When fates turned cruel;  
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been  
The stage's jewel;  
And did act—what now we moan—  
Old men so dully;  
As sooth, the Paræ thought him one,  
He played so truly.

The Ettrick Shepherd took a neat way of telling a lady she was no ordinary specimen of the sex. "Ye're a nice lassie, Miss Drysdale," said her "Nearly all girls are like a bundle of pens cut by the same machine; but ye're not of the bundle."

Not contented with giving verbal dem-

onstrations of his admiration was the Shah of Persia, who, when an English lady of high degree pronounced his diamonds to be "so lovely," slapped her ladyship's fair shoulders, saying: "Not so lovely as we have here!" The Shah, however, might with advantage take a lesson in the art of complimenting from the Sultan of Zanzibar, who likened Queen Victoria to the mountain of loadstone which drew the nails out of the sides of passing ships, for even so did the hearts of Englishmen seem to be drawn on by a magnet to Her Majesty. Or he might learn something from that Siamese ambassador who wrote: "One cannot fail to be struck with the aspect of the august Queen of England, or fail to observe that she must be of pure descent from a race of goodly and warlike kings and rulers of the earth, in that her eyes, complexion, and above all her bearing, are those of a beautiful and majestic white elephant."

At his first meeting with Mrs. Somerville La Place told her the world held only three women who understood him—namely Caroline Herschel, herself, and a Mrs. Greig, of whom he had never been able to learn anything. "I was Mrs. Greig," was the quiet response. "So then there are only two of you!" exclaimed the philosopher. It was a naive compliment but not one to stir the recipient's pulses; for after all, the most pronounced blue-stocking would probably prefer exciting male admiration by physical rather than mental charms. Does not Mrs. Thrale say emphatically: "That a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than one to her person, is well known, and none of us will contradict the assertion." Had Lalande known as much, he would not, on finding himself placed between Madame Recamier and Madam de Stael, have discharged the double-barrelled compliment: "How happy am I to be thus placed between Beauty and Wit;" drawing upon himself De Stael's retort: "Yes, and without possessing either!"

Fishers for compliments are apt to make strange catches. A curate complaining to Dr. South that he had only been paid five pounds for preaching at Oxford, the Doctor rubbed the sore by declaring he would not have preached such a sermon for fifty pounds. Julius Beer playing to Rossini a funeral-march he had composed in honour of his uncle Meyerbeer, was delighted by

the *maestro* listening attentively and applauding when the performance came to the end ; but his delight was somewhat damped at hearing his judge's " Very good, very good indeed ! " supplemented with : " but it would have been better if it had been you who were dead, and the funeral-march had been your uncle's."

" Will you please to insert this obituary notice?" wrote a country editor's correspondent. " I make bold to ask it, because I know the deceased had a great many friends who would be glad to hear of his death." Just as innocently did the negro propose " De Gubernor ob our State ! He come in wid much opposition ; he go out wid none at all ;" and the king of Portugal greet Landseer with : " Ah, Sir Edwin, I'm glad you have come ; I am so fond of beasts !" There was more mischief in the *double-entendre* of the French dame who, upon a newly married friend exhibiting a monkey her husband had bought for her, exclaimed : " Dear little man, it's so like him !" And there was no misunderstanding Macready's reply to the actor's " I had the honour of playing Iago to your Othello at Bath twelve months ago ; don't you remember me, sir ?" " Remember you, sir ? I shall never forget you !"

Lord Palmerston once wrote to a friend: " Our new little gardener who has now been with us a year and a half, is a clever intelligent fellow ; and when we have taught him the management of fruits and flowers and how to plant trees, he will, I doubt not, prove an excellent gardener." A comical encomium truly ; and as much to the purpose as the Scotch drover's patronizing recognition of a certain clergyman : " Ye dinna ken me, but I ken you. I'm whiles in your parish. There's no better liked man anywhere, yer own folk jist adore ye. *Who cares about preachin' ?*"

An American editor travelling by steamer repaired to the ship's barber for a clean shave. Upon offering the barber payment, the dime was rejected with : " We nebber charge editors nuffin." The astonished man remonstrated, arguing that there were a good many editors travelling just then, and such liberality would prove ruinous to the razor-wielder. " Oh, nebber mind dat," said the barber. " We make it up off the gemmen." When a lady giving evidence in a Kansas court refused to answer a question on the plea it was not fit to tell decent people, her questioner blandly said : " Well then, step up and whisper it to the judge."

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## ST. BRIDGET'S VISION.

WHEN St. Patrick was preaching to a great concourse of people at a place called Finnbair, or the " White Field," in the plain of Lemhuin, the spirit of God came upon her, and she fell into a deep trance. St. Patrick, to whom our saint's extraordinary sanctity was well known, requested her to manifest to the people the favor God had vouchsafed to her. " I had a vision," said St. Bridget humbly, in reply, " in which I beheld four ploughs ploughing the whole of Ireland, while sowers were scattering seed. This after immediately sprung up, and began to ripen, when rivulets of fresh milk filled the furrows, while the sowers themselves were clothed in white garments. After

this I saw others plough, and those who ploughed appeared black. They destroyed with their ploughshares the growing corn, and they sowed tares which filled the furrows." " O holy virgin," said St. Patrick, " you have beheld a true and wonderful vision. This is its interpretation. We are the good ploughers, who with the shares of the four gospels, cultivate human hearts and sow God's word, while those rivers containing the milk of christian charity proceed from our labors. But towards the end of the world, bad teachers shall preach to depraved generations who will receive them. They shall seduce nearly the whole human race."

## TALES FOR THE YOUNG.

## THE BEST REVENGE.

At the period when the Republic of Genoa was divided between the factions of the nobles and the people, Uberto, a man of low origin, but of an elevated mind and superior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raised himself to be the head of a popular party, maintained, for a considerable time, a democratical form of government.

The nobles, at length uniting all their efforts, succeeded in subverting this state of things, and regained their former supremacy. They used their victory with considerable rigour; and, in particular, having imprisoned Uberto, proceeded against him as a traitor, and thought they displayed sufficient lenity in passing a sentence upon him of perpetual banishment, and the confiscation of all his property. Adorno—who was then possessed of the first magistracy, a man haughty in temper, and proud of ancient nobility, though otherwise not void of generous sentiment—in pronouncing this sentence on Uberto, aggravated its severity by the insolent terms in which he conveyed it. “You,” said he, “you, the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Genoa,—you, by their clemency, are only doomed to shrink again into the nothing whence you sprung.”

Uberto received his condemnation with Christian submission, merely saying to Adorno, “that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used.” He then made his obeisance, and retired; and, after taking leave of his friends, embarked in a vessel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

He collected some debts due to him in the Neapolitan dominions, and, with the wreck of his fortune, went to settle on one of the islands in the Archipelago belonging to the state of Venice. Here his industry and capacity in mercantile pursuits raised him, in a course of years, to greater wealth than he had possessed in his most prosperous days at Genoa: and his reputation for honor and generosity equalled his fortune.

Among other places which he frequently

visited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendship with the Venetians, though hostile to most of the other Italian states, and especially to Genoa. As Uberto was on a visit to one of the first men of that place at his country-house, he saw a young christian slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his attention. The youth seemed oppressed with labour to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed; and, while he leaned at intervals upon the instrument with which he was working, a sigh burst from his full heart, and a tear stole down his cheek. Uberto eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the sounds of his native tongue; and, replying to his inquiries, informed him he was a Genoese. “And what is your name, young man?” said Uberto. “You need not be afraid of confessing to me your birth and condition.”—“Alas,” he answered, “I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is indeed one of the first men in Genoa. His name is Adorno, and I am his only son.”—“Adorno!” Uberto checked himself from uttering more aloud; but to himself he cried, “Thank heaven! then I shall be nobly revenged.”

He took leave of the youth, and immediately went to inquire after the corsair captain who claimed a right in young Adorno; and, having found him, demanded the price of his ransom. He learned that he was considered as a capture of some value, and that less than two thousand crowns would not be accepted. Uberto paid the sum; and, causing his servant to follow him with a horse and with a complete suit of handsome apparel, he returned to the youth, who was working as before, and told him he was free. With his own hands he took off his fetters and helped him to change his dress, and mount on horseback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon, however, convinced of the reality of his good for-

tune, by sharing the lodging and table of Uberto.

After a stay of some days at Tunis to dispatch the remainder of his business, Uberto, departed homewards, accompanied by young Adorno, who, by his pleasing manners, had highly ingratiated himself with him. Uberto kept him some time at his house, treating him with all the respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearest friend. At length having a safe opportunity of sending him to Genoa, he gave him a faithful servant as a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand, and a letter into another, and thus addressed him,—“ My dear youth, I could with much pleasure detain you longer in my humble mansion ; but I feel your impatience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it would be cruelty to deprive them longer than necessary of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Deign to accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. He probably may recollect somewhat of me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell ! I shall not soon forget you, and I hope you will not forget me.” Adorno poured out the effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.

The young man had a prosperous voyage home ; and the transport with which he was again beheld by his almost heart-broken parents may more easily be conceived than described. After learning that he had been a captive in Tunis, (for it was supposed that the ship in which he sailed had foundered at sea.) “ And to whom,” said old Adorno, “ am I indebted for the inestimable benefit of restoring you to my arms ?”—“ This letter,” said his son, “ will inform you.” He opened it, and read as follows :—

“ That son of a mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction accomplished. For know, sir, that the deliverer of your only son from slavery, is

“ THE BANISHED UBERTO.”

Adorno dropped the letter, and covered his face with his hands, while his son was displaying, in the warmest language of gratitude, the virtues of Uberto, and the

truly paternal kindness he had experienced from him. As the debt could not be cancelled, Adorno resolved, if possible, to repay it, He made such powerful intercession with the other nobles, that the sentence pronounced on Uberta was reversed, and full permission was given him to return to Genoa. In apprising him of this event, Adorno expressed his sense of the obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleness of his character, and requested his friendship. Uberto returned to his country, and closed his days in peace, with the universal esteem of his fellow-citizens.

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SEPTEMBER PERIODICALS, ETC.

*Donahoe's Magazine*.—Published by Noonan & Co., Boston, Mass. ; contents light, rare and racy. Price \$2.00.

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*Catholic Fireside*, J. P. Dunne & Co., 5 Barclay St., New York, a perfect little gem among magazines. \$1.00 a year.

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*Ave Maria*, Rev. D. E. Hudson, Notre Dame Indiana, as usual interesting and instructive. Annual subscription. \$1.00.

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*Youth's Cabinet*, P. O'Shea, 45 Warren St., New York, a splendid number. Price \$1.00 per annum.

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*Scholastic*, Notre Dame, Indiana, an excellent college journal. \$1.50 a year.

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*Catholic Examiner*, a new monthly periodical devoted to the elevation of popular literature, box 43, Brooklyn, N.Y. Price 75 cents per annum.

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*Redrath's Illustrated Weekly*, 15 Park Place, New York, very much improved in illustrations and general appearance. \$3.00 a year.

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The *Daily Canadian*, just published—general news, telegraph despatches, spicy paragraphs, and vigorous editorials.—Toronto, Ontario. \$3 a year.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

If you want to get into a fat office, hire yourself to a soap-boiler.

THE great race between a night-mare and a clothes-horse came off recently. The man who entered the mare wasn't wide-awake; so the horse took the prize.

"MISS BROWN, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young man to a brisk brunette. "Just give me your hand."—"La, Mr. White, how sudden you are!"

JOE being rather remiss in his Sunday school lesson, the teacher remarked that he hadn't a very good memory. "No, ma'am," said he, hesitating; "but I have got a first-rate forgettery!"

"You have played the deuce with my heart," said a gentleman to a young lady who was his partner in a game of whist. "Well," replied the lady, with an arch smile, "it was because you played the knave."

A Danish writer speaks of a hovel so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complication of diseases that he did not know what to die of, and so lived on.

A man in Hampshire had the misfortune recently to lose his wife. Over the grave he caused a stone to be placed, on which, in the depth of his grief, he had ordered to be inscribed—"Tears cannot restore her, therefore I weep."

HAPPINESS.—Man, wishest thou to live happy and wise? Attach thy heart only to that beauty which perishes not; let thy condition border thy desires; let thy duty precede thy wishes. Learn to love that which can never be taken away from thee; learn to leave all when virtue orders it.

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."

"My heart is thine," as the cabbage said to the cook.

A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo, the rugged atoms will fit like smooth mosaic.

"You have a considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger at a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes, rather," was the reply; "about half the year the water is up to the second story windows."

"Will you take the life of Macauley or Scott this morning, ma'am?" said a young man at the circulating library to Mrs. Partington. "No, my lad," she replied, "they may live to the end of their days for all I care—I've nothing agin 'em."

THE Baillie de Ferrette was always dressed in tight smalls, with a cocked hat and a court sword, the slender proportions of which greatly resembled those of his legs. "Do tell me, my dear Baillie," said Montrond, one day, "have you got three legs or three swords?"

"What do you mean, you little rascal?" exclaimed an individual to an impudent youth that had seized him by the nose in the street. "Oh, nothing: only I am going out to seek my fortune, and father told me to be sure seize hold of the first thing that turned up."

A lady who prided herself upon her extreme sensibility, said one day to her butcher, "How can you follow such a cruel profession? Ah! how can you kill the poor little innocent lambs!"—"Madam!" cried the astonished butcher, "would you prefer cooking them alive?"

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.