

# WALSH'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE NORTH ROAD.

THE North Road leaves the lake behind and goes smoothly through the town. In the beginning its way is peaceful. For a quarter of a mile or so it runs over shallow sand between two wide swards of good grass. If it is summer time, and you happen to be seated on the hill near by, you may notice an interval of solemn silence in which the road seems to be receiving a message from the lake before setting out on its way through the dust and heat. You may hear the low lapping of the wavelets on the stones of the beach, and if you know the secret you may hear the message that is carried so peacefully over the changing waters from the happy hearts of the crew of blessed spirits who sail in the soft winds out beyond the horizon. Then in time you will hear the ruffle of the foliage, as a momentary hum from the human hive recalls the old road to a sense of its obligations. For a mile and a half after the first quarter its way is heavy and its burden grievous, so that as soon as the railway tracks are passed, and a long stretch of level pushes through the red clay farms it fairly dashes along in glee, barely stopping to slake its thirst in the tiny stream

where the boys chase fish in the springtime. Presently the road runs recklessly down a steep hill and bounds gaily over the bridge of wood that spans the stream down there in the gully, and then more leisurely, as becomes its dignity, climbs up the steep on the other side.

This check sometimes sets the road to thinking of old times, for after you get this far you pass half a mile of bush, and after the bush a deserted cabin. If there is anything wearisome or lonely about the day there is always a second look at the cabin, whose logs still hold together in the good old way, although much of the clay has fallen out of the chinks and at times the wind goes in and out with distressing assurance. You should know that when the road first reached this point the log cabin was just completed. For a week the men had chopped between the surveyors' lines, and then they took time to clear up this quarter acre, dress the logs, and raise the habitation for the first of their number whose young wife had followed him out from their home across the water. There can be no doubt that this accounts for the habit of the road in looking sidewise be-

times at the old cabin instead of passing on to the patent gates of the big houses farther on.

In the young days there was a great deal of intimacy between the two. The world was not in such a hurry in those days, and friends could learn to know each other better. Early one morning the cabin called out,

"What do you think has happened over night while you slept?"

And the road said,

"Tell it to me quickly, that I may not delay; and then to-night I will stop and talk with you."

And the other said, seeing his impatience,

"Let them know in the North that we have a son born to the place; no stranger from elsewhere, mind, but our own child born here last night. I think this should be the first" he continued, fearful lest it were not so.

"It is the first," said the road.

Then the years passed and the boy grew amazingly, and all the time the house and the road talked of his doings. In the end the house became reproachful,

"I ought to tell you that there is unhappiness here. That boy goes off with you too often, leaving us anxious. Yesterday he came home saying, 'Mother, I must go to the countries beyond the lake, where the bright lands are.' And his mother wept, being shocked and pained. Then he told how he had seen the lake and the ships moving upon its bosom, and he longed to know the force of the winds and to feel the sway of the white sails."

"It was yesterday he saw them," returned the road. "He was tired of the fields and the wood, and came with me down to the stream between the hills. 'This water is always running,' he said. 'and where does it go to?' And I told

him it goes to the lake, even as I do, but not straight. Then he said 'I too must go to the lake.' So he came with me to the top of the hill beyond, and there I left him standing looking towards the lake."

Then a couple of years passed eventless, until one night the house said,

"Have you heard the news? There is to be a wedding from here. Our daughter is to be married in a week."

"Now there is something to tell," said the road.

"Very well for you to be pleased over it," said the house. "You will pass every day by her new home, but I, perhaps I shall not see her again. But one may not growl at happiness. I think I am getting old."

Long afterwards in their nightly talks the house would confide to the road the opinion that the woman who had come over the waters was getting old.

"I do not see how she can last out the winter;" and the next night

"Will the priest be able to come? She calls for the priest and for the boy."

"The priest will come, never fear. I learned in the town that he had not yet returned from a sick call. It will be a bad journey to-night. The lake was angry when I came away, pitching the water high up on the ice mounds; there is a field of ice a mile below here and the hills are like glass."

Then after three more days,

"Will the priest be able to come to-night?"

"No, the priest is dead. He came away three nights ago without waiting for food. His horse was badly shod and going home slipped on the field of ice I told

you of, and strained his leg. The priest had to walk home with his lame horse. He went to bed and was delirious until near the end. To-day he died. We roads knew him better than the people ever will. The people were dreaming in snug beds while he was out with his flock. By the way, the son will not come back either. I learned to-day that he was drowned at sea some time ago. I would not mention it though."

By and by there were other changes. Gray settled upon the logs and decrepitude set in upon the joints. One day the cabin was empty. The man had gone to town.

"My brother," said the house that night, "we grow old. I shiver at the blast of the wind, and the dampness comes in upon me."

After this it was that the clay

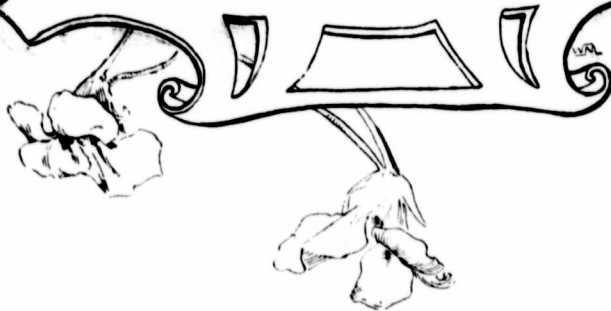
began to drop out of the chinks, the rot to eat into the logs, great chunks to drop in from the roof. The old cabin never had any visitors, and now even the road passes along often enough forgetting its first friend. Sometimes, on the beautiful days, it will wait on the green bank listening for some message from the regions out beyond the horizon where the warm breezes are, a message which, if you know the secret, you can interpret; but oftenest there is no message and the road goes sadly along over its first quarter mile, laboriously to the tracks and beyond that forgetfully.

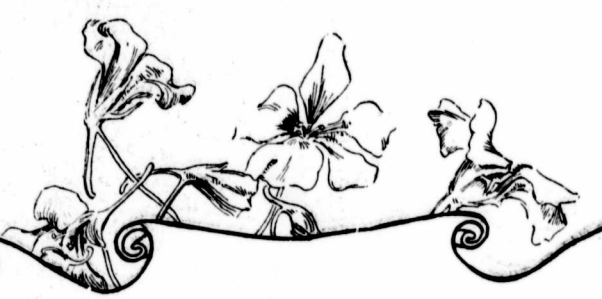
Some of these days the cabin will have disappeared, and the road must perforce look elsewhere for the hopes and passions, the comedy and tragedy of life.





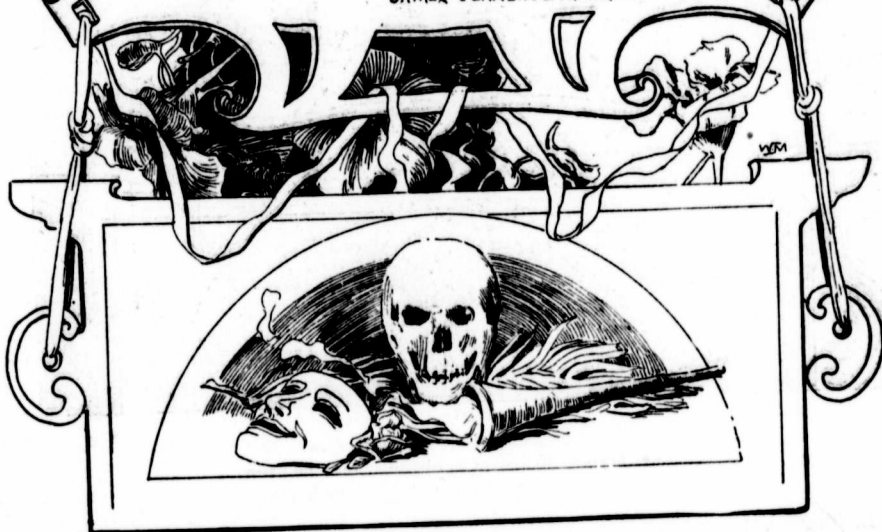
HAVE I NOT CALLED THEE ANGEL-LIKE AND FAIR?  
WHAT WOULDST THOU MORE? 'TWERE PERILOUS TO GAZE.  
LONG ON THOSE DARK BRIGHT EYES WHOSE FLASHING RAYS  
FILL WITH A SOFT AND FOND YET PROUD DESPAIR;  
THE BOSOMS OF THE SHROUDED FEW WHO SHARE  
THEIR LOCKED-UP THOUGHTS WITH NONE: THOU HAST THEIR PRAISE;  
BUT BEAUTY HEARS NOT THEIR ADORING LAYS,  
WHEN BUT WHISPERED IN THE AIR.  
YET; THINK NOT; ALTHOUGH STAMPED AS ONE OF THOSE  
AH! THINK NOT THOU THIS HEART HATH NEVER BURNED  
WITH PASSION DEEPLY FELT AND ILL RETURNED.  
IF, ICE-COLD NOW, ITS PULSE NO LONGER GLOWS,  
THE MEMORY OF UNUTTERED LOVE AND WOES  
LIES THERE, ALAS! TOO FAITHFULLY INURNED





FOR ONCE I DREAMED THAT MUTUAL LOVE WAS MORE  
 THAN A BRIGHT PHANTOM THOUGHT; AND WHEN MANKIND  
 MOCKED MINE ILLUSION, THEN DID I DEPLORE  
 THEIR IGNORANCE, AND DEEM THEM COLD AND BLIND,  
 AND YEARS ROLLED ON AND STILL I DID ADORE  
 THE UNREAL IMAGE LOFTILY ENSHRINED  
 IN THE RECESSES OF MINE OWN SICK MIND.  
 ENOUGH; THE SPELL IS BROKE — THE DREAM IS O'ER;  
 THE ENCHANTMENT IS DISSOLVED — THE WORLD APPEARS  
 THE THING IT IS — A THEATRE — A MART.  
 GENIUS ILLUMINES, AND THE WORK OF ART  
 RENEWS THE WONDERS OF OUR CHILDHOOD'S YEARS;  
 POWER AWES — WEALTH SHINES — WIT SPARKLES — BUT THE  
 THE HEART IS LOST, FOR LOVE NO MORE ENDEARS. [HEART]

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.





"They only saw each other; she, with eyes  
That seemed to dream on distance, making prize,  
Through sideward stealth, of all his manly grace."

*Drawn by J. S. O'Higgins.*

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—THE MUSICIAN.

## HIS YOUNG CAMARADE.

A TALE OF A LUMBER DRIVE.

*By Katherine Hughes.*

IT was night on the "drive." Two young drivers had sauntered down to the brink of the river. One of them was tall and straight and lithe as the young poplar against which he leaned. He wore the picturesque attire of the drivers. A dark blue flannel shirt, gay with red lacings, rolled away from his throat displaying the muscular brown neck; gray tweed trousers were tucked under the long red Alaska socks, from which red and blue tassels dangled, and a red and blue woollen scarf, wound around his body, served as belt.

His companion sat on the bank in the shadow of a high boulder and softly dipped an oar into the velvety dark current of the river. Only his face was discernible in the gloom and the dusk of the shadow, and the clear moonlight elsewhere had a weird effect on it. It was ghost-like in its wanness, and his great dark eyes shone as the black water did with the yellow moonlight quivering across its surface.

Behind them were the white tents of the camp; and around the glowing, crackling, cedar-wood fire several other drivers were seated. Further back in the valley was a farm-stead belonging to Aylward, the lumberman, whose drive was passing down. The log-buildings, gray and weather-beaten, showed ghostly in the moonlight at the foot of the gloomy hills of the upland. Bathed in the pure moon-

light, the sandy bank on the opposite side of the river rose high and white and dazzling before the camp. From its summit a whip-poor-will poured out across the moonlit valley all the sweetness and passion of its mournful lament.

The two drivers by the river had been considering, without much interest, where the logs might come to their final destination, when the tall one interrupted the discussion, saying,

"It's not much odds to me if they'd go to build a shanty for the King of Africa; but come out of that dark hole, Phil. I can only see a white face in there, and it'd almost scare a fellow. B'Gosh, it looks queer."

"I have comfort in dis dark hole, t'ank you, Andy, and I'm tired. But look, Andy, I hope dat big log out dere might go to 'la belle France,' as Pere Varien say, and make a house for some Bedard over dere."

"They wouldn't know Philippe Bedard helped drive it down the river."

"Well, I doan' care verra much," Philippe said; "It may be dese logs will build a ship. Dey are ships for us every day."

"Sure. But sometimes they ain't very safe. They give many's a lad a ducking."

"Dat's jus' for some sport. O, Andy, I am glad I come on de drive."

"But I'm sorry you came," Andy

said quickly. His voice changed suddenly from careless gaiety to deep earnestness. "You're too young for it. I went down on five drives and I know. There's a lot of danger and you ain't well used to it yet."

"O, non, I am well here—me. I like it much. Ginger-s Mos-es; I did not want to get my time so soon. I want more money. Andy, I will buy Euclide Cote's farm and marry Alexine."

Andy from his loftiness laughed down at his young chum, but, after a moment, he said solemnly enough, "Well, I wisht you'd earnt it some other way, Phil. I got to like you real well last winter, an' I wouldn't like to see you slip under."

'Twas Philippe's turn to laugh. He laughed merrily, and then broke into a rollicking shanty-song,

"O come all ye jovial shanty crew,  
A song I'm going to sing to you ;  
'Twas in our shanty, brisk and fair,"—

Philippe's jolly good-humor drove away dulness. He sang the song with spirit and Andy was compelled by habit to accompany him. The whip-poor-will's plaintive music, that seemed a part of the stillness and moonlight and the water's lapping, was drowned in the flood of gay song loosened from the driver's throats and poured into the tranquil air of the June night. In a few moments there were cries from the group around the fire. "Come along, Philippe!" "Viens, Viens!" "Here, Andy, give it to us here!" they cried. The men wanted something more than the fire or their pipes to enliven them, so the song was very opportune, and, moreover, Andy and Phil were the best singers in the camp.

They joined the circle around the fire and trolled out the familiar

song. Some of the others joined in the singing and the last chorus was finished with a rousing shanty cheer. The mountains took it up and sent a wild echo ringing down the valley's length.

"Ray-fa-liddle-liddle-li-do - day. Whoo-ooop!"

"Better turn in, boys. Phil, come coucher," said Andy, "It's gettin' chilly. It'll give us consumption."

"Consumption! O, yes; of de bean-pot," Philippe returned, and his merry, boyish laughter rang out.

Laughter and song came very easily to Philippe's throat. A pair of blankets spread on the ground was their mattress, and their pillows were "turkey" portmanteaux by day. But they slept soundly. They did not love luxury, and disdained the soft beds of spruce boughs which some of the daintier ones had gathered for themselves.

Andy and Philippe were the first to leave their tent on the following morning. Shortly after daybreak they were seated on one of the benches around the combuse, eating their breakfast of beans and pork and bread. The eastern sky lay like a crimson scarf along the dark hill-tops.

Philippe shied a small stone at a birch-tree, whose branches were laden with many pairs of the drivers' socks, hung to dry in each day's sun. Full of boyish glee, he turned to Andy and said,

"Bien, I haf knocked down Dancing Tom's big sock. He will dance wit' madness dis time."

"You'd better take care, then," Andy returned, as he handled his knife with dexterity and the beans disappeared from his plate. "Dancin' Tom 'll be after you and he's not the lad to play with."



Philippe looked confidently up at Andy, as he said, "He is not capable de me faire mal when I haf you near to me, mon camarade. They do not forget, and I do not forget too, what you did for me las' winter." His eyes were unusually lustrous as he added gratefully,

"You are my good frien' always."

Andy reddened warmly as he met the lad's grateful look. He took a larger knife of beans than was his custom, and muttered confusedly something that sounded like, "O, that's nothing. You oughn't to mention it. Any of the lads 'ud have done the same." Philippe shook his head in dissent.

They were silent for a little while, but when Philippe a second time heaped the rich beans on his tin plate, he said comically, with a sprightly glance from his dark eyes,

"I haf got de consumption bad dis morning." He accented strongly the -ing in his English words. "It will be my death, I have fear."

"Tonnerre ; it's growin on you," Andy returned, gravely regarding Philippe's face. "Don't let it kill you before we get to Pembroke. We could roll you in there in big style."

Philippe's gay smile vanished suddenly. He shuddered slightly.

"Doan' speak so of death. You are too lively to-day, Andy. I doan' like dat."

But here some of the drivers came running up from the river where they had been bathing their heads and necks in the cold water. In a glow of animal spirits, they exchanged rough, hearty morning greetings with Andy and Philippe. The latter quickly brightened up in the genial atmosphere created by the friendliness of their companions, and the morning was much too beautiful for dismal thoughts to obtain a hold on anyone's mind.

The sun had risen and the valley was awake to the glory of it. The last ghostly shreds of the mist were being whirled along the river's level surface by the fresh breeze, but the green mountain-sides were still enwreathed with a silvery cloud of it.

Philippe unconsciously loved Nature fondly, and his young heart was always gayer and more blithe-some on a morning like this, when the birds were mad with ecstasy and the sweet woodland flowers were unfolding their petals to the creeping sunbeams.

When the men went down to the river, each taking up his particular work, Philippe bounded after them as lightly as the deer he sometimes hunted. Some distance up the river, where it bent into its course, his quick eye noticed a log lying motionless against the bank. A projecting root had stopped its passage. The greater number of logs had passed the bend and were moving slowly down, but a sufficient number still remained in the bend upon which he might cross the river. He left the other drivers and ran up to the bend, his pike-pole thrown over his shoulder. The river danced on in sun-kissed ripples beneath him as he leaped lightly from log to log. His spirits buoyant and his arms vigorous, he struck his pike-pole deep into the side of the log and pushed it ahead powerfully. It pleased his fancy to think he would give it a thorough start in the race with its more fortunate companions. It glided swiftly past and Philippe made haste to disengage the pike-pole. The log on which he stood rolled gently from side to side, but, as he tugged and pulled at the pike-pole, its motion became wilder and decidedly insecure ; his boot-calks were, however, firmly caught in it.

With a sudden wrench the pole jerked out, and the shock sent him reeling backwards. He struggled to regain his balance, waving the pike-pole frantically in the air. As he slipped, the strong nails in his boots tore jagged streaks in the bark. With a great splash he fell into the rippling water.

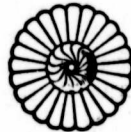
"Mon Dieu, take me! Andy!" he cried out despairingly, and sank. The circling eddies plashed against the sides of the logs.

Through all the noise made by the men working with him, Andy heard that note of despair ringing. He flashed past the men and up the bank to the bend. The others followed more leisurely, not quite sure as to what had startled Andy. They guessed dimly at the truth. As Andy reached the bend the drowning lad reappeared. There was a gleam of the red-gold curls Andy knew so well, and he could see the pike-pole still grasped in Philippe's hand. He threw his pole on the bank and bounded across the logs

to where Phil had appeared. In another moment Andy would have caught him, but *le bon Dieu*, whom the poor lad had invoked, decreed otherwise. A log, unnoticed before by Andy in his excitement, floating majestically down-stream, hit heavily against Philippe's body, and once again he disappeared. The log moved over where he had been, and the sunny brown eyes had caught their last glimpse of a deep blue sky, studded with shapeless masses of transcendently white clouds, of a stream of bright, cruel water, running between banks crowned with twinkling poplars.

Andy staggered back in horror. "O, God! boys, Phil's under the logs. He'll never come up." He stifled back the sob he thought unmanly.

In this manner Andy lost his young camarade, and his eyes are still heavy with pain when he speaks of Phil, and recalls that bitter, fruitless watching of the river's brown depths.



## KATHERINE ELEANOR CONWAY.

*By Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D.*

THE name of Katherine Eleanor Conway stands for progress and prudence, wisdom and true worth, on the page of the Catholic literature of America. She has less faddism and more sanity in her literary purpose and labor than any other woman writer of to-day. This means that she stands at the head of a school of common sense writers who eschew fashion and frivolity in literature and make of life and art a serious and noble study. This age has been called the cycle of woman, and I know of no writer of our age who so well represents the mind and attitude of the Catholic Church upon the question as to the true sphere of woman, as Miss Conway. In this respect she is conservative in things essential, and radical where radicalism is a virtue. Possessing, as her beloved chief, her guide and master, the late lamented John Boyle O'Reilly once said, the intellect of a man and the heart of a woman, Miss Conway fully realizes and understands by very instinct the great and noble office of woman in the world moral, intellectual, and social, and so she has ever set her face like flint against the wild and foolish vagaries and theories of so called advocates of Woman's Rights, laying bare at times with her gifted pen, through the columns of the Boston Pilot, the weakness of their contentions and the absurdity of their demands.

Indeed, if I understand Miss Conway rightly, her views on the

woman question are summed up in the lines of the late poet laureate ;

"The woman's cause is man's ; they rise or sink  
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free."

Any advocacy, therefore, of segregating woman in the great economy of the world's life work and labor finds no favor with Miss Conway, for she knows that the weal and happiness—nay more, the true progress of the race, must grow out of a partnership in which man and woman are of necessity equally interested. Self appointed apostles of woman's rights and woman's advancement may rise up through the centuries, but they will be worsted by nature, for futile and foolish is the attempt to contend with its mighty current.

Katherine Eleanor Conway, poet, essayist and journalist, was born in Rochester, N.Y., September 6, 1853. She comes of good Celtic stock, and in scholarship is to the purple born, both her father and mother being intellectual in their tastes. Indeed for more than a century past the name Conway has been an illustrious one in teaching and journalism. Miss Conway's sister, Miss Mary Conway, is at present the head of the Collegio Americano in Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, while her kinsman Rev. John Conway, now a professor in 'St. Thomas' Seminary, St. Paul, Minn., was for many years editor of the North Western Chronicle.

The best part of Miss Conway's

early education was obtained at St. Mary's Academy, Buffalo, N.Y., where her inclination and taste for literature became strengthened under the guidance and inspiration of a gifted English teacher. After leaving school she gave wing to her fancy in the realm of poetry, and contributed a good deal of prose and verse to the daily papers of her native city and to Church magazines. Miss Conway has been from the very outset of her literary career an indefatigable worker, and this has given roundness and firmness to her work, for nothing is better for the health and growth of intellect and soul than the genius of toil—the divinity of contending. There is a hidden and wholesome truth in Carlyle's contention that to work is to worship.

The history of Miss Conway's literary life and labors has in it also much that should prove a source of hope and strength to young writers. She did not wake up like Byron and find herself famous. On the contrary, the success which she has achieved in letters has been the result of years of earnest and conscientious toil.

Her first work in journalism was done on the Rochester Daily Union Advertiser. From 1880 to 1883, she was assistant editor of the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times, a Catholic journal which under the brilliant editorial pen of Father Cronin has taken a foremost place among the best Catholic papers of the continent. It was while connected with the Catholic Union and Times that Miss Conway published her first volume of poems entitled "On the Sunrise Slope." The strength, beauty and originality of her work soon attracted the attention of John Boyle O'Reilly of the Boston Pilot, and a vacancy occurring upon the staff of that

paper, O'Reilly tendered it to Miss Conway, who accepted and entered upon her new duties in the autumn of 1883.

In Boston the genius of Miss Conway had every opportunity to grow, quickened and nurtured by the most congenial literary surroundings and guided for years by the judgment and wisdom of one of the most noble and gifted minds that have ever enriched the life annals of the New World. Boyle O'Reilly remained ever to his journalistic assistant and protegee the highest ideal of Christian manhood, the type of a true and trusted friend. The writer remembers well a letter he received from Miss Conway a few days after O'Reilly's untimely death and the burden of loss and sorrow conveyed in the words "I shall ever feel his loss and will never cease to mourn for him."

Miss Conway's second work was in collaboration with Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement Waters and was entitled "Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints as Illustrated in Art." This volume was issued in 1886. At the time of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII., a magnificent copy bound in white calf and watered silk and stamped in golden letters was sent to the Holy Father as an anniversary offering from the author and editor. The Holy Father accepted the volume with great pleasure and sent his blessing inquiring very kindly, as the rector of the American College at Rome wrote, concerning both author and editor.

Miss Conway's next essay in book publishing was "Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly," with an introductory chapter on O'Reilly as poet and literary writer. This work has been a great success and has already gone through four

editions. The proceeds have been devoted to the John Boyle O'Reilly memorial fund.

In 1893 our author was approached by a publisher who desired a collection of some of her best poems for a Christmas book and it came to the public under the title of "A Dream of Lilies." This second volume of poems, published a decade of years after her first poetic venture, "On the Sunrise Slope," gave evidence of the growth of her poetic gifts and met with the commendation of the most discriminating critics.

About two years ago Miss Conway began in the *Pilot* a series of papers bearing the title, "In the Family Sitting Room," which attracted much attention in many quarters. Urged by her friends she has gathered these papers into five books, two of which "A Lady and Her Letters" and "Making Friends and Keeping Them," have been published. The others of the series are "Questions of Honor in the Christian Life," "Our Souls and Society" and "The Christian Gentlewoman." The whole series testify to the wisdom and worth of their author and should find a place in the library of every Convent in the land where the training of young girls in relation to home and society in accordance with Catholic principles forms no unimportant part of the daily curriculum. Indeed, if these valuable books could but take the place of the erotic and neurotic novel in the hands of young women, moral and social propriety would be aided not a little and the sweet links of friendship, honor, purity and truth remain forever inviolable and unbroken. These dainty volumes are a monument to Miss Conway's sympathy, wisdom and common sense. Other writers may dazzle; Miss Conway pleases and instructs.

In the order of her gifts I regard Miss Conway's critical faculty as highest. It is true she is a poet of no mean order, with a keen sense of the artistic in her nature. But to me, strength seems the dominant element of her work. I know of no other woman save it be Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago, who possesses such a mental grip of a subject as Miss Conway. There is nothing of the dilettante in her. Is it a volume of poems she is reviewing she strikes to its heart in a moment. She seems to have trained her mind along the path of eternities. Her journalistic work on the *Pilot*, the leading Catholic journal of America, and her intimate association with the best literary minds of Boston have given her a breadth of vision far beyond the average writer of our day.

Miss Conway's poetic gift is marked by melody, beauty of diction and a suggestiveness which belongs only to writers of a first rate order. Perhaps her best poems are of a religious nature. In this department of poetry a contributor to the *Review of Reviews* said recently that Miss Conway has done some of the best work to be found in the religious poetry of America. There is an ethical value in Miss Conway's poetry not found in the general volume of verse. She writes into her poems life and its meaning. Her religious poetry is healthy and wholesome, not a melancholy moan. The fullest spiritual life is replete with the atmosphere of heaven within whose zone reigns supremest joy. This world is fair and lovely and of good report, to those who can see it through the windows of a pure and hallowed temple—to the gross of mind all things are "stale, flat and unprofitable." A great deal has been done up in religious poetry that has no place in the kingdom of our heavenly

Father. There are no dyspeptic angels and none of them wear green goggles. There is a place for "pec-cavi" in the temple of repentance, but, blossoming under the fair smiles of God and with the breath of joy upon the cheek, there is no need of turning the happy homes of this earth into sepulchres of weeping and wailing, into abodes of dark anguish and sorrow. The hearts of the greatest saints have been fountains of sunshine and cheer.

But Miss Conway's activities are not confined to literature and journalism. She is the head and front of the Catholic Reading Circles of the New England States, is president of the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle of Boston and was for years the chief presiding officer

of the New England Woman's Press Association. Miss Conway can count more literary friends on both sides of the Atlantic than any other woman writer in America. This, however, is but a return for her own kindness, for there is not perhaps in the literary circles of our whole country a more unselfish woman than Katherine E. Conway. Her tact and judgment are as great as her gifts and her generosity, the setting to a life starred with every noble kindness and womanly virtue.

The two poems which are here reproduced, "A Memory," and "A Song in May-Time," are fair examples of her work, and give some idea of the musical quality of her verse and of her lightness of touch and nimbleness of thought.

#### A MEMORY.

Oh, ye virginal white rosebuds, all dewy, sweet and tender,  
Swaying on your frail, frail stems, though ne'er a breeze doth blow,  
I love ye for that fairer bud that perished 'mid the splendor  
Of the song and sun and fragrance two Summer-tides ago!

I called her oft our rosebud; no flow'ret's name seemed meeter  
For the pure and joyful promise of her lovely girlish grace;  
But past my art to picture, than all my dreaming sweeter,  
The glorious, wondrous, spirit-light upon her fair young face.

Oh, the baleful fever-breath our fragile blossom blighting!  
Oh, the bitter chalice to our darling's young lips pressed!  
Oh, the fitful gleams of false, false hope, awhile our darkness lighting!  
Oh, the days and nights of agony and woful wild unrest!

But the Lord Himself was with her to pity her and love her;  
Earthly lover shared not her maiden heart with Him,  
And the gentle Virgin Mother and the angels bent above her,  
And their glory round her brightened as the lights of time grew dim!

My friend, my chosen sister, child and woman strangely blended,  
Did thy spirit go out gladly, leaving blessing as it fled?  
For all its living loveliness thy face in death transcended,  
Purer than the snowy blossoms o'er thy virgin vesture spread.

Oh, heart that loved me loyally, that prized my poor endeavor,  
Did I love thee purely, truly I would be glad for thee!  
But oh, my life without thee! Lord of the bright forever,  
Forgive my plaint, who knowest what my darling was to me!

## A SONG IN MAY-TIME.

A song for the joyful May-time,  
A song like the song of a bird,  
A song of the heart in its play-time,  
With never a sorrowful word!

A song—but whence shall I win it,  
Winged like the butterflies,  
With the fresh-leaved wood's breath in it,  
And the glow of the glad sunrise?

This is the song you ask, dear,  
Would I could do your will!  
But set me a song as a task, dear,  
A test of the singer's skill!

A dweller in cities ever,  
A toiler within the walls,  
'Mid the tumult of man's endeavor,  
Where the unseen fetter galls,

Little I know of the tender  
Blithe songs that the free birds sing,  
Little I know of the splendor  
Of the wild wood's blossoming;

And less of the hearts' sweet play-time,  
So brief was mine you know;  
And the flowers of my beautiful May-time  
Died under a strange, late snow.

Out of my life the cheery  
Sweet spirit of youth is fled;  
My songs are the sighs of the weary,  
My plaints for the dear ones dead.

Yet you've loved this sad song-voice, dear,  
You would give it a noble range,  
Then let it ring out and rejoice, dear,  
With the mirth and the May-time change.

O! joy to be your joy-bringer,  
When 'tis joy, dear, even to pray  
That a fairer and gladder singer  
Will sing your song of the May!

# Governments



As a means of exciting the expression of genuine sentiments the Venezuela dispute has developed into an immense success. Doubtless it has served to arouse in some cases those primeval passions which make for war as the quickest and best method of settling all disputes, but public opinion, where it is expressed with due soberness tends on all sides for the preservation of peace. Henry M. Stanley, who has fallen into the evil way of remembering always the society to which he has been more or less reluctantly admitted, sees, or fancies he sees a considerable likelihood of war, and argues not so much from the message of President Cleveland, portentous as it is, as from the state of the public mind as he found it long prior to the issuance of the presidential threat.

Doubtless Mr. Stanley lives in high hope of Imperial honors to come, else why should he turn his back upon the country that gave him his chance for fame and insist in every sentence of his article on his being a representative Briton?

"If we are attacked, we must resist those who attack us with all our might. We believe our Premier to be right in his contention that, after fifty-five years of possession of the territory, we ought not to be molested in our occupation of it."

If Mr. Stanley's first personal pronoun is somewhat disagreeably persistent, what is to be said about Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who makes his fortune in the United States, spends it in England, devotes his spare time to righting the universe and proclaiming the virtues of the North of Ireland race, and enters this controversy to insist that a sufficient excuse for the United States going to war would be that it might thereby uphold the principle settling all international disputes by arbitration. In other words, he does not care whether the territory actually in dispute is adjudged one way or the other, but if the President says there is room for arbitration, arbitration there will be or war for arbitration's sake.

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There is something about the point of view of both these gentlemen which smacks of the professional and more or less insincere patriotism of which Canadians have had some experience. On the other hand, there are the views of nearly all the real representatives of public opinion on both sides of the water that there must be no such insanity as war between the two peoples. American writers will not hear of war unless the country is ready to spend a decade in preparation to invade Britain and



every British possession. Many will not hear of war under any circumstances. Englishmen like James Bryce and Edward Dicey will not consent to war as even a remote probability. Says Mr. Bryce, "The educated and thoughtful Englishman has looked upon your Republic as the champion of freedom and peace, has held you to be our natural ally, and has even indulged the hope of a permanent alliance with you, under which the citizens of each country should have the rights of citizenship in the other and be aided by the consuls and protected by the fleets of the other all over the world." And Professor Dicey says, "The few persons who are interested in my private life are aware that there are circumstances in it which would render a war between the two countries exceptionally odious to me personally. Still, I do not believe my own individual feelings influence me in any way in declaring my conviction that the great majority of Englishmen share, though in a less acute form, my aversion to a conflict with our American kinsfolk. . . . I feel that if I were an American I should be a partisan of the Monroe doctrine 'America for the Americans.' And feeling this, I recognize the futility of trying to persuade the American public that the Monroe doctrine is one to which no weight can be attached."

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The one point upon which all who consider the probability of war agree is that Canada would be at once over-run by the armies of the United States. So freely have the contending parties agreed upon this point that Canadians, as a rule, have hastened to anticipate the intentions of both the principals, and from the more or less interested

members of Parliaments to the high souled young political organizations we have hastened to assure Great Britain that we are not in sympathy with those who are likely to march in and take possession of our chattels. To again quote Professor Dicey, "In the long run issues of this kind are determined by considerations of interest." All the protestation of loyalty that has been going forward in this country seems to be only justifiable on this basis. Doubtless anyone who expressed an opinion adverse to Great Britain's position would be anathema. Englishmen do not scruple to do so, but a Canadian would scarcely make the venture.

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We might profit nevertheless, by the little introspection that may be induced by this agreement between the parties to the contention. If it is a foregone conclusion that the beginning of the desolation will be in our own homes, it is worth while, at this distance from the conflict, that we enquire whether we desire it, then whether we like the prospect, and finally whether something cannot be done to avert the contingency. The most prominent false note we hear on all occasions where loyalty is the theme, is the undue insistence upon the history and opinions of the United Empire Loyalists. As a rule, no doubt, the descendants of the families who came across the Lake after the Revolution are good common sense citizens; but there is a class, office holding or office seeking, as a general thing, who upon every possible occasion protest that the land is theirs and the fulness thereof. It requires only a glance to appreciate the inadequacy of this view.

The North of Ireland settlers are surely as devoted to Great Britain

as any class of the population, and yet it is of their countrymen that Mr. Carnegie boasts, "the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of Mecklenburg, North Carolina, first proclaimed that America should be of right free and independent, a doctrine which the native Americans accepted from them eighteen months later." The Scotchman himself is the rational cosmopolite. There are many legions of English birth or descent who do not bear the U.E.L. hall mark. The French Canadians are a goodly proportion of the people. All these divisions of the population will suffer in the event of war, and they doubtless have better reasons for taking the chances of its arbitrament than are contained in the slender and even disputed lessons taught by the United Empire firebrands.

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But perhaps the Irish Catholics are further aloof from this sectional loyalty than any other proportion of the people. What does the sacrifice of the Tory colonists mean to them? Admiration or the reverse as the case may be. In general there might not unreasonably be a lack of enthusiasm on the subject. The Peterborough Catholic settlement, one of the earliest in this province is worth recalling. What was the motive of emigration? The people were of the poorest class from the South of Ireland. Their presence was an inconvenience to the landed proprietors. There was no war for which they might be enlisted. They were too poor to get out of Ireland by themselves. The colonies needed to be peopled. The government voted monies. The people were collected and sent to Canada under the care of the Hon. Peter Robinson. At King-

ston they lived in tents. At Cobourg they lived in tents. From there they struck for Peterborough, a wilderness. Within eighteen months they were comfortable. Their requirements were not excessive. When meat for the women and children was considered an extravagance in the beginning, it is not hard, in a new country, to become affluent. In course of time the industrial history of this section became like to that of the Irish colonies all over the continent. Money was saved and "sent home." Father Mathew daily received numerous letters containing money to pay the passage of Irish families. He received immense sums in this way, ranging from £50 to £20 and £5, money directed to persons in all parts of the island but always "to the care of Father Mathew in Cork," who saw them safely delivered. Voluntary immigration followed and the result is one of the most prosperous populations in the whole province. What gave rise to it? That depends on the point of view. With the settlers it was a human desire to escape starvation. From the other standpoint a committee of the House of Lords said it was to have "the effect of augmented population in the British Colonies, not only in increasing their wealth, their agricultural, mineral, and commercial resources, their power of consuming British manufactures and paying for them in produce of which the mother country may stand in need, but in adding to their strength and means of defence and thus consolidating the power of the Empire." This particular settlement was in its beginning rather more favorably situated than otherwise, when compared with most of the immigrations which have eventuated

in a population to-day of from two-thirds to three-fourths of a million of souls in Canada. It will be appropriate at another time, perhaps, to recall somewhat of the history of these particular migrations. It is a history which ought to be written and that thoroughly. But in the meantime there should be some effort to find out a sufficient reason for entering upon war and its horrors other than a political memory, however honorable, of a small section of the community.

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There is every reason to believe that the process of time has done not a little to magnify the virtues, while at the same time it has obscured the faults of these American colonists. The following passage from Bonnycastle's work on Canada and the Canadians may fitly impress the point. "It is generally supposed at home that all the first settlers in Upper Canada were loyalists who sought refuge from American rebellion. It is true that a great proportion were so; but even in the very commencement of Governor Simcoe's administration it was clearly observed that many of those who sought protection and obtained grants of land, by stating that they preferred to live under a monarchy, did so with the view of obtaining these grants, and then cared not to conceal that they were true Americans at heart." The same writer is authority for the statement that so great was the danger apprehended from this source that it became the policy of the emigration agents to send the bulk of the substantial immigrants from the old country, those who brought a little capital to invest, into that fertile western district whither these land seeking settlers had gone and where there was the

greatest danger in case of an invasion. And Bonnycastle probably knew.

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In the light of surveys in the North West Territories which have proved that the wheat growing area comprises many millions of acres, with proportionately gigantic areas for such crops as oats and potatoes, it does seem that there is much greater justification for a long era of peace than for ravaging war be it never so honorable or glorious. If we have up there enough productive land to feed the world, it is high time the place was being utilized. We have borrowed five hundred millions of dollars from Great Britain, and it would not be the most generous return on our part to have the product immediately destroyed by engines of war. We have built the Pacific Railway; it would be well now to fill up the territories. If they can produce wheat by the million bushels, there will be no scarcity of mouths to consume it, a fact that was demonstrated in England when the price of the loaf came down and the population went steadily up. If we fail in this, some of these days the victims of land hunger will turn their eyes to the north. An imaginary line some thousands of miles in length is not the most formidable obstacle in the world. Then there may be trouble in earnest. As Mr. Dicey says, "In the long run issues of this kind are determined by considerations of interest."

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How far Ireland has benefited by the bare prospect of controlling her own affairs, instead of being arbitrarily driven in lines drawn by rule and compass in hands not her own, is becoming more or less

apparent. Whatever may be the reason for it, whether it be hope or despair, and the latter is unlikely, there are movements going forward that must be of immense advantage if they are suffered to continue. The terrible agrarian crime of the coercion period naturally drove out of Ireland any capital easily removable, and there has been an uneasiness on the part of investors ever since. But a few people who have the people's interest at heart, and some of the necessary money wherewith to encourage deserving enterprise, have been doing much these few years past in the way of promoting co-operation among the small farmers in many parts of the country, and more particularly by encouraging the manufacture and sale of dairy products. As is well known to everyone there is not anywhere a more fruitful soil than that of Ireland; but the farms are in most cases so small that they offer but little security whereupon to obtain individual credit. It came naturally to pass therefore, that so long as the farmers persisted in the managing each his own estate, the profits upon his products, after he had got them to market, were very little. As the manufacture of butter by machinery came into vogue on the continent, men of enterprise began to set up their plants in the middle of good Irish farming districts. The proprietors were able to buy the milk at a rate which gave more profit to the farmer than he could otherwise make, but at the same time altogether out of proportion to its real value to the buyer. Observation of these operations led to the formation of a society in which the Hon. Horace Plunkett and many leading prelates and laymen take an interest. They organized the farmers into co-operative

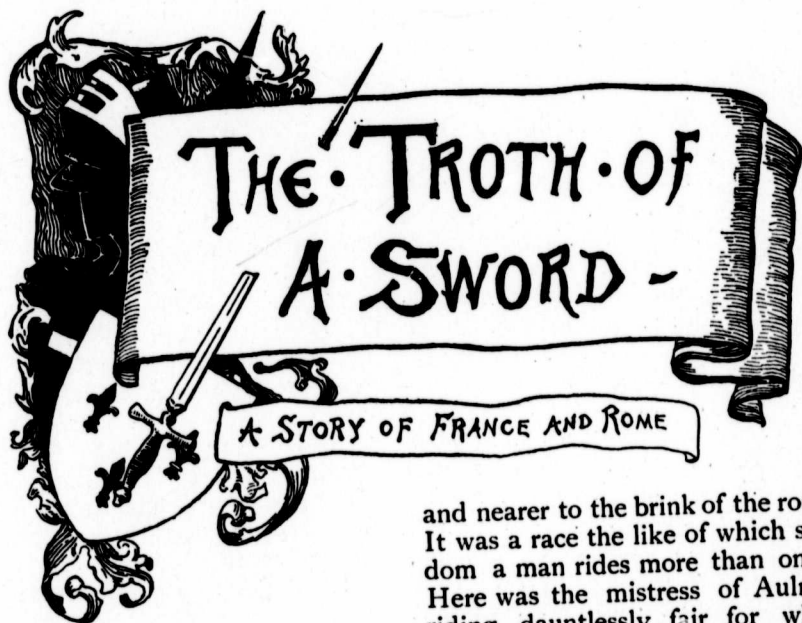
bodies which would control their own creameries and share in the profits. This was done in the counties of Limerick, Cork, Kilkenny, Carlow, Tipperary, Clare, Wicklow, Wexford and Donegal, and has doubtless been further extended long before this. A year ago sufficient progress had been made to justify another step, namely, the appointment of their own selling agents, a feature which will insure further profit to the farmers. The balance sheets of about twenty of these companies showed a paid-up capital of about £12,000, buildings and plant of the value of £21,340, and loans had been raised on joint security to the amount of £6,652 on estates which singly could scarcely have raised a dollar. The efforts resulted in an output of butter to the value of £128,880. Surely these are valuable indications of what may yet be.

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Father Lacombe, the zealous old missionary who has been in the North-West for a lifetime, is about to try an experiment in colonization. The Dominion Government, listening to his plea for the poor half-breeds who are perishing morally and physically on the fringe of civilization, has granted a tract of land in the neighborhood of Egg Lake. To this place Father Lacombe has invited settlers who are tired of their precarious life in the cities, where they are unable to obtain employment. The priest in charge of the mission is to be the head of the community. Settlers will be protected in the occupation of their soil, but will have no proprietary right and must observe the regulations or leave the colony. Grounds are to be set apart for a church and a school. Intoxicating liquors are absolutely

forbidden, and any settler found practising any trade in them must leave the place. Going upon fresh land the immediate colony must of

need be small, but in time the little place, if it be judiciously managed, will offer an interesting lesson.



## IV

As the boar appeared in the path of the Lady Margaret her steed became frightened, stopped, swerved to the right, and began a break-neck rush straight for the cliff of which Stephen the page had spoken, the one at whose base the old lord of Aulnac had been found.

I remember as it were yesterday, the whole course of that short ride. To the large party who could do nothing but anxiously watch the course of swiftly passing events, the spectacle must have been an odd one. Here were the Lady Margaret and Mornas riding at break-neck straight for the great cliff, and if you like, there was I riding in a direction to pass right across their course, crowding perforce nearer

and nearer to the brink of the rock. It was a race the like of which seldom a man rides more than once. Here was the mistress of Aulnac riding dauntlessly fair for what might have been a sure death, for with a power of spirit remarkable even in her, she rode as well as though her road was clear for miles ahead and as if time were the only need to bring her steed to his senses. Close behind came Mornas, his whole soul in his eyes, riding as though his whole hope in the world lay in turning the runaway. How he expected to accomplish it is more than I can say. It seems to me when I recall the scene that they were liker to have perished together than not, so short was the distance and so tremendous the pace, and indeed I am not sure but he would have gone over and trusted to a merciful Providence had there been nothing else for it. But as the cliff was neared, my own

good animal that I have ridden this dozen years and more began, as he always did when the danger was near, to get a knowledge of the situation. I could feel the spring of his muscles as his sinewy neck stretched farther and farther forward, and he raced as he had done many a time before to be out of the ruck of following chargers, only this time his pace was faster than ever. What might still have happened had it not been for my horse's extra weight and for the sagacity I shall always believe he exercised, there is no telling. It was only a few seconds from the start until we three drew near together. A second too soon or too late would have lost the whole hazard. The result was more fortunate. Within twenty feet of the bank my horse rubbed shoulders with the runaway. The shock was slight. In an instant superior weight began to tell. We veered a little from the line of destruction, but in the next instant Mornas charged straight into us. So intent was he upon the one object that he had not seen my approach until too late to prepare for it, and the result was that I was fairly pitched out of the saddle by the unlooked for shock, and sent rolling in the direction of the brink. One does not think readily in the immediate instant of such unbalancing, and the marvel is that I did not go right on to join the old lord of Aulnac. When I did come a little to my senses there I was clinging to the edge of a slightly projecting ledge, only the strength of my fingers and the instinct of self-preservation bearing up against the weight of my body.

It is not a pleasant sensation, this hanging by the fingers between life and death. To have relaxed an instant meant a swift

breathless drop and then silence and an end to hopes. Yet strong as the first impulse to preserve life had proved itself to be, there came presently a gust of feeling, a surging of recollections, a condensed view of all the misfortunes of the years gone and a sickening sense of the futility of whatever hopes I might cherish. I was not so great a coward as to wish for the certain escape from these things, but yet I knew there would be a real sympathy for me should the worst come, and little though such consolation might be, I believe I did long for even that much of appreciation. It was not until the stiffness came into the joints and the pains began to shoot down the muscles, and the numbness to creep stealthily but certainly in, that I began again to look for escape. What had happened? Why had none come to learn my fate? Why after all should I care to survive it all?

It was just at that moment, when strength, hope, and the desire of life had all but ceased to exist, when before the swift descent should begin I set myself to some effort at contrition, against the entry to another world, that I felt a shadow fall upon me, and looking up saw the eyes of Henri looking into mine, felt the grip of his mighty hands upon my wrists, heard the cheery call of his voice as he urged me to a little further effort. What power is there in the voice of man that works such miracles in other men? As I heard him the months of peace disappeared, and we were again fighting for our lives against odds that to weaklings meant death. I struck my shoes against the rock and worked as hard as I dared. At length my elbow, and then the whole arm came over the edge, and the

rest was a short matter. In a minute I was standing once more on the firm earth with Henri coolly repairing my horse's harness. A look showed that he and I with our horses were the only living creatures about.

"And what of the Lady Margaret?" I enquired.

"Safe enough, and all the madcaps racing away after her."

"And Mornas?"

"As bad as any of them. And he will not thank you I daresay. They were too far away before the runaway was held. I had to come alone you see. But what is that? They are not so faithless after all, perhaps."

Looking down upon the plain we saw the whole party, led by the Lady Margaret, galloping as hard as they could for the spot where my carcase might be expected to lie. They in their turn looking up and perceiving us there together, Mornas waved his hat in the air and at once a shout went up from the whole party, and then another, and then they all slackened speed and rode back to the castle. As we, too, rode along Henri smiled a little grimly as he said,

"What made me more anxious to find you alive, Martin, was that I wanted to have your opinion about the false scent. You were in charge of the arrangements. Why should the dogs have been so misled?"

Then I recalled the words of Stephen in the morning and bethought me that the trouble had begun just where he had indicated it; but of this I said nothing. Only I replied

"My Lord, I am mistaken or this was less accident than design; but whether the original purpose was not served when I went over the brink, I am not sure; unless,

indeed, there may have been those who would like you to have gone as well."

"I'm afraid we are never to be safe from their intrigues," he answered, and I knew that he, too, was thinking of De Rimini. "What a pity I interfered between you."

"Martin," he added, after a long silence as we rode along, "either you or I must go with Margaret on this trip of hers. I fear for this Roman tour. Mornas failed to-day. He may fail again. Fortune is with you to-day and may continue so."

"If you will permit that I go," I answered, "I pledge myself upon the sword that never failed you, to return your sister to Aulnac in spite of all the Riminis in Italy." Thus it was we agreed upon it. And if Henri were silent and serious the rest of the journey, I thought nothing of it, for my own emotions were enough to engage me, and time goes nimbly when the heart is light.

I reflected with an unreasoning smile that the old boar had been forgotten. Why should I, who had made all preparations for his death, have felt pleased at the old fellow's escape?

The next morning, within two hours of daybreak, the party was on the road, and the journey to Rome had begun. In the morning we rode steadily for two hours, took breakfast at the point where the advance couriers had arranged it, and with little rest pushed on. At noon we halted and gave the horses a couple of hours to be refreshed, at the same time that we ourselves avoided the mid-day heat. Then we continued until nightfall which always brought us to some town large enough to furnish accommodation for all. The news of the pilgrimage had gone before us,

being carried by pilgrims less wealthy, who had passed through Aulnac while the preparations were making. It had been wiser in the end for these good people to hold their tongues, for before many days we had caught up with them, and the innkeepers refused food and shelter to them, keeping everything for the wealthier travellers. My duty was nominally to take care of the comfort of the party, and this being known to all, I was free to go whither it pleased me and could do so without giving offense. There were many occasions when some of the young men, partaking of wine beyond their need, were like to have fallen to fighting over their opinions, and it took all the wits I could summon to prevent such a catastrophe. On the first night we were well enough, being tired from the novelty of so long a ride, and ready for sleep so soon as the evening meal was over. But as the days followed each other, each seemingly more beautiful than the last, for nothing could well be more pleasant than the weather in that coast region through which the road runs, the habit of sleep wore off a good deal, and it was often late before some of the younger fellows were tucked in. As for me, I never retired until they were all abed, and before they thought of it in the morning I was up again. I doubt if the older men and their wives had any notion of the doings of some of the young fellows, but that kind of innocent ignorance is not uncommon in the world.

I think it was not until after we had left Genoa that I became really troubled over the state of affairs in our party. We were gone from there but one day's ride, when I began to suspect the motives of one amongst us.

Young Cahussac, of whom I have

spoken as being a near relative of the Italian De Rimini, was one of those roysterers who gave me most trouble. He it was who made the first proposition to some of the young men to remain awake for hours after the more staid men of the party and all the women had betaken themselves to rest. There at the head of the table I watched him sit night after night leaning his elbows upon the board, his black eyes sparkling with mischief, inciting his friends, once the wine was in, to mutual jealousies about the most trivial circumstances. For a long time I did not notice it, but at length it became evident that he never drank enough himself to be otherwise than cool and self-possessed. You may imagine that when I realized this fact it did not cause me to be more cheerful. I watched the progress of his mischief as well as I could, and in the course of a week, reflecting one day upon it, found that none of the younger men were free of some spite against one or more of the others. My first thought was to consult Mornas about this dangerous state of affairs, for he stood well with all, being respected by the young and trusted by the old. Indeed, it was to him I always had recourse when any of the nightly difficulties cropped up. As he never drank and consequently kept his head always steady he was able to interpose with a quiet word or two before the men had come to blows, thus maintaining peaceable relations during the march. Had it been anyone else that had raised my suspicions as a disturber of the peace, to Mornas I would have gone straightly; but it occurred to me that during the ride no one had been so assiduous as this same Cahussac in every attention that could be paid the Lady Margaret,



and I feared much that to express my suspicions to Mornas would be to add further resentment to the jealousy he must have felt. I therefore kept my counsel, determined to be more than ever vigilant for the future.

In this I learned how foolish may be the man who most treasures his own wisdom. We were two days from Genoa, riding now with the blue waters of the sea always in sight, when to my horror, having been later than usual making the horses secure for the night in miserable quarters, when I entered the inn Mornas himself had joined the roysterers and was seated opposite Cahussac at the table, drinking a great deal more than I ever saw him do before. I noticed a fierce impatient glance he threw at me as I came in, but he said little, only going on with his drinking, plainly waiting for something to happen. At length Cahussac begun his banter, probing old sores, arousing old jealousies, and doing a great deal to stir up a spirit of discord. To-night he was evidently puzzled by the behavior of Mornas, but did not desist on this account from the course he had laid out for himself.

I have already spoken of Marmontel as an impetuous youth whose vigor led him to suppose he was a match even for Henri of Aulnac, until a few bouts had taught him better. This young fellow's whole pride in life lay in his prowess as a swordsman and it was to this failing that Cahussac oftenest addressed himself. Of the company there was a young fellow of a right good spirit, a stranger to most of the others before the party set out. He was little more than a boy, and had come at the invitation of Mornas, who on this account held himself responsible for the

lad's good conduct as well as his safe keeping. I was convinced that night that our neighbor's eyes were quite as wakeful as my own, that he had observed the trouble Cahussac had brewed so well, and that he was determined to make an end of it. So when Marmontel, stung by the taunts of Cahussac, turned upon young Lesage and challenged him to an immediate encounter with blunt weapons, Mornas rose from his chair and said calmly,

"It would surprise me, *Sieur de Marmontel*, did you persist in trying conclusions with a young man who has never doubted your merit. Besides he is only a boy, and what honor would there be to you in overcoming him? No one expresses anything against you, unless it be *de Cahussac*, but surely you do not attend to all he says."

"Oh! as for that," returned Marmontel, "I would fight Cahussac any time, with blunt or sharp weapons, only blunt might lead to sharp, and I dislike killing my best friend."

"*De Cahussac* doubtless has his value to the world," said Mornas slowly, "but if you will count up the number of those he has been the means of putting in anger against you, perhaps you will reconsider whether his friendship is the advantage it may seem."

"Really, gentlemen," here said Cahussac, laughing to hide the sneer, "I have been unfortunate in displeasing our friend Mornas. Now mark me gentlemen, I wager the Count does not care a fig for all the life in all your bodies. If he has done us the honor to drink wine in our company to-night, I have an idea that it is because he finds himself debarred from pleasanter company in the day-time."

"Gentlemen," said Mornas hotly, "I tell you I have watched *de*

Cahussac night after night seeking to set men fighting, any of whom he is afraid to meet himself."

The smile left the face of Cahussac and a nervous, strained, treacherous look came upon it. By this the men had moved away, leaving the two facing each other with plenty of room for play.

The tone of the conversation had left no room for parley. Cahussac drew his sword and stepped quickly up. I could see by his confident manner that he hoped to have the advantage over Mornas because of the latter's deep drinking, whereas he himself had taken nothing. Mornas, however, had evidently weighed well the course he was to pursue, and as the blades met there was an instant recognition that the two were well matched. Silence settled down upon those who watched, and the frightful tension went far to dispel the fumes of the wine. Fiercer grew the fighting. Then through the linen of Cahussac's sleeve there appeared a spot of red, slowly becoming larger. There was a call to stop. Mornas stepped back and lowered his blade. Cahussac bounded forward and made a vicious thrust. A shout went up. The stroke was foul. The drink Mornas had taken had

made him forget to guard against treachery. Had it not been that I expected some such act there had been an end of the Lady Margaret's suitor. As it was, my sword being drawn I was enabled to parry Cahussac's blade enough to make it pass through his opponent's linen, only missing his skin.

At once the rascal apologised. He had not known he was hurt and did not understand his opponent's backward step. It was not true, but it was sufficient.

"As for you, our good director," said he turning to me with the humblest bow, "I am obliged to you for the vigilance that saved me from what might seem a dishonorable deed. At another time I shall try to repay you."

I said nothing.

Just then a half dozen of the elders of the party who had been roused from sleep by the yell, if indeed they were not before disturbed by the ring of arms, burst into the room. There followed explanations which satisfied everybody, and convinced nobody. But thereafter there were no more carousals, and if strong passions slumbered under calm exteriors nothing occurred to show it.

*(To be Continued.)*



## THE MUSICIAN.

### A LEGEND OF THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

*By Frank Waters.*

*PART FIRST.—Continued.*

Most blithe of all, and gayest of the gay,  
Had been the laughing bridegroom of the day,  
His violin, still mouthpiece of his heart,  
Had ne'er before with such a winsome art  
Translated for its master, in the tongue  
Of softest music, thoughts so finely strung  
To tenderness of perfect melody ;  
That all the hearers from their mountain glee  
Instinctively were softened and refined  
To mirthfulness more noble of its kind,  
Wherein the smiles were kin to sunny tears  
And, for the bride, her bosom's fluttering fears  
Shook her young heart like lightly-prisoned doves,  
A startled brood of lovely virgin loves,  
That panted from their prison to be free,  
Yet trembled at the thought of liberty,  
Fearful of fineless flight in heavens so wide,  
And doubting if the wings so straitly tied,  
So long, by maiden fillets, might not brush  
The breath of prohibition in their rush  
Through holy airs and prohibitionless,  
Whose joy of freedom they could faintly guess,  
But, nowise realising, feared the more.

Now sloped the westering sun, and, dipping o'er  
The mountain's occidental shoulder, threw  
A shadow 'gainst the orient. Singly two,  
The bride and bridegroom, seated side by side  
Amid the summer blossoms, scarce descried  
The merry dancers they had left so late,  
The dwindling of the dayshine's pomp and state,  
The over-soaring mountains plumed with pine,  
The green recess they habited, the shine  
Of lowland forests drenched with sunset-fire,  
And, based thereon, and ever doming higher  
To centre of the zenith overhead,  
The most translucent heaven of light which shed  
As 'twere a benediction from above,  
Raining upon them from the heart of Love.

They only saw each other : she, with eyes  
 That seemed to dream on distance, making prize,  
 Through sideward stealth, of all his manly grace,  
 Adoring, half, the image in his face  
 Of throned Power, and trembling at the same,  
 Each tremor a caress beyond all name.  
 But he, now turning full to where she sate,  
 A virgin wife, yet throned upon the state  
 Of awful maidhood, felt of her no awe,  
 But in a storm of love let loose from law  
 Made all her loveliness a prize to him,  
 In such fine frenzy as those seraphim  
 Who (fablists say) from heaven unsealed were wrought  
 By passion o'er a beauty dearly bought  
 At price of God in barter set to buy  
 Some lovely image of the Love on high.

But came a sudden waking from his trance.  
 Unwares, a shaft of sound with tenting lance  
 Had pricked him back to consciousness. He starts,  
 And, breaking from that rush of mingling hearts,  
 Falls back into the courses of a mood  
 Whose torrent-strength the peaks of solitude  
 Far raised above his kind so long had nursed.  
 Wan-grown, he turneth towards the Cave Accurst  
 Inside whose grisly gape of hideous jaw,  
 Down murky-throated blackness, breathing awe,  
 The Fell Musician—so did legend tell—  
 Sate ever, waking in the gorge of hell  
 A deadly music of potential woe,  
 Wherein the voices of the pit below  
 Were blended with far echoes of the song  
 Of upper realms of glory, forfeit long.

As skyward from the lowlands taking way,  
 You fronted on the village, darkly lay  
 The Cave Accurst to left retreating deep  
 Through the seamed bosom of a horrent steep,  
 Naked, and black, and beetling overhead,  
 And flinging down the shadow of a dread,  
 And glooming ghastly, like the Fallen One,  
 When, hurled from glory of the Upper Sun,  
 He lit upon destruction, and stood up  
 Under the Curse, and let his heavy top  
 Hang pondering o'er the horror at his feet.  
 Never a dweller in the mountain seat  
 Would pass that gape of blackness in the noon ;  
 For, whisper ran, whoever heard attune  
 The Fell Musician his potential string  
 Of demonised music, save the King

Of men and demons held the mortal back,  
 The same, by dread compulsion, on the track  
 Of spirit-shaking sound must inly wend,  
 And either thence to present Doom descend,  
 Or, coming forth again into the light,  
 Drag out a life possessed by evil might  
 Of evil powers to working of their will,  
 Till the end came—and left him Evil's, still.]

Thither the bridegroom turned a pallid stare  
 Of most unnatured ecstasy, aware  
 On sudden of a music flowing thence,  
 Such as his dreams, at highest eminence  
 Of topmost soaring into realms unknown,  
 Had touched not on its hem of awful tone.  
 Seemed as the lost archangel, laying bare  
 The heart-strings of his madness and despair,  
 Swept, with that touch of dreadful intellect  
 Whose mighty span the horrid fall not wrecked—  
 Leaving intact the mind, that this might so  
 Remain gigantic meter-out of woe  
 Against an equal glory flung away—  
 Swept his wide heart, surcharged with Doom for aye,  
 To awful utterance of his swaying thought,  
 And from despair and wrath a music wrought,  
 Deep as the pit with horror, yet thereto  
 With such a might perverted, such a true  
 Antithesis of truth, so rapt above  
 Earth-levels to a nadir-height of love  
 Dragged adverse from its zenith, yet perforce  
 Suggesting love grown horror and remorse  
 Of archangelic stature, that, in sooth,  
 An ear unguarded, maddening from all truth,  
 And hearing heaven discorded to a hell,  
 Might have forgot, astounded in the mell,  
 That He Who maketh heaven aright in Love,  
 With Wisdom softening His fair Power above,  
 Doth work in Power and Wisdom solely there—  
 Two awful faces to the pit laid bare—  
 While shrouded Love's dead horror, dimly seen,  
 Is trebly dread for what It might have been.

Such huge confusion seized the bridegroom now :  
 A Godlike voice seemed calling him ! But how ?  
 Godlike it was in power of uttering heart,  
 And Godlike in the wisdom of an art  
 Most dreadly masterful : but Godlike—no !—  
 In love, except in love reversed to woe,  
 And bearing hate a monstrous birth thereto,  
 An incest of the spirit !

Quivering through,

He started to his feet, and there, with hands  
 And eyes that yearned, he stood as one who stands  
 Expecting, to a potent-rounded spell,  
 Some visitant from the deep where spirits dwell,  
 Unknowing if the coming one, whose breath  
 Shakes all his being, liken life or death,  
 Fair as an angel of the Holy One,  
 Or dreadful as the prince of the undone,  
 Whose aspect is the open face of hell.

He threw his hands before him, as to tell  
 His heart its path lay yonder, where they stretched  
 As though a power were haling, and he fetched  
 Hard breath as one who meets a buffeting might  
 Of winds whose thew is of the tornado-height,  
 The tamer of the forests, or as one  
 In deadlier grapple—where to be undone  
 Is ruin past the limit—with some strong  
 Colossus of the giant tribe of wrong,  
 Which, garmented with passion for a mail,  
 Seizes the soul in gripe all deadly-hale,  
 And wrestles for a dominance over God,  
 Who, fortified badly in His shrine of sod,  
 Cheers up the lagging spirit due to Him,  
 Its sovran-liege and clother-on-with-limb,  
 Too often sold to end the toil of fray,  
 And buy the fool's contentment of a day.

And such a war, in sooth, the bridegroom's soul  
 Shook strongly to its centre of control  
 His master-passion, hurtled at his breast  
 With a full hell within it, bore from rest  
 Of poised base his spirit, toppling o'er  
 A gulf of dread unplumbing, whence the roar  
 Of an eternal torment, heard afar,  
 And thinning-up to fineness, in the jar  
 And whirl of contest wildered him, that so  
 It seemed the voice no longer of a woe,  
 But of a nether paradise, wherein he,  
 Falling and rating knowledge, straight should be  
 As God: and if a death he tasted—well,  
 Would not the prize be offset to a hell?  
 He knew himself defective in his art—  
 As every master knoweth while the heart,  
 In skill of technic utterance unfulfilled,  
 Stammers in the expression it would build  
 To outward shrining of the soul within.  
 But, scorning technic knowledge, he would win—  
 As the unmellowed master is most fain—  
 His harvest at the sowing of the grain,

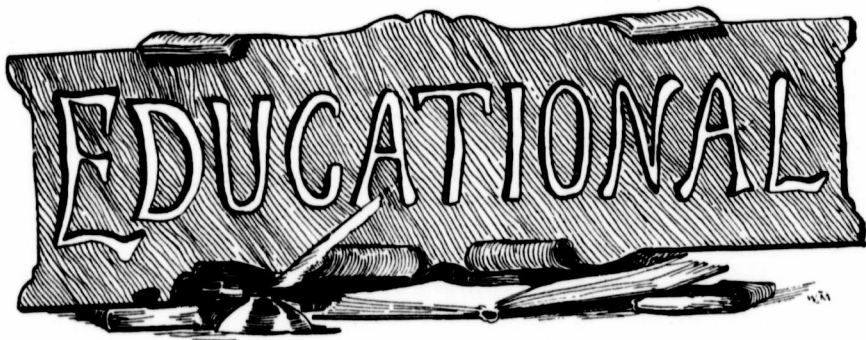
And had not learned that herein time and God  
 Must work, as in the outcome of the sod,  
 Ere he might reap or men be filled withal,  
 And that who soars at heaven attains a fall,  
 If yet not fully feathered in the wing.  
 And now, behold! he heard a master-string,  
 In dreadful kind, but masterful no less  
 Summon his soul with darkly-hinted guess  
 At promise of a power he might control  
 By the light forfeit of—a bartered soul!  
 He heard, he shuddered, and he burned to buy.  
 But other voices held him. With a cry,  
 His heart rose up within him: and it cried—  
 “What! thou, the bridegroom of a virgin bride!  
 Thou, newly blest with Eden-liberty,  
 That not the shadow of the Knowledge Tree  
 Shall darken love made innocent again,  
 Beclath'd with grace, that garb without a stain,  
 Which was the first, best clothing of a bliss  
 By sin alone stript naked; thou, whose kiss  
 Hath scarcely sealed thee over to thy bride,  
 Flesh of her flesh, and heart her heart inside:  
 Thou, free to barter thus thyself away,  
 Who art no more thine own? Thou, who, this day—  
 Yea, but a minute past—did feel the sway  
 Of a new life, a nobler than the past,  
 Dawn in a graciousness of light at last,  
 Kissing thy sombre spirit to a hue  
 Of rosy hope as fair as it was new:  
 Thou, to plunge back into the shades again,  
 New-wed to woman, yet no more with men  
 To walk in happy converse brotherly,  
 But fellow with the demons utterly!  
 And, for thy God, O mortal, what of Him?”

But here the voice within his heart grew dim,  
 Dwindling to thin and misty whisperings;  
 For here, alas! he had not tuned the strings  
 Of being to response articulate;  
 God was to him a far-off power, a Fate,  
 A something vague, intangible, and vast,  
 The shadow of whose floating pinions cast  
 A sense of Being at its utmost reach  
 From distance unto distance—not for speech,  
 Or prayer, or palpable thought: a mighty Dread,  
 Flinging a shade of Power from far o'erhead—  
 Too far for any bridge of mortal love  
 To span the deep, and scale that Height above.

Defeat, in such a contest, runs before

The Adversary's foot, with open door  
 Waiting an easy conqueror, sure to win :  
 Who wears not God, his armour is too thin  
 For slogging buffets of the brawny foe ;  
 And with the hapless bridegroom fared it so.  
 Wilder, more soul-enthraling, grew the strain  
 Which plucked him toward a darkness : in each vein  
 It raised a host against him, pushing hard,  
 With household treason, on his feeble guard.  
 Gasping for breath, low mutterings shook his lips :  
 His orbs did strain their bidding of eclipse.  
 One step he took, with faltering foot and slow ;  
 A second, and more firmly ; and " I go,"  
 Fell from his writhing lips.

(To be Continued.)



## THE DEPARTMENT OF PURVEYING. A CONVERSATION.

"YES, my friend, you may well say this is a subject that has met with such neglect as to justify the designation of the race as an aggregation of fools. I protest that the time has well nigh come when we must have some authoritative director of the education of the body. It is Epictetus, I think, who says there are three things in which man is chiefly concerned, soul, and body, and the outer world. This statement surely we must accept. And what, then, do we discover? In all ages there have been vast organizations for the

safe-guarding and the well-being of the first and the last, but only in few cases, where the wisdom of the sage has combined with the authority of the lawmaker, has the due measure of attention been given to the one remaining. You behold, passing in impressive stateliness, the mighty systems of religion. What is their purpose? The care of the soul. Look upon the page of history, and behold the impress of mighty peoples, their rise, their fall ; empires and kingdoms, republics and free cities, what were they all but organized



direction of man's concern in the outer world."

"I see, you wish to suggest that the body, the second of man's chief concerns, as the philosopher has it, has been neglected?"

"Precisely. Cast your eyes over the newspapers and see what is the greatest means of supporting them. The paid advertisements of quack medicines. This could not be if it were not that the whole nation is infirm. You find a class for the treatment of the kidneys, another for the liver and in general specifics for all the organs, whether of digestion, secretion, circulation or respiration. The brain and nervous system of the country is open to the eye of the man who mixes these drugs. He knows well they are going to sell. Every year there is almost the same tale to be told. So many deaths from paresis, so many from apoplexy, so many from Bright's disease, and thus in like manner through a whole series of titled diseases that all have their origin in imperfect food. And the result is that few men become old. A very small proportion of the population live beyond the age of sixty, and of these, such are the conditions of haste, few indeed are any longer in the running."

"Then you would endeavor to regulate the food supply?"

"Certainly. You may remember that the foundation of the strength of Sparta lay in the education of youth in this regard. They were obliged by Lycurgus to be abstemious both in eating and drinking. They were made to realize the advice given to one who would win in the Olympian games; 'you must go under discipline, eat by rule, abstain from dainties, exercise yourself, drink nothing cold, nor wine at will.' Of the Persians, too, we are told that in the day of

their greatness the youth were subjected to a rule which settled the time of their exercises, the quality and duration of their meals. Bread and cresses with water, and the exclusion of spices and dainties produced one of the mightiest races of all time. And the Hebrews, were they not also instructed in this matter? When the laws were relaxed in Sparta the people lost the greatness of their character; mothers no longer bore children to die for their country. Persia fell, never to rise, when the early laws were discarded for luxury and indulgence. And as for the Jews, you can tell to-day the man who is the product of a hundred generations of observance of the law. He may be crying "old clothes," but the power for better things is stamped on his features; whereas the degenerate of his race, they who have abandoned its usages, have lost that face of power which stares out at you from the stones of Nineveh. The forehead is flattened, the figure is diminutive, the eyes are restless, the ears stick out, fragile, from the small head, the nose is a caricature, there is a general process of extinguishment. And of the thousands who are yearly brought into a condition of practical inutility by the effect of intoxicating liquors, even in so small a population as ours relatively is, what are we to say. It takes three generations for the will power to adopt total abstinence, and the likelihood is that in those three generations bad food has produced a debilitation that will cause a return to stimulants in the fourth. The question has not yet been satisfactorily answered whether bad food does not drive more people to drunkenness through the necessity for a stimulant, or whether on the other hand drunk-

eness itself produces, as a direct cause, social misery and privation.

"Now where does the duty of remedying this condition devolve? Obviously upon the State which must in the end suffer most from the infirmity of its citizens. The State must protect itself. A new country, beginning its existence in such a whirl of activity as the next century must display, cannot afford to have its safety threatened by the widespread physical ills that led to the overthrow of the mighty Roman Empire. I propose therefore that a department should be added to the administration in each of the provinces, having as its sole duty the control and regulation of the food supply of the province. The department should be under control of a doctor, of course, one who has devoted himself to the study of this particular respect of preventive science. It would very soon be realized that the welfare of the State, which as I have said must protect itself, would be best served by bringing the inhabitants of specified districts under control of boards of administration, elective if you like, but acting in concert with departmental authorities."

"But the success of your scheme would involve all the people having their meals at the same place. The trustees could not go from house to house superintending the cookery."

"Quite so. That is the logical outcome. There can be no question whatever that in the majority, the vast majority, of cases the parents are utterly unfit to conduct the personal education of the child on these matters. The result would be that in a short time district boarding houses would be established and maintained in connection with schools for the education of professional cooks. We

should soon find the country covered by big red boarding houses; the children of all classes would sit at the same tables, eat of the same food and grow up together in a perfection of bodily strength that would make them a credit to any country. Imagine the effect of twenty years of resolute government of the food supply, where a simple diet of beef, bread, and milk would be substituted for the present indigestible and irritating dietaries. What we require is a united happy community. Take away the struggle of every man against his neighbor in order that the children may have food, and you leave the people open to the incentives of noble ideals. Make the people healthy and you make them happy.

"And then consider the immense advantages to the community resulting from cutting off the extravagant waste now going on. It is not too much to say that one fifth or more of our total expenditure would be saved."

"But would not your scheme act rather harshly upon such people as the vegetarians, for instance? You say you would restrict the diet to beef, bread, and milk.

"Physicians, or a majority of them, pronounce that to be the best diet. The natural outcome of an election would be to put at the head of affairs men and women trained in this belief. The big red boarding houses must be supported by a general tax to which all persons must contribute. The will of the majority must naturally determine the nature of the food, and any person or class of persons who refuse to accept what is undoubtedly good for them, surely cannot on that account look for exemption. Why, the laxity of the ages has given rise to countless schemes

of diet, all equally bad. If one class is allowed to do its own cooking the others must be allowed the same privilege. But the result would be a race of inefficient citizens painfully lacking in unity on so important a subject. No, the pernicious doctrine that the family is the basis of society must be relegated to the region of exploded fictions. The citizen is the object of all legislation; he can only be what the State makes of him, and the State must see to it

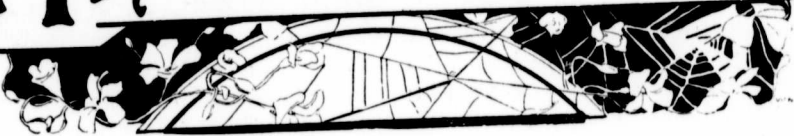
that he grows up free from these ills of which we read so much."

"Will you have a cup of coffee?"

"Coffee, my dear sir, should never be taken. It retards digestion, causes unnecessary stimulation which has its succeeding depression, clogs the liver, and in the end produces a most melancholic disposition. Never take coffee."

.....  
 "Coffee? yes, I think I will. How long have I been asleep?"

# ANSWERS



## MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS.

*William Ellison.*

THE sacred interests involved in the mission of defining the doctrine and truths of the Catholic church to non-Catholics is a matter of serious import that ought to engage the attention of all sincere Christians, whether within or without the true fold. The primary object of the missionary work undertaken in the United States by Rev. Father Elliot and his reverent co-workers is to disabuse the Protestant mind of its errors and misconceptions regarding the real doc-

trinal teaching and practices of the Catholic Church.

The experienced Missionary Fathers engaged in the movement know the depth of the unreasoning prejudice which exists against the ancient faith, and they also know how men, rightly or wrongly, cling to the belief in which they were born and educated, and they have the knowledge that there is in the nature of fallen man an aversion to works of penance and religious mortification.

The generality of mankind are more concerned in planning their comfort here than in providing for the great hereafter.

Impressed with this fact the zealous Fathers realize how difficult it is to win non-Catholics from an indulgent and non-penitential religion to one which is precise and rigorous in its laws, and which, in virtue of its divine origin and institution, has the right to impose restraints on evil passions, and to constrain obedience from all its faithful followers who hope to gain heaven through its ministrations. To unbelievers and those who see no essential difference in the various creeds, this valid claim of the Catholic Church seems absurd, and yet it is an infallible and eternal truth which can never be overthrown or dimmed.

When Fathers Elliot, Doyle, Youman and the rest speak to Protestant audiences they make a clear exposition of the simple yet sublime doctrines of Catholicity, and they tell the sincere seekers after truth that the true religion puts forward no claim outside the mandate it received from its divine founder, nor is there in its laws or precepts anything repugnant to the sentiments of a pure and sincere Christian. On the contrary, they show that for any little sacrifice that the Catholic Church asks from her adherents she repays them a thousand fold even in this life by the consolation that springs from the sense of duty well performed, and by the infusion of heroic fortitude that enables her children to withstand temptation in the day of peril. She alone has the power to impart that type of spiritual strength that enabled the martyrs to shed their blood for the faith, and which caused St. Lawrence to confound his tortur-

ers, who had already roasted him on one side, by asking them to turn him and roast him on the other side as well.

While the greatness of the task undertaken by the American Catholic missionaries stares them in the face, they do not despair of ultimate success. Father Elliot's labors have proved fruitful as have the efforts of the learned preachers in the dioceses of Cleveland and New York and in all sections of the country where the good work has been undertaken. As above stated, the work so far has been largely preparatory.

The actual presence and contact of a Catholic priest with a Protestant assembly is in itself a positive gain for the true faith. Then the satisfactory answering of the flood of queries from the "Question Box" is another step in advance, but the open, frank and lucid explanations of Catholic doctrine and practices drive home to the honest Protestant hearts the connection that heretofore they had no quarrel with the real Catholicism, but were led by the spirit of error and misconception to think ill of a religion which was villified and misrepresented to their minds by its defamers.

Father Elliot and his reverend confreres give it as a result of their experience that the Americans generally are a religious people, and that the bulk of those who attended their meetings were actuated by honest motives, and the preachers are sanguine that the germs of religious truth implanted during their series of missions will, in due time, produce good results.

They mention it as a notable feature of their meetings that the young men, who attended at first from a feeling of curiosity or mischief, soon recognized the serious

nature of the business in hand, and while some of the frivolous ones quickly withdrew, some of the serious-minded who perhaps "came to scoff, remained to pray." The older attendants gave close attention to the instructions, and the good seeds implanted in the beginning of the week's services showed evident signs of fruitfulness before its close. A desire to possess the truth is inherent in the nature of man, therefore no rational being who recognizes his accountability to his Creator could wish to be deceived, especially in a vital matter that will decide his fate eternally. It is a well-known fact in the Republic that Protestantism is fast losing its hold on the masses of the people.

This view is stoutly denied by the interested sects, but its truth is evident to close observers who take notice of the diminishing Protestant congregations in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and all through the American cities and towns. Even in the New England states, where Puritanism used to boast of its unction, the decadence of the religion of the sects is every day becoming more apparent. It is owing to these changing conditions in the religious world of the United States, that the American Catholic hierarchy have deemed it right to send their able and zealous missionaries before the Protestant audiences to proclaim to them the genuine truths of the religion of Christ. These enlightened prelates who are the authorized interpreters of God's will to men, well know that in the heart of man there exists an insatiable craving for the connecting link that unites the creature with his Creator. They know that the Catholic Church alone has the means and power to supply the vital want. Hence the unwonted activity of the

Catholic missionaries in promulgating the Gospel of truth in non-Catholic communities. The practical problem is to present the doctrines of the saving Church in such a way that will reach the minds and hearts of prospective converts, who heretofore ignored or despised her precepts. Many of those outside the fold, who have worshipped under the lax discipline of the sectarian creeds, will mistake the terms and conditions of their wished-for entrance into the true Church. Judging from the Holy Father's mild invitation to the strayed Christians to come back to unity with the Chair of Peter, many will flatter themselves into a belief that the Catholic Church will meet them in a spirit of compromise, but they will have to learn the salutary lesson that there can be no compromise between truth and error. In the conduct of worldly affairs conflicting interests may be reconciled by mutual concessions. It can never be so with the Church. Her definitions are final and irreformable, admitting neither reconsideration, compromise, alteration or concession, so that all bodies or individuals wishing to be incorporated with the Roman Church must confess her faith, pure and simple, whole and entire, as a necessary condition of reconciliation. It may strike some unthinking Christians that this stern attitude of the Church is harsh and uncalled for, but she has it not in her power to act otherwise. Having received the deposit of the faith from Christ and his Apostles she must needs preserve it intact until time shall be no more. On the other hand it is quite true that the Church has always evinced a readiness to adapt herself to the requirements of different times and peoples, and that in matters not pertaining to essential and substantial discipline there have been notable variations in the

forms of external Catholic order. But these things must necessarily be under the control of the authorities of the Church, and not subject to innovation and experiment to conciliate the caprice of individuals.

In her conservation of her essential doctrines of faith and morals she stands as firm and unyielding as an adamant rock, and justly so, for her constitution and form of government are of divine origin and institution, her laws and discipline are formed by divinely commissioned pastors whose office is to "guide" to "feed" to "govern" to "set in order" to "watch as having to give an account of your souls." What unutterable joy must be felt by the true convert who entrusts his spiritual welfare to this unerring guide? What peace of mind and soul must follow the exchange of insecurity and uncertainty for infallible guidance and safety?

It was such a feeling of gladness that caused Henry Austin Adams a few Sundays ago in the Church of Our Lady of Victories in Brooklyn, to tell a Protestant audience of 3,000, the story of his own conversion. In relating his good fortune, which happened less than three years ago, he told that he had assisted at the reception into the Church of seven clergymen, friends of his, and that 180 of his former flock had followed him into the Catholic fold.

This is only a single instance of many equally encouraging evidences of the conquests of the true faith. Another comes from Northern Ohio, where 37,000 non-Catholics attentively listened to the word of Catholic truth, and yet these signs of progress are but fore-runners of greater things to be attempted in the future.

The history of the human race from the very dawn of Christianity

proves that men cannot live happily without the spiritual consolations of religion; hence the desire of devout Protestants to embrace the true faith which alone can satisfy the yearnings of the human soul.

It follows from this that the Catholic Church will be continually increasing her moral and spiritual influence on the American continent. Her progress has been, and will be, impeded by every evil device known to human malignity. "So long as the world lasts and Christ is adored upon the earth, so long will there be antichrist." But this does not dismay the true believer whose strong faith assures him that truth and justice will eventually triumph over error and deeds of darkness. To-day, while the priests of God are striving to extend the bounds of the Church by drawing men into her fold, there are secret societies using the foulest means to oppose not only the spread of Catholicism, but to compass the destruction of Christianity.

But the Catholic Church, which is recognized by even secular rulers and statesmen, as the greatest moral power for good—will overcome all the forces of her enemies. She has achieved a firm foothold in the Republic in this present age, and she came by it in the most legitimate way, for through the heroism of one of her devoted sons she discovered the country, and through the sanctity and intrepidity of her missionary fathers she Christianized and civilized it, as she also helped to colonize it through the fidelity and prolific qualities of her faithful Celtic Irish race.

NOTE.—The Editor has adopted Mr. Ellison's article as an introduction to a new department of the Magazine, which will hereafter be a regular feature. Questions bearing upon any point of the Church's teaching or history will be answered as carefully and exactly as possible. Subscribers are invited to fully avail themselves of the information that is to be had through this department.



IN a recent conversation with a gentleman who is one of the best known of writers on Canadian subjects, the writer enquired as to what data there might be had for tracing the histories of Catholic settlements in the English provinces. The reply to the question was that the subject was one that had never before occurred to him, that the field so far as he knew was as yet new and unexplored, and that there would be difficulty in securing the requisite materials wherewith to commence anything like an exhaustive study of the question.

Obviously the learned gentleman was right in all points of his surmise; but there is nevertheless sufficient interest attaching to the subject to make the expenditure of a little effort not altogether worthless. It is hoped that the present sketch and the ones that will succeed it, will have a tendency to promote the spirit of inquiry in many of those places where there are Catholic settlements of any size, and where the memory of the pioneers will soon have faded into utter oblivion unless something be done to preserve the memory of their trials, their devotion, and their success in preserving pure the faith they brought from the land of their birth.

The story of the Glengarry settlement, owing to the favorable circumstances of its formation is very well known. No effort has been spared to save from the sack of time the morsels of anecdote and of history. How wise this course has been is to be discerned to-day when, it is told, in many parts of what was a Highland settlement, the Gaelic is disappearing, giving way not before English alone, but even in as great measure before the westward coming French.

What is vastly more difficult to obtain is any satisfying account of the many smaller Catholic settlements or even of large settlements whose composition is or was for the most part Irish Catholic. It will be well if persons who are interested in such matters will consider this Department always open for the reception of such information as can be furnished on this subject. At best the materials will be fragmentary, but these fragments should not be suffered to be lost.

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So early as 1798, a number of Irish Catholics quitted Ireland owing to the disturbances of the time, and settled in Cape Breton. They possessed no title whatever from the crown, being simply

"squatters," but in course of time they were confirmed in their occupation of the lands by General Swaine. This settlement has always been one of the most prosperous on the Island. It was a peculiarity of the time in which this and other settlements were made, that national lines were strictly adhered to. In the formation of incipient villages, Irish, Scotch, Acadians and English occupied separate locations. The Highland Catholics again removed from their Presbyterian countrymen. This Irish colony was recruited from the counties of Cork and Waterford, necessity being the irresistible motive force.

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The next settlement of importance was that conducted by Mr. Peter Robinson about 1825. Ample provision had happily been made for the immigrants, the total cost per family being about £105. They were brought by way of Kingston where they lived in tents until ready to leave that point. They were then taken as far as Cobourg and from there back into the country to where Peterborough now is. Thence they moved out into the adjoining townships, took up their holdings and were at the end of the eighteen months during which government had made itself responsible for their maintenance, well established, well to do, and on a fair way to success and comfort. The few settlers who were in the district before this time had seriously contemplated retiring, but the influx of population revived their spirits and they remained. The prosperity of that section of the colony was thus freely attributed to their coming.

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Captain Rubidge, who interested

himself very much in this early settlement, was also the means of placing a large body of people from the County of Limerick in adjacent districts in the year 1839. It appears that an Irish landlord, having taken an inventory of his estate, found 197 families upon a tract of land which he considered would do no more than support sixty families. The upshot was that the ship "Waterloo" sailed out of the Shannon one day in May with 181 persons destined for Upper Canada. Two more were born on the way out. All were safely landed, taken up the Ottawa to Bytown, thence down the Rideau system to Kingston. On the way down a few, whose names are preserved, left the company; the remainder immediately found work in and about Cobourg and Port Hope. Within a very short time many of them became owners of land.

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Slight allusion has also been preserved to a "Teetotal Settlement" which was formed in New Brunswick in 1842 by thirty-five families from Cork and Kerry. Their good habits told immensely in their favor, as in less than two years they sold 7,236 bushels of grain, potatoes and turnips, whose value was about \$4,000, and had made improvements to the value of \$6,000.

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Of course the great bulk of Irish immigration arrived in the famine years. Of that period we shall deal at another time. Still it is to be remembered that from 1829 to 1843, no less than 256,344 Irish came to Canada, of whom doubtless the greater portion were Catholics. There must, therefore, have been many Catholics, widely separated though they were, in the country previous to that calamitous period.



Father Harris mentions that Father Gordon's mission included Niagara Falls, Dundas, Trafalgar, Toronto Gore and Adjala, a care that might well frighten the doughtiest apostle even in these days of rapid transit.

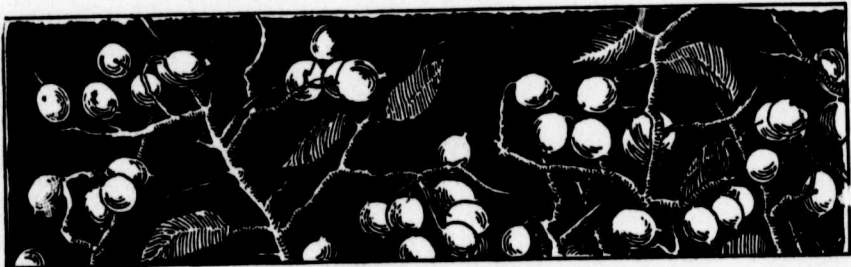
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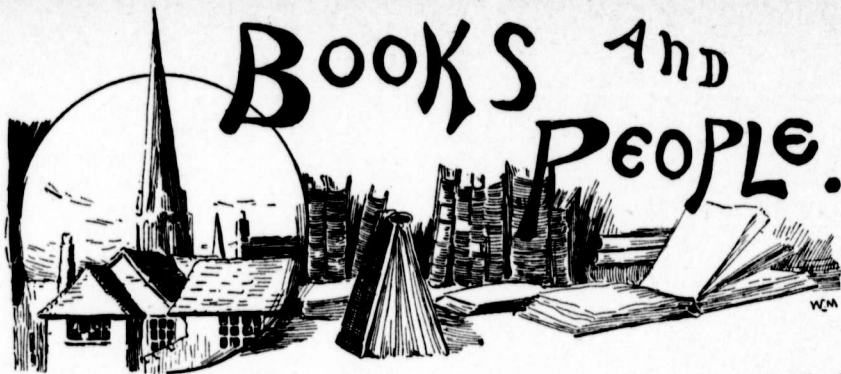
In 1846 of 9,600 who arrived in New Brunswick 9,000 were Irish. Of these about half were unable to find work, and pushed on to the United States. In Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island large numbers had also settled, and those whose business or interest it was to know, spoke in the highest terms of their industry and capacity. Instances were very frequent in Halifax where men who began as laborers came in a few years to be possessors of considerable wealth.

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The main difficulty with these Irish Catholics was the scarcity of priests. Travellers reported having visited many villages almost wholly made up of Irish Catholics, who

could not have access to a priest and whose distress on that account was great and genuine. His Grace Archbishop Walsh tells of his experience when a young priest of having found on one concession line twelve families which had attached themselves to other faiths for this reason alone. Vast numbers of people who would not take such risks went on to the cities of the United States. It is indeed a not improbable assertion that is sometimes made, that if there were plenty of priests in Ontario between 1820 and 1860, the preponderance of population would have been, if not actually Catholic, at least very little on the other side. Johanna Kelly, wife of Oliver Kelly of Pine Grove, Township of Vaughan wrote home to her father in 1846 that "every day is like a Christmas day for meat," a statement that meant a great deal in the days of hunger. Let us hope the worthy couple found always increasing prosperity.





SOME years ago there appeared in the Atlantic Monthly a very clever and sympathetic essay on Mangan. The writer was Louise Imogen Guiney, to whose work Dr. O'Hagan gave our readers an introduction recently, and who was then just beginning to be generally known. This essay is to be bettered and reprinted as an introduction to a volume of Mangan's poems selected by Miss Guiney, which will appear in April. The venture promises to at last bring Mangan's merit home to the people of taste who have so long neglected the Irish bard.

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In the November number of this magazine the opinion was expressed that the "Galloway Herd" was an old story of Mr. Crockett's, written when he was unknown to fame, and made use of by an enterprising publisher. Mr. Crockett has since made an announcement bearing out this view.

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An English publishing house has issued a new series of English works, one of the first of which contains Miss Edgeworth's "Castle Rackrent" and "The Absentee." There is a sort of understanding among persons who pretend to, or who possess, a certain degree of culture in literary matters, that one must have read certain authors before being entitled to express an opinion upon the merits of books

and authors. The name of Maria Edgeworth represents Irish literature to persons of this class. One who knows, or who understands the Irish people will not be convinced that her delineations are quite faithful to an original very difficult to portray, but the student of history who would seek an explanation of the national decay which followed the Union, may find in these pictures of society much that is instructive and worthy of reflection. Non resident landlords who gave no personal attention to their estates suffered them to be eaten up by excessive interest and neglected by tenants driven to desperation by the greedy agents. Nevertheless, considered simply for the interest and excellence of the tales, these two pictures of Irish life, Irish aristocratic life that is to say, are decidedly engrossing. One feels that so far as was possible to a person outside the line within which there is a real understanding of the hearts of the people, Miss Edgeworth recognized the salient features of life in the Ireland of her day.

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The Dictionary of National Biography, of which Mr. Leslie Stephen is editor, is doubtless a very important and valuable work. In its compilation an enormous amount of work has been accomplished in order that there may be

within convenient compass a satisfactory account of all persons of consequence within the Empire. Under the circumstances the treatment is largely English in leaning. For the most part there is no fault to be found with this fact. There are indeed several Irish writers who contribute to the enterprise. But in the biography of Parnell, which is included in one of the recent volumes, this English view of a man who was excessively Irish, deprives the estimate of much of its value. For reasons that are not mentioned, and which do not appear to be sufficient, the practice of the editor is broken in upon and the name of the writer is not disclosed. The purpose of the article appears to be to furnish proof that Parnell's whole public life was a blind, that his sympathies and his hopes were both revolutionary, and that his triumphs in the House of Commons and the eventual triumph of the Home Rule principle were mere dodges. That Parnell succeeded in bringing one of the English parties to the support of his views ought to be sufficient answer to all who assert his utter dependence upon the older agencies of anti-English organization. What he actually accomplished in conducting so magnificent a movement will in the long run be the sole consideration of history. To insist, as the writer of his biography practically does, that his great victory was really the defeat of his dearest hopes is to talk little better than nonsense.

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Mr. Hogan, the Australian who represents an Irish constituency in the Imperial House of Commons, has just published a work (Ward, Downey & Co., London, 1896), entitled "The Sister Dominions." It is an interesting account of Mr. Hogan's recent trip to his Aus-

tralian home by way of the C.P.R. and the new Pacific steamers. The book is one of the neat old style traveller's narratives, which nobody prizes very much when they are written, but which are blessed treasures to him who, long afterwards, seeks for scraps of information. This is more particularly applicable to Mr. Hogan's reflections on Canada, about which community he seems to have acquired only an official superficial view. The chapters on Australia are of considerable interest. The author has the advantage of an acquaintance with the venerable old statesman Sir Henry Parkes, and we are treated to some very interesting sketches in which the old stalwart figures. The writer is rather amused at the bumptiousness of Torontonians, who impressed him as possessing and displaying a unique sense of their individual and civic importance.

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In the order of nature nothing goes to waste. The other day at the reference library I found myself seated opposite a man with dark hair, dark moustache and goatee. He wore spectacles and was reading in the *Gazetteer of the World*. Presently he fell asleep. A friend of his came and they two began a search for gold fields. Two art students and an Episcopalian clergyman came to the table. The gold seeker went to sleep, the minister woke him up by vigorous coughing, the artists both made sketches of him. And I noticed that the man who could sham it so well as to be able to turn the pages while asleep, was as deceptive in his waking moments. His new growing beard was grey and his hair was dyed, just turning to the beautiful purple into which the most infallible hair dye will sometimes degenerate.

# ABOUT THE WORLD

"ELECTRICITY, O! 'Lectricity, O! Here's your fresh fluid. Buy, O! Buy, fresh in the can, O!" That is the cry that would well typify the present way of selling electricity in the large cities. There are pedlars of the invisible energy as there are pedlars of milk and fish. There are routes that are served every day. Storage batteries are hung outside doors to be filled. The batteries are used to run fans in sick rooms, to play the piano or to work the pedals of organs. Theatres are regular patrons. The energy they buy is used by ballet girls in producing their wonderful parti-colored light effects. The battery is carried by the performer and must be small. The electric fluid pedlar is stopped often by bicyclists who want small pocket batteries, which supply their lights, replenished. These lamps will burn for ten hours.

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To fully understand the situation in Cuba one should be able for a little while to put himself in the place of a Cuban, and try to imagine what he would do about it. The Cuban who is born on the island, who nominally owns the country, can not only have no voice whatever in the government of his nation, but he must see himself ruled and taxed by men who have bought the privileges from the Spanish government as a specula-

tion, to see how much money they can make out of the offices.

If a Cuban owns a plantation he must pay thirty cents out of every dollar he makes, into the tax fund. If he kills an ox, he is taxed one dollar for the privilege. If he owns carts on his plantation or a carriage to ride about in, he must pay fifteen dollars for each one to the Spanish, every year. He cannot engage in business, he cannot build a house, he can do nothing, without going to the Spanish officers and buying permission.

A Spaniard usually comes to Cuba to see what he can make out of the country, and then goes back again. It has been a treasure house for Spaniards to visit for centuries, and the prime minister of that country says that so long as Spain has a man or a dollar the island will never be given up.

From 1868 to 1878, ten long years, the Cubans waged war with the mother country against fearful odds. When peace was concluded, the Spanish promised Cuba good roads, schools, and all sorts of improvements. Not one of these promises has been kept, and now Cuba will fight to the end, and it must be confessed that the advantages are mostly on the side of the islanders. If the United States would allow them to purchase guns and ammunition they would almost inevitably gain their liberty.

The warfare is carried on in the eastern part of the island. There are almost no railroads there, and the Spanish are much hampered by difficulties in transporting troops. The Cubans are at home, with friends all about them, and as the insurgents move, their army grows like a snow-ball. This is a mountainous part of the country where the Cubans can stay hidden until the chance comes to surprise their foe, cut off their supplies, and fly back into hiding again. They might spend years in this fashion, wearing out the conquerors.

The greatest foe that the Spaniard has is the climate. In the ten years, war one hundred and fifty thousand Spanish troops landed on the island, and only fifty thousand went home again. Nearly all of them died of fever.

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The large dividends paid by some mining property seem to have completely overshadowed in the minds of many rich men the fortunes sunk in unprofitable ventures. He who discovers a lode which, after careful examination, promises to be really valuable, will have no difficulty in finding the capital necessary to work his claim, or even in disposing of it outright. Major Frank McLaughlin, a wealthy Westerner, tells the following story of the eagerness to invest displayed by some moneyed Englishmen:

"Some time ago," he said, "I went to London to negotiate the sale of some mining property. Of course the first thing I had to do was to let capital know what I was there for. When inquiries commenced, I simply said, 'Gentlemen, I have mining property to sell. If you mean business and want to buy send your expert out to examine the property, and make a

report on it. You will know then what you are buying.'

"A company was organized. An expert examined the property, and reported favorably, and a meeting was held to discuss terms.

"'Now, Major,' said the spokesman, 'we have found that the property may be worth something. What is your price?'

"'Two hundred and fifty thousand,' said I.

"'That is more than we expected to pay. If you will drop the fifty we will take it.'

"I had expected about \$100,000 for the property, so I agreed to accept their offer. When the papers were made out I was surprised to learn that they had been talking about pounds, and I about dollars, but I was very careful not to let my surprise leak out, and that is the way I got \$1,000,000 for the mine."

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Nearly every one has had the experience of going to call upon one of his most intimate friends, and suddenly, as he ascended the steps and was about to ring the bell, finding himself utterly unable to recall the name of the person he was about to ask for. This performance, however, has been completely distanced by the feat of a New York lady, who now holds the palm among her acquaintances for absent mindedness.

On the occasion of the death of a relative she was obliged to go to the surrogate's court to attend to some business regarding the will. In the course of the proceedings it became necessary to sign her maiden name to the document. The clerk handed her the pen, told her where the signature was to be affixed, and stood waiting for her to comply. She seemed stunned at the request, and stared blankly

at the young man before her, and then at the paper, but made no motion towards writing.

"Just sign your maiden name," repeated the clerk, thinking she had misunderstood.

She knew only too well what he had said, but was no more able to execute the task than the young man himself would have been. She had been married twice, and it is a long time since she has had occasion to use the name to which she was born.

"I—I—really don't remember it," she gasped in an agony of embarrassment to the astonished clerk; "I shall have to go home and find out," and she disappeared through the door with all the haste at her command.

Stiffkins (a neighbor)—"Hello, Jones, what are you doing? Laying down a carpet?"

Jones (who has just whacked his thumb)—"No, you idiot! The carpet was here when we moved in. I'm just putting the floor under it."

Truly, if "Because" is a woman's reason, little Ethel was justified in answering her small sister's query in the following way:

Ethel (aged four)—"Did you know Adam named all the animals?"

Frances (aged three)—"No; did he name the elephant?"

Ethel—"Course he did."

Frances (after a wondering pause)—"How did he name the elephant?"

Ethel (in a very superior tone)—"Why, I suppose he looked at the elephant and he said, 'I think you look just like an elephant, and I guess I'll call you—elephant.' That's why."

Upon arriving at the Atlanta

Exposition, a Philadelphia newspaper man chartered a hack, and ordered the driver to convey him to the "best hotel in town." Entering the caravansary, he dropped his grip before the desk, held a pen poised above the register, and inquired, "What kind of a room can you give me, and how much?"

The clerk, a typical Southerner, replied in an indifferent sort of tone, "Well, suh, Ah ken give you a fo'th flo' room foh fo' dollahs a day, suh."

"Fo'th flo', fo' dollahs," repeated the visitor, facetiously mimicking the other's accent; "then I presume you can give me a first floor room for one dollar, eh?"

"No, suh," drawled the Georgian; "Ah kain't give yo' a fust flo' room foh one dollah, suh; but Ah ken give yo' a room without any flo' foh nothin', suh. Jest go down to the bahn and inqui' for the mewel apahments."

The Earl of Derby is an extensive land proprietor. While walking on his property one day he met a collier. His lordship inquired if the collier knew he was walking on his land.

"Thy land? Well, I've got no land myself." was the reply, "and I'm like to walk on somebody's. Wheer did tha' get it fro'?"

"Oh," explained his lordship. "I got it from my ancestors."

"And wheer did tha' get it fro'?" asked the collier.

"They got it from their ancestors," was the reply.

"And wheer did their ancestors get it?"

"They fought for it."

"Well, begad," said the collier, squaring off to the earl, "I'll feight thee for it."