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WALSH'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1895

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Just Starting Out.



WALSH'S MAGAZINE makes its first appearance with every prospect of a cordial reception. Since the first day when its publication was announced the cordiality and good wishes that have been extended to the project have been of a most gratifying character. In all ranks of the Catholic people, there has been nothing but the kindest feeling manifested. From the list of writers of talent, that accompanied the prospectus, the Catholic public were disposed to agree, in the assumption, that there exists amongst our own people the requisite ability to maintain a monthly publication at that point of literary

efficiency which has made the magazines of the United States the true representatives of public thought. This generous confidence and welcome sympathy have also been supplemented by the most practical evidence of good feeling, namely, a subscription list which already gives the magazine front rank among Canadian publications more especially intended for the Catholic people. Nothing succeeds like success, and the measure of success already attained is, perhaps, unparalleled in this country. We look, therefore, for steady and substantial additions to an already large subscription list.



TO those who have had faith in the undertaking, and who have proven it by assuming financial obligations in advance of publication, the management will ever acknowledge an especial gratitude, and the same will also be extended to those who, having awaited the issue of the first number as a matter of ordinary prudence, will no longer withhold their support, generously overlooking the slight imperfections necessarily incident to the initial number of so ambitious a project. Local agents will be appointed with all possible despatch, but those who are friendly to the object here endeavored to be attained, should not await such an appointment, but should, rather, send in their own orders, accompanied by as many others as they are able.



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GOOD as are those points already indicated, there is one other feature which is, to some extent, observable in the present issue, and which adds immensely to the attractiveness of any article. No other regular publication lends itself so readily to illustration as does the magazine, and to the extent that it is possible that half of the world which prefers to read its lessons in pictures rather than in type will be indulged.

WHETHER the good results that are expected will be realized or no will depend largely upon the good will of possible contributors to the pages of the magazine. It is not thought possible to create a literature; but it is hoped, and already there is ample justification for the hope, that there is a literature awaiting the suitable means of production. Nothing need here be said of the suitability of such a work. The present number may be left to say its own good word.

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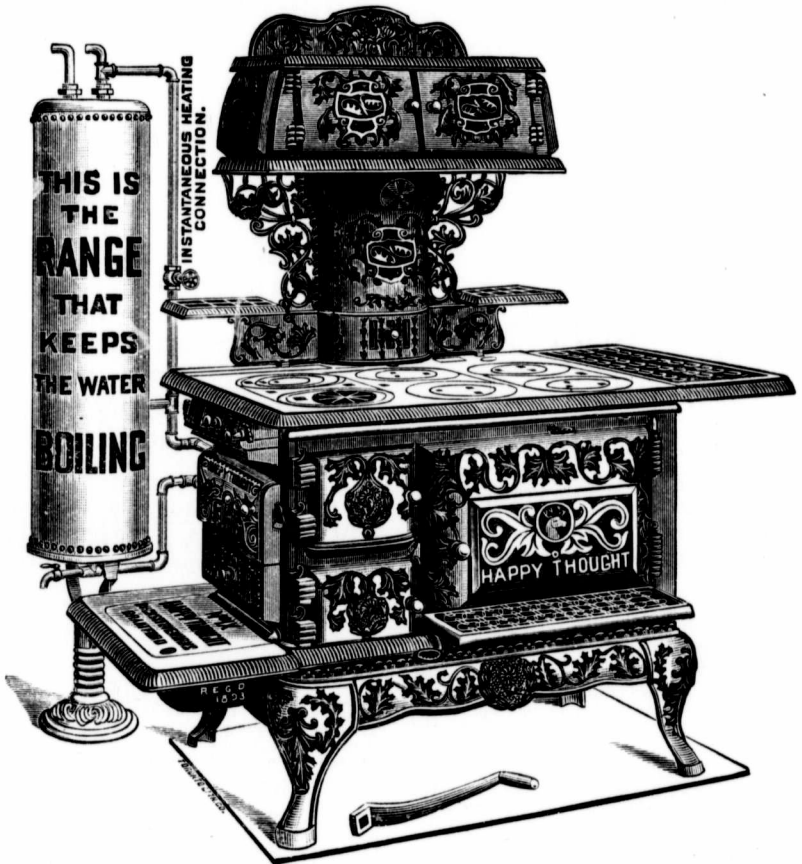


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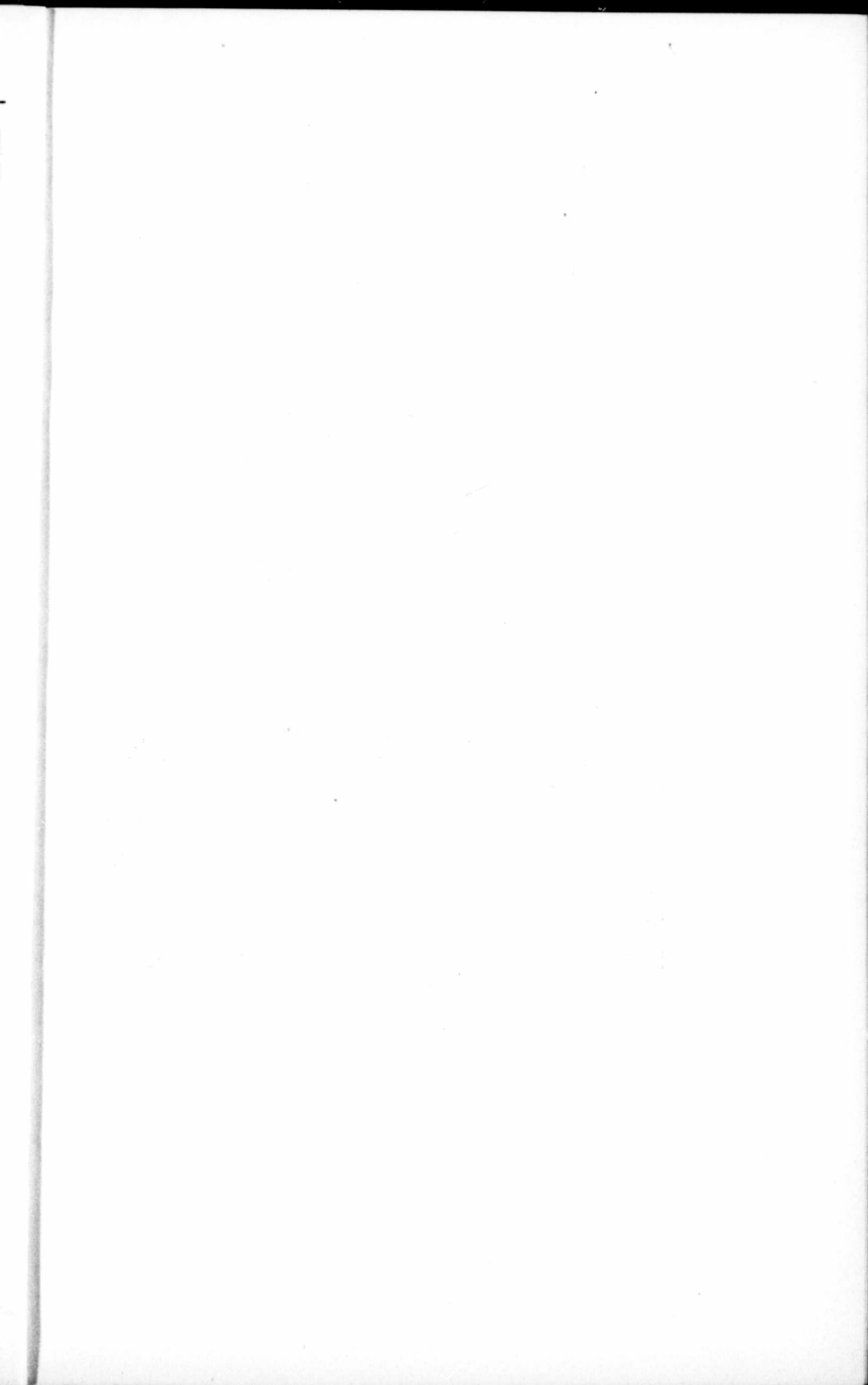


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JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

(See article by Thomas O'Hagan in this number).

WALSH'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1895.

No. 1.



HYMN TO THE HOLY GHOST.

By Frank Waters.

O Love, the Holy Spirit, Thou who art
Full God the soul and single, from the heart
Of God the Father breathing—He the one
And only Godhead—and from His, the Son,
All God the undivided : be to me
 The song-breath and a voice between my lips ;
For I would tune my soul to sing of Thee,
 Thou Light indwelling through my dim eclipse.

For well I know Thou hast abiding here,
O luminous filler of the perfect Sphere ;
Thou goest forth through all things, dreadly sweet,
But in thy poets dwellest Light replete.
For they to Thee, O Breather from the Deep,
 Are temples of election in the plan
To shrine thine orb'd Glory (Which the steep
 Of heaven not compass) in a human span.

I comprehend Thee not, but Thee I hold ;
Knowing that Thou, O Love, in Thine own mould,
Working with Power and Wisdom, wroughtest me
A breathing image of Thy Diety.
Wherefore my soul with intimate fond cry,
 Rises in height of passion to embrace
Thee, Love, her Lord and Lover, from on high
 Stooping to raise her to Thy holy place.

HYMN TO THE HOLY GHOST.

Thou art a Glory and a God, O Love,
 The music of the God-Breath from above
 Down dropping sweetly, in my heart to dwell,
 A soul of music in its rosy well.
 The whence I pray Thee, Love, that flowing out,
 Thou make the pulses of my blood to be
 A song of Love, a harmony to shout
 With all the throned angels hailing Thee.

O Thou, the Sweetness of all summer flowers!
 O Thou, the Glory of all summer hours!
 O Thou, the Mover of all things that own
 A soul of living music in their tone!
 O thou Who plumest o'er with golden wings
 The sun—with silvern grain his sister fair—
 And movest in the twilights, wakening strings,
 Of latent love, Thine echo trembling there!

O Thou, fair Dweller in the temple, Man,
 Thy shrine upbuilt in power of noble plan,
 While in the Woman, wisely softening power,
 Thou drawest from the earth a lily-bower,
 And shrinest in the twain of essence one,
 That so from heart to heart, from deep to deep,
 A love to image Thee, a unison
 From both proceeding, both may throughly steep!

If Thou to me some faintness of Thy might,
 Depositing, and some shadow of Thy light
 Vouchsafing, and some echo from above
 According, O Thou music-winged Dove,
 Yet, condescending greatlier, Thou to me,
 O dwell forever quickening in my breast,
 That all its brood of song may holy be,
 And soar direct to heaven from out the nest.



PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

By W. H. Higgins.

It was so far back as 1847 that I first became acquainted with D'Arcy McGee. (I never knew any of his friends to call him by his christian name of Thomas). He was at that time assistant editor of the Nation. He had been for some years previously one of the galaxy of talented writers whose patriotic effusions in prose and verse, enriched the columns of that journal, and made it first amongst Irish national newspapers. McGee remained sub-editor under Charles Gavan Duffy, until the suppression of the Nation by the Government in 1848. A relative of mine, who was an intimate friend of his had called his attention to some boyish work of mine, and that led to his wishing to know personally the young author (I was then only sixteen) of "Ireland's Voice." From that date, down to the time of his sad, untimely death, I had enjoyed the coveted privilege of his personal friendship.

The first time I had heard him from the public platform was at the old music hall in Abbey Street, Dublin. There was an immense crowd both inside and outside the building; and I well remember—for it was the first time I had seen such a thing—there was a policeman occupying a prominent seat in front of the platform, with note-book and pencil in hand ready to take down any treasonable utterances of the speakers, and to report to the Castle any manifestations of disloyalty by the meeting. Amongst the principal speakers were Duffy, Meagher and Mc-

Gee. All were cheered heartily as they entered; and the Dublin Jackeen was not slow to discover some peculiarity of dress or otherwise, at which he would lustily bawl out, and call for an additional cheer. A white vest worn by Mr. McGee was too conspicuous a portion of his attire to escape the keen vision and smart jibe of the Jackeen, and so, before the echo of the "cheers for Mr. McGee" had been answered, a yell went up—"Three cheers for Misther McGee's white waikit!" And this was immediately followed by—"and three cheers for Misthress McGee!" Mr. McGee's marriage had taken place only a short time before, and the cheers were given in all kindness and with the best of good will by the good-natured gathering. But again, and without a pause, there went up another great shout to the call of—"and three cheers for his Irish wife!" The full meaning of this, many even of those present may not have understood, but the words were enough to arouse enthusiasm, and all joined in the cheers set up by the mighty throng.

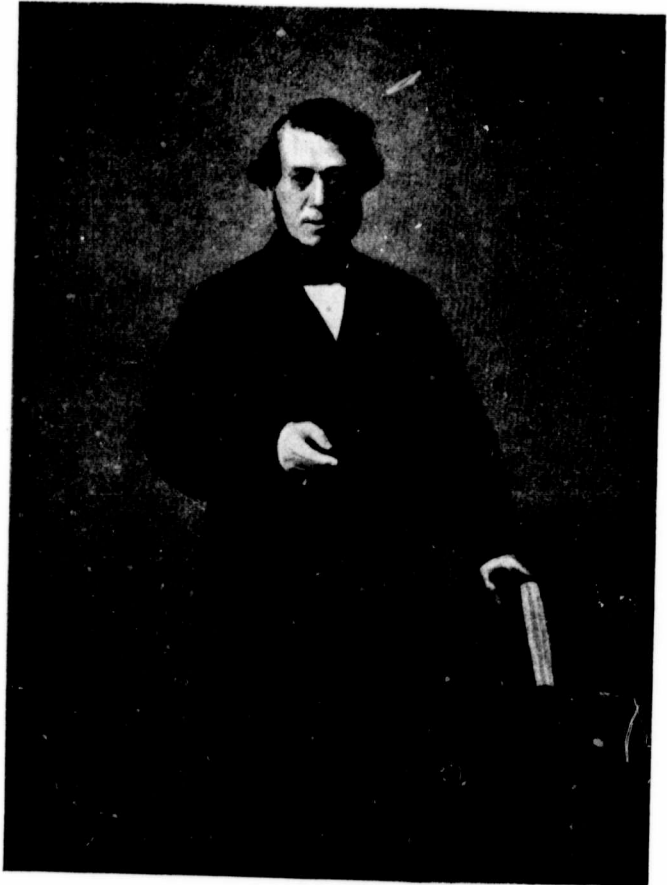
In explanation, it may be told that McGee was the author of the ballad, "The Irish Wife," which commences with the lines:

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of Saxon land—
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand.
For she to me is dearer
Than castles, strong, or land, or life;
An outlaw—so I'm near her
To love till death my Irish wife.

By what at that time was the

English law in Ireland, the English settlers in Ireland were prohibited from intermarrying with the old Irish, under penalty of outlawry. James, Earl of Desmond, was the first to violate this law. He married a daughter of the old

author's own felicity in his then brief experience of the happy married state had not a little to do with the selection of the poet's theme. However this may have been, the "incident of the white waiskit," as it was afterwards call-



THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

stock of the O'Meaghers. Earl Desmond was an accomplished poet, and is supposed to have given utterance to the words which McGee has put into his mouth in the ballad. It was also, and perhaps not incorrectly, surmised, that the

ed, was provocative of great merriment and laughter.

McGee was the first called upon to address the large audience. In eloquent sentences, and amid hearty applause, he was expatiating upon the ancient glory of Ire-

land and telling how history teemed with the grandeur of its civilization, and how rich were her poetic records in the productions of her bardic historians. "Ireland had once a glorious history, when she was the mart of learning and the resort of the students of all nations." "Hold on," exclaimed a voice in the crowd, "Had she polis makin' pot-hooks and hangers in them days?"

The allusion to the policeman engaged in taking official notes of the meeting brought down the house, and for the next few minutes the unlucky policeman and the pot-hooks and hangers he was making in his note-book, and the base uses to which the Castle might put them, became the subjects of the jibes of the Jackeens and the uproarious laughter of the Dublin crowd.

"Yes, there were hangers and hangings, and spies and informers in those days, as there are now," the speaker went on, and the solemnity of his utterance was instantly communicated to his sympathetic audience, who listened in perfect silence, as he recounted how the use of the ancient tongue had been prohibited, and the cultivation of the new declared a felony by law if the privilege were not purchased by the renunciation of the ancient faith.

After the suppression of the Nation, in 1848, McGee was proclaimed as one of those "dangerous to the Government." He was hunted through the country by the minions of the law, and after having suffered severely, escaped to the United States.

It was at this time of his troubles that the poem entitled "Memories" was written:—

I left two loves on a distant strand,
One young, and fond, and fair and bland;
One fair and old, and sadly grand.
My wedded wife and my native land.

One tarrieth sad and seriously
Beneath the roof that mine should be,
One sitteth, sybil-like, by the sea,
Chanting a grave song mournfully.

A little life I have not seen
Lies by the heart that mine has been;
A cypress wreath darkles now, I ween,
Upon the brow of my love in green.

The mother and wife shall pass away,
Her hands be dust, her lips be clay;
But my other love on earth shall stay,
And live in the life of another day.

Ere we were born, my first love was,
And my sires were heirs to her holy cause,
And she yet shall sit in the world's applause,
A mother of men, and of blessed laws.

I hope and strive the while I sigh,
For I know my first love cannot die;
From the chain of woes that loom so high,
Her reign shall reach to eternity.

The "little life I have not seen" refers to the eldest daughter, born soon after his escape. The sadness of tone conveyed by the lines well expresses his own feelings and aspirations at this period of his mournful thinking and striving in exile.

In 1850 he commenced the publication of the *American Celt*, in Boston. The initial number contained his "Salutation to the Celts." Three years later we met in Quebec, at the house of Mr. Finn, who was McGee's agent in that city. I had taken to journalism in the meantime and was then employed on the old *Quebec Colonist*. As soon as it was known that McGee was in the city, friends gathered in troops round the patriot of 1848; and these who previously had only known him by reputation were charmed and delighted by his amiable personality. He was induced to lecture before the St. Patrick's Literary Institute. His subject was "The Irish Emigrant." The hall of the institute was crowded with people, and never did subject receive more ample justice from lips of lecturer than on this occasion. The eloquence of the lecturer was a revelation. Not only his own countrymen but English,

Scotch, and French Canadians were in every case taken captive by it. After the lecture, and after receiving congratulations from the clergy, who were present in large numbers, and from the Mayor, Hon. Charles Alleyn, and the principal citizens, he was carried off by some choice spirits to "Mrs. Brown's," a well-known hotel then kept by that lady. Need it be said that a night was made of it, as was the custom in those days in the good old city of the Rock as well as elsewhere. Toast and song went round and so did jest and repartee, as well as the flowing bowl. McGee was at his best and fully convinced us all that

The best of all ways to lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Next day an address and purse were presented to him by his admirers, and he was strongly urged to take up his residence in Canada. At Montreal, where he met with an equally hearty and cordial reception, the advantages to be secured by his removal to Canada were also impressed upon him. And with good effect, for in 1856 he had become a citizen of Montreal and established the *New Era*. Shortly afterwards he was elected a member of the old Canadian Parliament for that city, and other duties besides newspaper drudgery began to engage him.

His Parliamentary career and the work performed by him as a minister of the crown have become part of Canadian history. It was only after his death that his public services were adequately recognized and appreciated.

He found time to complete his history of Ireland at this period, and did a good deal of literary work for the Catholic publishing house of the Sadliers. He was not free from the malignant attacks of enemies, political and otherwise,

at home and abroad. The Witness assailed him most wantonly, and with hypocritical regrets for being obliged to do so as a public duty, referred in deprecatory tones on several occasions to his convivial habits. After much forbearance, McGee became so provoked that he turned upon his assailant, or rather upon McDougall, the proprietor and responsible editor, the "Temperance Pharisee, an utter stranger to him, to whom he was personally unknown, and who had no means whatever of judging of his personal habits," and the dressing down was so effectual that the offence was never afterwards repeated.

Of course we exchanged papers, and I had frequent letters from him. On his first election for Montreal, he wrote me how he had secured the suffrages of the colored voters. The barber's shop he patronized was kept by a colored citizen, who professionally manipulated McGee's fine black curly head of hair. At a meeting of the colored voters, this barber, who was a man of influence amongst them, carried the crowd with him by claiming McGee as a "brother, whose hair was like their own!" "Yes," wrote McGee, "my black curly pate made me a man and a brother, and that's how we carried the day, with flying colors, or may I not say with the black banner waving: black and green for me in future."

When attending the sessions of Parliament held at Toronto, he often ran down to Whitby to see me and to spend a quiet day. I got him to deliver a lecture on behalf of the funds of the Whitby Mechanics' Institute. It proved, as I fully expected it would, a great success. The subject suggested was "Sir Walter Scott." Scotchmen are numerous in Whitby and in the adjoining townships. From

miles around there was an immense gathering of the clans. The county council was also in session at the time, which helped to make a most representative gathering, for the periodical meetings of that body always add to the influx of people to the county town. The lecture was in every way all that could be desired, and the eloquence of the lecturer was the theme of praise on every hand. Upon that occasion McGee met many of the leading men of the county and all were delighted with him. He was overwhelmed with hospitable invitations, and was even offered the representation of North Ontario, if he chose to run for a new seat. To say that his own countrymen, and myself not the least among them, were proud of him, is saying but little.

He had great geniality and wonderful social gifts of agreeability, and made himself as pleasing in entertaining children with old nursery rhymes as he did with their parents and friends of maturer years. I well remember a controversy kept up by him with my daughter, Emma, then a precocious child of four years, he with great seriousness of manner insisting that the proper way to spell cat was d-o-g, and that the way to spell dog was c-a-t. The little one in great perplexity and astonishment, referred the matter to her mother. "Tell Mr. McGee, my dear, that your father says these are the kind of spells made by great men like him when they wish to bamboozle people." At the tea-table, by Mr. McGee's particular request the young lady was permitted to have a seat near him. She had been puzzling her poor little head all the afternoon on the subject, and at length broke out with, "Mr. McGee, I know why you spell

d-o-g, cat, that way; mamma says you make use of those kind of spells when you want to bamfool people." The long word sounded as if an initial "d" had been used, and the result was consternation at one end of the table and roars of laughter at the other, in the midst of which the young lady was bundled off to the nursery, unconscious that she had done or said anything amiss, and believing herself the victim of parental cruelty and injustice.

Much that I had intended to relate in the way of personal anecdote, must, I find, be reluctantly withheld, in order not to trespass too greatly upon the space assigned. I cannot, however, forbear adding a few words as to the estimate in which D'Arcy McGee was held by those who knew him best. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy bears the following testimony to his fidelity, courage and patriotism:—"During the disturbance of 1848, offices of trust and danger were delegated to him, the duties of which he discharged with the energy and fidelity of a brave and true man."

D'Arcy McGee was thoroughly and devotedly national; he loved everything Irish, except the miseries of his country, and the shortcomings of his people. His ardent spirit imparted life and dignity to every subject he touched, and his poetry is instinct with the impulsive passion and glowing enthusiasm of the Celt. In him were combined what rarely flourish in the same person, poetry and eloquence, and these gifts, taken with his earnestness and sincerity will preserve his name as a familiar household word to many generations yet unborn, whilst many writers and public speakers of greater pretensions will have been utterly forgotten.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

By Rev. J. P. Treacy.

At no time more than at present have greater efforts been made by the leaders of religious thought in the Catholic Church to encourage and promote Christian unity amongst the various religious denominations. That such a union is necessary is apparent to the most casual observer; its importance not only from a religious, but even from a social aspect cannot be too strongly emphasized, especially in a country where bitter animosities arising from religious disunion have had the lamentable effect of separating men who are otherwise united by the social bonds of language, race and country. When men are diametrically opposed in religious matters and carry with them into daily life the practical result of religious antagonism, it will not appear strange that peace and harmony should be banished from our midst. Men are usually governed in all the various details of life by certain fixed and well-determined principles of conduct. From these as from a cause all their actions emanate. The thoughts men have, says Carlyle, are the parents of the actions they do; their feelings determine the outward and actual. If these men are influenced too strongly by a sense of religious division they will inevitably betray that feeling in a manner at once inimical and intolerant, and thus that spirit of Christian peace which the Saviour brought on earth, and which was chanted by angels' voices at His birth, is relegated from the midst of a community, the members of which are supposed to observe it as the fundamental doctrine of their

code of Ethics. For an evil so vast the remedy the most radical and effective is to eliminate from the minds of men the false religious principles that are the source of so much strife and contention, and substitute in their place the true principles of Christian unity. That this is the wish of many leading churchmen belonging to the various Christian denominations was clearly demonstrated at the Congress of Religions held in Chicago, in 1893, and even more recently at the Pan-American Congress of Toronto. In both congresses the various contending creeds were well represented, and although the reunions were not as successful as had been anticipated yet they have not been altogether without fruit. They have created a further desire on the part of the various denominations to know more of one another, and while no practical movement has been undertaken for the re-establishment of religious unity, yet much has been done towards allaying the harsh feeling of prejudice and encouraging and promoting a more universal spirit of Christian fraternity. There is nothing dearer to the heart of Him whom we all regard as our common Master than the preservation of that admirable union which was characteristic of His first disciples and which in succeeding generations was the criterion of the truth of His Religion for the Pagans of Greece and Rome. "And not only for them do I pray but for those also who through their word shall believe in me; that they all may be one, as Thou,

Father, in me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." (John xvii. 20, 21) This Divine prayer embraced not only those who at that time believed in Christ, but also the Christians of future generations. Relying therefore on the efficacy of His powerful intercession there is great reason to hope that Christian unity may soon be realized. That such unity really prevailed in an admirable manner amongst the early Christians we know not only from the testimony of St. Luke in the Acts, but even from profane history. "And the multitude of believers had but one heart and soul: neither did any of them say, that, of the things which he possessed, anything was his own; but all things were common to them" (Acts iv. 32).

To preserve that spirit amongst the different races that had embraced the religion of Christ was the all-important work of the Apostles and their successors in the Episcopacy. In their letters to the various Christian churches which they had established they inculcated the absolute necessity of being 'of one mind and faith' in all the doctrines of Christ. Thus Paul (Ephes. iv. 3, 4, 5) warns the Ephesians that they must be "careful to keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace." "One body, and one spirit as you are called in one hope of your vocation. One Lord, one faith, one Baptism." Nor is this text singular or solitary, for the same Apostle in innumerable other places repeats the same admonition. In his Epistle to the Romans, (chap. vi. 4, 5); to the Philippians, (chaps. ii. and iii.) and especially to the Corinthians, he exhorts them to avoid their religious dissensions that are so contrary to the true Christian spirit: "Now I beseech you brethren by the name

of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you all speak the same thing, that there be no schisms amongst you; but that you be perfect in the same mind, and in the same judgment" (1 ad. Cor. i. 10). Enough has been written to show what importance the Apostle St. Paul attached to religious reunion amongst the professed members of the Christian body. To cherish and perpetuate that union has been the one thought uppermost in the minds of the great religious teachers of all ages. No undertaking is more commendable; no work is more worthy of the zeal and charity of all true disciples of Christ, for if the labor is great and the obstacles are many, the reward is eternal. The present head of the Catholic Church, Leo XIII., in an encyclical letter recently addressed to the Christian nations pleads long and earnestly for this fraternal union. In a more recent epistle he asks the prayers of all good Christians that this may be speedily effected. Nor can such efforts be futile when we realize that his views are accepted by the Hierarchy of the Catholic Church and have received the most earnest attention from the leading churchmen of the various Christian denominations.

The New York Herald has recently published a compilation of opinions, intended to give a general idea of the subject as viewed by the representatives of different denominations in America. Monsignor Satolli, the Papal delegate says: "You ask me if it (Christian unity) is possible. We believe, relying on the promises of Christ, that it is not only possible but that one day it will be surely accomplished."

The Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, Bishop of the Episcopal Church, New York, says: "As is the case with most Christian people I pres-

ume, I am a friend to Christian unity. The absence of it as an organic fact is an immense evil and the source of an enormous waste of men, means, and energy." "I will simply say," said the Rev. Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity Church, New York, "That I do not think there is any value in Christian union apart from Christian unity. In other words I care nothing for alliance or confederacy of separate sects, as I think the point to be aimed at is unity in belief, organization and worship." And the Rev. J. W. Peters of the Methodist Church, Hamilton, Ohio, remarks that "If this spirit of unity were realized there would be harmony in all church wor: in heathen lands; churches would think more of the advance of Christ's Kingdom than of their denomination and rivalry would be a shame." These opinions of leading men in their own churches show at least that Christian unity is not an Utopian conceit to be dreamed of by the over zealous, but is a practicable idea that may be realized if men conscientiously study the early Christian church from a scriptural and Patristic stand point, and compare the result with the several Christian denominations of to-day.

It was an earnest study of Primitive Christianity more especially from an historical point of view that originated the Oxford movement in the early part of this century, and gave an impetus to religious thought, which has since culminated in an increased desire on the part of all Christians, and particularly of the members of the Anglican Church, to draw nearer to the centre of true Christendom. Of course as the desire for unity has emanated principally from the Head of the Catholic Church it is but natural for all thinking men to suppose that it is this Church which

seeks for the adhesion of all other denominations to her. Nor will this appear an assumption on her part when we understand that she has acquired that right by prescription, having been always the first to seek reconciliation with those who were willing to eschew the suicidal principles of religious separatism. Moreover, she alone of all Christian denominations can claim to be the successor of the Primitive Church. Her doctrines are the same; her practices are the same; and if there be any difference it is only in ecclesiastical discipline, which changes not only with succeeding years, but even in different countries. The study of comparative Christian archaeology, more especially of the Roman catacombs bring before us the various doctrines of the early Christian Church. The sacrifice of the mass, an historical priesthood, the Blessed Eucharist, Penance, Devotion to Mary Mother of God, together with belief in the middle state or Purgatory are all exposed to our view, carved on the sealed monuments of the early Christian martyrs and confessors. It is really the scriptural verification of "Lapides clamabunt." When evil men rebelled against the pastoral supremacy of the Head of the Church the catacombs were opened. Their monuments were unearthed and the inscriptions "cried out" in favor of the orthodox claims of the Church of Rome.

Even from an historical standpoint she appears still more clearly as the true heir to Primitive Christendom. The early Christian writers have maintained unambiguously that union with Rome was the distinctive mark of true Christianity. "The See of Rome," says St Cyprian, a Bishop in the third century, is the root and the womb of the Catholic Church." Again writing to Pope Cornelius,

he says, "All heresies and schisms have sprung from a disregard for the one Priest and Judge to whom Christ had delegated His Power," Long before the time of Cyprian St. Irenaeus wrote (in the second century) "All churches must depend on the Church of Rome as on their source and head;" and again, "With this Church (of Rome) on account of her more powerful headship, it is necessary that every church, that is, the faithful everywhere dispersed, should agree." The testimonies of nearly all the Christian writers and Fathers down to the last century might be adduced to the same end. In more modern times, Dr Dollinger, the eminent German theologian and historian, who afterwards became the founder of a new sect called old Catholics, says "He who was not in communion with the Bishop of Rome in the early days of Primitive Christianity was not truly in the Catholic Church. (See work "The First Age of Christianity and the condition will the Catholic Church therefore, of which Rome is the Head, may very properly assume the superior role of the injured mother whose children have abandoned her, and with whom she has often sought to be reconciled. As union cannot be effected without a compromise of doctrine the pertinent question is asked "On what condition will the Catholic Church unite with the other denominations? What compromise will it make?" This is an important question and one that merits due consideration. I might remark however that the question is put from the non-Catholic standpoint.

If we really must seek union only by means of doctrinal compromise it will follow as clearly as the night the day, that in a little while we shall have no doctrine at all, and the inevitable result will be

that Christian unity will be like the witches' cauldron in Macbeth, the receptacle of heterogeneous ingredients from the concoction of which will arise the phantom shades of a mutilated Christianity. We shall admit the Unitarians on the condition of our giving up the Trinity. Presbyterians will stand for the abolition of all Christian priesthood. Methodists will demand much more. We shall have to admit the validity of Anglican orders. The Christian sacrifice must be abolished, the altar overthrown, Penance must be disregarded, and on the ruins of Sacrificial and Sacramental worship we shall build the millenium church, the fundamental doctrines of which shall be the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. Were we to effect union only through compromise of doctrine it would logically follow that we ought to compromise still more in order to admit Deists and others who do not believe in Christianity at all. And certainly that amiable Buddhist gentleman who gravely informed his audience that Buddhism was but another form of Christianity should not be overlooked. The reason that militates against a compromise of some Christian doctrines holds for all, if it be granted as a scriptural fact that we are obliged both by the Law of nature and the Law of God to receive all the doctrines that Christ has taught. "Teaching them to observe all things whatever I have commanded you." (Matt. xviii. 20). Indeed as far as Christian belief is concerned, no compromise can be effected. Nor will this appear illiberal when we consider that it is not within the province of men to tamper with the sacred deposit of Divine Revelation. We are admonished to guard it as a sacred inheritance that must be believed and accept-

ed in all its entirety. When Christ commanded the Apostles "to teach all things whatsoever He had commanded them," they were no longer at liberty to accept or reject the sacred mission with which they were entrusted. This mission comprised "all nations" and "all things." It extended to all points of doctrine which they had received from Him. The Divine commission to teach implied a collateral duty on the part of all nations, to hear the word of God and believe it as they had received it from the lips of the Apostles. And as it was not left to the individual caprice of the Apostles to teach certain doctrines and repudiate others, neither was it lawful for the faithful to receive some doctrines easy of belief while they discarded others that might be more difficult of belief or which would shock their religious susceptibilities. That many leading churchmen distinguish between "fundamental and accidental" doctrines we do not doubt, but that there is a scriptural or even a theological foundation for such a distinction is what we most emphatically deny. Were such a distinction possible then a compromise of accidental doctrines might be agreed upon without detriment to the fundamental articles of revealed truth. As this distinction however is not valid, and has not been sanctioned by Christ who commanded the Apostles "to teach all things," nor by the latter who were obliged to obey His commands in all their comprehensiveness, it follows as a logical sequence that the faithful can make no compromise of any of the revealed truths of Christianity even for the sake of promoting so laudable a purpose as Christian unity. It would be dreadful presumption on the part of men to detract from or even to minimize any of the doctrines, all of which

they are commanded to believe under the eternal sanction of the Divine Law. Such conduct would at the eternal Tribunal of Heaven be construed into a refusal to believe when belief was peremptorily commanded. "He that believeth not shall be condemned" (Luke xvi, 16). Even apart from the Divine command to teach all things, doctrinal compromise is impossible. For if the doctrines of scriptural and traditional Christianity are true, and we are assured they are so by the infallible word of God Himself, we are obliged to believe them as we believe others truths in metaphysics or mathematics. And as compromise in these truths is impossible, so also compromise in religious truth is more impossible, for we receive it not through the colored lens of fallible human reason but from the celestial light of infallible Divine veracity. "The Heavens and earth shall pass away but my Word shall not pass away."

Although compromise of doctrinal truth is and has ever been impracticable, yet concessions may be made in ecclesiastical discipline, and in those laws of ritual or public worship which change according to the customs of the age or country. The Pope has the amplest powers of modifying the discipline of the church, and as this power has been very freely exercised in the past, it is not unlikely that to suit the convenience of the times and render the terms of Christian unity less objectionable the Holy Father may be induced to abate in certain strictures. It has been characteristic of the church in times past to conform in many ways to the laws, customs, and peculiar conditions of the nations in which she was received. From this point of view St. Augustine in England and St.

Patrick in Ireland are notable examples—missionaries imbued with true Christian zeal who readily distinguished the accidental from the essential and who therefore imposed no unnecessary sacrifices on the nations whom they were sent to evangelize. "There are things," says St. Gregory, in his instruction to St. Augustine, "which the church corrects with strictness, and there are others which for kindness' sake she tolerates or prudently overlooks; but always in such wise as to restrain that which is evil." What the church has done formerly for our Pagan ancestors she may do now for our separated brethren, and while holding out no hope of doctrinal compromise to those who seek in Her the real centre of True Christian unity she may however conform as much as is compatible with the sacred deposit of revelation, to their religious spirit and the spirit of their nation.

There is much in the spirit of the time to justify this wish-for millenium of Christian unity. The members of the Anglican community adopt so very many Catholic practices that it is sometimes very hard to distinguish them from the real Catholic Church. The Episcopalian element in the Methodist body is gradually awakening to recognize the fact that we have more in common than had hitherto been imagined, while between all denominations there is greater forbearance, greater toleration, and a more anxious desire to avoid these bitter recriminations which are as unworthy of us as of our common Christianity. Despairing of an agreement in the unity of the same faith we may hope at least for reconciliation through the broader ties of Christian charity. Although the same faith may not animate the minds, yet the same Christian

charity may warm the hearts that are united together by other ties, more human it is true, but still none the less loving, than the bonds of common religious belief.

If the two great factors of Christian civilization, the pulpit and the press, combine in this admirable work of fostering amongst the different religious denominations the spirit of charity, we shall not look in vain for a satisfactory issue. The influence of the press as a power for good or evil cannot be overestimated. Now-a-days the press is not only the avowed representative of public opinion on matters concerning the most vital questions of the day, but it is oftentimes the creator of public opinion. Given an educated Christian press, far removed from the popular and vulgar religious prejudices of the day, the leaders of which are convinced that venality is above all things the worst vice and liberality the greatest virtue of the newspaper, much might be hoped for the extension of Christian forbearance. But, what with party politics; what with a criminal venality that rivals the worst phases of Roman cupidity, and which would merit again the curse of Jugurtha; what with that love of sensationalism that revels in bickerings and contentions, bickerings that the newspaper of to-day loves to propagate and emphasize in a manner that leaves no room for doubt that its primary consideration as a newspaper is not so much to educate the masses, or to elevate public opinion, as to pander to the worst interests of the crowd, the great question of Christian unity is relegated to the more limited domains of the magazine and the pulpit, where, because the influence is more restricted, the discussion is attended with less beneficent results.

We do not for a moment wish

to convert the editor's sanctum into a controversialists' chair, or that estimable gentleman himself into a zealous Christian preacher. There is a *modus in rebus*, and it is in striking this happy medium that the paper shall preserve its own individuality, and at the same time promote the spiritual welfare of the community.

These two aims of the press, namely, to represent popular opinion and to educate the masses are of equal importance. As the representative of public life, and as the channel of the sayings and doings of men living in society, it is bound to satisfy the cravings of the mental appetite by the food of daily news. From such a source there is little to be hoped for the promotion of Christian harmony, for the mere collection of events set before us without comment or explanation, educates only inso-much as it increases our experiences. But where comment can and should be made; where praise or blame can be freely meted out and without disparagement to the circumstances; where unchristian motives reveal themselves in the continued actions of individuals or societies, and where not to denounce betrays at least negative co-operation in what is professedly opposed to Christian charity, here is the place for the newspaper to cry out and spare not, and to show itself not so much the servant of the public mind as the leader and modeler of public opinion. That such a work has been done in the past by many newspapers, and notably by the *Globe* and the *World* shows that it is still possible, even at the risk of financial loss. The moral responsibility that rests with every son of Adam of avoiding evil and doing good, is not to be left outside the doors of the newspaper offices. Rather that responsibility is intensified in proportion

to the capacity of the newspaper to observe more fully the fundamental law of natural ethics.

Another class of men, and one whose influence is still greater because more authoritative, is that body whose office obliges them to preach Christian charity. Possessing such authority as is freely conceded to them by those over whom they are placed as the representative of the Master, they can do much towards allaying the turbulent feeling of intolerance and promoting that healthy spirit of Christian charity, which is the true mark of the disciple of Christ. Nor can the occasional indulgence of polemics against what they know or fancy to be religious error justify the use of bitter epithets or acrimonious invectives. Invective is a sorry instrument of polemical warfare, and is used to supply the place of more logical argument only by those whose education or good breeding has been neglected. Modern controversy is carried on in a different spirit from that of the middle ages. It is no longer becoming to call a man "the spawn of the evil one," because he attends a church different from yours. Violent language convinces no one of the truth of any argument. On the contrary it bespeaks a lack of Christian feeling and common courtesy which should be the ordinary accomplishments of every man, and particularly of those whose office it is to perfect others in the religion of Him who was known amongst the atheists of the past century as "the First Gentleman of Earth." We have agreed long ago to eschew abuse, especially from the pulpit, and the determination to be courteous at least in the House of God is enhanced by the thought that by doing so we shall act more in accordance with spirit of modern civilization and of ancient

Christianity. That two gentlemen in the course of an argument should abuse each other is a misfortune that is more than a fault, but that two clergymen should resort to the same violent methods is a scandal that is worse than a sacrilege.

In such circumstances the plea of ignorance is often advanced. But does it not strike even the most casual observer that such a plea is hors de propos in an issue where men have so much in common, and where every facility is given to obtain knowledge of facts, and to judge for themselves the real nature of the religious belief of others. The manifold acts of violence perpetrated by infidel and unchristian peoples in the East are in a sense less deplorable than the breaches of Christian charity in a community, the members of which are supposed to be actuated at least by the same re-

verence for a common Master and by mutual love for one another. "Above all things have a constant charity, for charity covereth a multitude of sins" (Peter).

In the Pagan mythology of old there was a river, the waters of which possessed the peculiar virtue that they who drank of them forgot for all time their former existence. There is also in the Church of God a like river which has sprung from the heart of Christ, and which rolls onward with undiminished volume through the valleys of the Church to the ocean of eternity. That is the River of Christian Charity. If men will but drink abundantly of its Lethean waters, they will forget those mutual animosities and traditional prejudices, which separate them from those who, though differing from them in religious principles, are still one with them in the golden bonds of a common humanity.

ROSEDALE.

By Rose Ferguson.

Rosedale, thy name calls up ideals fair!
But, viewed on this October day, when thou
Dost wear the purple halo round thy brow,
The real seems of beauty e'en more rare.

Would'st know its charm? Then to the spot repair,
For ne'er can poet's pen nor artist's brush,
Portray the glamor of the sunset flush
Flung o'er the glens, and brooding everywhere—
O'er trees in autumn glory all ablaze,
O'er wires and bridges, until they, too, seem
So bathed and softened in autumnal haze,
They do not mar the glory of the dream.

Such scenes of beauty sometimes here are given,
We cry: "If this be earth, O, what is heaven!"



The Betrothal of Sister Bernice

By Jos. Nevin Doyle.

Duffy, the drummer, told me this little tale when he came back to Montreal, after a business trip through the Province.

He was an adept in the French-Canadian dialect, and it was one of my greatest delights to spend an evening with him when he came back to town, listening to his accurate and always cleverly colored recitals of little incidents that occurred along his route, which was one of the quaintest in America.

For a drummer, Duffy was singularly sentimental, and he joyed to tell you a fresh and dainty bit of rural romance in which there was a vein of sentiment, not too lugubrious, and flexible enough to lend itself readily to his delightful wit. Said he :

I was sitting one summer's evening on the verandah of Hotel Castor, in St. Pvx, smoking a cigar and contemplating the soft twilight, when I was joined by Narcisse, the carter, whose business it is to bring the travellers and their luggage to and from the boat-landing. Narcisse had a certain suavity of tongue, and a knack of being untiringly agreeable that was worth money to him in the way of

attracting "tips." He was conscious of his faculty, and exercised it with the art and subtlety almost of a trained hypnotist. At bottom, however, he was an honest fellow, and, I fairly believe, set more store by the awe which his popularity inspired in the minds of the habitants than any gains that it brought him. He was certainly held in high esteem by the habitants on account of this as well as for an assumed wonderful proficiency in the English language, which he was supposed to speak with the grace and volubility of a native Englishman. How far this reputation was deserved will appear from his conversation with me.

"M'Sieur is ver' content wid hees seegar," said he, seating himself beside me with superb composure, and taking a twist of native tobacco, a huge jack-knife and a corn-cob pipe from his pocket.

"I borrow little trouble, Narcisse," said I, petulantly dashing aside the ashes of my cigar.

In truth I would rather have watched in silence the delicate workings of the twilight as it settled over the quaint and quiet village than have listened to the

chirpings of the cheery little carter. He felt this at once, and with his nice tact answered simply,

"It ees well to be dat."

When he had lighted his pipe, his eyes followed mine along the village street with its quaint rows of poplars and little white-washed and peak-roofed cabins scattered like so many children's toys on either side the narrow roadway. His eyes even counterfeited the look of interest in my own, when I discovered an occasional villager working quietly in the gardens of vegetables, old-fashioned flowers and tobacco plants that surrounded their dwellings.

At a short distance from where we sat the little Riviere des Anges lay, placid and seemingly moveless, mirroring the delicate light of the dusk, and outlining with charming distinctness the spectral inverted poplars. Far away at the verge of the sunset lay the great Laurentian hills mantled with exquisite purple, and the historical Ottawa hemming them, as it were,

with a girdle of silver. An unaccountable melancholy possessed me, as when a minor melody is played.

Presently, a broad-shouldered, heavy bearded cripple with two pointed sticks attached at the stumps of his legs where they had been amputated, and with two short crutches under his arms, paddled past the hotel.

"A singular fellow, that, Narcisse," said I, rousing considerably, and acknowledging at the same time the cripple's salute, who bowed rather savagely, his great dark eyes seeming to throw out sparks of pride and hate and many passions.

"Oh, dat's Batiste Preulx. You doan know dat fellow, m'sieu? Well, I'm goin' tole you.

"Firs' of h'all, he's got caught in de jam, h' up on de big drove in de nort' country, an' get he's leg smash so dey mus' be cut h'off. Bien, dem legs make heem ver' seek, but dat Batiste, he's so strong dat you can't tell so much, an' he's



"BATISTE SAT UP QUICKLY."

go on an' leeve an' leeve an' den he's get h'up h'out dat bed an' come to de city. Bimeby he's get seek again wid dat fevair how's you call? Den he's put in de hospital where is de good sisters.

"Batiste ain't got no 'ligion. He's curse hees batism an' laugh for dat. Some people say it ees why de good God's taken hees leg h'off. Tu sais. Well me, I's talk wid Batiste since he's come down to de village, but he doan say nodings wid me, because I h'ask heem why he's confess an' go to de mass. He's always give me a bad look, an' go away. He's live wid ole Adrien Latrielle since some while when he's come for live in Sain' Pyx, I'm h'ask Adrien what for is dis, an' Adrien's tole me dat's because de cure, Langlois' hees Godfather—I tings how you call heem in Aingleesh—an' hees give de h'ole man money what's keep Batiste all de rest of hees life.

"So, Batiste is come down aivery day to de forge of Malette, dere where many fellow go for talk. Some day a fellow by dat name of Dugas is come to de forge for have he's pevee fix. He's work in de woods, an' hup dere on de river an's not come to Sain' Pyx ver' ofent. When he sees Batiste sit dere wid's little stick shove h'out an's face all fine for de fun, he cry:

"Allons, mon vieux! What have you dere?"

"Den Batiste is look like some one what's see dat loup garou an's keep ver' quiet. Bimeby he's get h'up on hees steek an's walk h'out from de forge an' don't say noding. Malette's stop swing dat hammer an's look to Dugas.

"Dugas don't say noding for a while, an' den he's look down de road until de leadle fellow pass by dat place of Chaborel (pointing to

a little white cabin at the head of the street), an' den he say:

"You never hear dat history 'bout Batiste? Well, I'm goin' tole you."

"Den Batiste is look like some got's legs tooken h'off, den how's he's get dat fevair, an' how he's go by dat hospital. He's say dat Batiste is lay on hees bed one day when is come in de room de leadle Soeur Bernice, what is de sister of Dugas, tu sais? She have tole dat fellow dat herself 'fore her's die.

"Bien, when Batiste see dat leadle Soeur Bernice, hees face come white like dat snow, an' he's lif' h'up hees han' an' say,

"Mon Dieu, Mimi! Come not here. H'I'm goin' for die if I look to you."

"It ees hees belle one time, dis leadle Mimi, de sistair to Dugas, tu sais? You know Laviolette de fiddler, M'sieu? Well he's give a dance one time when Batiste is come back from de woods an' h'all de boys an' girls of de village come down to dat dance an' pull latire. Batiste is a big man den, so big he's put down he's head for go in dat door. Bien. He's try for kiss Mimi Dugas when she's pull dat latire, an' she's fill he's eye so full dat he can't see. Den she's not speak wid heem for a long time, but she's love heem ver' much, an' he's love her, an' den he's go away from de village, an's drunk an' drunk, so he's never ting of Mimi, who is wait for heem dere all dat time for come back.

"So. Mimi's hear of dis, an' goes in de convent an' she's call Soeur Bernice—It is dis how she's meet Batiste in de hospital.

"Allons! Mimi's not ting of dat kind of love now. She's marry to de Bon Dieu, an' den she's just smile at dat Batiste, an' lift h'up de leadle crucifix to hees lips.

"Batiste is not say noding for long time, but hees eye blaze like

dem stars h'up dere Monsieur, when Soeur Bernice is come into dat room.

"Soon every body ting he's goin' for die, he's get so ver' bad. Den he's lose hees min' for some time, an' he's say to dat leadle Soeur Bernice,

"'Eef you will marry me, I'll give you so much gold as you can't put in dis room.'

"Poor Batiste. He has not got two of dem penny to put to hees eye eef he's dead!

but when she's come again he's say to her,

"'Mimi, you is goin' for marry me?' an' when he's say dis he's get better every day: 'Mimi, you is goin' for marry me? Mimi, you's goin' for marry me?'

"One time de leadle Soeur Bernice say to him when she's smile,

"'Bien, Batiste, I'm goin' for marry you—' He sit h'up in de bed ver' fast, an's goin' for kiss dat Soeur Bernice, but her face is



TWO POINTED STICKS ATTACHED AT THE STUMPS OF HIS LEGS.

"Soeur Bernice is smile for dis, but see, dere is something else, some leadle bijou to she's eye, an' I ting it must be a tear. Bien. Dere is some rose dat grow on her cheek—but it is only for dat minute. She's put a leadle dring beside dat Batiste what's make heem sleepy, an' when she has turn his back an' go away she is make de sign of de cross ver' quiet.

"Soon Batiste is go for sleep,

white den, an' she's put dat leadle crucifi' to hees lips an hees kiss dat, an' she's say,

'Reste tranquille, Batiste, I'm goin' tole you. . . . When we come to die I'm goin' for marry you h'up dere in heaven! Den she's go h'out from dat room an's leave dat leadle crucifi' wid Batiste.

"Bien. Dat Soeur Bernice is never come back to dat no more.

Her's get dat fevair what has
Batiste, an' her's die."

Here Narcisse paused.

The dusk was done and the stars
late come were beginning to
dwindle and dim again because of
a ghostly light that touched the
eastern heaven. After a few pro-
found puffs at his corn-cob he
resumed,

"Nobody's tole Batiste for long
time dat leadle Soeur Bernice is
dead, an' he's got well, an's leave
de hospital an's come to Sain' Pyx
an' he's hear of dat from Dugas.
Den he's tell Dugas dat whole his-
tory hesclf. . . . Now I know why
he's made he's peace wid de good
God ! . . . He's wait."

The little carter said no more,
but he took a long pull at his pipe
that was half a sigh and that meant
very much.

Little passed between us after
that. Narcisse watched me close-
ly with his tiny and keen black
eyes. To create a profound im-
pression was his passion, and when
he found that his curious story had
stirred me to the depths, he seem-
ed to take on that high air of the

artist who has triumphed. In a
little while he bade me good-night,
and departed.

Presently the full moon came,
covering the world with a creamy
veil and filling the atmosphere
with a mist of silver. Still think-
ing of the little carter's story, I
left the verandah of the hotel and
wandered into the street and the
moonlight. When I came to the
little church of St. Agatha, I found
the door ajar and entered leisurely.
The church was filled by the soft
light of the moon, mellowed by
colors of the figured windows.
Dim, ghostly figures seemed to
look down from the mural paint-
ings and a faint aroma of incense
lingered in the air. Before the or-
nate altar a sanctuary lamp burned
sadly, showing the broad figure of
a man. Unconscious of my pres-
ence, he lifted his head and then
his hands in which was clasped a
tiny crucifix. On his face there
was the rapt expression of a saint,
as he said softly, almost inaudi-
bly,

"Mimi ! Mimi ! Je t'attends."

It was Batiste, the cripple.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

By K. of L.

One of the most important ques-
tions now being discussed by or-
ganized labor and by those gener-
ally who are interested in social
reform and the labor problem, is
what is known as the Sweating
system. Among the trades which
have during the past five years
undergone, or are now undergoing
a change so complete as to amount
almost to an entire revolution in
the methods of production, is that
of the tailoring business. Few peo-
ple realize the vast proportions of

the trade. Although I propose to
here deal more particularly with
the clothing trade of Toronto, a
few figures from another source
will perhaps better serve to convey
an idea of the extent of the busi-
ness and of the possibility of ex-
tension to which the evil of Sweat-
ing is open.

The aggregate product in the
United States for the year 1899
amounted to the immense sum of
\$500,000,000. Of this New York
contributed \$150,000,000, Chicago,

\$58,000,000 ; Philadelphia, \$42,000,000, and Boston \$31,000,000, and other cities, such as Rochester, \$10,000,000.

As showing the great change that has taken place in these cities, and the same is true of Toronto and all other places in proportion to the trade done ; it is stated that twenty-five years ago the trade was almost exclusively "custom" and "family made," considerably less than 25 per cent. being "ready made." By 1880 the proportion of ready made clothing had increased to probably 40 per cent. of all the men's clothing, and by 1890 this proportion, which is still constantly rising, had attained to more than 60 per cent. while at the same time the ready made system had come to include a large proportion of women's wear. Here too the proportion is rapidly increasing.

It is in connection with this ready made system that the Sweating process is carried on. Many good people in this good city have heard, or more probably read of the horrors of that system as it has been brought to light through investigations made in other cities and other countries. True, they do not know much about it. It forms but unpleasant, disagreeable reading at the best ; they do not desire to have their feelings harrowed and their consciences disturbed by troubling to make themselves acquainted with such unchristian work. They rather lay the flattering unction to their souls that at all events such things do not exist here. Sweating, whatever it is, does exist, they have heard, but at a long way off. The idea that it is here in Toronto is not one to be seriously considered. The authorities and public sentiment would not tolerate it ! In this they are mistaken.

What is this ready-made system and what its ever-present partner,

the Sweating system, by the use of which it lives and grows fat ?

Briefly, it is as follows :—The materials are cut and the pieces meant for each garment are bunched together on the premises of the manufacturer. These are then distributed in large lots to special jobbers or contractors, and by them, in many cases to the extent of at least one-half of what they receive from the manufacturers or wholesale houses, to the sub-contractors or Sweaters. The establishments of the Sweaters are in many cases private houses, stores, upper flats, basements and cellars, and in fact all sorts of out-of-the-way places, back rooms in back alleys, where poverty, dirt, and vice reign supreme, places that are difficult to find, hiding themselves seemingly from the light of day. Or on the other hand you will find them in quiet, respectable localities where poverty, sad and pathetic poverty, is still evident, but minus the dirt and vice ; where everything is scrupulously neat and clean, but where the pinched faces, sunken eyes, and worrying care written plainly on every feature, tell the tale of constant, ceaseless struggle to keep the wolf from the door.

It is not for a moment to be assumed that things are so bad here, or that the Sweating system is carried on under such fearful conditions as have been shown to exist in other and larger cities than Toronto. We have not yet the tenement flat, where the main work-room is one of the two rooms of the flat, and which, by overflowing into the adjacent one, is made to accommodate from six to fifteen or even more Sweating employees, men, women, and children ; while in the other large room of the flat is the domestic headquarters of the Sweater, his living, sleeping and cooking arrangements overflowing

THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

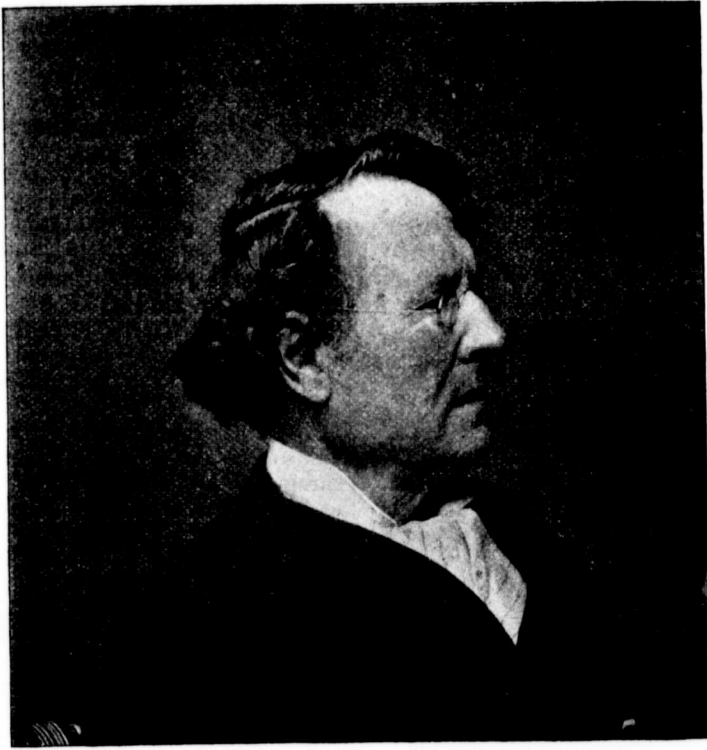
into the workroom ; employees whom he boards, and who eat at their work and sleep on the goods, frequently completing the intimate connection of living and manufacturing conditions.

I repeat, then, we have not as yet attained to the conditions that exist in Chicago or New York; but it must be said on the other hand that we are fast cultivating a similar set of conditions. Already the system here has reached dimensions of which people in general little dream. The amount of custom trade is gradually but surely diminishing in proportion. Less and less are the wages paid for a class of work which formerly was fairly remunerative, and which in a few exceptional cases is so still. The ready-made system is fast driving out or absorbing into its own ranks the men and women who at one time could earn a decent living at the trade. While we are obliged to admit that a change in the conditions must inexorably come about, owing to the improved methods of production and to new machinery, it may yet be maintained that an attempt should be made to accomodate the trade to these new methods without allowing to grow up amongst us a system which will bring misery and starvation to thousands. That we in Toronto are making rapid strides in such a direction, I propose to show in the course of these articles. Clearly and conclusively I think it

can be proven that by present apathy and indifference we are fostering and encouraging a system that is driving hundreds of fellow citizens to despair.

I believe that an effort should be made, and that if it be made in time we can to a very large extent avoid the distressing results of the evil before it has grown to that degree that it will be unmanageable. It will be an easy matter to prove that the system has taken root here, and this will be the first task.

But as in most things, there are grades, so in the system I am dealing with, there are sweaters and sweaters. There are some "contractors" who probably would be indignant to be classed as sweaters, and doubtless they endeavor to keep their establishments up to as high a mark as possible. Their places are under the surveillance of the factory inspector, and so far as sanitary arrangements and hours of labor are concerned there is nothing or very little to complain of. But they are all the same a part of the one system which is gradually and surely lowering the scale of wages and rendering the conditions more and more unendurable. They acknowledge things are going to the bad, but they lay all the blame on the shoulders of those who come next to themselves in the grade of the sweater, or "contractors" as they prefer to call themselves.



HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

PRESENT POSITION OF IRISH POLITICS.

By J. C. Walsh.

Nearly all writers who treat of Irish subjects, and English writers almost without exception, are fond of dwelling upon the innate craving of the Irish people for a dramatic leadership. We are asked to behold in the people of Ireland a race capable of any effort, at any cost, and for any period, provided always there is a single dominating personality leading and directing

the movement. So much has this idea been impressed upon the literature of the time, that Irishmen abroad have allowed themselves to remain to a considerable degree inactive in the cause of the Irish people while awaiting the advent of an Irish leader. And yet, if we were to examine the result of the last British elections a little closely, it would be surprising to many to

find that the hero-worshipping Irish had yielded no jot of their strength, although they were minus a leader, while, on the other hand, the self-contained English as represented by the Liberal party emerged from the contest broken in ranks and in spirit largely because once they had a leader and now they have him not. Notwithstanding quarrels among her representatives, quarrels which were held up by an unfriendly press as evidence of irresponsible racial



JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

character, the Irish Parliamentary Party came back as strong as ever it was in the brightest days of Mr. Parnell's leadership. Without Mr. Gladstone in the front of the fight, the historic English Liberal party came back so shattered that not even a decent show has yet been made of conducting a reasonable opposition to the Tory and Unionist administration.

To such an extent has this demoralization extended, that even the English papers have been forced

to assign the credit for such opposition as has been as yet offered to the administration, not, as might have been expected to some aspiring Englishman of lesser prominence, but to him whom of all men the English press most delights to ridicule, an Irish member, Mr. T. M. Healy.

But it is not alone as a spur to the English opposition that Mr. Healy is now one of the most interesting of persons. His relations with the party of which he is a member are of very much more serious interest. Mr. Healy is spoken of by all who know him as a man of wonderful ability in the conduct of such affairs as he may have immediately in hand. He is a mine of resource, he has immense courage, he is thorough master of the most intricate questions of Irish politics, and these he can explain and elucidate in such fashion as to force the admiration of unfriendly critics. The moves of his game are at once theatrical and adroit, and the great pity is that talent such as he possesses should be used in furtherance of a shameful splenetic quarrel in which he is now engaged.

It is as well to dismiss from the reckoning the statements made by English correspondents that Mr. Healy is intriguing for the leadership of the Irish party. An Irish leader without the good will of his colleagues would be powerless, and Mr. Healy is too astute not to know it. O'Connell and Parnell gained power by making enemies among the enemies of their country, and lost their victorious prestige by quarrels with their lieutenants. Mr. Healy can make friends to himself by fighting a Government with coercionist antecedents, but he will receive nothing but contempt for his unjustifiable attacks upon men whose services to Ireland are not less than his

own. His struggle is not for the leadership. We must go farther back to get at the root of the matter.

It will be well remembered that after Mr. Parnell's fall, Mr. Healy was the most urgent of his opponents. What is not so generally known is that for some years before that event the unprecedented methods of dictatorship by which Mr. Parnell obtained so much of his reputation were so galling upon men of great ability, that it is a marvel the unanimity was maintained so long. The discipline of his followers was obtained not so much by reason of a blind devotion to his person as by a genuine interest in the Irish cause which made any personal sacrifice endurable. At the same time the extraordinary revulsion which immediately ensued must be considered as an indication of the previous dissatisfaction. Then followed the troubles over the management of the Freeman's Journal, and here it was that Mr. Healy believed himself to be in some way slighted by Mr. Dillon and Mr. Wm. O'Brien. Mr. Sexton's is the hand which has controlled and reorganized that paper.

Ever since then Mr. Healy seems to have been impressed with the idea that his principal colleagues are directing intrigues against himself. He and his friends speak of Mr. Dillon as the practical leader of the party, and refuse to countenance the leadership. Mr. Dillon, it may be safely said, has no notion of assuming the leadership. Mr. Healy insists upon his view and has made it the excuse for all the attacks, clever enough for his purposes, but exceedingly maladroit from the Irish national standpoint which he has made from time to time upon Mr. Justin McCarthy and the other leaders with

whom he should be working in accord.

His common sense is too great to permit of his differing openly from his colleagues in matters of actual tactics as against the enemies of Home Rule. During all these years when he was ventilating little vexatious grievances, that ended in nothing but temporary financial embarrassments, the most profound questions of gener-

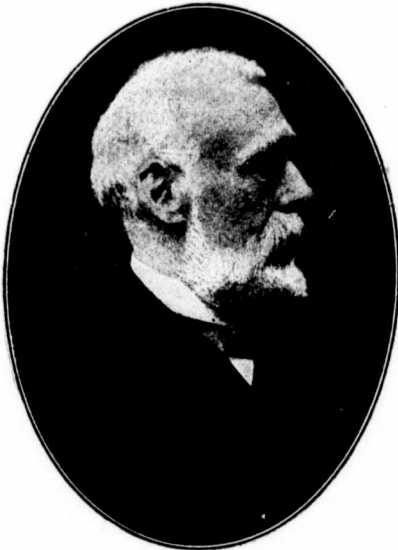


JOHN REDMOND.

al policy and tactics had to be decided. It has never been charged that the Irish party acted at any time without displaying the highest wisdom or without taking the utmost advantage of every opportunity that offered. Mr. Healy gave in his agreement with this policy. He knew it to be the best that could be done for Ireland and dared not, though he might wish, act otherwise. Even Mr. Redmond, who may be supposed to represent the more irreconcilable elements of Irish politics, voted, with his adherents, in the company of the other Irish members, at least until

lately when it became evident that the Liberal Government was losing its effectiveness. It is thus to be seen that the Irish party are really working together with practical unanimity in so far as their only real business is concerned, and that, on the other hand, the support to which they are entitled from all true friends of the Irish cause, is being alienated or stayed by the skilful transformation of a private quarrel into a public dispute.

Mr. Healy has been able to make



T. D. SULLIVAN.

friends for himself by a sort of ultra-Catholic propaganda and by making a show of his unalterable independence of all English parties. He made himself the champion of the rights of the Christian Brothers' Schools at a time when Mr. Morley was displaying rather more weakness and indecision in the matter than his allies thought to be justifiable. In fact he is always posing, without ever being dull.

What is to come of it all?

In the face of so enormous a majority as that which Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain now command, the Irish members are not likely to waste time trying to pass a Home Rule Bill. Neither did Mr. Parnell attempt it after 1886. But they will press upon Parliament in season and out of season, for reformation of those abuses in the Irish Government system which cry out for remedy. A Liberal Government would give Ireland Home Rule, and the Irish people an opportunity of establishing good Government for themselves. The present Conservative Government profess to be able to administer Irish affairs satisfactorily from London, and they will be asked to satisfy the Irish as well as themselves. Meanwhile, outside the House, the campaign of education will go on, the people of Great Britain will be made familiar with the evidence that is being brought out by one means or another of the injustice and weakness of the Union, so that when the present Parliament shall have run its course, Home Rule may again, and this time let us hope finally, triumph.

If Mr. Healy should succeed in wrecking the Irish party before the end of the present session; as seems possible, the Irish people at home and abroad may have themselves to thank for the evil of a collapse. To avert such a catastrophe strong measures might be pardoned. The questions we have to ask ourselves are, therefore :

Is there an authority within the party capable of administering adequate reproof?

Is Mr. Healy sufficiently strong to prevent cohesion in the ranks and as well to defy an act of discipline?

Or will the Irish people everywhere persist in the attitude they assumed a few years ago, and ap-

ply to Mr. Healy the lesson he assisted in teaching Mr. Parnell, that the cause shall go on and the man, if needs must, be set aside?

It is only fair to bear in mind that in Ireland there is every evidence that a very influential, if perhaps not a very large section of the population is favorable to Mr. Healy. Just upon what grounds he is supported it is not easy to understand, but the fact remains that a considerable body of the priesthood and two or more of the Bishops are avowed adherents, and he has also some very firm supporters among the leading spirits of the national local organizations. It may be that he has really evolved some definite line of proposed policy which would be brought to the front if he were in a position to carry it on with advantage, but if there be such a policy in process of formulation the country knows nothing of it. Whatever the fact may be in this regard the one thing everybody must recognize is that the constitutional movement is suffering in every quarter from these continued differences.

For this evil there is only one plan of remedy. To read Mr. Healy out of the party would not do; to abandon the position to that gentleman rather than submit longer to his persecuting attacks, public and private, which Mr. Sexton designates as absolute torture, would be to desert the place of duty for the sake of personal comfort, and this, happily, is not a likely contingency in the case of men who have already endured suffering willingly.

November is the month of greatest political activity in Ireland for the reason that, being largely an agricultural country, an immense proportion of the population has then a greater degree of leisure than at any other season, while at the same time the climate is suit-

able for out of door meetings. What should be done therefore in this crisis, is to call a convention to meet in Dublin, which will in so far as possible represent the mass of the population. Such a convention would consist of about a thousand delegates to be sent by the local organizations. Such a convention was demanded by the supporters of Mr. Healy when the election was announced. To hold it then would have been absurd, as the proposers well knew, be-



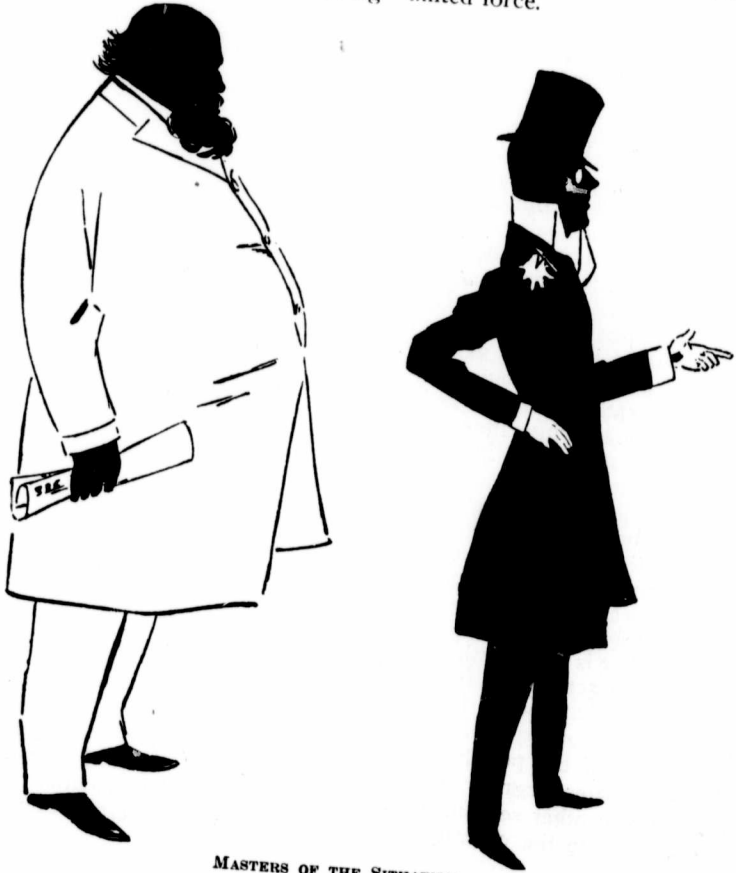
J. F. X. O'BRIEN.

cause the event must have occurred only two or three days before the elections and would have cost at the least four thousand pounds, whereas the view of sensible men was that the most united front possible was at that moment required in order to keep up the numbers of the delegation at Westminster, and besides, every cent in the treasury was required to meet the expenses of the election. Now, however, when there is every pros-

pect of five or six years in opposition, there is nothing to prevent such an assembly, and if it were called and did its duty thoroughly, it is not too much to say that Ireland would discover and perform its duty whatever might be the determination come to. If, as is not unlikely, the convention should result in a return of unity in the ranks of the party, the good results cannot be overestimated. Ireland united cannot be slighted, and even Lord Salisbury and his allies might experience a wondrous change of heart. One most salutary result would be a renewal of interest in the United States, in Canada and in the other Colonies which contain Irish settlements. Having

this fact in mind it would perhaps be well to have delegates from those places in attendance at the convention. It would not be possible for them to vote on questions of policy, either internal or general, but their presence in a representative and consultative capacity would be in every way desirable and efficacious.

It is to be hoped that some such step as this will be taken at once, so that from now on through the earlier weeks of November the country may prepare and that toward the end of that month the ranks may dress again and the order be given for another mighty forward movement of the nation in united force.



MASTERS OF THE SITUATION.

—From *St. Pauls*.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

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

John Boyle O'Reilly, poet, patriot and journalist, was born at Louth Castle, County of Meath, Ireland, on June 28th, 1844. Irish skies smiled upon his cradle, English prisons walled in, but did not gloom his noble manhood. American freedom and friendship nurtured the rare gifts of his brilliant mind. It is difficult to estimate his worth as a poet apart from the charm of his personality. The greatest poem is always the result of something far greater than itself. It is not, as Walt Whitman says, "the hero, but a portrait of the hero."

John Boyle O'Reilly held during his life, and holds yet in memory a place in the hearts of his countrymen which is seldom given to the very noblest of spirits to enjoy. Did I say countrymen? Nay I should have said a place in the affections of mankind, for was not humanity the constituency of O'Reilly's labor and love. His was one of the sweetest, rarest and strongest souls that ever graced life. He impressed upon whatever he touched something of his own fine personality. A poem, a lecture, an editorial, an after-dinner speech, all were keyed to the perfect measure of his noble moral nature, his noble loving soul.

In the domain of letters O'Reilly's achievements were brilliant. Not indeed but that he had poetic defects, for we sometimes find his muse slipping from the orbit of poetry into the sphere of oratory. This is a defect however not uncommon in Celtic poetry and may be discerned in the work

of Thomas Davis and Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

To understand rightly the rare endowments of O'Reilly as a poet, it is necessary to know something of the literary life of America—and especially Boston—at the time when the young Irishman and political convict essayed to be heard. It is just a quarter of a century since O'Reilly assumed editorship of the *Boston Pilot*, at that time as now the leading Catholic journal of America. The literary giants of New England were then at their best. Longfellow and Holmes and Whittier were pouring out through the magazines of the day the choicest literary vintage of their heart and brain. Assuredly it required a strong voice amid such a gifted choir to be heard.

O'Reilly entered the Academic Groves and straightway gained the ear of an appreciative and discriminating audience. The advent of a new and virile singer was at once recognized. In quick succession came a number of powerful ballads from his pen, having for their theme Australian life and character. The best known of these are the "Amber Whale," "Dukite Snake," "Dog Guard" and "Monster Diamond." O'Reilly was a tireless and earnest worker, writing into his poems the very life and sincerity of his blood. You feel his mental and physical robustness in every line that he has written. In the order of his gifts, the majesty of thought dominated—not thought in contemplation, nor thought speculative, but thought active, thought the breeder of

deeds. His life was a flowering of Celtic nature supernaturalized by the divine teaching of the Catholic Church. His gifts, great as they were, would have withered in an atmosphere of doubt. To doubt with John Boyle O'Reilly was to perish. He was in touch with every movement that had for its object the betterment of mankind. His love was almost divine, his hatred an element without root. His happiest theme was the theme of human brotherhood, his happiest inspiration the enlarged freedom of man. His clear, strong, natural and direct manner of thought made the ballad with him a favorite form of composition, and while not disdaining lighter themes of love and fancy he more frequently took up the trumpet than the lute.

O'Reilly was quick to detect merit in the work of others and generous to bestow praise; his disapproval was silence. During the busy years of his journalistic life, and his unceasing labors in the cause of Irish nationality, he found time to write four volumes of poems: *Songs of the Southern Seas*, published in 1873; *Songs, Legends and Ballads*, in 1878; *Statues in the Block and other Poems*, in 1881; and *In Bohemia* in 1886.

It is useless to set an estimate upon these poems or assess their relative value. Better that the reader should read them for himself than be guided by any measurement or appraisal of the critic. It is enough that these four volumes reflect the interior life of their author, for it is for the fulness of life within that every true artist works.

Representative poems however every poet writes, and glancing over the wealth of John Boyle O'Reilly's volume, I have selected the following as illustra-

ting special notes or dominant elements in his work.

DYING IN HARNESS.

Only a fallen horse stretched out there in the road,
 Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy load;
 Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes,
 Watching the frightened teamsters goading the beast to rise.
 Hold; for his toil is over—no more labor for him;
 See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow dim;
 See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests the head—
 Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead;
 After the weary journey how restful it is to lie
 With the broken shaft and the cruel load, waiting only to die.
 Watchers! he died in harness—died in the shafts and straps—
 Fell and the burden killed him—one of the day's mishaps—
 One of the passing wonders marking the city road—
 A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.
 Passers crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile;
 What is the symbol? only death—why should we cease to smile
 At death for a beast of burden? On through the busy street
 That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet.
 What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will?
 Does He who taught in parables, speak in parables still?
 The seed on the rock is wasted on heedless hearts of men,
 That gather and sow and grasp and lose—labor and sleep and then
 Then for the prize; a crowd in the street of ever echoing tread—
 The toiler crushed by the heavy load, is there in his harness—dead!

A person reading the above poem cannot fail to discern in it that noble humanitarian spirit which was so marked a characteristic of O'Reilly's life work. His great strong heart beat a round of sympathy, not alone for the down-trodden of every class, color and creed, but for the poor dumb beast of burden harnessed to slavery, ill

usage and want. The second poem I desire to quote is very different in its nature and spirit from, "Dying in Harness." It is a key to the author's mind when weighing the nobility of genius and true worth against the fictions and falsehoods of life.

IN BOHEMIA.

I'd rather live in Bohemia, than in any other land;

For only there are the values true
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The prizes of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness or force, or by deeds undone;
But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.
Here pilgrims stream with a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time,
Aspiring only to be enrolled—
With the names that are writ in the book of gold;

And each one bears in mind or hand
A palm of the dear Bohemian land.

The scholar first—with his book—a youth
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth;
A girl with a picture, a man with a play;
A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay.
A smith with a marvellous hilt and sword,
A player, a king, a plowman, a lord—
And the player is king when the door is past.
The ploughman is crowned and the lord is last;
I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land;

There are no titles inherited there,
No hoard or hope for the brainless heir,
A gilded dullard nature born
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn;
Bohemia has none but adopted sons;
Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs;
Its honors not garnered for thrift or trade;
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.

To the empty heart in a jewelled breast
There is value may be, in a purchased crest
But the thirsty souls soon learn to know
The moistureless froth of the social show;
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;
The organized charity crimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;
The smile restrained, the respectable cant
When a friend in need is a friend in want;
Where the only aim is to keep afloat;
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat;

Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart, and
the grasp of a friendly hand,
And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any
other land.

It is five years since John Boyle

O'Reilly, touched by the finger of God, hearkened to the whispering voice of death. It is not too much to say that his summoning away filled nations with sorrow, for O'Reilly counted friends wherever the human heart has joyed with love of true brotherhood; wherever God's people have striven to extend the reign of justice, sweetened by every flower of charity and love. I remember well the occasion of his death. I was engaged at the time in journalism, in a young and ardent city of the west. A co-worker of O'Reilly's on the Boston press sat in the editorial office of the city paper the day after the sad tidings had been announced, and with tears in his voice said to me, "I knew O'Reilly well, he was a magnificent fellow, kindly in heart, noble in principle; I loved him like a brother; I believe that the death of no president since the days of Washington has evoked from the American people such deep and universal grief."

But you will ask what is O'Reilly's service to his race and times? First I would say his personal character. Bright and brilliant as were his literary gifts, the heritage of his great and noble character is far more valuable. Catholic young men may well take him as a model, for his mind ever dwelt in a very cathedral of Catholic thought; Irishmen may copy his patriotism, for he served his native country with all the chivalrous sacrifice of a true knight. Americans may revere his memory as one of the most illustrious citizens that ever served the republic, and mankind will erect in the great temple of universal love and progress, a tablet to the virtue of his cherished name.

"For his life was a ceaseless protest and his voice a prophet's cry
To be true to the truth and faithful, though
the world be arrayed for the lie.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

TO THE VENERABLE PATRIARCHS, ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS AND OTHER ORDINARIES IN PEACE AND COMMUNION WITH THE HOLY SEE. HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION :

It is meet that the faithful of Christ should honor with greater praise and invoke with more ardent confidence the Virgin Mother of God, the most powerful and clement help of Christians. Indeed the manifold blessings which are daily bestowed by her on every side should increase the motives for that hope and praise. Nor surely are there wanting amongst Catholics assurances of tender devotion to her. If it were ever otherwise, it is at least gratifying to perceive in these days so hostile to religion that this devotion to the Blessed Virgin is excited and enkindled in every grade of society, as testimony of which we may instance the various sodalities which have been restored and multiplied in her honor, the splendid temples dedicated to her name, the pilgrimages of large numbers of the faithful to her more famous shrines, the congresses called to deliberate upon the increase of her glory, and other movements of similar nature most excellent in themselves and arguing well for the future.

And moreover it is proper and most joyful for Us to observe that amongst the many forms of devotion, the Rosary of Mary, that most excellent form of prayer, has obtained a firmer hold in the esteem and custom of the people. This We repeat, is a source of great pleasure to Us who have given no little attention to the cultivation of this form of prayer; and we have seen how the Heavenly Queen has benignantly blessed Our desires, and we hope that her presence with us may alleviate the cares and sorrows the future may have

in store for Us. But especially We hope for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ from the efficacy of the Holy Rosary. The designs We are now so strenuously urging for the reconciliation of the nations separated from the church We have spoken of more than once, professing always that it behooves Us to look for a happy culmination of these desires in beseeching and imploring the Divine assistance. We gave evidence of this a short time ago when We recommended special prayers to be offered up for that intention to the Holy Spirit during the solemnity of the Feast of Pentecost, a wish that was everywhere concurred in with enthusiasm. Indeed for the success of this most arduous undertaking, as well as for the requisite perseverance in every virtue we may accept the salutary exhortation of the Apostles: "Be instant in Prayer (Col. iv. 2). And this the more especially as the good beginnings of the works We have already undertaken, have given a more agreeable incitement to this persistency in prayer.

In the approaching month of October, Venerable Brethren, nothing will be more useful for the purpose or more acceptable to Us than that you and your people should unite with Us in prayer to the Virgin Mother according to the prescribed and usual form of the Holy Rosary. Reasons the most urgent move Us to commend Our plans and our hopes to her patronage.

The mystery of the excessive love of Christ for us is set forth in that when dying He left His own moth-

er to John, His disciple, using the ever memorable words, "Behold thy Son." The sense of the church has ever been that by John Christ designated the whole human race, and more specially those who believe in Him. This belief St. Anselm of Canterbury upholds. "What is more worthy to be believed than that thou, O Virgin, shouldst be the mother of those of whom Christ deigned to become the father and brother!" The sacred functions of this singular and arduous office, which were consecrated by the auspicious advent of the Holy Ghost in the Cenacle of Jerusalem, she undertook and fulfilled with the utmost magnanimity.

By the sanctity of her example, the sweetness of her consolations, the authority of her Counsels and the efficacy of her prayers, she nourished admirably the devotion of the first adherents of the Christian faith, being most truly the Mother of the Church and the Mistress and Queen of the Apostles, to whom she bequeathed the mysteries of Divine Revelation which lay hidden in her heart. In addition to this what unutterable power and glory were added when she was raised to that pinnacle of celestial glory which was becoming her dignity and the renown of her merits. For then by Divine precept she so began to protect the Church, to be present with us and nourish us as a mother that as she was the fountain of the mystery of human redemption, so now she should likewise become the minister of all graces derived from it in every age. Christian souls are thus rightfully borne to her by natural impulse. They have recourse to her in their places and works, in their joys and sorrows, and as her children, they commend themselves and their all to her tender solicitude. Hence most justly her praises resound on every side from

every nation and in every tongue, and increase with succeeding generations. Amongst other titles she is called Our Lady, Our Mediatrix, Ransomer of Earth, Procureur of the gifts of God. And since faith is the root and foundation of all the graces by which man is perfected in the supernatural order, to obtain this faith, and to faithfully keep it belongs to her secret influence who brought forth the Author of all faith, and who because of her faith was saluted with the title of blessed. "There is no one, oh, Most Holy Virgin, who receives faith except through thee; there is no one who receives salvation, unless through thee, oh, Holy Mother; there is no one who receives the great gift of mercy except at thy hands."—Greek Office, of 8th December).

Moreover, according to the same Doctor she bestows and invigorates "the sceptre of orthodox faith." Has it not been her constant care that the Catholic faith should not only stand firm in the hearts of the people but that it should there flourish inviolate and fruitful.

Other and more numerous examples of this same testimony might be adduced.

In these places and times especially when faith was tried either by slotfulness of by the nefarious pest of heresy, then the Blessed Virgin appeared as the Help of Christians. Under her impulse and through her strength men arose renowned for their holiness and their zeal, who thwarted the designs of the impious, and who brought back and inflamed with devotion the souls of Christian men.

Chief amongst these men was Dominic Gusman, who zealously labored for both these objects, confiding for assistance in the power of the Holy Rosary. Nor should it be a matter of doubt to any one how much the great endeavors of

the venerable Fathers and Doctors who so strenuously defended and expounded Catholic truth rounds to the honor and glory of the Mother of God.

Nor does it appear too much to say that it was owing to her and her interest that the evangelical precepts and counsels which ushered in a new era of peace and justice should have so rapidly prevailed throughout the whole world, despite the enormous difficulties they had to encounter.

It was this that moved St. Cyril of Alexandria to say: "By thee, oh Virgin, the Apostles preached the gospel of salvation to the Gentiles, by thee the cross of Christ is honored and adored throughout the entire world; by thy power the demons are put to flight and man becomes once more the heir of Heaven; by thee the Gentiles were converted to the knowledge of the truth; through thy intercession faithful souls are brought to baptism, and churches are founded in every nation."

From her who is called the seat of Divine Wisdom they have with grateful minds acknowledged that they received that abundance of Divine counsel which came to them as they wrote. By her, therefore, and not by them, has the wickedness of error been turned aside. In fine, both Kings and Popes, themselves the guardians and defenders of the faith, the one in the prosecution of holy wars and the others in the promulgation of solemn doctrinal decrees, have implored the aid of the Divine Mother and have ever experienced her powerful and un-failing intercession.

Therefore both the church and the Fathers have applied to Mary the noblest of attributes, and in terms of joyful congratulation.

"Hail, everlasting mouthpiece of the Apostles, strong firmament of faith, immovable barrier of the

church. Hail, all hail, by whom we have been chosen members of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolical Church. Hail, rising fountain of the Divinity from which the floods of Godly wisdom, flowing in the purest and most limpid streams of orthodoxy, have destroyed the enemies of error. Rejoice because thou hast destroyed all heresies in the whole world."

This which was the portion of the celestial Virgin in the battles, in the triumphs of Catholic faith, makes the Divine purpose concerning her more illustrious, and it ought to make us all more hopeful for the happy issue of these projects upon which we are now engaged. To have faith in Mary! To implore her intercession! That the same profession of faith may unite the minds of all Christian nations, and join their hearts in perfect charity. This new and well-wished-for ornament of religion, she by her power can adduce to a happy result.

And indeed what would she not do that the nations whose union her Son implored of His Father, and which he called through one baptism to the same inheritance of salvation with the immense price of His own blood, that all may walk unanimity in his admirable light. And what resources of bounty and providence would she not bestow, in order that the church, the spouse of Christ, might be consoled in her daily efforts towards this result, and that she might complete that happiness of union in the Christian family which is the fruit of her own maternity.

The happy augury of this not too distant event seems to be confirmed by the hopes and ideas that now vivify the souls of the faithful, that Mary should become the happy chain by whose firm and lenient strength all those who love Christ may become a universal brother-

hood, obeying the Roman Pontiff, His Vicar, on earth as a common father. In contemplation of this the mind flies back spontaneously through the happy days of the Church to those noble examples of pristine unity, and dwells piously and happily upon the memory of the great Council of Ephesus. The greatest unity of faith and an equally great union in other sacred matters obtained at that time throughout the East and West. There indeed, in the presence of that singular stability, her glory shone forth. When the dogma of the assembled Fathers, declaring the Holy Virgin to be the Mother of God was announced, coming forth from that most religious and jubilating city, all Christian nations rejoiced.

That We may the more confidently hope to obtain Our desire of the most clement Virgin, and that these desires may be sustained and augmented, We hope to prevail upon Catholics to constantly intercede with her. For possessed as they are of the unity of faith, they shall in this manner give proof of it; they shall derive a proper merit from the power of this immense benefit they enjoy, and will ensure that it shall be held in greater holiness in the future. Nor could they in any more perfect way display their Christian brotherliness toward their separated brethren than by coming to their aid in the endeavor to recover this greatest treasure of the Christian faith.

This Christian spirit of brotherhood, ever flourishing in the memory of the church, was ever sought after as the principal virtue from the Mother of God as from the best patroness of peace and unity. St. Germans, Bishop of Constantinople, prays to her in the following words, "Remember the faithful of Christ who are thy servants. Oh thou who art the hope of all, help

us. Do thou strengthen their faith and join the churches in one body." Another Greek supplication runs thus, "Oh, most pure Virgin, to whom it is given to have confident recourse to thy son, implore Him for us, oh Holy Virgin, that He may give peace to the world and breathe the same spirit in all the churches, and we all will magnify Thee.

Behold another reason why we who approach her on behalf of our separated brethren should be received more indulgently by Mary, namely, the great devotion which they all, and especially the eastern churches, had for her. Very much is owing to these nations for the propagation and increase of Marian devotion, for amongst them have been found the most memorable of her defenders, who by their influence and by their writings have maintained her glory, prasing her in words of love and sweetness; royal and holy princesses, who, having imitated the most chaste Virgin in their lives, munificently encouraged devotion to her; besides which may be mentioned the many churches, temples and basilicas, regal monuments in her honor.

We may add another fact, which is not foreign to the subject and which is a glory to the Mother of God. No one is ignorant of the many beautiful images that have been brought from the east, in various times, to the west, and more particularly into Italy and to this city, and which our fathers received with the greatest piety and honorably revered, striving to excite a similar reverence in the minds of their children. In this fact the mind willingly perceives the desire and the behest of a careful mother. It seems to signify that these images should exist amongst us as witness of those times when the members of the Christian family

were everywhere united, and as the very endearing pledges of a common inheritance. Therefore merely by looking at them we are moved as by the Virgin herself to remember piously those nations whom the Catholic Church so lovingly recalls to the ancient harmony and joy of her embrace.

Thus a very great bulwark of Christian unity is providentially given to us in Mary, the means of utilising which though not restricted to any one form of prayer, yet is specially manifested to us in the institution of the Holy Rosary. We have elsewhere recounted its great advantages. That the Christian man has therein the means by which he may nourish his faith and be preserved from ignorance or the danger of error, the very origin of the Rosary attests. For faith of this kind, which is manifested either by repeated vocal prayers or by the mental contemplation of the Rosary, is plainly to be referred to Mary, for as often as praying before her piously recite the Rosary, we repeat by commemoration the mystery of our redemption; in order that we may behold these mysteries as present before us, in the completion of which she became at the same time the Mother of God and our Mother also. The magnitude of this two-fold dignity and the fruit of this two-fold ministry are brought before us in a most lively manner if we consider Mary as associated with her Son in the mysteries of joy, sorrow and glory. From such contemplation our souls will burn with ardent love for her, and despising our natural weakness, we shall strive to prove ourselves worthy of so great a mother and of her bountiful clemency. By the frequent and faithful remembrance of these mysteries, it is impossible not to be devoutly affected and to be moved by compassion towards all men. Therefore

we have considered the Rosary the most effectual form of prayer by which to intercede for our separated brethren before the throne of Mary. This appertains to her work as Mother of the faithful, for those who belong to Christ could not have been begotten by her unless in one faith and one charity. Christ is not divided, and therefore we should all live unitedly the life of Christ, in order that we might all bring forth fruit of God in one and the same body.

All those therefore whom an unhappy chain of events have estranged from this unity, she whom God has blessed with holy fecundity, must bear again to Christ. This is indeed what she most earnestly desires, and in return for the Rosary of prayers offered by us she will implore the abundant aid of the vivifying spirit for them. Let no one therefore hesitate to second the wish of our pitying Mother in this respect, and, providing for their own safety, they will hear her loving salvation, "My little children, of whom I am in labor again until Christ be formed in you. (Gal. iv. 19).

Such being the great virtue of the Holy Rosary, many of our predecessors have used especial care to spread the devotion far and wide through the eastern nations, notably Eugenius IV, in the constitution "Advesperascente," given in the year 1439: Innocent XII, and Clement XI, by whose authority many privileges regarding the Holy Rosary were given to the Dominicans.

Nor are fruits wanting to show the extraordinary diligence of the members of this order. They are testified to by clear and manifold records, notwithstanding the adverse spirit of the times. In this our age, the same devotion to the Holy Rosary which existed in so laudable a fashion in the beginning, is

still to be found in the same regions. As the devotion has responded to Our incipient efforts, so we will hope that in the future it will be most useful for the furtherance of our undertakings.

In conjunction with this hope, a certain incident has occurred which equally concerns the east and the west. We allude, Venerable Brethren, to that resolution which was passed at the Eucharistic Congress of Jerusalem, in favor of the erection of a temple in honor of the Queen of the most Holy Rosary, this edifice to be at Patra, in Achaia, not far from places where Christianity formerly flourished under her auspices. As was decided by the council of management for that undertaking and approved of by Us, We have willingly received; and many of you, being asked, have sent in contributions with all diligence in its aid, and the promises have even been made that the contributions will not be withheld until the completion of the work. Thus it has been sufficiently decided to approach the work with that prudence which is necessary for so great an undertaking, and the faculties have been given by Us for the laying of the corner stone of this auspicious temple with solemn ceremonies.

The temple therefore will stand in the name of the Christian people, a monument of constant favor in the eyes of our perpetual aid and Mother, who will be there assiduously invoked in the Greek and Latin rites, that being thus nearer to us she may heap new graces upon the benefits we have already received at her hands.

Now, Venerable Brethren, Our exhortation returns to where it began. Let all Christian pastors

therefore, and their flocks, have recourse with full confidence to the Blessed Virgin during the approaching month. Let them be unceasing in their devotion to her, both in public and in private, imploring the Motehr of God and Our Saviour to show herself a mother to us. May it please her or her maternal clemency to preserve her faithful children from every danger, to lead them to true happiness, and to establish them on the foundations of holy unity. May she regard the Catholics of every nation, so that they being united by the bonds of charity may be the more eager and constant in preserving the honor of religion, by which as well, good will redound to the state. May she look down in mercy upon those who differ from us, nations great and illustrious, noble souls ever mindful of Christian duty. May she beget in them salutary thoughts, that they may cherish the idea of reconciliation, and in the end may she perfect these by a happy result. For those of the east, may that deep sense of religion which they have professed for her amply prevail, as well as a continuance of the many labors done in her honor. For those of the west, may the remembrance of her patronage by which she has approved and enriched devotion to her, be availing. For both and for all may the united voices of all Catholic nations avail, and may Our voice be heard crying with Our latest breath: "Show thyself our Mother."

In the meantime We bestow, as the happy augury of Divine benefits and as a pledge of good will, the Apostolic Benediction on you, your clergy and people.

WORDS WITH WOMEN.

By "Mulier."

It seems rather antagonistic to the spirit of the age to declare that any pages of a magazine have been specially prepared for women and girls. Were we to believe one-half we read we would expect such special provision to be resented by the class intended to be benefited; its desire and striving tending to the breaking-down of special rights and privileges. Yet the fact remains there are certain duties to be performed in the world that can only be fulfilled by women, there are certain joys and alas! certain ills in which women can best sympathize, because women only can understand; and there are desires and aspirations for the good of the whole race which women may share with men, but which they attain by different methods.

It is not strange, then, if we find certain matters to discuss in these columns that are of peculiar interest.

The type of perfect womanhood has been given us in the Blessed Mother of our Saviour, and long before was she shadowed in the Scriptures. The Catholic maiden or mother has before her always this ideal, whatever hallucinations may disturb the vision of her sisters not of the faith. It is her privilege too, to come into close contact with its reflection in the consecrated nuns who in girlhood are her instructors, in later years are ever ready to console and advise her.

Because a woman may be specially interested in some matters, it does not follow she is confined to these. A woman's interest is

wide as the world, while her influence can be felt everywhere. So subtle that we see not its workings, we wonder only at its effect.

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A hot summer night found me hurrying along Wellington Place, making for Loretto Abbey Chapel to attend one of the instructions of the retreat that was being given by Rev. Father O'Brien, S. J. I suppose it was what might be called a sub-conscious prompting that made me anxiously feel in the depths of a most difficult-to-be-found pocket for gloves that to my dismay were not there (I said before it was a hot night). It was a decidedly conscious effort that restored my equanimity by reminding me that the mistress of the boarders would not be critically watching my attendance at Chapel; my costume however incomplete would go unnoticed.

It is easy to go back to old times, in the chapel so full of the past; to watch the black robed procession taking their places in the familiar stalls, to remember even in the dim light the veiled figures; it is the realizing of the difficult present that brings the lump in one's throat.

These retreats are a most welcome institution among us. Old pupils of the Lower Canadian convents have long enjoyed them, while the unmarried pupils of the cloistered convent of the Ursuline Nuns in Quebec gather in large numbers to avail themselves of the privilege whenever offered and of once more entering the cloister as they are permitted to do during

the three days' retreat, renewing old friendships amid the familiar surroundings of former school-life.

The greater the hurry of one's life, the greater the boon of this opportunity for quiet thought and firm resolves. Having once heard a retreat, or portion of a retreat, one cannot think it any sacrifice to give a part of one's holiday-time to its exercises. We may go to the seaside, to the pure air of Muskoka or other summer resort to strengthen and renew our bodies, but we make a grievous mistake if we do not avail ourselves of the means of strengthening and renewing our minds and our souls of learning again the proper attitude of mind for a Catholic.

I understand in the next Annual Retreat at Loretto Abbey, advantage will be taken of the gathering together of so many ladies to do some sewing for the poor. It is a happy combination when the corporal works are joined to the spiritual works of mercy.

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It would be of immense advantage to the ladies of Toronto if they might have the benefit of a course of lectures on nursing at St. Michael's Hospital. The training school for nurses in connection with the hospital must necessitate lecturers, and it ought to be easy to arrange a course for ladies and especially mothers, that would be profitable to the listeners and prevent much unnecessary suffering, besides it would awaken a more personal, and consequently deeper, interest in the workings of our Catholic hospital.

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It has been given to woman in a special manner to understand instinctively child nature. No man however trained can teach young children of either sex as a woman

can. Whatever argument may be used for the necessity of a master during the later years of one's education it is indisputable that a woman can produce the best results in the tender years of childhood. All must not be left to instinct though, and it is most gratifying to see such attention paid to the training of teachers with such deference accorded to the profession of teaching, such earnest effort to understand scientifically child-nature.

The zeal to hear of other methods, to study other systems, to compare experiences and get new lights on the subject was evidenced when large conventions of teachers met in the two convents in Toronto, devoted to education. These conventions are of special interest to us. There are gathered together not only the teachers of our Toronto schools but those in charge of the greater number of our Separate Schools for this interchange of ideas. There cannot but be good spring from such meetings, and it is a source of satisfaction to find the highest educational authorities we have, the Minister of Education and the inspectors, testifying to the excellence of our teaching sisters.

It is wonderful how their numbers increase. Regularly as the midsummer and midwinter months occur we read of receptions and professions of these self-sacrificing devoted women.

The Minister of Education by the way must be the most amiable of men, as well as the most earnest; though he must occasionally wonder where his multifarious duties end. In a certain place of business in this city a dispute arose among the clerks on an "off" day as to the pronunciation of "said," and the contest became almost violent between the upholders of "sade" and the followers

of "sead," when the youngest of the crowd asked would the decision of the Minister of Education be accepted as final. Yes ; all agreed and the young man with the assurance of youth strides to the telephone and calls up the Minister of Education. He is not at his office, but the telephone wire can follow him to the privacy of his home, and he is peremptorily asked to come to the 'phone on important business that cannot be settled without him. And presently comes back to his astounded fellow-clerks the young man complacently informing them of the decision of the Minister of Education.

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For the first time, in June last the Matriculation Examination of female candidates for the London (Eng.) University was held in a convent : "The Convent of the Sacred Heart," Rockhampton ; and for the first time in the history of the University a lady, Miss Minnie Amelia Brewer, M.A., has been appointed to the office of Provincial Sub-Examiner.

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Here is a good idea for the fancy-table of a bazaar. An article that every one wants, and that requires more patience and accuracy than special skill with the needle.

Writing-Board.—Get a board 20 inches by 13 inches and cover neatly with art cloth or very thin unglazed leather, turning the ends over and glueing them down to the back of the board. Make a place for a blotting pad in the centre of the board, bringing one edge along the edge of the board, fixing four diagonal straps of broad elastic of a color to match the covering of the board so as to catch securely the four corners of the blotting pad, fastening them down with brass

headed nails. Affix bands of the same elastic to hold post cards, paper knife, scissors, pens, pencil and sealing-wax. Glue on a safety inkstand, a penwiper (book shape the best) and small calendar frame. Fasten a flap of cloth from the top to fall over it all, containing pockets to hold writing-paper and envelopes. Fasten strong pieces of silk cord of suitable color to the two top corners to hang it up by. Of course if the writing board is to stand or lie, a larger board can be finished in the same way.

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Some hints about mending.—In these days of cheap materials, sewing machines, ready made clothing and ready made everything the secrets of the dainty mending done by our grandmothers are in danger of being lost. So much mending is badly done or not done at all, yet it is interesting work and requires often more skill with the needle than the most elaborate fancy work. The few hints given here are for everyday, simple mending, and easy enough followed by anyone who can hold and thread a needle.

If the material torn is of wool and you have not enough of it for repairs, then darn the rent upon the right side with ravellings of the material or with silk if you cannot get them.

Under a bias tear baste a piece of thick paper to hold the edges in place till the mending is done. Then remove the paper, dampen the mend and press with a hot iron on the wrong side of the cloth. Of course a darn however skilfully done will show, but should you have bits of cloth like the material to be mended, a little patience and a knowledge of the overhand stitch you may defy inspection. Cut out a square which will remove all the

torn cloth. Make a diagonal cut a quarter of an inch long in each corner of the square. Cut a square piece of the material a seam larger than the space to be filled; clip a small triangular bit from each corner of this piece to avoid too many thicknesses of cloth after the turnings are made; turn down the edges of the square until it is the exact size of the space, basting the turned edges to keep them perfectly smooth. Now sew on the wrong side with a small overhand stitch, using a fine needle and the finest sewing silk to be had, or if no silk fine enough can be found of the shade of the cloth use one strand of coarser silk, and wax it before using it. The greatest trial of skill is at the corners, for at these points you have for one or two stitches the raw edges of the cloth at the ends of the diagonal cuts.

It may be found after sewing two sides that your piece is too large or too small. In either case the basting must come out and be

done over again, for the variation of even a few threads will spoil the beauty of your work.

When the sewing is done, moisten the seam slightly, or lay over it a damp cloth, and press with a hot iron on the wrong side, in the same way that you finished the darn.

If the goods are striped, plaided, or figured, and every line and figure is matched, the sewing will not be seen. Even plain goods, if treated in this way, will not reveal the fact that the garment has undergone repairs.

If the gown to be mended is of wash goods, a square patch—never one that is round—may be hemmed upon the right side of the cloth over the rent large enough to extend half an inch beyond the ends of the rent. The torn cloth may now be cut out half an inch from the line of the hemming, a quarter-inch turning be made, and a second hemming done on the wrong side of the cloth.

BOOM AND BOOMERANG:

A SEQUEL TO THE TORONTO BOOM.

By Sorghum Sobersides.

The clock struck six. In the office of a real estate broker, situate in one of the largest buildings of Toronto, a man, seated at his desk with his chin resting upon both palms, allowed his arms to fall listlessly upon a type-written letter, spread open before him. The reverie from which the clock had aroused him was by no means a pleasant one, for he gazed upward at the perpendicular hands with a look of dissatisfaction rather than anger, and arose with a spasmodic

sigh. Opening the door of a closet in which his hat and overcoat were hanging, he hesitated, his hand still grasping the handle and his head bowed, while he soliloquized:

"Its no use; I can't hold out any longer. Another squeeze and another disappointment! The deal's off, and that settles it. Might as well let 'em squeeze me now for all I'm worth, and then get out of the city and start afresh elsewhere. If they'd only give me the ghost of a chance, I could pay

everybody ; but they won't, the vultures—they won't. If I could persuade them that it would be mutually advantageous to be lenient to me just now ; but I can't. The demand is imperative and final. What can I do ?—what can I do ? Absolutely nothing. That's the difficulty ; I can't mend matters without time. Phew ! this is hard luck. If I have to endure this mental strain much longer ; if I am not soon relieved of this intense anxiety, that is gnawing like a famished rat at my vitals, there'll be another case of heart failure in this locality before long. Oh ! it's terrible—terrible !”

Putting on his hat and coat he locked the office, and was soon standing at the corner of Yonge street awaiting the car that would take him to his home in one of the fashionable suburbs. He exchanged salutations with several acquaintances, who still regarded him as a fortunate speculator whose shrewd investments during the real estate boom had made him a rich man. And he was rich ; in fact he was independent—if he could only realize promptly to meet pressing liabilities. But he could not do this, and few beside himself knew how imminent was the danger of his losing all his property.

“What is the matter George ; are you ill ?” his wife enquired, when he met her with a kiss in the hall.

With a manly attempt to smile, he put his arm around her shoulders, saying as they walked together thus into the dining-room :

“Just a bit out of sorts, that's all, and—I don't want any dinner this evening, Bessie.”

Then, catching one of the children who had escaped from the nurse and came running in her night-dress to greet him, he tossed her in the air, made a determined effort to be merry with her and her

two little brothers who had followed her, romped awhile with them and finally sank into an easy chair in utter dejection. To his wife this was a hint to restrain their boisterous merriment, so, telling them that their father was not well, she bade them kiss him good-night and go quietly to bed.

The table cleared and the last signal of wakefulness from the children hushed, Mrs. Golightly drew a chair beside her husband and waited for him to speak, glancing furtively at his face from time to time with much concern as he stirred fretfully in his chair, chafing under the anticipation of questions that he knew would come. Several times she thought he was about to speak ; but he only gave vent to a simulated cough and remained as mute as the Sphinx. At last, when patience had run the length of its tether, she put her arms around his neck and with one and another feminine artifices of endearment so insidious to the masculine heart, besought him to confess what was wrong.

She was a tender, affectionate little woman, a fairly good house wife and deeply interested in her domestic affairs, and all the social amenities that are so important in the estimation of the sex. She liked to dress well, and did so ; and in providing for the children she was extravagant but not more so than most women who have the means to indulge these foibles. Ever since her marriage, money had been forthcoming to supply her needs, and she had been satisfied. But it while it cannot be said that she was indifferent to her husband's prospects, she had only a vague idea how the money was obtained, and knew nothing and desired to know little of the intricacies of business, the fluctuation of stocks and bonds, or the quicksands of the real estate market. Like many another wo-

man, the cares, the stratagems and toils of business life were neither understood nor appreciated by her. "Business"—whatever that might mean—was to her mind the goose that laid the golden egg. Provided with the egg, she was not inquisitive as to how, when or where it was laid, nor by what means it was procured.

She was, therefore, concerned only with her husband's mood and its physical cause—as she supposed—when she plied him with questions as to the state of his health.

He parried them as best he could, and tried to brighten up and engage her in conversation on other topics; but she would not have them evaded, so, in sheer desperation, he excused himself and retired to bed.

But not to sleep. He sleeps lightly whose riches have learned to fly. When the golden egg is hatched, it begins to walk; if it is not secured while it is pin-feathered, there is a wild-goose chase in store for its owner.

A bed is not the most comfortable place when only the brain is tired and the limbs need exercise more than rest. That night, he, poor fellow, found it a couch of torment; it might have been a bed of thorns, so restless and uneasy was he. For of late he had been pressed for money which he could not realize, and now was besieged with demands on every side, amongst which was one from a bank—his principal creditor—and if he could not meet this forthwith, he was a ruined man. When, at last, he began to doze, visions of foreclosed mortgages and all the paraphernalia of bankruptcy harassed his feverish brain. The same series of questions that had revolved to no purpose in his brain all day, and the same unfulfilled desire, that had given a nervous tension to his thoughts, now that

the will was absent, held high anarchy in his mind. Little wonder he talked in his sleep—now incoherently, now to express a defined idea.

"I can't bear it; I shall go mad!" he exclaimed, starting up from a nightmare of apprehension and holding his throbbing temples with both hands.

"What?—what can't you bear, George?" said his wife in a tone of alarm.

"Nothing, nothing, Bess. Don't be frightened. A hideous dream—a nightmare, that's all."

"But you've been talking all kinds of dreadful nonsense—groaning and muttering. Oh! George—George, what shall I do? I'm sure there's something the matter with you. You've been cross, and irritable, and you've acted so queer lately; I—I hope you're not going out of your mind. If anything happens to you, what shall I do. Oh! George, don't, for my sake and the children's, don't talk like that any more. Let me call the girl and send for the doctor."

"No, no; I'm all right, Bess. Just a trifle worried, and—you know people are just as liable to have nightmare from going to bed with an empty stomach as from eating too much."

But not another wink of sleep did either get that night. Alternately harassing her husband with questions the most absurd, and sobbing and bemoaning his mental condition, she made inactivity so intolerable to him, that he arose, hastily dressed himself and went down stairs, where he spent the hour that precedes dawn pacing to and fro the length of the dining-room, in such perturbation that he himself began to believe that his mind was becoming unbalanced.

Fearful of again meeting his wife before he was able to com-

pose herself, with first glimmer of daylight he left the house, and walked, and walked, and walked, heedless of where he was going, until he found himself standing on the wharf at the foot of Dufferin street.

A mist was rising from the lake, and through it loomed indistinctly the tree-tops and roofs of summer cottages on the Island. He looked in the direction of the cottage his family had occupied and vacated only a week ago, and thought he could barely distinguish it.

"That will be one of the first to go," he muttered. Retrenchment—ah! Why didn't I begin to cut down expenses before it was too late? Hadn't the courage, I suppose. Bessie and the children. Economy will come with a vengeance now. No summer cottage for them next year; and they enjoy living on the Island so much. Economy! And Bessie as proud as a peacock and so sensitive of appearances. What a blow it will be to her! She'll mope and reproach me with lack of caution and commonsense. Don't understand the first thing about depreciation of values; but she'll criticize nevertheless. I dread to think how she will feel when we become the ridicule of her fashionable acquaintances. Fashion and friendship! Pshaw! who ever saw the two go together? Pity! It would drive her crazy with mortification. And the children; they'll pine; likely get the measles or the whooping cough, and the doctor will recommend a change of air. California, New Mexico—anywhere—the farther away the better, where we can be poor without being pitied. Ruin seems inevitable; almost everything compromised and secured on the wrong side. I shall come out of it with a good name and an empty pocket. Nowadays a good name is a poor substitute for ready cash.

The world asks no questions of a rich man. Yet I should despise myself had I been less honorable. I should feel a thousand fingers pointing out in scorn the villain whom everyone professed to esteem.

"Oh! Bess—Bess, my girl, if you only knew what is before us! Yet why should she and the children suffer from my misfortunes? I am well insured; in a week's time I'll be worth more dead than alive. If I should die now, they are provided for; if I live it is to see them come to beggary. The premiums—how could I?—I couldn't keep up the payments. The policies would lapse, and if anything happened to me before I could retrieve myself, they would be left penniless; and Bessie so utterly dependent. The children, too—their education—their prospects. Oh! God, the outlook is appalling.

"Shall I? Let me collect my thoughts; let me be calm and clear for a moment while I reason. Shall I?—shall I do it? Do what? My God! What am I saying? No!—no! I am not fit to die. Yet why shouldn't I? Why may not the motive redeem the act? Pshaw! this is madness—folly of the worst kind. The thought is unhealthy—morbid—criminal. I'll go home and face it like a man."

And he turned to leave the wharf—turned, and turned again to retrace his steps and repeat the argument.

Now was the time to put his reason to the test! No!—no!—no! He would not do it. He would be a man! He had allowed his ambition to lead him into difficulties, and now he would face them to the bitter end. He was hopelessly embarrassed, but some unforeseen circumstance might avert the impending calamity. If the worst should happen, was he not still in

the prime of life, with the world before him awaiting a conqueror? He was no coward. He had no fear for himself; so far as he himself was concerned, he could take adversity philosophically and begin again. But—the others—his wife and children! Could they? No!—no! He must not—dare not do it.

He turned once more to the streets—the office—anywhere from the direful temptation.

“Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.” This amid the turmoil of his confused thoughts kept running through his mind, and he repeated it over and over again mechanically, without realizing its significance.

He was now half way back to shore—out of danger apparently, for he had started on the way home. But he stopped, looked at the water and walked deliberately back to the end of the jetty.

The mist had lifted, and far out on the lake a long, sullen swell was urging nearer, nearer, nearer. It caught his eye, and he watched its approach with a fixed look that had lost all expression. Nearer, still nearer it glided until its crest swept up the piles and broke through the interstices with a swish and a gurgle. The Hamilton boat had passed, and with it the probability of a human witness of the tragedy about to be enacted.

“Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,” was still the burden of his soliloquy, repeated now, with the fervor of a man in deadly peril, yet lacking the presence of mind to turn and save himself.

He raised his eyes from the water and gazed around him with a bewildered look, in which there was blended an expression of indescribable terror. Still mumbling disconnected fragments of the Lord's Prayer, he took off his coat and vest and laid them on some lumber

beside his hat, as methodically as one preparing for rest. Now he was ready! No; not quite ready yet; he had forgotten something. What could it be? Ah! now he has it:

“Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from —”

Before the sentence was finished, he had plunged into the water with a shock that recalled him to his senses. No, he was not in the water; he had fallen backwards. No, he had not fallen; he had been pulled violently backwards as he was about to leap, for there was the policeman who did it.

Thoroughly dazed for a moment; he looked in bewilderment at the man who had snatched him from a welcome death, and by a dexterous use of his muscle had saved the insurance companies some fifty thousand dollars. Then he got up on his feet, put on his clothes, thrust a five-dollar bill into the policeman's hand, and, with an injunction to silence, bade him good-morning and went straight to his office, another man.

The interruption, the sudden shock of the fall, and the diversion of his thoughts into another channel brought him to his normal self, and his heart was filled with a grateful exultation, as of one rescued from an accidental death.

Arrived at his office, he set to work putting his littered desk in order, and busied himself with other such minor matters until ten o'clock. Then he had in interview with the manager of the bank that was pressing for a settlement and secured from him three day's grace before taking final action.

Returning to the office, he was surprised to find awaiting him a gentleman with his solicitor, prepared to make a satisfactory cash offer for a large property which had been the chief cause of his em-

barrassment. He had expected them the previous evening, but as it had been mutually agreed that their failure to keep the appointment was to be construed as an intimation that "the deal" was "declared off," he had since given up all expectation from that quarter.

"It never rains but it pours." That day his luck changed. Whether he was inspired by the first sale, or whether it was mere chance, he could not tell, but he sold two other smaller properties during the next two days, and so was enabled to avert his impending insolvency.

That same day, contrary to custom, he went home to lunch, and found his wife prostrated with grief at his strange behavior and equally strange disappearance.

So completely changed was he, both in health and spirits, his unusual cheerfulness did but add to her suspicions that this was but a temporary reaction—a mood peculiar to insanity.

"Don't come near me, George ; I'm afraid of you, your mind is not right ; I'm sure of it, you have acted so strangely of late. You are ill, and you have some trouble which you have not told me of. I don't know what I've done that you should keep a secret from me. It may be your business ; but I believe it's a—boo-hoo-hoo ! a—boo-hoo-hoo-hoo !—a woman. Boo-hoo !—D—d—don't touch me, or I shall scream. O-o-oh ! George ; how could you ? Boo-hoo ! et cetera, et cetera, et cetera ; boo !—hoo ! ditto, ditto, ditto." "A woman ? Great Scott !—a woman ! When I come to think of it, though, you're not so very far wrong, either. Bessie there is a woman in the case ; but—"

"A woman ?"

"Yes, and—"

"A woman, did you say sir ?"

"That's what I said ; but—"

"Not another word, sir. Let me pass ; I'll leave the house this instant. A woman ! Oh !" Water-works.

"Now, Bessie, don't be a foo—a-a-ahem !—don't be silly. The woman's yourself ; I—"

"My—self ? Oh ! George dear, how could you deceive me so ?"

"I didn't deceive you ; you jumped to the conclusion—whatever that may be."

"Now that's a very unkind insinuation. I wasn't jealous a bit—now was I ? I was only angry. You wouldn't be guilty of such a thing—now would you ?"

"Of course not. And will say you were only angry. Now, suppose you sit down and hear all about it ?"

"Yes ; all about it."

"Well, as I was going to say when you interrupted me—"

"Now, George dear ; you mustn't conceal anything from me. Tell me all about it."

At that moment his memory recalled the scene at the wharf so vividly, that he shuddered and turned suddenly as grave as a tombstone. Should he tell her all about it, nervous, imaginative little woman as she was ? No—emphatically no !

"Listen, then," he said impressively, "to all that I shall tell you : Bessie. I have just passed through a terrible ordeal—a crisis in my life. Last night I thought that by this time to-day I should be a ruined man. You understand what that means. When I said I could not bear it, and that I should become mad, it was because I thought of you and our little ones—how utterly unbearable it would be to see you all involved in my downfall, you whom I have striven so hard to maintain in comfort and luxury. The crisis is past, and we are saved—saved by a lucky chance, or should I not say an interposition of

Providence? Now, cheer up, and don't cry any more. Don't ask me any questions about things you don't understand, but let this explanation suffice."

"That's not all. What about the woman? I can understand that."

"Oh! the woman? Ha! ha! ha! Can't you see where you come in, you stupid little firecracker."

"Firecracker indeed! If I didn't show my spirit once in a while, you'd think I was a schoolgirl. But I think I see your meaning. It was very kind of you, Georgie dear, to think so much of us and so little of yourself—now, wasn't it? But you're sure you weren't fooling? Now? tell the truth."

"Fooling? Bessie, don't be frivolous in a matter of this kind. I was terribly in earnest."

"There, then! That's for your kindness."

She was a very affectionate little woman.

"For a time," he went on to say, putting his arm around her neck so that he could pat her cheek, "for a time, while real estate is depressed, we must exercise rather more economy than in the past. And—and (Now, don't ask any questions) I want you to see that none of the children forget the Lord's Prayer."

"THE SISTER OF CHARITY" IN EVIDENCE.

A REMINESCENCE OF '48.

Gerald Griffin's beautiful verses—"The Sister of Charity"—commencing:—

She once was a lady of honor and wealth,
Bright glow'd on her features the roses of health;

Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold
Joy revell'd around her—love shone at her side
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride:
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,

When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

are, as they will deserve to be, frequently reprinted in Catholic publications, and were quoted with good effect by Father Ryan at the "Congress of Religions," lately held in Toronto. They breathe sentiments of admiration felt by every Catholic heart.

So do the loving lines by the Rev. Dr. Patrick Murray, entitled—"The Sister of Mercy"—and beginning:—

We live in our lonely cells,
We live in our cloisters gray,
And the warning chime of the Convent bells
Tolls our silent life away.

and ending—

Then leave us here to pray,
Then leave us here to love,
Our prayer will be that you may rise
With us to God above!

John Fisher Murray has also contributed a poem on the Sister of Charity—not so well known, perhaps, as either of the other two from which we have quoted, but equally well worthy a place in Catholic literature. This poem contains ten verses, of eight lines each, and the story runs that the author was an unsuccessful suitor for the lady's hand. Here is how he addresses her in the opening verse:—

Not in that home I knew thee once adorning,
That happy home where thou wert joy and light;
Not in the promise of thy life's gay morning,
When thou wert as a vision of delight—

Ere thou to an eternal love didst give,
The vows earth was not worthy to receive ;
Did a diviner lustre light thy brow,
Or live within those gentle eyes—than *now*.

But the "Sister of Charity," of Richard Dalton Williams, is not only conceived in purest, loftiest sentiment, and written in words of earnest fervor, but there is also a bit of political history attached to it, which belongs to itself alone. Williams, who was a medical student in Dublin, belonged to the "Young Ireland" party, and was arrested as a suspect in 1848. He was the author of "Ben Heder" (the Hill of Howth), "The Munster War Song," "The Pass of the Plumes," and other patriotic ballads. At his trial, in Green street, the Crown endeavored to impress upon the jury that he was a political incendiary, a man who advocated a resort to violence and bloodshed, and whose character was so vile that he scoffed at the truths of Christianity. It was in defending him that his authorship of the "Sister of Charity" was made known. And his counsel, in appealing to the jury, asked whether they could believe that a man who penned the following, which he recited, could be the miscreant described by the Crown.

Sister of Charity, gentle and dutiful,
Loving as seraphim, tender and mild,
In humbleness strong and in purity beautiful,
In spirit heroic, in manners a child;
Ever thy love like an angel reposes,
With hovering wings o'er the sufferer here,
Till the arrows of death are half-hidden in roses,
And hope-speaking prophecy smiles on the bier.

When life, like a vapor, is slowly retiring,
As clouds in the dawning to heaven uproll'd,
Thy prayer, like a herald, precedes him expiring,
And the cross on thy bosom his last looks behold;
And O! as the Spouse to thy words of love listens,
What hundredfold blessings descend on thee then—

Thus the flower-absorbed dew in the bright iris glistens,
And returns to the lilies more richly again.

Sister of Charity, child of the holiest,
O, for thy living soul, ardent as pure—
Mother of orphans and friend of the lowliest—
Stay of the wretched, the guilty, the poor ;
The embrace of the Godhead so plainly enfolds thee,
Sanctity's halo so shrines thee around,
Daring the eye that unshrinking beholds thee,
Nor droops in thy presence abashed to the ground.

Dim is the fire of the sunniest blushes,
Burning the breast of the maidenly rose,
To the exquisite bloom that thy pale beauty flushes,
When the incense ascends and the sanctuary glows;
And the music that seems heaven's language, is pealing—
Adoration has bowed him in silence and sighs,
And man, intermingled with angels, is feeling .
The passionless rapture that comes from the skies.

O, that this heart, whose unspeakable treasure
Of love hath been wasted so vainly in clay,
Like thine, unallured by the phantom of pleasure,
Could rend every earthly affection away.
And yet in thy presence, the billows subsiding
Obey the strong effort of reason and will,
And my soul, in her pristine tranquility gliding,
Is calm as when God bade the ocean be still.

Thy soothing, how gentle! thy pity, how tender!
Choir-music thy voice is—thy step angel grace,
And the union with deity shrines in a splendor
Subdued, but unearthly, thy spiritual face.
When the frail chains are broken, a captive that bound thee
Afar from thy home is the prison of clay,
Bride of the Lamb, and earth's shadows around thee
Disperse in the blaze of eternity's day.

Still mindful, as now, of the sufferer's story,
Arresting the thunders of wrath ere they roll,
Intervene as a cloud between us and his glory,
And shield from His lightnings the shuddering soul.
As mild as the moonbeam in autumn descending
That lightning, extinguished by mercy, shall fall,
While he hears with the wail of a penitent blending
Thy prayer, Holy Daughter of Vincent de Paul.



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.

—Drawn from Photo.

SHAKESPEARE AND REFORMATION.

By Thomas Swift.

What importance can be attached to the attitude of England's greatest dramatist towards the Reformation? It is true that he wrote no history of the great religious upheaval of the sixteenth century; but he lived during a period of doubt and uncertainty, when the fortunes of the new creed, trembling in the balance, had not been tested by time; and he wrote the body or principal parts of one play which has for its central point the primary, moving cause of the Reformation in England, namely, the divorce of Catharine of Arragon. Shakespeare, and Henry VIII., written when its author was in the full maturity of his powers (for it was his last play in chronological order, and he died at fifty-three), must ever be objects of deep interest to thinking people whether Catholic or Protestant. A brief consideration of the author will lead to a better understanding of the play, in so far as it reflects in any way the former's attitude to-

wards the great religious change and its promoters.

The materials for forming a biography of the poet are so limited and certain that all save Shakespeare worshippers are content to allow his life to remain in its dim obscurity and accept with ready gratitude the treasures bequeathed to them by his pen. It may be mentioned, however, that, recently, there has sprung up a group of learned and enthusiastic investigators who are busying themselves in the fields of heredity and environment, the only fields that will ever yield to research such facts as may form a true foundation of the poet's life. These men set aside the divine gift of genius and mental endowments, the ready refuge of those who are either too indolent to think or too ready to admit the first solution of his literary life that presents itself.

As to his life in its inmost aspects as betrayed in his writings, little more can be done than has

been done. The greatest and truest life of Shakespeare has yet to be written, and it will be based largely on heredity and the environments of his earthly career. One illustration on this point. "It is clear," says a famous Shakespearian authority, "that Shakespeare's work may be divided broadly into two groups, one of them largely the result of experiences gained during the earlier and the closing scenes of his life at Stratford, and the other the outcome of his contact with the world in London. In the former we have the comedies, 'As You Like It,' 'Love's Labor's Lost,' 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 'Twelfth Night,' and others of the same character. The songs, the festivals, the forest scenes, the country life and many of the characters were poetical transcriptions of his impressions formed in Warwickshire; while the heavier historical plays and tragedies were evoked by his contact with the stirring scenes and events of the great metropolis."

Concerning the religious beliefs of William Shakespeare, if he had any beyond the simple beliefs in a God and a Saviour, Professor Dowden says, "It has been asked whether Shakespeare was a Protestant or a Catholic, and he has been proved to belong to each communion to the satisfaction of contending theological zealots." This is rather a summary way of dismissing a very interesting point for discussion. Any reader of Shakespeare knows that he left theology, strictly speaking, severely alone, and in doing so he showed himself "wise in his generation," in which theology was a dangerous thing to meddle with. It is not "theologically" that the "zealots" would attempt to pin him down to Protestantism or Catholicism; whilst on the other hand it cannot be denied that he displays in

his writings an infinitely close acquaintance with the dogmas of the latter than with those of the former. It is certain that in none of his works does he give the least definite information or intimation as to his religious inclination, and on that account is he, perhaps, the more impartial and trustworthy a historian. This fact has a peculiar significance, living as he did in times when to openly profess the reformed doctrines, oftentimes meant to a clever man honor and emoluments; whilst adherence to the old faith brought persecution and death. The active years of his life were passed in the full sight of the public eye; his success depended on the public good will, and he is not to be wondered at, nor does it furnish any criterion of his religious sentiments and opinions, if, following the fashion of the day, he wrote occasional pleasing flatteries of Queen Elizabeth. It was policy to do so, and from this some of England's leading Catholics of the same period were not entirely free.

One remarkable fact stands out clearly, Shakespeare's supreme indifference to things which with most people, under like circumstances, would be considered of vital interest and importance. Judging from the scanty facts collected, he seemed to care not what place he was to occupy in the annals of literature; he, so ready with his pen that writing must have been mere thinking, has left no records of his own life, nor does he appear to have taken the slightest trouble to have his dramas published to the world in their original state. Is it not more than possible that this indifference, which he allowed to influence his business career and the care of his fame, existed largely as well in religious matters?

All his English historical plays,

with the exception of Henry VIII, are cast in times long previous to the Reformation, and, whilst in some of these dramas he condemns or ridicules the failings, eccentricities and even vices of monks or clergy, he nowhere casts a slur on the ancient faith, as might have been expected in an author of pronounced Protestant bias.

The other day I read Henry VIII with particular attention to Shakespeare's portions of it, and immediately afterwards turned to the stiff, turgid pages of Tennyson's *Queen Mary*, which rather diminishes than adds to the lustre of the late Laureate's fame, and the contrast between the two poets was startling and instructive. Shakespeare had everything to gain at Court by blackening the reputations of those who were opposed to Elizabeth's mother, even if he had done so at the expense of historical accuracy; Tennyson, on the other hand, could have lost nothing by treating his leading characters at least fairly and as they are represented in impartial histories. The difference between the methods and sense of justice of the poet born in the midst of the turmoil of the Reformation and the poet removed from it by three hundred years, plunges one into a sea of rancor and bitterness unknown to Shakespeare.

Shakespeare was born on the 23rd April, 1564, and, of course, his ancestors up to his parents at any rate, were Catholics, and, belonged to the Wroxhall branch of the family. One Isabella Shakespeare is mentioned as Prioress, and another nearer relation, Jane Shakespeare, is registered as sub-prioress, from 1524 to 1527, of Wroxhall Abbey.

His father, John Shakespeare, was born, brought up and must have received such instruction, religious and secular, as he posses-

sed, during the dark and stormy years of Henry VIII's reign. There is, strictly speaking, no positive evidence bearing on the religion he professed; but there is what an irrationally biassed authority calls a "curious document" extant, dated 1592, being a "return of all recusants or persons who, from various causes, did not attend church," in which the name of John Shakespeare occurs. To this is appended a note stating that he is said not to do so from "feare of processe of debts," yet, at this very time, he is found assisting in making an inventory of the effects of a tanner, then deceased, and not apparently afraid of being arrested for debt. This "curious document" goes far to show that John Shakespeare had a very decided repugnance to putting his nose inside of a church as established by Elizabeth, especially when we consider the terrible penalties which, at that date, had been provided for recusancy by virtue of what came to be commonly known as the "Atrocious Act." By that abominable measure, those who would not attend the church service were sentenced to imprisonment; if, after imprisonment, they still refused to conform, they were to be banished; and if they returned from banishment, to be put to death. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that, in those loose days, a shrewd man like Shakespeare's father should seek a sheltering haven in the "feare of processe of debts." It was an act of the gravest temerity to have one's name appear on the list of recusants, for any reason whatever. It can easily be conjectured that in the case of an esteemed townsman like John Shakespeare, a man who, during forty years, had filled in succession the various offices of the corporation of Stratford, even to that of Mayor, who was, more-

over, the father of a son who, in 1598, is spoken of by a critic of the day as indisputably the greatest of English dramatists both for tragedy and comedy, an excuse would be readily found to evade the dire penalties attached to the laws against recusants. Humanity changes not and is as true and uniform in its workings as is the earth to the sun. The assumption is that, in the days when most people went to church through fear of fine or branding with a hot iron, some very weighty reason must have prevailed with a man who would run the risk of continued absence therefrom. Yet such a man was John Shakespeare. Meanwhile, his brilliant son, pursuing his successful career in London, did not fail to keep up a close connection with his family at Stratford, where the poet himself, about 1612, took up his abode as a country gentleman; and on more than one occasion, like a dutiful son, he had come to his father's assistance in a financial way.

From this slight glimpse of his ancestry and of the religious or

non-religious side of his father's life, combined with the positive knowledge from his writings that his genius was formed on a Catholic model and drew its purest inspirations from living, Catholic tradition, it may well be a matter of doubt whether Shakespeare did not cherish throughout his life a secret attachment to the old faith. That this attachment, if it existed, was not strong enough to induce him to suffer all for conscience sake, we must of necessity admit, but that it did not exist, or, on the contrary that it had any decided leanings towards the Protestant religion, there is nothing to show. Judging from the meagre information we have concerning him and from the steady, even, successful flow of his life in such difficult times, if it be assumed that he must have gone with the ruck to the church as established, we must also bear in mind that many such persons as were not sufficiently earnest in their religious convictions to suffer in life and property, conformed, merely as a matter of course, to the state church.

FONTENOY.

By Thomas Davis.

This great battle, fought one hundred and fifty years ago, receives scant notice when referred to by recent English writers. In a work, which I came across the other day, pretending to be a history of the great battles of the world, it is barely mentioned, and no notice whatever is taken of the part played by Irishmen in that important engagement. As a record of Irish prowess and where for once the Irish soldier met the foe properly armed and equipped, and upon something

like equal terms, the field of Fontenoy and what led up to it, and the consequence which followed, should upon proper occasions be recalled and recounted by Irishmen. It certainly is more worthy of prominence than the unfortunate scrimmage of the Boyne, about which so much is made in certain quarters to Irish disadvantage. The following are the facts:—Upon the death of Charles VI., Emperor of Austria, in 1740, his daughter, Maria Theresa, discovered that the

sovereigns of Europe, instead of being true to their oaths and to her, made immediate claims upon her territories, and prepared to enforce them by open hostilities. In a short time the question became an European quarrel, to be settled only by the doubtful issue of war. Louis XV, of France, and Frederick the Great opposed her, whilst England, Holland, Hungary, Bavaria and Hanover aided her in the protection of those rights which had been guaranteed to her. In prosecution of this war, an army of 79,000 men, commanded by Marshall Saxe, and encouraged by the presence of both King and dauphin, laid siege to Tournay, early in May, 1745. The Duke of Cumberland advanced at the head of 55,000 men, chiefly English and Dutch, to relieve the town. At Cumberland's approach, Saxe and the King advanced a few miles from Tournay with 45,000 men, leaving 18,000 men to continue the siege, and 6,000 to guard the Scheld. Saxe posted his army advantageously along a range of slopes—his right and centre reaching Fontenoy and St. Antoine. Cumberland attempted to carry St. Antoine, but was twice repelled, and the same fate attended the English centre, who thrice forced their way to Fontenoy, but were obliged to return, after heavy loss. Ingoldsby was also driven back from the woods of Barri. The Duke resolved to make one great and final effort. He selected his best regiments, veteran English corps, and formed them into a single column of 6,000 men. At its head were six cannons, and as many more on the flanks, which did good service. Lord John Hay commanded the great mass. It advanced slowly and steadily, as if on parade, mounted the slope of Saxe's position, and pressed be-

tween the wood and Fontenoy. The French cavalry charged, but the English hardly paused to offer the raised bayonet, and then poured in a fatal fire. On they went, invincible, breaking up mass after mass of French infantry. So dreadfully did the French suffer, and so disheartened were they that Louis was about to quit the field, which had been given up as lost. In this juncture, Saxe ordered up his last reserve—the Irish Brigade. It consisted that day of the regiments of Clare, Lally, Dillon, Berwick, Roth and Buckley, with Fitzjames' horse. O'Brien, Lord Clare, was in command. They charged upon the flanks of the enemy with fixed bayonets, without firing. Upon the approach of the Irish the English were halted on the brow of a hill, up the slope of which the brigade rushed rapidly in fine order. They were led into action to the stimulating cry of "Cuimhnigídh ar Luimneac agus ar fheile na Sac-sanach" ("Remember Limerick and British faith,") which was re-echoed to a man. The fortune of the field was no longer doubtful. Defeat was changed into victory for the French arms, for the hitherto victorious English column were completely stunned and shattered by the Irish charge. They broke before the Irish bayonets and tumbled down the far side of the hill, disorganized, hopeless and falling by hundreds. King Louis was profuse in his thanks to and praise of the Irish soldiers, and George II, on hearing it, uttered that memorable imprecation on the penal code—"Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects." But the victory cost the Irish dearly. One fourth of the officers, including Col. Dillon, were killed and one-third of the men lost their lives on the hard-fought field.

Thrice, at the butts of Fontenoy, the English failed,
 And twice the lines of St. Antoine, the Dutch in vain assailed;
 For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
 And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
 As vainly through DeBarri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
 The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.
 The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
 And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
 On Fontenoy, On Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
 And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
 Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
 Steady they step adown the slope—steady they climb the hill;
 Steady they load—Steady they fire,—moving right onward still,
 Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
 Through rampart, trench and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
 And on the open plain, above, they rose and kept their course,
 With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force;
 Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, whilst thiner grew their ranks—
 They break as broke the Zuyder Zee thro' Holland's ocean banks.

More idly then than summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
 As stubble to the lava tide French squadrons strew the ground;
 Bombshell and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired—
 Fast from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired,
 "Push on my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried;
 To death they rush, but rude their shock—no unavenged they died.
 On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turned his rein:
 "Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;"
 And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
 Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"
 The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!
 How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,
 The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
 The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
 Their plundered homes and ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
 Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown—
 Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
 Rushed on to fight a nobler band than those proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as halting he commands,
 "Fix bay'nets"—"charge"—like mountain storm rush on these fiery bands!
 Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
 Yet mustering all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
 They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind—
 Their bayonets the breakers' foam, like rocks the men behind!
 One volley crashes from their line, when through the surging smoke,
 With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
 "Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassenagh!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
 Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang:
 Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
 Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
 The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
 The green hill side is matted close with dying and with dead;
 Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
 While cavalier and fantasin dash in upon their track.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
 With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

THE SPALPEEN.

By Mac Wood.

It was in the assembly after Mass on Sunday that the news of the week was learned and discussed. Scarcely was Mass over when the congregation broke into groups outside the church to hear the local gossip of births, marriages and deaths, in and around the parish. The wider aspect of current affairs was treated by recognised authorities. Chief amongst these was "the masther"—as the local school teacher was called—a man of commanding presence, and much formality and sesquipedalianism. His views on home and foreign affairs were listened to with an unquestioning reverence which this journalistic age of ours cannot understand. I remember that he was particularly strong on the motives which actuated the Great Powers, and had a poor opinion of the prospects of peace. "These clouds," he would conclude, "are ominous of a storm." Respectful demands for further views produced fuller enlightenment, but the pronouncements were never complete without reference to a character at all times regarded with much interest by the Irish peasantry.

"Arrah, Masther, fwat de ya think will the Rooshia man be doin' now?"

"They say, James that he's advancin' with railroad rapacity to the impayrial raygions o' th' Aste."

This gratifying information would produce much mutual nodding and winking.

"Musba, more power to him! Himsel' is the rale boy."

"He'll give them a good stob yit, Mick?"

"Troth, then, he will so, Larry."

"I wouldn't put it pasht him."

"Wow, wow." This latter, a very condensed appreciation of Muscovite strategy for which it is hard to find an equivalent in our modern speech.

Another local function that filled the roads on certain fine autumn mornings has disappeared from modern Ireland. And surely if we would fathom the real depths of the Celtic nature it richly deserves remembrance. It was called in the Barony a Mehill. Scientifically viewed, it may be described as an application of the principles of co-operation to acts of charity or courtesy. Thus, if a family was suddenly deprived of its breadwinner and the crops stood in danger of being lost, a crowd of the neighbors appeared one morning without notice on the ground, and in a few hours garnered what it would take the struggling proprietors many weeks of labor to save. This was the charitable form, and this form is not yet quite extinct.

The complimentary form calls for some little detailing, for it is to be feared that it is wholly departed. What is more creditable to, and more characteristic of our better nature than that seen on a morning long ago, when one or other of the local gentry to whom the neighborhood was particularly grateful would rise to find his fields black with unbidden reapers come from all the country round to show their gratitude and affection for those so long in their midst, of whom they knew "the seed, breed, and generation," and who had endeared themselves by daily kindnesses, whenever "chick or child o' our-

sels would be sick, sore, or sorry." This feeling being universal, all classes and sexes joined in the demonstration. "Strong farmers" were appointed stewards to organise the labor, and stood with much consequence—their hands under their coat-tails—over the toiling reapers. As they moved along the golden ridge, matrons and maids followed modestly to bind the sheaves; nor was there wanting to complete the idyll the patient figures of some poor local Ruths "to glean the ears of corn that remain after the hands of the reapers."

At such a time nothing could be more offensive than any offer of monetary recompense, but it was the invariable custom to entertain the welcome guests with the utmost hospitality. A plenteous feast was spread at due seasons under the trees, and great was the good humor and the good-will that prevailed. Nor could any form of Local Veto prevent the circulation at frequent intervals through the day of that form of refreshment which has been the traditional meed of the reaper ever since the Heroic Age.

At evening, when the last stook was raised and all was over, what pledging of toasts at the Big House, what mutual and heartfelt good wishes, what recallings of common joys and common sorrows, what renewals of that tender tie that so united host and guests in the good old times, and that seems, alas! to be so sundered by the chances and changes of the past half-century.

But all was not over even then. For soon the sound of heart-stirring melody rose in the gloaming, and the light-hearted folk knew that the Minstrel of the Barony was come, and was calling all and sundry to the swept and garnished barn. There, aloft in awful state—his chair upon the kitchen table—

the popular flutist discoursed the melodies so dear to his hearers, accompanied by a rhythmic tapping of his right foot, which seemed to have a marvellous effect, not merely in marking the time, but in inciting others to make use of their feet too in a still more energetic manner. And thus in the innocent pleasure dearest to the heart of the Barony the good folk gave themselves up to the full tide of enjoyment, and flinging far from them for the moment the cankering cares of life they prolonged the blissful hour far into the autumn night.

But after all it was the foreign element—the varied characters from outside passing through the Barony on their way elsewhere—that always aroused the chiefest interest. Twice in the twenty-four hours the great mail coach thundered down the road, its passage fixing points for the calculation of time second only to the rising and the setting of the sun. Lumbering post-chaises with tawdry postillions never failed to bring curious sight-seers to the cottage doors eager to identify the occupants. Still more marked was the delight at the transit to the Races; and excitement reached to fever-height when the "hard word" went round that "the Revenue" were coming, followed by the appearance of that blue-coated force, long since extinct, which was fated to make as many bootless forays as the Arthurian heroes in quest of the Sangreal.

One scene in particular that renewed itself infallibly at stated seasons was so local and has so utterly departed as to demand especial chronicling.

When the spring was merging into summer and the stress of the sowing-time had been rewarded by the rich and tender verdure that covered the fields, the Barony folk became aware of the passing

through their midst of a strange and primitive form of passenger traffic. Everybody knows the flat and open cart called a dray. Lines of these, heavily laden with their singular human freight, formed the groundwork of the scene. On the drays forms were placed at right angles to line of motion, and closely packed with men. On the surface of the cart behind was seated yet another row, their pendant feet resting on a rope loosely hung from shaft to shaft. The passengers themselves were of a type so different from the Barony men as to favor the theory of a distinct ethnological origin. Dark of visage, small, wiry, with round heads and retroused noses—their demeanor for the most part was suspicious and silent and sad—full of that spiritless meekness that comes from an unavailing fight with fortune. Their broken English made them still more alien as they journeyed farther east, and their dress—an arrangement of white fustian and woollen comforter approximated rather to the costume of the English navy than to the prevailing attire of the Irish peasant. The complement of their outfit was usually a small red bundle and a reaping-hook carried on the shoulder and carefully swathed in a thumb-rope of hay.

Such, in brief, was the appearance of that pitiable and much enduring class doomed by the necessities of their hard lot to a yearly exile that they might scrape together amidst unspeakable privations just enough to prevent their dear ones from being thrown out of the little bog-side cabin consecrated to them by all the joys and sorrows of their lowly lives.

Such, fifty years ago, was the Western harvestman—the Spalpeen as he was always called in the dialect of the Barony. It is worth nothing—since there is ground for

thinking this use of the word local—that, while the more general and uncomplimentary meaning was not known, it was not necessarily so applied to the harvestman. The Spalpeen was a man who had to go to England to reap the harvest—a man, to be sure, of other social conditions, since the Barony people were never constrained to foreign service—but a man, for all the speaker knew, of blameless character.

Nay more it was recognised that a deep religiousness often sustained the poor wayfarer. A scene of which I was the unobserved witness in a Midland town many years ago has never left my memory; it so illustrated the spontaneity with which our people drop into the religious vein. A Spalpeen had just purchased an orange from a basket woman who on the conclusions of the transaction genially wished her customer “God speed ya, and good luck, honest man.”

To this the traveller replied,

“I’m going a long and lonely journey, ma’am.”

“Well,” said the pious dame, falling back with much naturalness on the great ground of consolation, “God ’ill enable ya.”

I shall never forget the unaffected fervor with which the poor exile replied, as raising his hat a little he said in a voice full of feeling, “I put my thrusht in God.”

Whereupon the honest woman concluded the dialogue by remarking with more piety than dogmatic exactitude,

“Ya cudn’t put it in a better man.”

With the migration of the Spalpeen is connected, too, one of the best remembered incidents of old Barony life. It chanced that one lovely evening at the close of May, Barny the Philosopher, was seated by his door, in friendly converse with Paul the Turner who was his

nearest neighbor. The conversation, he used to tell, had reference to the "sight o' Spalpeens," that had passed that day, and had drifted into a compassionate discussion of their unenviable lot, when a low-sized man of shambling gait appeared on the road and drew up before them with the unfamiliar salutation "Morra, min."

When Barny had returned the greeting the Spalpeen followed up his remark by asking if he "might be bould enough to threspas on them for a bit iv a coal" for his pipe. Barny with kindly hospitality told the stranger to enter his cottage. The poor traveller was bending over the fire to get what he wanted when he was seen to sway and stagger, and Barny had just time to support him as he fell back fainting into his arms. When he was restored by the remedies at their command, and had rested himself by the hearth, they got his story from him bit by bit. He was not a communicative man, and his tale was interspersed with long lapses of silence and much reflective spitting into the fire. It seemed that he had come "all the ways from Meeyo walkin' every peg o' the road," to save up every half-peuny he could. Things had gone badly with him last year, and he started with the idea of a larger income and a lesser outlay than ever on this trip. Hence he would save the small fare on the dray, and had walked nearly thirty miles that day practically fasting. "Arrah how," said he, flashing up for a moment, "cud I be asv atin' or dhrinkin' whin I thought o' hershel and the little gossoon not knowin' where to turn for a bit or sup this day?" But this mistaken policy had borne its fruit in his present weakness, and neither Barny nor his wife would hear of the wanderer faring further that night.

They gave him of their best, and refreshed by a good night's rest, he set forth in the morning, his language quite inadequate to express his gratitude. "But shure there's One abow, anyhow, that'll luk to it. His blessin' an ye night, noon and marnin' for all ye did to a black sthrannger."

The later autumn had come, and Barny and his wife were seated one night by the fire when the door-latch was lifted, and fumbling footsteps advanced towards them from the gloom. When the rays of the little rushlight fell upon the figure they knew it at once. It was the Spalpeen. Weak and worn and manifestly ailing, he was meeker and slower of speech than ever, but not too slow to express his delight at the sight of his benefactors. He was going home. The harvest had been good and he had the "bit o' rint med anyhow," but somehow or another he was getting home very slowly. He felt "very quare in himself, alanna," tired and weak and "skupid," and "now and again he'd take a sthrong wakeness and fall out o' his shtannin' all as one as he did here afore."

"I was laid out to come to see vees, anyhow, goin' home o' me, but I wouldn't be threspassin' on yees for the night's lodgin' only that I tuk had betune Luainford and this, and was hard set to dhrag mysel' this far. But I'll be all right to-morrow."

It was soon clear, however, that he was in a grave and critical condition. He swooned twice by the hearth, and the second time he was brought back to consciousness with much difficulty. Some of the neighbors gathered in and gave such help as they could. One was told to "shlin down to the Big House" for brandy and whatever other curative agencies suggested themselves to the people there. Another was gravely called aside

by Barny and hidden to "hurry for Father John." When the good priest arrived, his long experience of the sick showed him that the Spalpeen was near his end. The cause was not at all obscure. The emaciated frame told his tale of voluntary starvation, neglect, fatigue, that he might not lessen the little store he wore in the small wallet round his neck. But the waning life in him flickered up into wonderful vitality as the gentle and genial priest addressed him in the familiar Irish tongue, and in the little room in which they laid him made him sensible of his condition and received the supreme confidences which his situation demanded. His thought, his care were all for others—for his wife and boy first of all, and then for his hosts and for the trouble and expense he all unwittingly had brought upon them. Reassured on this latter point by the priest, he gave such particulars as enabled the good man to hold out hope of having his own to kneel around him at the last or at least to lay him in the grave. Forthwith he despatched approved parishioners in various directions to carry out his purpose.

Meanwhile the dying man grew slowly worse through the night and all next day. Those that tended him with such kindly care noticed that he often wandered in his speech, talking much in Irish, apparently to his wife, but oftenest about one "Mihauleen," who seemed to represent the care nearest to his heart. At times he would rouse himself and break out in English, in a tone of mild triumph—"I have it here, yer hanner, I have it here." And then again the clouded brain would clear, and as he knew the Barony faces round his bed, he would salute them with a faint "God bless vees."

In the still dawn of the following morning, as Barny was watching

the rising sun turn the lake below him to gold, he heard the rumble of the gig and knew that the Spalpeen's wife had come. A little woman with red petticoat and shawled head, she had beside her a small wiry boy in faded corduroy. Her first word was, "Am I in time?" and being told she was, "thanks be to God for all His marcies"—she was led forthwith to the room. There, with natural delicacy, the stricken family were left alone.

An hour later when they entered to offer the poor woman some refreshment, they found that the Spalpeen was dead. His wife was kneeling by the bed rocking herself to and fro and crying very quietly. By her side the little boy in wide-eyed awe was looking for the first time in his life on the solemn face of Death.

Next day they buried him. In the afternoon little groups of country people gathered near the door, and soon it became evident that all the neighborhood had turned out to swell the stranger's funeral. The procession to the grave was so striking as to be long after spoken of in the Barony. First came companies of grave men, walking four or five abreast, and either silent or conversing in hushed tones, and of themes arising out of the sad occasion. Then came a string of vehicles from the gentry and strong farmers around, and then the coffin, swathed in snow-white cloths and borne by willing relays of men and youths. Behind it walked unobtrusively the poor wife and child, and with them their sympathetic hosts, Barny leading the prayers that were kept up uninterruptedly by those around the dead. At the gate of the graveyard they were met by Father John. According to the old Barony custom, they carried the coffin all around the enclosure before laying it in the new-made grave. The rites at the tomb were

made the occasion of a little address from Father John that was long remembered in the district. "It does my heart good," said he, "to see my people here to-day in such unusual numbers. For I know right well that it isn't because of blood relationship, or fashion, or any gain to yourselves that you're here. It's your own pure-hearted Christian charity, and may God reward you for it with the reward He has so richly promised to everyone that's considerate and compassionate. There's just one word I want to say to complete the kind action of to-day. The poor stranger we are burying will lie amongst us here far from his own kith and kin. None of his people will pro-

bably ever come here to pray at his grave. Now, let us tell his poor widow standing here to-day that as we took care of him in life so will we take care of him in death, and that whenever we come here to pray for our own we will feel ourselves bound not to forget to pray for him also."

It was thus the custom arose in the Barony that whenever a funeral was over at Kilcommon, and the crowd dispersed to pray at the tombs of their kindred, they never left the church yard without betaking themselves to a well-worn spot by the corner of the ruin and praying for awhile at the Spalpeen's Grave.

A DEVOTED REPROBATE.

A BAD MAN'S STORY.

Hector had been absent from the Potheen for many months, when one Sunday he reappeared. All the bars of the city were closed, and the boys had come back to their allegiance as usual. The Sunday closing act is a great moral power. At the same time it is responsible for some very peculiar gatherings. It stands to reason that the man who awakes on Sunday morning with feelings the reverse of those that were his on last going to bed, will want some balm for his sores. There is nothing like a great craving to stimulate ingenuity, and there is no craving so inspiring as a great thirst. So it is said. The Potheen was a representative institution called forth by this condition of repression and objection. It is when civilization classes with the natural that questionable business operations begin. As Hector has been known to say: "When I want a drink I'm going to have it,

dee ye see?" The proprietor of the Potheen believed this for the truth, just as firmly as a licensed provider might put his faith in any more pretentious proverb; and knowing it he did not think he cheated anybody, particularly when he was refused the license which was granted to much worse men.

There was an Englishman among the regular Sunday visitors. If he came in after three o'clock in the afternoon he would apologize for being "late for church." He was immensely polite, this Englishman, and was respected by the rougher element because he had occupied a position in the world of educated people a couple of rungs further up the ladder than any of them would ever or could ever get. Those who pretended to know most of his past, used to say that it was because he was so clever and unfortunately so good natured that he had fallen from that

high estate. That story, however, has nothing to do with Hector.

"Church" had been in for fully an hour one Sunday afternoon, and the devotees were in various stages of beer-induced felicity, when a knock came to the front door. The door was not opened. Not on Sundays. But six months is a long time to be away, and Hector always was forgetful. Presently he remembered, went round by the big gate, and in full view of a pair of very keen eyes came to the side door, which opened to him without resistance. Whether it would have opened at all had the visitor been unknown, does not matter here.

Let us pass over the first greetings. When men are in that state, inquiries are apt to be confused somewhat. But in the end Hector, disregarding the others, fixed his eye on the Englishman and began to answer a question that had been put to him pretty often.

"Say, just you hold on and I'll tell you all about it. You don't believe I've been in Heaven, do you? Eh? Course not, and dat's only natural wid youse. I wouldn't have believed it meself. Six months ago I wouldn't have believed it meself, dee ye see?"

Hector was one of the tough sort. He was one of the few men in his stratum of society, who would rather fight than eat. He has been known to leave the delights of the table more than once on purpose to gratify his keener appetite. Whether there was a single grain of gentleness in his make up was a question. He himself would have laughed at the notion. "My old mother don't know whether I'm alive or not, and I'm just as glad she don't," was a remark he made once or twice, and one which will display his opinion of himself.

One day Hector had been taking a sleep in a cozy spot on one of

the docks. Weather being favorable, he preferred sleeping off a spree in this airy place—to putting himself under the lash of sharp tongues at any of the hotels about. The place was well concealed from every one, so what need he care for comforts.

He was awakened by the cry of a child. Voices of men would have had no effect on his slumber, but the cry of a child was sufficiently unusual to at once arouse him.

It was part of Hector's economy to lie in such a position, that by merely turning upon his side he brought his eye to a small space between two boards, which he had long ago somewhat enlarged with his big clasp knife. Looking out now, he saw that two of the toughest wharf rats of the vicinity had brought a well dressed child of five or six years out of sight of passers-by, and while one was relieving her of a gold brooch the other was removing the child's lace-covered dress. Now had that been some one who should have been able to take care of himself, Hector would probably have looked on complacently while the rogues went through his pockets, and then have cudgelled his brains to know how he could come in for a share of the spoils. But this was a child, and robbing children was a pastime that had not hitherto come under Hector's certainly varied experience. So pulling himself together with the alertness that is part of a sailor's training, he tiptoed out of his crony hole, and to their infinite astonishment grabbed both his disreputable acquaintances by the collar, shook hard, once, twice, and called to the little girl to run. She ran, and was already at the street entrance to the dock before Hector realized the size of the contract he had undertaken. Still when a man would

rather fight than eat, it is safe to suppose that he has had some experience of victory. So that although they were two to one, while they were furious at being balked of their prey, they were yet very shy of the weight of his arm, knowing something of its powers. Besides, fighting in day time was not part of their method. For such as they the night has its advantages. None the less the doughty champion was pretty well warmed up when he heard the welcome sound of new voices. A dozen men entered the yard, led by one whom Hector recognized to be Captain Roberts, owner of a large fleet of grain vessels, under whom he had sailed for many years. But the wharf rats stayed not for welcoming. By ways known only to their kind they went, leaving Hector to make some little explanation of the occurrence. The girl proved to be the Captain's little daughter, but the few dollars Captain Roberts insisted upon Hector's taking would have been better withheld. The next night as he reeled out of one of the taverns along the bay front, two pairs of eyes that had been trained to see well in the dark were watching him. The night policeman found him at day-break with never a spark of animation in him, thrown behind a couple of logs in one of the darkest corners of the dock. What it was that scared them off before they had finished the job by throwing him weighted into the bay, he never knew. He had been stabbed in a dozen places and kicked into insensibility. The quantity of blood he lost before the policeman found him at dawn would have been too much for most men to lose. But when a man would rather fight than eat, some allowance must be made. He does not give up life easily.

* * * * *

"Say, de last ting I knew dere

was a knife stuck up against me shoulder-bone, an den I felt a bang like me whole head was broke in ; an' I tinks to meself, kind of sleepy-like, 'Hector, yer' been troo a good many fights, but I guess its a go dis time, dee ye see ?"

"Say, right after dat I woke up. First ting I seen was an angel. I taught I was dead, see. De angel had on a black dress an' white bibs an' tings. Dat's wat made me tink it was all right.

"'Is dis Heaven?' I says, after I taught about it fur a while. 'Is dis Heaven?' I says.

"De angel looked at me a little while an den says :

"'No. Dis ain't Heaven. Yer in a 'ospital an' yer been here about tree weeks.'

"All right, I says ; all right. See how it was ? I didn't know I'd been dere tree weeks. I taught I woke up right after dat last kick on de head."

"Well ?" said the Englishman, whose fine appreciation of the verities led him to expect that Hector would yet make good his boast about having been really in Heaven.

"Well," said Hector, indignantly ; "course I wasn't in Heaven altogether. But wen I woke up an' saw meself in de same place wid a Sister of Charity, I says to meself dis must be Heaven sure. Ye see I taught I was dead, of course. So I taught I was in Heaven, and dat's more den you'll ever do. I says to de Sister one day, I says, Sister wen I seen you I taught I must be in Heaven, but I didn't know how de archangel I ever got dere. Dat's right."

Only I regret to say that the archangel indicated was not the one who remained faithful. Ships and docks are not just the same as Sunday schools, and one must form his habits of language where he is reared.



: WEDDING CAKES :

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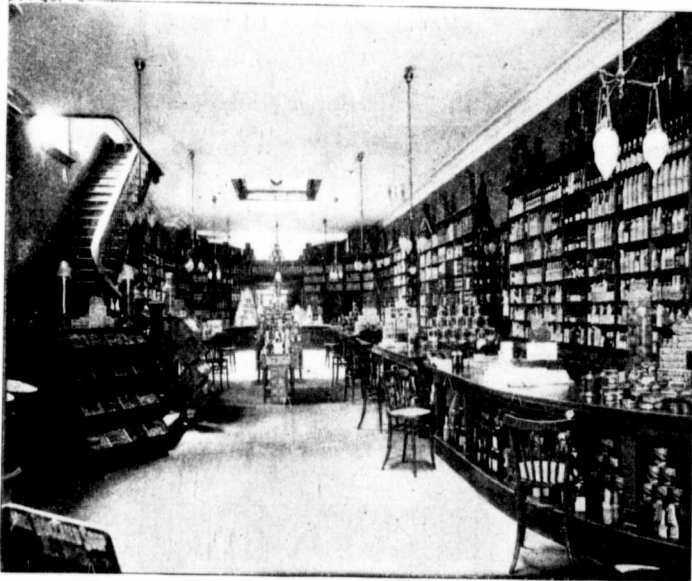
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