

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | Continuous pagination. |



A Magazine of General Literature

VOL. VII, NO. 8.—HAMILTON, ONT., JUNE, 1862.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"AND why not?" cried Madame d'Auban gaily. "We might both be suns, or Henri might be the sun, and I the moon and revolve around him. What do you say to this idea, Monsieur d'Auban? Shall we be king and queen of the Illinois?"

Her husband looked up into her face as she bent lovingly over him, and said with a smile, "The hereditary instinct is still at work, I see, Madame. How little we thought," he added, turning again to Father Maret, "how much ambition there is still in this deceitful woman's heart! She has set up a perfect sovereignty over the hearts of this people, and is dreaming of fresh conquests."

"Ah! I took you both in. Well, Lown I am ambitious, but it is a little your doing, reverend Father. When one has once realized that principle of yours, of working towards an end, and doing everything with a purpose, there is no knowing where it may lead one. It is a little like the traveller's story of the Flying Dutchman—when his leg was wound up he could never stop again. I want to convert thousands of souls; to draw all the neighbouring tribes into the fold of the Church; to have as many missions here as in Paraguay."

"Then, Madame, I see no hope of rest for you on this side of the grave," answered the Father with a smile. "I never expected to see you so fond of work."

"There is no saying what indolent natures, when once roused, will arrive at. Do not you notice, reverend Father, great varieties of character and habits amongst these Indian nations?"

"Very striking ones, I should say. The Arkansas and the Algonquins, as well as the Illinois, have received Christianity with much willingness and are attached to the French. With the Dacotahs and the Natches, though in some respects more civilized, very little progress has been made. The Dacotahs and Choktaws are fierce, warlike, races, and, though they call themselves our friends, are not quite to be trusted."

"I often think," d'Auban observed, "that this colony is living on a volcano. Only think how insignificant is the number of our countrymen in comparison with the multitude of natives and of negro slaves we have imported; a mere handful, after all! Things are in a state in which an accidental spark might kindle a flame from New Orleans to the sources of the Mississippi."

"Here at least," said his wife, "we can feel quite in safety; our dear Indians would never turn against us."

"No; because they are almost all Christians," said Father Maret. "Every nation which belongs to the Prayer, as they call our religion, is attached to France. The tie between them and their pastors is a se-

curity against disaffection. It is extraordinary that the Government does not feel this, and that, intent as it is on rallying to itself the native Indians, it does so little to forward their conversion as to multiply missions. The fault does not rest with the Government in France; and M. Perrier would willingly assist the missionaries, but the Company is indifferent to all but material interests."

"Why has it been so difficult," d'Auban asked, "to evangelize the Naches, the most civilized, perhaps, of all these nations?"

"They have a far more organized system of religion than any other tribe, and it is identified with their habits of life and form of government. When this is the case, it is always more difficult to obtain a hearing.

"Do they not worship the sun like the ancient Persians?"

"Yes, and their chief is called the Great Sun of the Naches. All his relatives are also suns, women as well as men. But he is himself the chief representative of the glorious luminary they adore. Their temples have some architectural pretensions, and their ceremonies are more plausible than the gross superstitions of the northern tribes. Our converts here are certainly wonderfully good. I do not suppose that you could find in any town or village of Europe, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, so many pious, practical Christians as in this Indian settlement. I regret to say that, for the first time since I came here, I shall be obliged to leave my flock for a while. I must go to New Orleans to confer with my superiors. The father provincial expects me this month. I hope to bring back many treasures for our Mission; amongst them, a detachment of Ursuline nuns. They are doing wonders in New Orleans. What do you say to a log built convent, Madame? We must fix upon a suitable position. There are several Indian girls preparing to join them."

"How happy Therese will be to see the black-robe women she so often talks of! But what will become of the Mission during your absence, reverend Father, not to speak of ourselves?"

"The hunting season is at hand, and our people will soon disperse. Other years I have followed them into the forests, and assembled them on Sundays and festivals."

"Ah! how I enjoyed that time last year," exclaimed Madame d'Auban. "Those encampments around the huge pine-wood fires in the midst of such beautiful scenery; the grand leafless oaks, the pines burdened with snow, and the magnificent cascades; how they filled the air with music till the frost set in, and then how fine they were, chained spell-bound in awful silence! I shall never forget our Midnight Mass in the open air. the words 'Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis!' seemed so appropriate under that dark blue sky, studded with myriads of stars, and amongst our childlike people, as simple and good as the shepherds of Bethlehem. Shall we have no Mass at Christmas, reverend Father? Shall we be for weeks, nay, months, perhaps, without a priest?"

"Father Poisson, from St. Louis, has promised to visit you during my absence. You must both do what you can for our poor people, especially the sick, teaching them to supply, by fervent acts of contribution, for the loss of sacraments. The early Christians for months, and even for years, had to endure similar privations, and so have the English Catholics in our days."

"Seasons of famine," answered Madame d'Auban, "teach us the blessings of abundance. Henri, do you hear any thing?" she asked, observing that her husband bent forward, so as to catch a distant sound. "Is anybody coming?"

"I thought I heard the tramp of a horse's feet," he said.

They all listened, but the distant sound, if there was one, was drowned at that moment by the shouts of a troop of children, at whose head was Wilhelmina, Monsieur and Madame d'Auban's little girl. They came sweeping around the corner, and appeared in front of the veranda, where her parents and the priest were sitting.

If her mother was the queen of all hearts in the little world of St. Agathe, Wilhelmina was the heiress apparent of that sovereignty. From the day when the Indian women gathered round her cradle, gazing on the white baby that looked like a waxen image, wondering over its beauty till they almost believed that the tiny creature had blossomed like a lily in the prairie, she had been the favorite and the darling of every man, woman, and child in the Mission. She

was fair like her mother, her features as delicate, and the oval of her face as perfect; but her eyes were of a deeper blue, and shaded by dark eyebrows and eyelashes. From her earliest infancy she had always looked older than she was. In her firm step and determined manner there was an amusing likeness to her father. She evinced the most decided preference for the Indians over the Europeans and the negroes. Even as a baby she was wont to stretch out her little arms and call them her dear brown faces, and at a latter age would fall into a passion if any one said white faces were prettier. The loud, monotonous chant of the women, unmelodious as it is in European ears, was pleasing to the child, who in her aerial cradle amidst the pine woods, had been rocked by its wild music. Her playfellows were almost all Indians, and their language was as familiar to her as French or German.

Brought up in the Mission-school, and by their christian parents, these children were good and innocent. There was only one point on which Min's parents dreaded the effect of her constant association with them. The missionaries had not yet succeeded in eradicating from the minds of their converts all their ancient superstitions. Sorcerers and jugglers still exercised some influence over the native Christians. It took a long time to induce them to give up their manitous and their fetishes. These were objects to which a superstitious reverence was attached, and to the possession of which were ascribed many supernatural advantages—success, for instance, in war and in the chase, and immunity from various dangers. A fetish was sometimes an animal, or it might be a plant, or a stone, or a piece of wood. Tales of magic were current amongst the Indians, and held in belief even by those who on principle renounced all intercourse with sorcerers or magicians.

Madame d'Auban, whose mind had wandered at random in her youth in an imaginary world, peopled with self-created visions, and unchecked by any definite faith, and whose only ideas of the supernatural had been drawn from the legendary lore of her native country, and stories of apparitions, such as the well-accredited ones of the white lady who visits the places of the Teutonic kings when death is at hand, and of spectral processions like

Lutzoff's wild rushing midnight hunt, could not always repress a shudder at the mysterious tales of the Indian wizards. But Wilhelmina, who from her earliest childhood had believed in angels and saints, and to whom the thought of the supernatural world was one of the brightest joys of life, utterly scouted whatever the Church did not teach, and set her face against all superstitious practices with the resolution which was even at that early age a feature in her character. If any of her companions happened to show her a manitou, she stamped with her tiny feet, and cried out "Throw it away, or Mina will not love you." If they spoke of apparitions, wailing voices in the forest at night, eyes glaring on them in the darkness, invisible icy hands clasping theirs, she would shake her head, and say, "Mina never hear those voices—Mina never sees those eyes—Mina never feels those hands—Mina makes the sign of the Cross, and, if there are devils near her, they go away."

"But, little Lilly of the Prairie," they would sometimes urge, "Redfeather has a manitou that makes him catch more game than any other hunter in the village."

"I don't believe it," Mina would answer; and if they persisted it was true, she said, "Then the devil helps Redfeather. I am sorry for him, I am sorry for him and the game he catches will do him no good." In this way she fought her battles, always adhering to her principle, and insisting on her conclusion, "it is not true, or if it is true, it is wicked:" she never deviated from that line of argument. She would not play with any child that had a manitou; but if her companions were frightened at going home in the dark, or would not cross a part of the forest supposed to be haunted by evil spirits, she offered to accompany them, and they were never afraid when they held her little hand, and she sang as they walked along "*Salve Regina! Mater misericordiae!*"

Mina was a most joyous child. Her mother was sometimes almost alarmed at the exuberance of her spirits, but there was a deep vein of thoughtfulness in her character, and when she had once learnt to read her greatest delight was to take a book out of her father's library and carry it into the garden, where she sat for hours under the shade of a gum tree, poring over the Lives of the Saints or Corneille's *Trag-*

edies. A child's book she had never seen : the few that might have existed at that time were not to be met with in the colony. One prevailing feeling seemed to grow with her growth, and to strengthen with her advancing years. This was her devoted attachment to the land of her birth and its native inhabitants. It made her angry to be called a French child. She once stained her face and hands with walnut juice to look like an Indian. All the high-flown sentiments to be found in books about patriotism she applied to her own feelings for this beloved country. Whilst learning history and geography from her father she always harped on this point, and exulted on finding on the map that the Seine and the Loire were mere streamlets in comparison with the Mississippi and the Ohio, and maintained that Indian Christians would never do such wicked things as the bad Europeans. She had been named Wilhelmina at Madame d'Auban's earnest request. Her father would have liked to call her Agathe, but yielded to her mother's wishes, "But, my dearest wife," he said, "you will never let her know, I hope, that the royal blood flows in her veins, and that she can claim kindred with crowned heads. Let her grow up, I beseech you, in the freedom and simplicity of the lot you have yourself chosen, and let no thoughts of worldly grandeur come between her and her peace. It might well turn a young head," he added with a smile, "to be told that she was the niece of the Empress of Austria, and the sister of the future Emperor of Russia."

Madame d'Auban sighed, though she smiled at the same time. "I promise you to be silent on that point," she said, fondly gazing on her infant's tiny face; "but for my own satisfaction I like her to bear a name which reminds me of my childhood. It is, perhaps, a weakness, but, having broken every tie which bound me to my family, there is something soothing in the thought of one slight link between us still."

And so the little Creole was named Wilhelmina, and called by her parents Mina, and by the Indians Wenonah, "Lilly of the Prairie."

On the evening previously mentioned she had been mistress of the revels at a feast given by Therese to her scholars, and now, after dismissing her courtiers with

parting gifts of maple sugar and pine-jelly she sat down on her mother's knees. Her father, noticing that she seemed rather pensive, asked her what she was thinking of. She raised her head, and said, "I wish I had a brother! Little Dancing-feet said to-night she would take her sweet-cake home to her brother because he was good, and carried her over the brooks and up the hills when they went out to look for berries. Mother, would not you like to have a son?"

"Come to me, Mina," cried her father, who saw tears in his wife's eyes. Mina went to him, but she too saw those tears, and rushing back to her mother, she laid her head on her bosom, and whispered, "Mother, have I got a brother in heaven?"

Madame d'Auban bent down and kissed her. "My Mina," she said, "you have a brother; but you will *not* see him on earth. You must never mention his name; but when you say your prayers you may ask God to bless him."

"What is his name? Oh, do tell me his name!"

"You may say, 'God bless my brother Peter!'"

"I shall say it very often," cried Mina, throwing her arms round her mother's neck.

"Not out loud, my child."

"No; like this," She moved her lips, without making any sound. Her mother pressed a kiss upon them, and, looking at her husband, said, "It is a comfort to have told her. I could not help it." He nodded assent, but looked rather grave. He was sorry that the least shadow of a mystery should lie in his little daughter's mind. She had an instinctive feeling that her parents were both grieved at what had passed, and, as is the case with children on such occasions, she did not know exactly how to behave. Slipping off her mother's knees, she went round to Father Maret's side, and asked him to play dominoes.

The tread of a horse was now distinctly heard coming up the approach, a very unusual sound, especially at that time of the year. In another moment both horse and rider became visible, and d'Auban recognized one of M. Perrier's messengers.

"What, Ferial!" he exclaimed, "is it you? Do you bring letters?"

"Yes, sir; a dispatch from M. Perrier."

"Oh, indeed!" he held out his hand for it, and was about to break the seal, but looking up, said, "Mina, run and fetch somebody to hold the horse. You look very tired, Ferial; you have ridden hard, and we know through what sort of country. Madame," he said, turning to his wife, "will you give orders that refreshments may be set before M. Ferial."

The servants were all at work out of doors, so Mina held the horse, and coaxed him to eat some bits of cake out of her hand, and Madame d'Auban went herself to the kitchen to prepare food for the stranger.

D'Auban sat down at the table, and was soon absorbed in the contents of M. Perrier's letter. As soon as he had finished the first sheet he handed it to Father Maret, and so on with the others. When both had read the whole despatch, the Father said:

"Your provisions are realized, sooner than we expected."

"Ay," said d'Auban, "I had long feared something of the kind; but how different it is only to anticipate such a calamity, and to have it actually present before one, almost at one's own doors!"

"What will you do?"

"I must go as soon as possible. I don't see how it can be averted. I consider every Frenchman is bound to obey the Governor at this moment as if he were commanding officer."

"And your wife and child?"

"I should like at once to take them to New Orleans, where they would be in safety, and then place myself at M. Perrier's disposal."

"I suppose that would be the best; not but that they would be safe here, I think. We could trust our Indians."

"Oh! for that matter, I believe every one of them would shed his blood for the mother and the child; but my wife could not endure, I am sure, to be left behind, especially as you, too, are going away. No; we must set off as soon as we can, and must break it to her at once."

"You have no fears for the journey?"

"Not any immediate fears. As I was saying an hour ago, I have long felt that we are living on a volcano. You notice the day fixed for the general insurrection is still some weeks distant, the 15th of January, according to our calendar. I suspect that up to that moment we shall find

the Indians more than commonly friendly. But for the future of the colony! God help all those engaged in the struggle. I fear it will be a terrible one! Ah!" he said, leaning his head on his hands, "our honeymoon is over! It has lasted nearly ten years. We ought not to repine. It is not often given to man to enjoy ten years of almost uninterrupted happiness. Here she comes! How will she bear to leave St. Agathe! And poor little Mina—what will she feel? Well, well, it must be gone through."

"I will leave you" Father Maret said, as he moved towards the door. "You had better be alone to talk over this matter with your wife! and I have much to do at home. But when your plans are settled, let me know, and on what day you will start."

As he was walking away, Madame d'Auban called him back. He waved his hand with a kind smile, but went on; and her husband said:

"He is anxious to get home, dearest; and I want to talk to you."

"What is the matter, Henri? What does M. Perrier say? Oh! I am sure there is something amiss; I see it in your face. For God's sake, what is it? Nothing that will separate us? I can bear anything but that."

"Not now, not at present, if you will come with me to New Orleans, where I must go at once. M. Perrier has received information that a general rising of the Indian tribes will take place on the 15th of December—that they have planned a general massacre of the French. If the Governor had not received timely notice of this conspiracy, the whole colony must have perished. Now there will be time to avert the danger. He wishes me to come to him as soon as possible. He says my long intimate knowledge of the Indians will be of great service at this moment, when the lives of Frenchmen and the fate of the colony hang on a thread. Now, dearest wife, what do you think we should do? For the present we run no danger in remaining here. So many of the Illinois are Christians, that there is no danger of their rising against us."

Madame d'Auban did not answer at once. She walked onwards a few steps into the garden, which had grown beautiful under her care. She looked at the majestic river, the pine forest, the grove

of tulip-trees, and all the familiar features of a much-loved scene where for ten years she had been happy; and then, turning to her husband, said the same words he had uttered a moment before:

"Our long honeymoon is at an end!"

"But our love . . . ?" he tenderly whispered:—

"Is holier, deeper, stronger than ever," she fervently exclaimed. "Do not be sorry for me Henri; all will be right if only you take us with you."

"That is indeed what I wish; I am not afraid of our poor Indians. But who knows what might happen if they were attacked by more powerful neighbors."

"And if we were ever so safe—if we could live on in peace whilst others were struggling and perishing around us, we would not accept of such peace as that, Henri. It is your duty to go. It is mine to follow you. If there is danger let us meet it together."

"Ah, madame! I thought such would be your wish. There is no doubt that I ought to obey M. Perrier's summons, and assist in every way I can in this emergency. I own I could not endure to leave you and our daughter behind. But I am also very reluctant to drag you back into the world you have so much reason to abhor."

"I fear nothing but to leave you. And may I not be of use, also, in the hour of danger? You have taught me to work, my Henri: you can also show me how to suffer and to dare."

"I have no doubt you may be of the greatest use, dearest wife. We may, indeed, be called upon to take a part in this struggle—a terrible one, I fear—for evil passions will be engaged on both sides."

A shade of anxiety passed over her face.

"At New Orleans there are so many Europeans. Is there no danger of my being recognized?"

"Not much, I think, after the lapse of ten years, and when you appear there as my wife. But we must be cautious how we proceed, and at first you must live in retirement—at the Ursuline Convent; perhaps, if I have to leave you for a while. I would rather you were not identified even with Madame de Moldau."

"A likeness may strike people, but nothing more, I should hope. We some-

times forget, dearest, how incredible a true history may be; and every day makes me less like my old self."

D'Auban smiled, and though the lapse of time did not make her a whit less beautiful. She was at thirty-three though in a different way, just as lovely as at nineteen.

"Then you will be ready to go as soon as I can arrange about a boat and engage rowers. The sooner we set off the better. Father Maret will go with us, I think. How little we thought, when he was talking just now of his journey, that we should be his companions! The descent of the river is of course a far easier thing than its ascent. Still it is tedious enough. But, please God, we may return here in a few months. We must look forward to that, my dearest wife."

"I dare not think of it, Henri. For some time past I have had a presentiment that we were a great deal too happy here—happier than people usually are. I felt certain a change was at hand. For the last few days I have had ringing in my ears some lines a traveller carved with a penknife on a plank in Simon's barge."

"Oh! my superstitious darling," exclaimed d'Auban, fondly and reproachfully, "will you never give up believing in presentiments? What are the lines you mean?"

And if, midway through life a storm should rise
Amidst the dark ning seas and flashing skies,
With faith unshaken and with fearless eye,
Thy task would be to teach me how to die.

"And you would teach me to die, Henri, as you have taught me to live."

"I will teach you any thing you like, my own love, but I don't see any particular prospect of death just now. And I look forward to gathering plenty of strawberries next summer from the plants we set this morning. It is a great blessing we have an overseer we can trust. Jean Dubois will look after our affairs as well as I could myself. Antoine will come with us, I suppose. And now go and tell Mina of the journey she is about to take."

"Henri," she said, turning back again as she was going into the house, "do you know what a feeling of relief it is when Providence decides a question long debated in one's conscience? I have often thought our life here was like paradise for you and myself, but that a change might be good for Mina; and then I scarcely

ever hear now any thing of that other poor child. There may be duties to perform him yet. I had never courage to say this; but, now God calls us away, I feel it is right. Perhaps He is doing for me what I had not strength to do for myself."

"Thank God you see it in that light, dearest; but you should have told me you had those scruples."

"Oh, Henri! It is easier to accept than to seek suffering."

It was not quite in d'Auban's nature to feel this. Courage in endurance rather than in action is in general a woman's characteristic.

When it was known in the settlement that the inhabitants of St. Agathe were about to depart, though only for a few months, there was a general feeling of dismay. Not only the Black Robe was going, but the White Chief and his wife and child. It was a public calamity, and crowds came to St. Agathe to ascertain if it were true.

Mina assembled her friends on the lawn and made them a parting speech. She said she was going to the south, like the birds they used to watch preparing for their yearly flight, and that like them she would return when the winter had come and gone. She was sorry to go, and she carried away in her heart all her Indian brothers and sisters. She would bring them back gifts from the city of the white men: golden balls, such as Simon sometimes carried in his barge, and pictures like those in the church, only so small that they could hold them in their hands—and sweetmeats more delicious than maple-tree sugar. But she could not stay with the white people, she did not like white children—she could not help being white herself, it was not her fault: the lillies could not make themselves red like roses, if they wished it ever so much: she must be white whether she liked it or not." Here the little orator paused, and one of the Indian children answered:—

"We love your whiteness, little Lily; we should not love a red rose half so well. We should not think you so pretty if you were brown like us. But when you play with white children in the land where golden balls hang amidst shining leaves, do not love them as you love us; they will not love you as we do. You will get tired of golden balls and sweetmeats. You will long for the forests and the prairies.

You will not complain, for the daughter of the chief never complains, even if the enemy tears out her heart. But you will die if you do not come back to us, and then we shall not see you till we go to the land of the hereafter."

In a very few days d'Auban's arrangements were completed, a small amount of luggage stowed in a barge he had engaged, and a mattress placed at one end of it for his wife and daughter. He took with him a fowling piece, a pair of pistols in case of danger, and also some provisions; for he did not wish to stop at the Indian villages oftener than was necessary. He hoped to kill game as he went along, and so eke out their supplies till they arrived at New Orleans. As to Father Maret, his breviary was the heaviest portion of his luggage. They started on a beautiful October morning. St. Agathe was in its greatest beauty. Madame d'Auban fixed her eyes wistfully on the pavillion as the barge glided away, and took leave of it in the silence of her heart. She squeezed tightly the little hand clasped in her own. Mina's regrets were for the moment swallowed up in the excitement of the journey, and when the boat began to move she clapped her hands with joy.

The descent of the stream, as d'Auban had said, was far less trying than its ascent; still it had its difficulties, its sufferings, and its dangers. In some places it was difficult to steer the boat amidst the floating masses of rotten wood and decaying vegetation which impeded its progress. Sometimes a cloud of mosquitoes darkened the air and inflicted the greatest torment on the travellers. They had to step on shore now and then to get provisions and purer water than that of the river. If they landed amidst the brushwood they were obliged to light fires for fear of serpents. The sun was very hot and the nights sometimes cold. They hurried on as much as they could, without feeling any considerable amount of anxiety; still they could not but long for the journey to end. Now and then they exchanged a few words with some of the natives on the banks of the river. They seemed in general well disposed, and nothing in their language or their looks gave the least intimation that events such as M. Perrier anticipated were really impending.

One evening the rowers had slackened their speed; they were lying on their oars

and the boat gently drifting with the current, when on a promontory a little ahead of them appeared two persons, who hailed them as they approached, and made signs they wished them to stop. They turned out to be Frenchmen from the settlement of the Natches, who were on the look-out for Father Maret. They had heard that a priest was on his way to New Orleans. Father Souel had gone some weeks before to the district of the Yasous. Two or three persons had fallen ill since and were lying on their death-beds in great need of spiritual assistance. The next day happened to be a Sunday, and the French, together with a few native Christians, had commissioned these deputies to entreat the stranger priest to tarry for a few hours to say Mass for them, and to minister to the sick and dying. D'Auban did not much like the idea of this delay, but the need was so urgent that he did not feel himself justified in refusing his assent. The boat was accordingly moored to the shore and a single rower left in charge of it. The travelling party, escorted by the messengers, proceeded to the city of the Natches, where Christians from the neighboring habitations had met and were awaiting Father Maret's arrival.

Mina was enchanted to land, after so many weary days' confinement in the boat, to run on the grass and to climb the hill which stood between the river and the beautiful plain in which the tribe of the Sun—for so the Natches called themselves—had built their city, or rather the immense village, the huts of which were scattered amidst groves of acacias and tulip-trees. In the centre of a square stood the palace of the Sun, or chief, of the nation. Opposite to it was the abode of the female Sun, mother of the heir-apparent. It was only as to size that these palaces differed from the other huts. All the houses were composed of one story. They were roofed with thatch interwoven with leaves. The halls were hung with mats of a fine texture and embroidered in various colors. The day was waning as the travellers approached the city. Torches of blazing pine-wood, fixed at certain distances, and carried about in the hands of the inhabitants, threw a red light over the scene, which heightened its picturesque effect. Mina's delight knew no bounds. It was like Fairy-land opening to her sight. New and beautiful flowers seemed to grow

on every side, and the golden fruit on the trees, mingling with white blossoms, filled her with admiration. She saw, for the first time, regular gardens and alleys symmetrically planted. All the gorgeous beauty of southern vegetation united to a degree of civilization she had never before witnessed.

The party was received at the door of Father Souel's hut by his only servant, an old negro, who clapped his hands with joy at the sight of a black robe. He explained in broken French all the chief of prayer would have to do, and, with scarce a moment's delay, Father Maret hastened to the huts of the sick persons he named to him. D'Auban in the mean time went to visit some of the neighboring French colonists. He found them unconscious of any approaching danger, and did not think it prudent to communicate to them the intelligence he had received from M. Perrier. Circumstances might have changed since his letter had been written, and, in any case, a panic among the Europeans would only have been likely to precipitate a collision with the natives. In a very short time now, he would be able to confer with the governor of the colony on the necessary precautions to be taken for the protection of the Europeans. One person mentioned that, a short time ago, a deputation from the chief had gone to M. Chepar, the commander of the neighboring fort, to remonstrate on some harsh measures which the Natches complained of. There had been a great deal of mutual irritation at that time, which now appeared to have subsided. Apprehensions, however, were entertained of ill-will towards the French on the part of the Dacotahs, a fierce race, often at war with neighbors, and supposed to be hostile to the colonists.

M. des Ursins, the owner of one of the principal concessions in this district, described the Natches as a clever, cunning, but effeminate people, who would never venture on any daring act, or do more than strive to outwit their neighbors and cheat them in their bargains. "They have had, however," he added, laughing, "the worst of it just now in a transaction of this sort. Their hunters, which comprise, as you know, almost all the men of the tribe, are preparing for the winter season, and have been at the fort haggling with the officers about the purchase of guns and

powder. In their eagerness to outbid each other they overdid their offers, and, I believe, our people made a good thing of it, and secured an immense supply of fowls, Indian corn, and provisions of all sorts."

"How far is it from here to the fort?" asked d'Auban, who had listened thoughtfully to these details.

"About a league. The commandant will be obliged to see you, and to have an opportunity of sending a letter by safe hands to the governor."

"Perhaps it would be as well that I should see him. Where does the pere Souel say mass when he is here?"

"When the weather is fine, in the open air; or, in the winter or rainy season, in a hut which is ill-fitted for a chapel. There are not a great many Christians here, you know. We have no regular resident missionary, and no school. There have been fewer converts amongst the Natches than amongst any other tribe, I believe, with which Europeans have had relations. They are more attached to their form of worship than the other Indians. We colonists are not an edifying set, as you well know, so that it cannot be said that religion flourishes here. Still, we like to hear Mass now and then. We have not turned quite heathens. So, *au revoir*; to-morrow in the field behind the hut, where, I believe, you are staying."

D'Auban walked back to the village. The moon was shedding her pale light on the trembling foliage of the acacias, the large tulip leaves rustled in the night breeze, and the magnolias emitted their incense-like odour.

As he approached the outskirts of the city, something white came running swiftly towards him, and, before he had time to recognize her, Mina threw herself into his arms.

"Child!" he exclaimed, with the sort of anger which anxiety gives, "What are you doing, here? Why have you left your mother?"

"We both fell asleep when you went away, but I woke up in a little while. It was dull to lie down doing nothing when the moon was shining so brightly; I thought I would steal out quite softly, without disturbing my mother, and gather in the field behind the house, some flowers to put on the altar to-morrow morning; I

have seen some vases in Perè Souel's room like those we have at home."

"You should not have left the hut alone, Mina," said her father, taking her by the hand.

"I have got these beautiful red flowers, papa, and I met some friends in that field."

"Friends! What friends?"

"Two Indian boys, papa, with dark black eyes and long hair hanging down their backs, and bright feathers round their heads, and belts embroidered with red silk about their waists. The moment they saw me, one of them came and spoke to me, in a language a little like my own, but not quite the same. Yet I understood what he said. He asked if I was his little sister who had gone some time ago to the land of the hereafter. I shook my head, and then the other boy said: "Your sister's skin was the colour of the leaves which fall in autumn, and her eyes like the berries we gather on the guava bushes. But this is a daughter of the white man with a neck like snow and eyes of the colour of sky." But the other answered: "I am sure she is not a child of the white men. She is not like any child I have ever seen, and I should like to have her for my own. I think she comes from the great blue salt lake which some of our people speak of, or from some cloud in the sky."

"What did you say to them, Mina?" asked her father, clasping her hand tighter, with a vague sense of uneasiness.

"I told them I was an Indian child, father, and that I was born in a land a great way off, which belonged to another tribe, and that the Indians I loved were Christians. Then they told me that they were children of the sun, and one of them touched my hair, and said that a ray of sunshine had turned it into gold, and the other asked to look at my little crucifix—this one round my neck. He said something about the black-robe chief of prayer, and then spoke in a low voice to the other, who asked me my name. I said it was Wenouah, the Lily of the Prairie. They gave me these flowers, which I was not tall enough to gather myself. Will they not look beautiful on the altar, these bright red flowers?"

D'Auban smoothed and stroked her head, and hurried towards the hut. The evening was beautiful; the scenery enchanting; the air soft and balmy; but he felt ill at ease. There seemed to him a

heavy weight in the atmosphere. Perhaps it was only his fancy. Perhaps a storm was gathering. A few dark clouds were lying over the mountains to the westward. The lights from the pine-wood torches in the town were brighter than ever. Groups of Indians were scattered about amongst the trees, some playing at active games, some sitting in circles round men who were soothsaying and telling fortunes, after the manner of their tribe. From the trees hung cradles, in which infants were rocked to sleep by the evening breeze. At the fountain in the middle of the square, maidens were filling their wooden pitchers. Serene, lovely, and very picturesque was the aspect of that Indian city as the moon rose high in the dark-blue sky, as the light of myriads of stars shamed the brightness of the pine-wood torches. Strange it was that precisely at that moment a fit of home sickness came over d'Auban such as he had never felt in the wilder northern regions he had so long inhabited. But in this spot of luxuriant loveliness, he thought, with a pang that seemed to cause him absolute physical pain, of the smell and feeling of the briny, damp westerly winds as it used to blow in his face on the heights of Keir Anna; and the bold, brave men who had carried him on their shoulders in the days of his childhood. He longed for his native land; for a glimpse of its cloudy sky, with a feverish longing like that of a dying man on the battle field for a glass of cold water. He turned away with loathing from the sight of the fair Indian valley studded with white huts and gleaming with lights which glowed amidst the oleanders like the fire-flies in the groves of Italy, and hurried to the hut, where his wife had just started up from the profound sleep of fatigue, and missed Mina from her side. At that moment Father Maret came in also. He had been visiting the sick ever since his arrival, and administering the last sacraments to two or three who were dying.

"To-morrow morning," he said, "I shall have to go and give Communion to an old Christian sachem at some distance from the village, and as soon as I return I must say Mass in the field behind this hut. Almost all the Christians will come. We can depart immediately afterwards."

"The boys who gave me the bright red flowers will be there," said Mina; "they

told me so. They said, 'We will take care of you to-morrow, little sister of the sun. We will take you to our mother.'"

"What did they say?" said d'Auban, sharply; "repeat their words exactly." Mina did so, and then said: "Father, do let us stay another day in this beautiful village."

"God forbid," murmured d'Auban. "This place kills me. The very smell of the flowers seems to poison the air. I never hated any spot so much. Now let us try to eat something, and then get to sleep."

Soon the mother and the child were slumbering quietly side by side on a mat, with some cloaks for pillows. Father Maret took his breviary out of his pocket, and said: "It has been a good day's work, my dear d'Auban. What a blessed thing it is to help a poor soul on its way to eternity! Thank God we stopped here. It has not been in vain. Several Christians would have died without the sacraments if His Providence had not conducted us to this place."

"You look quite worn out," said d'Auban. "Surely you will not say your office now: you will take some rest?"

"It will be time enough to sleep to-morrow," answered the priest, with the smile which his friends knew so well, and which lighted up his pale face at that moment with more than usual brightness. Long did d'Auban remember those words, and the smile which accompanied them. For some minutes he watched the priest saying his office, and then his own eyelids closed, and he fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.

Before the sun had risen, just as a faint ray of light was dawning in the east, Father Maret was on his way to the hut of the old sachem, whom he had promised to visit that morning. When he arrived there a noble-looking Indian boy opened the door for him, and pointed to the couch where the sick man was lying. Whilst the priest was administering the last sacraments to the sachem, he went out of the hut and stood there gazing, with folded arms and mournful brow, at the sky, from which the stars were gradually disappearing.

When the Father was preparing to take leave of the old man, he detained him and said, "Good Father, call my son Ontara; I would fain speak to him in your presence

and make him my parting gift. He is one of the sons of the Woman Chief; his father was a famous warrior who died in the war with the Choktaws. He has been as a son to me since the time I carried him in my arms, and taught him to shoot and to swim. He is good, and the Great Spirit sends him higher and better thoughts than to other youths of his age. But he believes not yet in the Christian Prayer. The words I have spoken to him have fallen unheeded on his ear, like the seed scattered on the hard rock. But I will give him this crucifix, which the Black Robe of the Yasous gave me when I was a prisoner amongst that tribe, and he will keep it for the love of Outalissi, the day when the voice of the Great Spirit speaks to his soul and he believes the Christians' prayer." As he said this a change came over the features of the old man, and the priest, who saw that death was at hand, hastened to summon the boy. His dark fearless eyes fixed themselves on the face of the dying sachem, who said:

"My son, take this, my greatest treasure. You will one day know its value."

"Is it a manitou?" asked the boy.

"No, my son; it is the image of Him who died upon the cross; of the Son of the Great Spirit whom Christians adore."

"I cannot belong to the Black-robe's prayer," the boy said; "I am a child of the Sun."

The old man's eyes beamed with a sudden light. "My beautiful one," he cried, "my hunter of the hills, the Great Spirit will make thee one day a fisher of men." The energy with which these words were pronounced exhausted the speaker; he fell back in a swoon. While the missionary was striving to recall life and consciousness to the sinking frame, the boy hastily snatched the crucifix, which had fallen from his hands, and hid it in his bosom.

A few moments afterwards the aged sachem breathed his last, and whilst the priest, kneeling by the side of the corpse, repeated in a low voice the "Miserere," the Indian youth struck up a death-song, in which were blent, with great pathos, his own impassioned regrets, praises of the dead, and previsions as to the destiny of the departed spirit in the islands of the blessed, in the kingdom of the hereafter. The hour which had been fixed upon for Mass was arrived. Madam d'Auban and

the Pere Souel's negro servant had arranged the altar on the greensward behind the hut: a sort of plain which extended from the village to the forest, Mina had ornamented it with nosegays of red and white flowers, and festoons of the trailing vine. The Pere Maret returned just before the appointed time. He had to hear confessions before beginning the Holy Sacrifice, and stayed in the hut for that purpose. Meanwhile the French converts emerged from the shadowy depths of the neighbouring groves, and seated themselves upon the grass. Men, women, and children were there. Even the least religious amongst the emigrants felt a pleasure at thought of hearing Mass again.

At last the Pere Maret came out of the hut with his vestments on, and the people knelt down before the altar. He began by reading some prayers in French; then he preached a short sermon. D'Auban, who was to serve his Mass, was standing a little behind him. He saw that the congregation was still gradually increasing; more and more Indians were approaching from various directions; quietly, unobtrusively, they drew near. There was no sound of feet on the smooth grass. They stood in a respectful attitude, motionless like statues; rank after rank of these sable forms ranged themselves around the worshippers; not a footfall, not a whisper was heard; it was like the snowdrift which accumulates noiselessly in the silence of night; nothing was heard but the voice of the preacher. When the sermon was ended, and he had given his blessing, he turned towards the altar. D'Auban glanced at the spot where his wife and child were kneeling, with their heads bowed down to receive that blessing, and in that one glance he took in the aspect of the whole field; it was now crowded with Indians; not one spot was left unoccupied, not one issue open. The Pere Maret began Mass.

"Judica me, Deus, et discerne causam meam de gente non sancta. Abhominem iniquo et doloso crine me." With what a strange force and meaning those words fall on d'Auban's ear! The alternate sentences are uttered. The Confiteor is said first by the priest, and then by the server in the name of the people. Then the priest goes up to the altar, first to the right side to read the Introit, a short passage from the Scriptures; then to the centre, to

cry out mercy for himself and others. "Kyrie Eleyson," he says. "Kyrie Eleyson," answers the server. Ay! God have mercy on them both! God have mercy on all those present!

A shot is fired, and the priest falls upon the flowery sod at the foot of the altar, beneath the cloudless sky, in the bright sunshine, robed in his white vestments; like a soldier on duty struck down at his post. D'Auban's first movement is towards him. He kneels by his prostrate form. The wound is mortal; life ebbing fast. One last word the dying man struggles to utter. D'Auban puts his ear close to his lips. "The young Indian, Ontara," he whispers, and then he breathes a sigh and dies. When d'Auban raised his head the scene before him was one of wild and horrible confusion; the work of slaughter had begun. A cry of despair burst from him. Paralyzed one moment by the hopelessness of the calamity, he stood like one transfixed, his eyes turned towards the spot where he had seen the last treasures of his heart; the next he made a desperate rush in that direction, but crowds of armed Indians encircled him on every side. The shrieks of the murdered was in his ears. The bodies of his dead countrymen flung at his feet. "Kill the companion of the Black Robe! Destroy every Frenchman? Slay every white man! Let not one escape to tell the fate of the others! But do not kill the women and children; The Great Sun of our tribe orders that they shall be kept as slaves." D'Auban caught the sense of these words, and though his brain seemed on fire, he was in the full possession of his senses. Quick as lightning the thought struck him, that to surrender his life at that moment was to doom his loved ones to hopeless misery. If God gave him strength to make his escape, help might yet be obtained. To save himself was to save them. The blood rushed back to his heart, and strength returned to his limbs. The wordless prayer to the God of Samson and of Joshua, and a passionate invocation to the Immaculate Mother, he dashed his powerful frame against his numberless foes, and made his way through the infuriated crowd, who shrunk back appalled by his apparently superhuman strength. Once, when surrounded and all but overwhelmed by a rush of assailants, a young Indian sprang upon him, and seemed to drag him down

to the earth; but, by a sudden movement he threw himself back on his advancing countrymen, checked them for an instant, and opened for d'Auban a passage through their ranks. During the instant he had grappled with him he whispered in his ear, "Do not fear for the white woman and her child; Ontara will protect them." With a speed which baffled even the swift-footed Indians, d'Auban ran towards the river, and sprang into the canoe of the barge with which one of his boatmen had remained the night before. Cutting with a knife the rope that fastened it to the shore both began to row for their lives. The natives pursued them. They had boats also. They had sworn by the great Sun that not a white man should escape. Arrows whizzed in the ears of the pursued, and the savages were gaining upon them. For one instant—it was a desperate expedient—d'Auban laid down the oars, and seized the fowling-piece lying at the bottom of the barge. He leveled it at them. The pursuers, terrified at the sight of the gun, dashed aside and slackened their speed. He loaded the piece and fired.

"It is a phantom boat," cried the Indians, "no mortal man could go so fast!" and they turned back. After some hours, during which d'Auban had to keep up, by promises and encouragements, the courage of the man who shared with him the desperate exertions of those fearful moments, he laid down his oars, and steered to the shore.

"Is this the way to the French fort?" asked his companion, who supposed they were making for Baton Rouge.

"No," answered d'Auban; "by this time the French at the fort are probably massacred. But hence we can proceed to the district of the Choctaws, a tribe which hate the Natches, and to whom the tale we have to tell will be like the sound of their own war-cry. You may follow or leave me as you please. Nay, you had better take the boat, and carry the intelligence of the massacre to the first European settlement you can reach—and tell the commander or the resident, whoever he may be, in the name of humanity, to concert with his neighbors immediate measures of relief for the captives."

Then d'Auban plunged into the woods, and hurried on his way to a village of Choctaw Indians not far from the stream.

There he made an appeal to the inhabitants, and with their own sort of wild eloquence called upon them to rise and follow him to the rescue of the wives and children of the white tribe. The flame which his words kindled spread from wigwam to wigwam, awakening the fierce antipathies of race as well as rousing the sympathy of men whose hearts were stirred within them by the expressions of anguish which broke forth from a heart torn by conflicting emotions of hope and of terror. The appeal of the white man was heard. The chief of the tribe rose like a lion from his lair; seven hundred warriors gathered round his standard, and, with tomahawk in hand, marched under d'Auban's guidance across the primæval forest, towards the sunny plain where the Natches were triumphing over the slaughter of the white men, and insulting the pale woman and the scared children of the murdered French.

It took days to prepare, days to effect this march; days that were like centuries of anguish; days during which d'Auban's hair turned white, and lines were stamped on his forehead which time never effaced.

When Madame d'Auban had seen the Pere Maret fall, she had risen to her feet, and stretched her arms towards her husband, whom she had caught sight of for an instant supporting the form of the dying priest. But soon she could discern nothing more amidst the dreadful scene which ensued. She could only, in a half-kneeling, half-sitting posture, clasp her child to her breast, and listen with a cold shudder to the shrieks of the dying and the savage yells of the murderers.

In a short time she felt her arm grasped, and looking up in speechless terror at the Indian who had seized it, she heard him say, "You are my slave, pale-faced daughter of the white man. Henceforward you shall serve as the black skins have served the children of the Sun."

Mina, who understood the language of the natives better than her mother, pushed back the Indian with her little hands, and cried out, "Where is Ontara, the son of the Woman Chief? Ontara!" she cried out in her childish, shrill, and yet sweet voice. "Ontara? help." The boy she called appeared at that moment in sight. He rushed to the spot where both mother and child were wringing their hands, and refusing to follow the Indian, whose hands

were dripping with blood. He flourished his tomahawk over the head of the latter—bade him with a torrent of imprecations resign his captives, who were the slaves of his mother the Woman Chief, and making a sign to Mina, he prepared to lead them away. The child, less bewildered than her mother, and full of confidence in the protection of her playmate of the preceding day, whispered to her, "Come, mother, come away! They will kill us if we stay here. That dreadful man will come back again before my father returns to help us."

Madame d'Auban rose, and, with eyes glazed with despair, gazed on the frightful scene—the lifeless corpses, the deserted altar with its red and white flowers still unfaded, and the blood running on all sides.

"Henri!" she cried in a loud voice, "Henri! have they murdered you my beloved?" Wild with grief, and dragging Mina by the hand, she rushed to the spot where the priest was lying dead, and falling on her knees by the lifeless form, she clasped her hands, and, as if he who had been as an angel of God to her on earth could still hear her voice, she cried out, "O Father, dear Father! where is he?" No audible answer came from the icy lips. The eyes which had looked so kindly upon her in life, did not turn towards her now. But from that face, calm and beautiful in the serenity of death—from the silent lips which for so many years had uttered none but words of holiness and peace, an answer came in that hour of distracting woe, as if speaking from the grave or from the skies where the pure spirit had fled. She bowed down to the ground, e'en as by a martyr's side, and reverently kissed the hand which had so often blest her, and then, with a great patience and a great strength, she raised her eyes first to the cloudless sky and then once more on that scene of horror and desolation, where neither amongst the living nor the dead could she see her husband.

"Fiat voluntas tua," she murmured with a sublime effort of resignation, always more difficult during the anguish of suspense than in the hour of hopeless certainty.

The Indian boy had followed them, and was gazing with an unmoved countenance on the features of the dead. "Follow me,"

he said, pointing to the palace of his mother the Woman Chief. When they had arrived there, he ushered the captives into her presence. She was seated on a mat surrounded by her attendants. The young chief said something to her, and she nodded assent. He made a sign to Mina to approach. The child looked up into the face that was looking kindly upon her, and said, with a burst of tears, "My father! give me back my father!"

The Woman Chief shook her head, and answered, "All the white men must die. But the child of the white man shall live and serve the children of the Sun!"

Mina gave a piercing cry. Ontara led her away, and whispered in her ear, "Straight as an arrow from a bow, and swiftly as a feather before the wind, the White Chief has gone down the river, far from the land of the Natches."

Mina ran to her mother, clasped her hands around her neck, and said to her in a low voice, "My father is yet alive! He is gone down the river. The young chief says so."

"Then there is still hope for us," murmured Madame d'Auban, as she pressed her child to her heart. "God is merciful! That hope makes life endurable, and for thy sake, and perhaps for his, I must try to live, my Mina."

And then she, who had already gone through so many and strange vicissitudes, the daughter and the sister of princes, the spoilt child of her father's little Court, the victim of the fierce Czarowitz, the whilom happy wife of the French colonist, began that night her work as the slave of her Indian captors—meekly, courageously, as one who had been schooled in the lessons of the Cross.

All the wives and children of the murdered Frenchmen were condemned to the same doom, and in the anguish of bereavement, some of them with nerves and feelings almost to phrensy sore, many of them without any religious support and consolation—for a great number of these European emigrants, through neglecting to practise their religion, had almost lost their faith—found themselves in presence of the greatest imaginable calamity without any human prospect of relief.

Their Indian masters exulted in their presence at the tragical fate of their victims, and spoke openly of the massacre which was to take place on a particular

day, at every place where there were French settlements amongst all the tribes on the shores of the Mississippi, as far as the great lakes beyond its sources, or the sea at its mouth. Not one Frenchman, they boasted, would survive to carry the news to the land they came from. The new French city, and every fort and habitation in the country, would be levelled to the ground, and the Indians who had learnt the Frenchman's prayer, and who tried to save the life of a black robe, were to be tied to a stake and burnt at a slow fire.

The usefulness of their new slaves induced the savages to spare their lives, and even to treat them with some degree of humanity. This was at least in most instances the case. They were delighted to make the European women sew and make up garments for them out of the skins of beasts and the pieces of cloth seized at the Fort where M. Chepar and all his companions had been murdered. The arrival of several carts laden with goods at that military station a day or two before had excited the covetousness of the chiefs and the sachems, and induced them to hurry operations and give the signal of murder and plunder before the day appointed for a simultaneous rising throughout the colony. The sight of some of these articles of European manufacture drew tears from the eyes of the poor captives, who saw in them many a remembrance of their native land. Homely bits of furniture; pieces of cloth and linen which bore the stamp of some manufacturing town which some of them had once inhabited; cups and glasses and plates such as were in common use amongst the bourgeoisie of that epoch, and many of these things were wrapt up in numbers of the "Mercure," or the "Gazette de France," or the "Journal de Trevoux," which were read with eagerness and wept over by the women, before whose eyes rose in those moments visions of some valley in Provence or in Normandy, or of the narrow streets of Paris—a city which always preserves a powerful hold on the affections of those who had been born and bred within its precincts. Dreams of its bright river, its quaint buildings, sunny quays, and shady gardens, have haunted an exile's sleep full as often as the snowy summits of the Swiss Alps or the golden groves and myrtle bowers of Italy.

Madame d'Auban and her daughter were treated gently enough, owing to the protection of the young chief Ontara. Their cleverness at work also obtained for them the good graces of the woman Sun, who was delighted to appear before her subjects decked in European finery. Most of their time was spent in this employment. They sat on the grass in a grove of acacias behind the palace hut, and worked several hours a day. Madame d'Auban found relief in its manual labour to her tormenting thoughts. Mina helped her eagerly or wearily, according to the mood of the moment. Children cannot endure the careless pressure of sorrow or anxiety. When the uncertainty about her father's fate pressed upon her, she hid her head in her mother's bosom, and gave way to passionate weeping; or when she saw that mother looking pale and worn and working like a slave, her zeal in assisting her was unbounded. But if her friends the Indian youths appeared, the wish to play was irresistible.

Both the young chiefs neglected other amusements, and even the more serious business of hunting and fishing, in order to play with the little white maiden, who was to them a perfect vision of beauty and delight. It was a pretty sight, the fair captive child sitting under a hedge of oleanders between the two Indian playmates, who were like each other as to colouring and features, but whose countenances were strikingly dissimilar. There was something noble and refined in Ontara's person and manners—a gentleness which, in a European, would have been thought good breeding. His movements were slow and graceful, and his eyes had the pensive, almost mournful, expression peculiar to his race. Osseo's face was a cunning one, and if any thing irritated him a malignant light gleamed in his deep-set eyes, which were at those moments more like those of an angry animal than of a man. He was related to the royal family, but not a son of the reigning sovereign. His wonderful quickness and agility had made him a favourite with the young chief. They were constant companions, and equally devoted to the little white captive.

One day Ontara brought her a cluster of the waxen blossoms of the Mimosa. She wove them into a wreath, and with some beautiful feathers Osseo had just given her made a crown which she laughingly placed

on her head. A sudden gloom darkened Ontara's brow, and he spoke angrily to Osseo. Angry glances and gestures followed. Mina instantly pulled to pieces both the garland and the crown, and making a nosegay of the feathers and the flowers, placed it in her breast. She had caught the habit of expressing her thoughts by signs, and was as quick as the Indians themselves in the use of symbols.

Osseo pointed to the nosegay and said, "The flowers will be dead and drop off to-morrow, but the feathers will live in the maiden's bosom till she is as tall as her mother."

Again a dark look gathered over Ontara's brow, but Mina hastened to reply—"The leaves may lose their colour, but they smell sweetly even when they are dry and dead. The feathers never smell at all. But they are very pretty," she added with such a bright smile that Osseo exclaimed:—

"In your eyes, little white maiden, there is a more powerful fetish than the one I carry in my bosom;" and thrusting his hand in his breast, he showed the head of a serpent.

Mina shuddered, and said that a fetish was a bad thing, and that she hated serpents. There was no fetish in her eyes, she was certain, and no serpent in her breast.

On the following morning Osseo came to the Acacia Grove, and told Mina to come with him into the woods, and that he would give her more beautiful flowers than Ontara had brought her the day before, and a bird that would imitate the sound of her voice. She looked wistfully at her mother, for she longed to run across the fields into the forest; but Madame d'Auban shook her head, and bade her sit down to her work. She told Osseo that Mina belonged to the woman chief, and could not go out without her leave. Osseo's eyes gleamed with anger, and he threatened to drag the child away. He said she was his slave, and he would compel her to go with him. Terrified at this youth's looks and manner, Madame d'Auban resolved to place Mina under Ontara's protection. She felt an instinctive confidence in his generous nature, and knew well that if an Indian once adopts any one as his sister or his child, he faithfully fulfils the duties he thus assumes. So the next time the young

chief came to the palace, she made him understand that Osseo called Mina his slave, and threatened to carry her away. "Will you protect her, Ontara?" The eyes of the Indian boy had flashed fire when he heard of Osseo's threats; and when Mina's mother made her appeal, he made a sign to them both to follow him. He led the way to the assembly of the sachem, and, in the presence of the Sun his father, he solemnly, according to the custom of his tribe, made her his sister; and as a token of this adoption, he placed his hand on her head, threatening at the same time, with a loud voice, death to any one who should molest her. "She is my sister," he cried. "She has returned from the land beyond the grave. She went away when the leaves were falling off the trees, and now she has come back with the green leaves and the flowers, with golden hair and sunny eyes. No one shall dare to touch her. She is a daughter of the Sun."

Madam d'Auban looked gratefully at their young protector, and raised her hand to her lips—a token of friendship which he understood.

Mina was overjoyed. "I have a brother now," she cried, and threw her arms round the boy's neck. There was something entirely new to the Indian youth in the child's innocent affection, and in her way of showing it. It touched a chord in his heart which had never been moved. From that moment she became dearer to him than aught else on earth. Her mother's trust in him, her soft kiss, and the name of "brother" which she gave him, made life a different thing to Ontara from what it had yet been. He had never shed a tear—his countrymen do not weep—but a strange sensation rose in his throat, and he turned away, not understanding what it could mean.

On one of those long weary days which had elapsed since that of the massacre, Madame d'Auban was sitting at her work on the grass near their hut, and Mina by her side. A French woman, who was carrying a pitcher on her shoulder, stopped to speak to them on her way to the well. She was the widow of M. Lenoir, one of the murdered officers at the fort, and a slave in the chief's palace.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "Another com-

panion in adversity! May I ask your name, Madame?"

"Madame d'Auban."

"Ah! Madame d'Auban—the wife of the . . . Should I say the late—Colonel d'Auban?"

It is easier under certain circumstances to bear positive unkindness than an irreverent, well-meaning handling of a throbbing wound in our hearts; and perhaps the greatest trial of all is the sympathy expressed by those who think their sorrows are like our sorrows, when they no more resemble them than the prick of a pin does the stab of a dagger.

"Ah!" sighed Madame Lenoir. "My poor dear husband! He would come to this horrid country to make his fortune, and Fortune has played him a terrible trick! He was one of the first killed by those demons that dreadful morning."

"Were you here, Madame? and was your husband also massacred?"

Madame d'Auban felt as if she was laid on the rack. "I live in hope—" she murmured, but could not finish her sentence.

"My father was not killed," said Mina. "I am sure he will come back and take us away."

"Ah! M. d'Auban escaped. *Je vous en fais mon compliment.* It was, indeed, a piece of luck. I wish my poor dear husband had been as fortunate! But he was what I call an unlucky person. If there was a possibility of getting into a scrape or a difficulty, he was always sure to do so. I used to say to him, 'My friend, nothing ever succeeds with you. You were certainly born under an unlucky star. The Fates did not smile on your cradle. You never do the right thing for yourself.' Ah! poor man, he used to shake his head and say, 'Well, my dear, I almost think you are right. I never took an important step in life that I did not repent of it.' You see he had great confidence in my judgment.

"Was yours a happy marriage, my dear Madame? Oh! pardon me, if I distress you. Our common sorrows—for no doubt you are not quite easy about your excellent husband's fate, even though you are so much less to be pitied than I am—seems to me to establish quite an intimacy between us. Is this charming young lady your only child, Madame?"

FOR THE HARP.

ST. PETER, THE APOSTLE.

(Feast, June 29th.)

How Jesus triumphs in his saints
O'er worldly grandeur vain ;
That sudden shifts, before the wind
As fleets the vap'ry train.

While in their mounmental dust,
Neglected monarchs lie ;
Whose fame, that once so filled the earth,
Scarce lives in history.

Far as the Church the Faith extends,
This day the nations raise
Their commdn voice, in chorus sweet,
To sound her Peter's praise.

Next to himself religion's chief,
Mark how the Saviour chose
A poor illiterate fisherman,
To face her proudest foes.

Earth's 'mighty Mistress for her gods
Rome trembling at His word ;
Against truth's champion bids her chiefs
Unsheath their conquering sword.

In vain her chiefs their sword unsheath,
In vain her learned inveigh ;
And 'gainst his artless eloquence
Their utmost skill display.

Low at his feet her blunted sword
Rome now submissive lays ;
And to her conquerors trophy adds
Her crowns and withered bays.

All round arrayed, in heap obscene
Her crumbling idols strew'd ;
While o'er her Temples, bright in gold,
Messiah's cross is viewed.

Where Satan in his fiercest might
Maintained his mur'drous sway ;
Triumphant reigns the Prince of Peace,
Whom nations all obey.

States rise and fall ; Time's ample scythe
Still mows our feeble race ;
The tumult Peter yet unmov'd
Views from his holy place.

The voice of watchful Shepherds there,
On Zion's Hill reclined.
Each passing generation hears
Warning his charge assign'd.

And may we still attentive hear,
And hearing still obey
Our Shepherd's voice, from Christ's one
Sure never thus to stray ! (fold

When Reason proud, alone directs,
In vain conjecture lost,
Before each whimsay's veering wind
In giddy round is toss'd.

Unerring sure his word must be,
Whose faith the Saviour said
Should never fail ; for him alone
When to his Sire he pray'd.

His Brethren whom he bid confirm,
Bade e'er he sought his Throne,
The Lambs and Sheep, his Flock to feed,
While Time his course should run

The rock he's stil'd, on whose firm base
Truth's sacred fabric rose ;
To him the keys of heav'n are lent
With power to ope or close.

By Satan sifted once, like wheat
Self confident, he fell ;
Now, by his Lord's right hand upheld,
He braves the powers of hell,

Still treads secure the surging deep ;
Nor heeds the billows roar ;
Till the tempest safe at last
He reach th' eternal shore.

His praises then, with ceaseless voice,
Let creatures all resound,
Whose wisdom deigns to choose the weak.
The mighty to confound.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three,
Let creatures join to pour their praise
Through all eternity. Amen.

FOR THE HARP.

THE IRISH NECESSITY.

IRELAND has been decidedly fortunate of late, in at least one respect. Since the beginning of the great agrarian agitation, that still holds Irish national feeling in extreme tension, many press correspondents have been sent to Ireland from America; and, with scarcely an exception, they have proved themselves to be honest, able and truthful. It would be impossible to set an adequate value upon the evidence they gave to the world as to the miserable condition of the country about which they testified. So complete and impartial has been their labor, that there would be absolutely no need of such an article as the present, did the Irish question always remain in the same groove. But, thanks to the energy of the Land League, Irish affairs are advancing with rapid strides. Every position they successively occupy demands its own particular comment; and hence the present paper, wherein we have endeavored to briefly trace the victorious progress of the Land League, as well as to indicate what we conceive to be necessary for the future welfare of Ireland.

We cannot allude to all the political evils under which Ireland groans: a volume would hardly suffice to recite them. The fundamental evil doubtlessly lies in the distribution of property throughout the island. The whole country is divided into immense estates, acquired we will not say how, and held by so-called noble families, who have no sympathy with the people, and who, in general, are their oppressors. The revenue of many of these estates are incredibly large. A man who derives £40,000 a year from an estate, by means of the toil of his followers, is bound to do a great deal for their comfort. Now, an Irish landlord seldom does anything to make the lot of his vassals more bearable; but then, we doubt if all these lords are men with the hearts and sensibility of men. In general, the large proprietor does not let the land immediately to the cultivators, but to a class of *middlemen*, who take large tracts on lease, cut them up and underlet them, mostly by yearly leases, to the occupying

tenants. No system could be more effectual, if its very design were to prevent the improvement of the soil and the condition of its cultivators. The landlord bleeds the *middleman* in the paying of his "head-rent;" and the *middleman* in turn bleeds the unfortunate sub-tenant. Instead of being stimulated to industry, in order to render his abode more comfortable, and his few acres more profitable, the poor cottier really fears that any improvement would slip through his own fingers and go to increase the rents of his landlord. Since the great famine of 1845-7, and the action of the Court of Encumbered Estates, the class of *middlemen* has been passing away; but the genus still remains, and is not likely to become as extinct as the dodo for some little time longer. The present rents paid for good land, where ever rents are paid, vary from £3 to £7 or £8 per acre, according to the quality and nearness to market. As things go, if the tenant can pay his rent and keep his family from starvation, he does well. Under these circumstances, the tenant cannot hope to improve his condition; nor has he the smallest encouragement to make the attempt. As for saving money from the wages of labour, an Irish peasant never dreams of it. In many parts of Ireland constant employment at tenpence a day cannot be had; the average price all over the island is only one shilling and sixpence a day, if so much. Of course, as the price of provisions is high, he never tastes meat or any delicacy whatsoever; potatoes are therefore his only subsistence. After beholding this dark picture of misery; one has full cause to thank a merciful Providence for so generously endowing the Irish people with that omnipresent "knack of hoping," about which poor Goldsmith writes: "Without it there could be no such thing as Irish nationality after the long and persistent persecutions of England. In travelling through Ireland, you will find few in country, town, or village, who hold a farm or house and lot in fee simple. Much of the city of Dublin is in this predicament; Belfast belongs to

Lord Spindthrift; this town belongs to Lord Dolittle: and a third to lord somebody else. Whatever improvement a man may make upon his farm or town, lot reverts to the owner of the land on the expiration of the lease; and if the improvements are valuable, the man must actually pay an additional rent on account of what he himself has created before he can obtain a renewal of the lease. The Land Act of 1870 did away with some of the lesser wrongs in this connection, subsequent legislation with more, but the principle and practice still remain, and it is to the abuse committed by them that the Land League owes its origin. It is obvious that under this wretched system the country itself may improve, and the great landed proprietors increase in wealth, while there is no improvement whatever in the condition of the masses. Any additional value that may be given to a country by government measures, or by the industry of its cultivators, serves only to put additional rents into the pockets of the lordly owners. But, perhaps, the worst evil of all is *absenteeism*. It might be supposed that the revenues of these over-grown proprietors, expended among the people, would greatly relieve the public distress. Alas! the proprietors themselves know little or nothing about their estate or tenants, except to wring the last penny of rent, to be spent in the luxuries, of London or Paris. Here and there in Ireland you may find a gentleman or a landlord living upon his estate. The best of the resident gentry exert themselves for the improvement of their tenantry; but in general, they occupy their leisure hours in writing libellous anti-League articles for the English magazines. Contemplate this ye Irish of Canada! Think well on it ye native-born Canadian people! Here a nation has to toil that a few landlord drones may live in sumptuous idleness; the Irish Lazarus must wait and wait, that the landowning Dives may enjoy abundance; the Irish matron and maid must content themselves with the scantiest rags, that my Lord's wife and daughters may display themselves in silks and laces. This is, surely, a state of things that cries out to heaven with a louder voice than ever the blood of the innocent. It was brooding over the terrible condition of his countrymen, whilst confined on account of his ardent patriotism by an alien Government,

that caused Michael Davitt to form a resolution to found the Land League. This remarkable man was born of peasant parents, near Straide, County Mayo, in 1846—one of the awful famine years. While he was yet young, the house in which he was born was torn down over his head by the ruthless Crowbar Brigade. After a long confinement in a British prison on account of Fenianism, he was liberated at last on a ticket of leave; and, after a careful study of Irish politics, he proceeded to carry out the bold plans he had matured while in prison. The people exasperated by the experience of the late famine, when death was averted from thousands solely by the charity of the United States and the British Colonies, were ready to make any sacrifice in order to destroy Landlordism. The first great meeting was held at Irishtown, a small village of Mayo, in the year 1879; where, after making a most pathetic allusion to the eviction of his family years before, he called upon the immense multitude that hung upon his words to join him in a new crusade against Irish Landlordism. Like the Concord gun, the voice first raised at the humble hamlet of Irishtown was fated to be heard all the world over. A few months after this initial pronouncement, Mr. Parnell delivered a speech at Milltown, in Galway, wherein he clearly enunciated the subsequent doctrine of the Land League. Who is Charles Stewart Parnell? An Irish Protestant gentleman of property, and educated in one of the great Universities of England. Whatever could make such an individual associate himself with a poor "fellow," in order to bring about a social revolution having for primary object the purifying of the very class to which he himself belonged? Surely it was the sight of misery, wretchedness and distress on every hand that roused the innate patriotism of Charles Stewart Parnell. He looked about him, and from whatever stand-point he contemplated the state of Ireland, he always found it painful in the extreme. To see a people full of noble traits of character and capable of great things, inhabiting a land bountifully endowed by Providence, fruitful enough to supply all their wants; to see such a people on such a soil, living in comparative beggary, is truly lamentable. And then to think that what the soil does produce, instead of being applied to the

support of their own wants, and the improvement of their own condition, goes to pamper an idle aristocracy in another land, and to support its agents and dependents in Ireland—he could hardly refrain from asking, is there justice in man? And when he asked why should these things be? Why cannot these immense estates be divided, the badly clothed millions better housed and fed? He was answered with the state pretence, by which all the oppressions in the British Empire are defended—that vested rights must be sustained! Then he thought that if the vested rights of the few involved the ruin of many, the sooner vested rights were swept away the better. And vested rights such as these referred to, he discovered after careful analysis to be vested wrongs. Hence, Charles Stewart Parnell joined Michael Davitt. Very soon the agitation was fairly under way, but at first, the landlords treated it with unmeasured scorn and contempt. The proverb says, "They who laugh last, laugh best," and so it was in this instance. The movement gathered strength day by day; farmers and tradesmen flocked to hear the agitators; young men of education began to swell the ranks; special correspondents and journalists came from the Continent and from distant America, who painted the misery they beheld in its true light, greatly to the chagrin of amiable John Bull. A "new spirit" had come into Ireland, and everything was prepared for a war upon the enemies of the people—not alone of the toilers of the whole world. When O'Connell began his potent and successful movement for Catholic Emancipation he had no fresh young Ireland in the West upon which to depend for sympathy or pecuniary aid, but the case was now entirely different. The great famine of 1845-7, caused principally by misgovernment, compelled millions of famishing peasantry to seek new homes beyond the Atlantic. Every subsequent year has added its thousands to the original quota, and all have prospered and multiplied, hating England with an eternal hatred, and like Hamilcar, teaching their children to do likewise. To those millions of expatriated Irish in America the Land League resolved to apply for "the sinews of war." The League had no sooner determined to send delegates to the United States than the Lords published their in-

tention of dispatching representatives from their body in order to oppose the efforts of their opponents. The Lords were beginning to understand the power of the League and to fear it. Both squads of representatives crossed the Atlantic in due time. Mr. Parnell and his copatriots were received with open arms by the liberty-loving people of America; while Lord Dunraven, the ambassador of the landed aristocracy, was obliged to confine his abortive efforts to the Anglomaniac Snobocracy of New York city for want of a sympathetic audience elsewhere. If we may accept American sympathy as a criterion of the noble Lord's success, his errand to the United States was as barren of useful results to his cause, as that of his more talented prototype, James Anthony Froude, who suffered such utter defeat at the hands of the eloquent Father Burke a few years previous. One or two periodicals subsidized, a brace of rural newspapers bribed, a few additions to the aggregate of English falsehoods about Ireland—these composed the sum and substance of that noble gentleman's efforts in America. But his very presence indicated an important victory for the League; because, prior to this, the haughty Landlords were never known to pay the smallest attention to the ineffectual struggles of their suffering vassals. On the other hand wherever the legates of the League went, they were enthusiastically received, sumptuously feasted, and sent on their way with greatly augmented coffers.

Meanwhile the agitation continued in the Old Land. It would give us pleasant satisfaction to trace its progress step by step but our space is limited, and we must content ourselves with a brief mention of its salient points. It could no longer be treated with contumely by the aristocrats, having matured from a germ to an immense growth. Sunday meetings were held in various parts of the country in order to disseminate the doctrine and cement the organization of the League; branches were formed in every hamlet, village and town from Giant's Causeway to Bantry Bay; funds were raised in every county by voluntary subscription; while thousands of dollars poured in weekly from the United States, Canada, Australia and the other colonies. The Irish aristocrats looked on with wonder, not unmixed with fear. The landlords howled for pro-

tection, and could find no rest even when surrounded by 50,000 British regulars besides the efficient Irish Constabulary. The experience of history proves that all arbitrary power must sooner or later stand face to face with its Nemesis.

The poorer peasantry of Ireland had learned many important lessons from the late famine. Its sufferings compelled them to realize their dreadful situation, separated only a single degree from actual starvation. This led to the national uprising against Landlordism and the unparalleled success of the League. It was an irrefragable argument against the laws that, if they did not cause, at least allowed, such an awful state of things to exist. It rooted the tenants in their grim resolve to change their desperate condition at all costs. The League found the materials for irresistible agitation ready to hand. It had only to teach the farmers their strength and to show them how to use it most effectually, in order to obtain a long series of brilliant victories; and the members of the League fulfilled this onerous task with untiring energy, skill and perseverance. If we required evidence of their success we have it in the minutes of the Dublin Convention, when upwards of 1,300 delegates collected as representatives of 600,000 tenant farmers. Every county was well represented. Among the delegates sat Catholic Priests and Protestant Ministers, Catholic laymen and Protestant laymen, Nationalists, Orangemen and Fenians. The celebrated Confederation of Kilkenny would lose by comparison. Never, in the whole history of Ireland did an assemblage so thoroughly representative, both in points of number and of representative character, meet to deliberate in the name of the Irish nation. If the League did no more than bring about this extraordinary display of religious forbearance and toleration, it would have done sufficient to merit the everlasting thanks of all true Irishmen.

Let us take a peep at the British Parliament. The Gladstone Government went into power pledged to render at least a measure of justice to Ireland. There is something ominous in the very word. British Justice! the phrase is really startling in its novelty. The wrongs inflicted by England upon Ireland are undoubtedly as bad as ever disgraced the history of a conquest, in itself without excuse. Not

to speak of confiscations and executions, there were laws passed one after another, from the time of Edward I. even to the present century, a collection of which would be a sad commentary on the boasted justice of British Parliament. Irishmen lay under disabilities, political, social and ecclesiastical, so severe and numerous that it really seems to have been a question what they were expected to do *except* to break some of these arbitrary laws and thus incur some cruel penalty. Down to our own century, and for the avowed purpose of injuring the linen trade, the only flourishing one of the country, the English cotton and woollen manufacturers procured the passing of acts better called destructive than productive. When we add to these wrongs the bitter drop of the Irish Church Establishment, it is easy to conjecture what opinion was entertained by the great majority of Irishmen as to the reality of British Justice. Now, however, persons were told that all this was to undergo a healthful change by a touch of the ministerial wand. The Liberal press was replete with fair promises, and the fair resounded with the conciliatory trumpet blowing of the ministers. Expectancy was on tip-toe to discern what was coming. The Parliament met on the 6th of January 1881; and the Irish party, as in duty bound, took advantage of the Debate on the Address to call attention to the condition of their country. A long and acrimonious controversy followed, which had the effect of rousing members on both sides. Some time after, the Government stated their intention of carrying a sweeping Land Bill; but, at the same time declared they would give precedence to two coercion bills. Two parts of coercion to one of conciliation was the prescription of the great ministerial panacea for Irish grievances! Not a very great improvement on the good old style after all. This combination of two things, mutually destructive, was a grievous mistake, which cannot be explained on any reasonable hypothesis. The Land League, neither before nor since, committed an error as grave as this. The nearest attempt was the publication of the "No Rent Manifesto." We condemn that document, as the Irish hierarchy have condemned it, and as every man must who listens to the dictates of reason and morality rather than of passion. But the manifesto and the

coercion bills were conceived under entirely different circumstances, and this surely should be taken into consideration when we refer to them. The manifesto was a retort on Mr. Foster for his coarse expedient of general arrest and imprisonment of the best friends of law and order. The coercion bills, on the contrary, were framed coolly and deliberately so that they cannot be excused. Naturally they were opposed to the death by the Irish members and were carried, after a protracted debate of over thirty sittings, only by the introduction of "urgency" and the expulsion from the house of thirty-six representatives of Irish constituencies. After a hard battle coercion passed both the Lords and the Commons, and became the law of the land—or rather of Ireland. The landowning sybarites of the country were filled with delight, but the people laughed coercion to scorn, as they had done a hundred times before. Up to this, and it is now a confessed failure, only one result has accrued from this bill, the total annihilation of the small atom of confidence that the Irish people placed in William Ewart Gladstone *et hoc genus omne*. In this connection, ministerial intellect appears to have terminated in a putrid ganglion of enraged error. The world expected better things from many of those who strove with all their might to pass their coercive measures. It was John Bright originated the maxim that: "Force is no remedy." Mr. Gladstone is father to scores of wise sayings to the same effect; yet both these gentlemen voted heart and soul for force—blind, brute force—as the best remedy for Irish restlessness under the infliction of injurious wrongs. Whatever Englishmen may do, no Irishman will consider Mr. Gladstone a second Aristides, or hold him worthy of being ostracised as entirely too virtuous for his contemporaries.

Coercion, then, fell dead, nor was the much vaunted Land Bill one whit more useful. Immediately after it became law all hinderances and obstacles were removed from the land, that it might work its sweet magic on the people without obstruction. It was for presuming to test its wonderful efficiency, as well as for making an unanswerable reply to the Premier's violent speech at Leeds, that Parnell was arrested and lodged in jail. Secretary Sexton, Dillon and O'Kelly

were arrested immediately after, probably as aiders and abettors of their chief. This was the redemption of Mr. Gladstone's pledge to Ireland. In the words of his friend, Alfred Tennyson, in *King Arthur* :

"His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

We repeat it, the Land Bill is a failure. Listen to the opinion of Professor Leech as expressed in the April number of the *Contemporary Review*. "The great mass of the cases of those who are already in Court," says the Professor, "cannot possibly be heard for years. Those who have yet to become suitors will have to wait for their turn, and will grow impatient in the process. The working of the Act, tedious as it is, is fraught with serious disaster, and even ruin to many of those who are brought within the sphere of its operations. The Act, instead of producing finality, has started a permanent and universal system of litigation, which will be always of necessity, in an ever-increasing arrear. It has failed to satisfy those for whose benefit it was intended, while the condition of the country is worse now than it has been at any previous time." We must frankly confess that we do not suppose the Land Act was ever intended to benefit the Irish. If it were the case there would not have been any need for coercion; but the Government well aware of the utter uselessness of their Act, and compelled to do something, forced it upon the people at the point of the bayonet. Let none be surprised at this sample of machiavellian duplicity: it must not be forgotten that it was practiced solely upon "the mere Irish"—a circumstance that goes far to explain everything. On the whole, little could be expected from a ministry with such a head, and less than a little was received. We cannot leave this portion of our subject without a few words about those who entered the Land Court and were so fortunate or unfortunate as to have their cases "settled" by that tribunal. A few of them are satisfied and have returned to their homes contented and happy, but very many consider that the decision of the Land Court has made their condition—pecuniary and otherwise—worse than it originally was. To show that this opinion is based upon something more substantial than empty air, we resort once more to figures which, it has been said, cannot lie,

In one recent case, that of Adams vs. Dunseath, the total cost was £103, or \$575, while the probable total reduction was only £4 or \$20. The landlord's costs, it is stated, were guaranteed by the Northern Landlord's Association. The following are the other facts in the case: Tenant's rent, £36; reduction made by Sub-Commissioners at Ballymena, £6; statutable rent, £30; cost of originating notice and hearing before Commissioners, Ballymena, £5; cost of appeal to Belfast £12; costs of witnesses and surveyors £5—£22. Cost of appeal to Dublin, caused by the Commissioners stating a case to seven judges: fees to counsel, £50; solicitor's fees, etc., £25—£75. Probable cost of re-arrangement before Judge O'Hagan & Co., £6, making, as before stated, a total of £103 costs in a case involving a reduction of only £6. It does not here appear that the Land Act possesses much of beneficence in practice, but the contrary despite the great promises of its makers. No one has any reason to be pleased with such a settlement as this except the lawyers—they are the monkeys that bite the cheese on both sides.

The government fully expected to see the great agitation collapse after the arrest and incarceration of Mr. Parnell and his compatriots. They had precedent for this idea: it was in the time of O'Connell, and why not again? To the ministerial mind, the Irish were a nation of Bourbons, who learned nothing and forget nothing. So positive were they—and are still—in this error, that we truly believe it would require the eloquence of Demosthenes, the reasoning of Locke, and the poetic sublimity of Burke to convince them that they did not and do not understand the people with whom they had to deal and are now dealing. Now in reality the Irish people had forgotten a great deal and learned a great deal. They had forgotten their fatal quarrels, their local dislikes, their political disagreements, and their religious animosities; they had learned that they were no longer slaves; that a united nation is irresistible; and, lastly, that there was something wanting without which there could be no peace for their country. O'Connell made up the spirit of repeal, he was the foundation upon which the whole agitation rested; but it was very different now; because all Ireland breathes vitality into the Land League,

and it is supported by the broad shoulders of the whole nation instead of those of any individual. So the League lived after the arrests, and the British Ministers were baffled and beaten. For our part, we wish no better fate to any Government that rests its political lever upon a barbarous fulcrum of despotic force.

Meanwhile, the army was let loose upon the people. In consequence of the publication of the famous "No Rent Manifesto" the League was declared to be illegal. The suppression of the usual meetings, in consequence of this proclamation, furnished the soldiers and the constabulary with frequent opportunities of committing gross outrages in the name of law and order. The people deprived of their leaders, who had always counselled them to keep the law; and coerced to desperation, began to retaliate upon their merciless persecutors. As Mr. Sexton said in Parliament the other day, "the time was past when it was possible to give an Irishman a blow in the face without receiving one in return." Of course, all despatches and reports emanating from English sources, or supplied to the cable "that lies at the bottom of the ocean" by the landlords or their friends, must be taken *cum grano salis*. Still, we have no doubt that outrages are prevalent; but, with Mr Smythe, the Westmeath landlord who was fired at, and whose sister-in-law was shot dead, we leave them all at Mr. Gladstone's door. • It was he and not the suspects made anarchy the ruling power in the wretched country he is supposed to govern. Those willing and able to control the angered populace are imprisoned; over five hundred and eleven Irishmen are snatched from the bosoms of their families and immured as "village tyrants and dissolute ruffians" without even the form of a trial; priests are arrested on awful indictments and dragged directly to the dungeon, without the least respect for their persons or their sacred ministry. Children are imprisoned for whistling the tune of "Harvey Duff," and women and young girls are "riddled with bayonets and buck-shot," to use the words of a witness at a recent inquest. Small wonder then that the people sometimes forget themselves so far as to commit crimes for which they repent during their whole after lives. On the other hand, the landlords are far from happy. Many of them are "boy-

cotted" and receive no rent, while all are in imminent danger of their life. As we write all the landlords in Westmeath and Roscommon are under police protection. The following letter written to the *Times* by Major Twill, a resident magistrate, will give an idea of their troubles. Writing from Claremorris the major says:—

"I never travel without an escort of two armed policemen, and an armed groom. Counting the Winchester revolvers and shot guns of the party, there are twenty-five rounds that can be discharged in as many seconds, with thirty-four rounds in reserve. My escort search all plantations, groves, hedges, etc., on the route, and the neighborhood of my house is patrolled all night by an armed guard, provided with retrievers and bull-dogs, to aid in the search for explosives and assassins."

This letter carries its own grim comments. It shows that the state of Ireland after Coercion has been tried and found wanting. It may safely be supposed that Major Twill is a defiant tyrant like Clifford Lloyd; but he had need to double his guards and his bull-dogs. Such protection availed little in the cases of Lords Leitrim and Montmorris, and later still in that of Herbert, who was as brave and defiant as the martial major. However, this condition of affairs cannot last; there must come a change, and soon too.

In summing up the preceding paragraphs, one conclusion forces itself upon us—England cannot now, and never will be able to govern Ireland. If our readers are not with us in this we have written to little purpose. In the whole course of history no country has ever been well governed by a foreign power. It is preposterous to suppose that anyone could understand the affairs of a people better than the people themselves. Both Parnell and Davitt were well aware of this truism before they began the great crusade of the century. The Land League never intended to stop at the mere abolition of Landlordism and a petty reformation in land laws. It aspired to a certain something higher and grander than this—to a golden idea that always occupied, and is still occupying the mind of the patriotic Irishmen. When Davitt began this agitation he made a demand for self-government, the principle plank in his platform. England has no more right to make land laws for Ireland than she has to make land laws for Canada, Australia, or New Zealand. Mr. Parnell held the self-same views. In one of his speeches he says:—

"I am of opinion that the question of self-government can never be settled as long as the question of how much rent a tenant should pay remains open." Here, he makes the land agitation and the reduction of rents the only means of achieving the final result, self-government. Throughout the whole agitation all the Leaguers looked to Home Rule as the final end of their efforts. On the necessity of a native government for Ireland, and of the reasons England has for refusing it, we know of no words so worthy of the attention of Canadians as the following explanation by Mr. Parnell, written for the *North American Review*.—

"It may seem strange to Americans that England should prefer to keep Ireland poor and miserable, rather than to make her prosperous. But Ireland prosperous would mean Ireland populous and strong; and Ireland populous and strong would mean a great nation by no means satisfied to remain a mere province of England, governed by an English parliament. Therefore, though England would find such a splendid market for her goods in Ireland, if she were wealthy, and though the revenue from Ireland would be increased to an enormous extent, she prefers to lose this market for her goods and this chance of increased revenues, because she fears that Irish independence would be the first fruit of Irish prosperity. In that dreadful contingency, of course, England would not get any revenue at all from Ireland; so perhaps she understands her own business, and it is her best policy, as far as her pockets are concerned is to keep Ireland weak and poor."

No doubt this is the policy that England wishes to pursue towards the "sister island," but, in the light of recent events, it is impossible for her to carry it out. A great European war is one of the probabilities for this summer, and if such an event takes place, it is altogether likely that England will be drawn into it. In this case, the army must be withdrawn from Ireland, and history repeat itself by acting over again the glorious events of 1782. Mr. Gladstone, with much foresight, has asked for a definite tangible plan for Home Rule; and Mr. Justin McCarthy, we believe, is about to supply him with what he desires. Again, the landlords are now willing to accept the League terms, which they refused two years ago. They express their entire readiness to make over their property to government on receipt of fair compensation. We may fairly regard their anxiety to sell out as a great victory for the League. They are defeated, not in any

particular place but all along the line. Parnell is blamed for agitating, but he knows full well the strength of a *people's* voice in these days. He knows that by agitation alone have the Irish people obtained the few rights which they already enjoy; and he and his associates are wisely bent on agitation until the full measure of justice to Ireland shall be accomplished.

But the Irish tenants cannot allow the English Parliament to buy out the landlords' titles to the farms they occupy. This would be giving a foreign power a mortgage on every farm in Ireland,—one that would be so heavy as to render payment impossible. They put no trust in the British Parliament, and will be reluctant to put themselves further in the power of England, from whom they have seldom received ought but insult and injury. When the great estates shall be sold, therefore, the purchase must be made by a Parliament sitting in Dublin, and representing all Ireland. Nothing less than this will satisfy the great majority of the Irish people. Let us understand well the aspirations and demands of that country. Ireland wants complete independence—

entire separation from England. In common with every other country on the face of the globe, she has a right to be free; but England defrauds her of this right by force of numbers and of arms. But a nation of five millions at home, and at the lowest calculations, fifteen millions of active and related sympathizers abroad, can no longer be treated as a mere dependency. At present the clouds on her political horizon are apparently dark and threatening, but every one of them has a silver lining. The famous old Fenian song tells us that "the darkest hour of night is the one before the dawn." We sincerely trust that the present gloom—be it more or less—is the forerunner of the dawn and diffusion of the light of Irish liberty. The politicians of England are beginning to lend a reluctant ear to the reasonable demands of Ireland. This is well. Would that they might not only listen to them, but hasten to grant them before it is too late, and allow Irishmen to go their own way, and to manage their own affairs as they consider best.—This is the great Irish necessity.

Ottawa, May 1st, 1882.

M. W. C.

LIFE'S CHARITY—A TALE.

AND the great sea closed over that wild struggle, and the wreck went down with its precious freight of immortality!

There was a single cry that came from the white lips, one glance from the tearless, appealing eyes.

"All ready!" sounded a rough voice from the long-boat.

"For my child!" she called out to me, above the awful din and tumult. And I could only clench the rosary with its precious crucifix in my bosom, and spring into the already crowded boat. I missed and fell, and, grasping an oar, fought the angry sea for life.

I vaguely recollect a fearful shriek, as the steamer turned and settled; and when she sank, the strong current drew in the last of the boats, the boat in which *she* had taken refuge. I closed my eyes, but in my ear rang the agony, the wild despair of that cry, "My God! my God!"

I suppose I fainted; for I only remember opening my eyes on the deck of a small vessel, which was scudding under bare poles before a perfect hurricane. Weeks passed by, and in a quiet English village, on the soft, balmy south coast, I lay, trying to regain the strength which brain fever had exhausted.

My kind English nurse told me that through it all I grasped the rosary, and her heart was touched by my devotion to the crucifix. This recalled that fearful autumn morning, when, amid the dimness of the fog, the *Arctic* went down to her burial.

Reverently I kissed the crucifix, and murmured my *Credo*; from the very depths of my soul went upward, "I believe in God!" Then, as I clasped the cross, I felt it move; and I suppose that the pressure of my hands caused the spring to move, and a closely folded paper

fell upon my breast. The crucifix was large and hollow. I carefully unfolded the delicate paper, and a shudder passed over me as the vision of that pale woman, struggling amid the breakers, arose from memory's gloaming. The very first words that met my eye were, "I believe in God! and," she wrote, "I will follow his guidance. Far from those that are dearest to me, I have buried my husband where his fathers rest; and now, my child's voice calls me from my home across the Atlantic. I dreamed last night of a fog, a dense mist, that hung like a curtain; of a fearful crash, and a vision of anguish that seems too real for dreaming; but my child's voice is echoing in my heart, and may God speed my wanderings! A sorrow as of coming woe oppresses me; but I believe in God! and his mercy will save me.

"My little daughter, Marguerite Cecil, is with her guardian, Henry Alan, No. 86 East — street, New York. May the everlasting Arms forever enfold her!

"RUTH CECIL."

Poor lamb! my heart whispered, the one idol, and so desolate! Well, the spring found me on my journey to the busy metropolis; and wending my way to East — street, I found the most elfish little fairy that fate had ever set drifting on life's ocean all alone. A bonnie wee thing was Madge Cecil; so frail that her tenure here seemed too slight for holding; yet from the wonderful grey eyes came flashes that gave promise of a splendid future. Golden hair courted the sunbeams, and flecked with light, wrapped around the most graceful contour that twelve summers had ever shone upon. She knew of her mother's death, for her deep mourning dress contrasted almost painfully with the delicate whiteness of her complexion. And when I drew her upon my knee and put the rosary in her hand, she threw her arms around me, and sobbed as though her heart would break. I really trembled as I listened, for a storm of passionate agony was convulsing a frame which had little to offer in combat. "Mamma! mamma!" she sobbed out, she clasped me closer. "Will God take me home to her? O mamma! come back!"

My heart ached for the child, whose grief seemed agonizing her very soul, so I tried to quiet her, and told her of the brighter home where, with the holy

Mother of God, her own mother would be singing hallelujahs. I told her that this earth was only a brief journeying place which led to the sweet haven of eternal love, the land where farewells could never bring a cloud, nor partings cast a shadow. Then the large gray eyes looked trustingly up into my face, and with her arms around me, I felt the love of my heart go out toward her with a strength and purity I had never known before.

Soon after this, her guardian placed her at Madame Cathaire's large boarding-school, and "Uncle Hal," as she now called me, was always her chosen confidant and friend.

Years passed, and I watched her beautiful girlhood unfold. She had rare talents, a quick intellect, and intense appreciation of the beautiful; indeed, a purer spirit seldom lived in this mortal tenement. Yet, with her enthusiastic, impulsive nature, she possessed a quiet strength of control that caused visions of the old martyrs to rise; for I felt that she, too, could wrestle with passion, and, with God's grace, subdue all sin.

And thus time sped on, and each passing season left its impress only to mature and render more perfect the succeeding; and her eighteenth birthday found her the realization of spiritual loveliness. The exquisite golden curls of her childhood fell in irregular waves from the low Grecian brow, and the sweet, earnest eyes always recalled those of Guido's angel, bearing the branch of lilies, in his beautiful picture of "The Annunciation." She was living with her guardian, and her great wealth attracted many in a city where gold is "the winning card."

There was a charming freshness and *naivette* in the young girl, and at times almost a religious light gleamed from the depths of her large gray eyes.

Her guardian's nephew Henry Elsdon, had just returned from Europe, and I watched him as he dallied, at first carelessly among the crowd that gathered around her.

I did not fancy the young man, and there was an indescribable barrier which rose up always when I tried to like him. He was what the world would call handsome and *distingue*, but the droop of the lower lip, the heavy jaw, and narrow forehead truly told of the fierce animal nature within. Madge was very lovely in this

first season, and it was plainly apparent that he had entirely failed to impress her; indeed, at times her coldness toward him was marked.

On returning from vespers, one mild May evening, she asked me to accompany her on her Sunday visits. Of course, I went, for who could refuse her? Down the dark streets we wandered, till we arrived at an old brick house that, a hundred years ago, may possibly have been in its prime. She tapped at the dingy door, and, like an angel of light, her presence seemed to brighten the room. A sick woman lay stretched on a miserable pallet, and a racking cough shook her weak frame; but a smile of happiness illumined the pinched features, and her voice was tender as it thanked Madge for her gentle deeds of love.

A woman's kindness is never more beautifully displayed than in a sick chamber; and my heart did homage to the young girl, as she knelt by the sick woman's bed, murmuring, in low, comforting tones, the prayer:

"Visit, we beseech thee, O Lord! this habitation, and drive far from it all the snares of the enemy. May thy holy angels dwell herein, to preserve her in peace; and may thy holy benediction always remain with her, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

Her face was radiant, and her upturned eyes were holy with inspiration. Just then a shadow darkened the doorway, and I looked, to meet the eyes of one perfectly absorbed in the scene before him. My startled movement recalled Madge, and a soft color deepened in her cheeks as she seemed to feel the observation of the stranger.

"O Miss Cecil! here is Mr. Grey, who has been as kind as yourself. This is Miss Cecil, Mr. Grey." And then he advanced, and the fading sunlight fell upon a splendid specimen of manhood. Six feet of magnificently proportioned height, and a head which Vandyke would have gloried in; steel-gray, flashing eyes, a brow upon which intellect and will were marked, and a complexion which the suns of Southern Europe had darkened into olive.

"Pardon me, Miss Cecil, but the likeness is perfect, and the name so familiar. Was your mother Ruth Anderson?"

Tears streamed from her eyes as she half whispered, "Yes!" She could never

speak calmly of her mother, for her love seemed only to strengthen as years made the loss more keenly felt. In an instant he was by her side, and, with the tender but perfectly respectful manner—the manner so acceptable to a woman—he told her how eagerly he had sought for this child of his old and esteemed friend. He had gone abroad with her mother, and remained in Europe till within a few months. He had read of the fearful doom of the *Arctic*, and vainly tried to trace the child.

"I need not tell you, Madge, how very glad I am to see you, and, before long, I shall hope to be a very good friend."

And they did meet very often. Madge spent the summer at Newport, and Mr. Grey's cottage was near her guardian's lovely home. I suppose there is truth in the old and familiar theory of elective affinities; for the strength of his nature seemed to absorb her gentle, loving trust, and her impulsive, passionate heart was entirely swayed by his steady, strong affection; in truth, each chord felt the echo from his. And so, in the autumn, I was not surprised when she pointed to a magnificent *solitaire* diamond on the forefinger of her left hand, and told me that she had promised to be the wife of Newton Grey.

They had returned to New York, and Madge and Mr. Grey were looking over a portfolio of engravings at the further end of the library, while I sat smoking in front of the bright coal-fire, dreaming day-dreams, as the smoke curled and floated away, when suddenly the door opened and Henry Elsdon came in. I shall never forget the look that, only for one single moment, darkened his features; only for an instant his face looked thus, and then, with a quick, soft step, he crossed the library, and *suavely* joined the circle around the engravings. I could see that Newton Grey would never stoop to suspect him; but Madge recoiled from him, for there was not the slightest affinity between such natures.

"Uncle Hal," she told me one morning, "I always feel that I ought to cross myself when Henry Elsdon comes near me, that I may pray to be saved from some impending evil."

And my lamb was right, for truly a wolf did prey near for her destruction.

Business called me to the South, and I left New York to breathe the balmy air of Charlestown. It was a delicious

winter, that soft season in the sunny South. Violets in the gardens in December, and the scarlet winter roses and sweet mignonette brightening the lovely villalike houses on the battery.

I was slowly descending the stone steps that led from the beautiful cathedral, while the last echoes of the bishop's gentle voice yet rang in my ears, when a letter was put into my hands by my friend Colonel Everett. I did not open it then, but strolled down Broad street, to the Mills House, and in my pleasant room I sat down to enjoy Madge Cecil's confidence. Imagine my horror as I read :

"Come to me, dear Uncle Hal, for God alone can strengthen me in this fearful sorrow. I cannot understand, but yesterday Mr. Grey left me after a short visit, and to-day they tell me that he is dead. I hear low whisperings of a terrible sin, of which Henry Elsdon is guilty. For my dead mother's sake, come and aid your desolate

MADGE."

I left that evening, and on Saturday held my darling in my arms. Then the whole story in its fearful detail was repeated. Henry Elsdon had wished to marry my ward, but she had refused him, some time before her engagement with Newton Grey. Elsdon's pride was piqued, and he determined to be revenged. Then began a system of deceit that was Machiavelian; for with subtle skill he won Grey's friendship, till at last, in one unguarded moment, he dared to speak lightly of Madge. In an instant Grey rose, his face white with a terrible calm :

"I am in my own rooms, Mr. Elsdon, therefore you are safe; but you must feel that each word that you have uttered shall be retracted, else there can be but one settlement."

"And by God! there shall be but one settlement!" And Elsdon's face glared with hate.

And so in the code that teaches murder—cold, passionless, brutal murder—they sought refuge; and Newton Grey fell, pierced through the temples.

Sorrows seem truly convoyed on this ocean of life, this sea of wild unrest; for in a few months Mr. Allan lost his fortune, and, of course, my ward's wealth was also engulfed in the great whirlpool of ruin.

A strange suspicion clouded my heart, and with an intuition of the truth, I felt

that I could single out the demon who had spread destruction in this home.

But with the suavity of deceit, he subtly turned aside the tide of censure, so justly his due, and the world even forgave him for the duel; for strange travestied stories floated through the city. Who gave them to the public? I felt, I knew that Henry Elsdon had only added to the infamy which weighed upon his soul; but as yet the avenger had not struck,—the race of hell had not been accomplished!

It was the exciting winter of '60—December, 1860! South Carolina had torn herself from her sisters, and Washington was in a ferment. Crowds congregated at the hotels to watch the opening of a season fraught with destiny. Men with reckless, evil passions increased the excitement; for cognac burned and whiskey infuriated, and the whole mass of humanity seemed consumed by the one madness, mutual hate!

It was the evening of the 27th of December. The telegraph had spread the news of Anderson's evacuation of Fort Moultrie, and the agitation was culminating in effort. There is a season when enthusiasm pulses, till the wild madness intoxicates all feeling; then some sudden crowding on of events drives the fierce current into action, and the mighty mass heaves and surges with one will, one heart, for the conflict: and so it was to-night. I stood on the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Seventh street, watching the changing faces which the gaslight flared upon, when a woman's voice in wild terror startled me. "In the name of the cross, forbear!" she cried. And I turned to see a face pale with fear and horror. In an instant I was beside her; she held the cross of her rosary toward the man who had dared, not only to insult a woman, but one of God's ministering angels, those pure spirits of comfort, the Sisters of Mercy.

I struck the brute from her, but not without recognizing the features, even though inflamed and distorted by liquor. She almost fainted in my arms, but I placed her in my sister's carriage, just then passing, and ordered it to drive to the address which she gave.

What there was in the tones of that woman's voice I could not explain to myself; but a sad chord vibrated till the echoes waked in my heart feelings that I

thought were sleeping quietly in a jealously guarded grave of the past.

Four years had gone by since that night, and the war that shook this continent had closed; ended were the years that had brought their holocaust, the proof of the calibre of the men who had died on the field of honor.

Grant's triumphant legions garrisoned the Confederate capital, and I was appointed surgeon in charge of — Hospital, where the sick and wounded of both armies were tended by the Sisters of Mercy.

The intense heat of those early summer days I can never forget, and the poor fellows in blue and grey tossed from side to side on the narrow cots in the fever wards. It was my night in — Hospital, for I was appointed to relieve Dr —, and I observed a Sister bending over a patient whose white face and faint voice told me that his hours were numbered.

"Sister Mary, will you bathe my temples? they burn and throb as fiercely as my own heart. Sister, can a vile wretch ask you to stand near when he is dying? Sister, you who are pure and holy, tell me if God will pardon me?"

"He came to save sinners!" I heard the low voice whisper. And she smoothed back the tangle masses of dark, waving hair, and tenderly soothed the poor fevered brow on which the dews of death were gathering. "Stay near me, sister. Let me hold your hand, while I listen to your voice, that recalls one in the long ago. O God! look down in mercy!"

And she whispered sweet words of comfort that calmed the unrest of sin and shame.

"Sister, if I could give all the years that I have wasted, if I would toil and struggle and pray for pardon, would Christ have mercy upon one whose years are heavily weighted with sin?"

"Repent, and ye shall be saved."

"Ah God! I do repent, and if a thousand years of suffering could atone for all, I would not shrink from a single pang. Sister," and he turned and held her hand closer, and gazed long and anxiously into her half-averted face. "My God! can it be?" But she turned further into the shadowy twilight, and her face was almost hidden. "Sister, I must tell you, because there is something in your tone and look, though I cannot see you well, that brings

her back to me; so be patient for a little while and do not leave me yet. In the long ago 'I loved, and' she whom I worshipped gave me no return. I think that circumstances might have moulded her differently, though my selfish passions taught me then to care for little, save what contributed to my own gratification. Well, I watched her love for another, and the devil influenced me; he stole away my truth, my love, my honor! I was mad with jealousy, I was wild with disappointed love, and I swore to be revenged. Therefore the schemes I laid, the deceit I practiced; ay, I bided well my time. I stole the friendship of her lover, and poured my poison into his ears; but his noble nature shamed me, his trust could not be shaken; then—ah! how well I remember the evening—I spoke of her as my heart never believed; I lied, wickedly, maliciously lied, upon her! Then his knightly spirit rose, and he fell by my hand! I had begun; the poison was maddening; I could not stop, even though murder barred my path; so I counselled her guardian as to investments, and in one mad moment her fortune crashed with his.

"Still I tracked her on her mission of mercy to Washington; I dogged her steps when she left the couch of the sick woman whose death agonies she had soothed; I stood near the door of the wretched hovel, listening to the sweet tones of her voice—that is haunting me to-night; and—I hardly knew what I was doing, I only felt that there was yet something undone which might humble her, might place her at my mercy; hell's fires raged in my heart—and may God forgive me, but I spoke words to *her* which no man should utter and live. But she escaped me, and was torn from my grasp, whilst her pallid face grew whiter still as she spoke in terror, 'In the name of the cross forbear!'"

"Since that evening, I have never seen her face; but, sister, to-night all her saintly purity comes back to shame me, and I feel that the flames of hell would be less fiery if I could hear her say, 'I forgive you!'" There was a brief pause; the twilight of June shadowed the white-washed wards, and the young moon shed a soft light over the starry heavens; but was it a message that flashed from Our Lady's crown, that lit the pallet over which the sister leaned? Ay, the face of Guido's angel, the angel of the lilies, shone over

the dying man, as the sweet voice whispered, "Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who spitefully use you."

"Her voice!" he cried. And a sudden strength seemed to possess him; for, seizing her hand, he pushed back the black bonnet, and whispered, "Madge Cecil, dare I pray for your pardon?"

"And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. Amen." And she gave him her crucifix, which he pressed to his lips.

"Then let me die in your faith; for, if its doctrines teach you even to forgive me, then through the prayers of your Church will God grant mercy to my soul." He fainted in her arms, and she summoned me.

"Dr. —, take care of him till my return."

I had heard it all, but she failed to recognize me. Grief had whitened my hair, and an iron-gray beard covered my face; and I preferred that she should not know me yet. Soon I saw her return with Father Baker. My cordial had revived Elsdon, and in faint voice he repeated his wish.

"Let me be received, father, into the communion of the Holy Catholic Church, and pray God to have mercy on my soul."

The time was short, and no precious moment of it was to be lost. The good priest proceeded at once to his work of preparing the poor man for death. His

penitence seemed sincere and profound, and his desire for the sacraments of the Church most earnest. They were at once administered to him; and on his fervently expressed wish that the holy viaticum might be permitted to him, it was brought.

A snowy linen cloth was spread on the table by his bed, and two candles placed beside the crucifix. Solemnly we gathered near, for we felt that his life was fast fleeting. I have never seen nor realized more of the agony of contrition than when he slowly repeated after the priest, suffering at each word most intently, "Jesus, Son of the living God, have mercy upon me!" At last he grew calmer. A quiet peace rested on his pale face, and after receiving the most holy communion, he murmured faintly, "Jesus, have mercy on me! Holy Mary, pray for me!" and folding the crucifix to his heart, he closed his eyes and we thought he slept. A deathlike stillness reigned, broken only by the solemn tones of the priest's voice: "Into thy hands we commend his spirit, which has been created and redeemed by thee!"

And in that pentecostal hour, when the storm of her life wailed its wild requiem in her heart, a holy calm, as a message from God, glorified her exquisite face, for the Comforter had sealed her with the expiation—the working out of life's great charity—"Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who spitefully use you and persecute you."

SOME spices must be crushed before they exhale their perfume. Might not one suppose that this would destroy them entirely. Yet the very reverse is the case. This may serve to show that troubles may apparently crush a man, while in reality they are sent by the hand of the Almighty to draw forth all the hidden sweetness of his virtue.—
Father Weninger's Photographic Views.

THE great Pope Gregory VII. (Hildebrande) died in exile on the 25th of May, 1085. The last words he uttered were: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile." The great pope died in exile; but his glorious death, as well as his noble life, insured the triumph of his cause. He who knows not how to suffer, knows not how to succeed.

FOR THE HARP.
CANADIAN SONG.

By JOSEPH K. FORAN.

Come fill a glass,
And let it pass,
We'll drink to one another ;
Each soul we meet,
We'll kindly greet,
As our Canadian brother ;—
We all are one,
The day is done,
When discord swept around us,
A holy band
Upon our land,
Fast each to each has bound us.

CHORUS.

Oh ! our fair land !
Our dear Canadian rare land !
No foreign host will ever boast,
Our dear Canadian rare land !

Both Scot and Frank,
In equal rank,
With Saxon, Celt, and Stranger,
United, stand
A nation grand,
When looms the coming danger ;—
In love and peace,
Our hopes increase—
Our bonds grow fast and faster ;—
E'en to our name,
Our lots the same—
Nor have we slave or master.

Oh ! our fair land ! etc.

Then let us prize
Canadian skies,
Canadian hills and mountains,
Canadian lakes,
Canadian brakes,
Canadian rills and fountains ;—
From east to west,
Be ever blest
Our land so young in story ;
May maples shine,
And 'round her twine
Their wreaths of brightest glory !

Oh ! our fair land ! etc

FOR THE HARP.

IRISH LITERATURE.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

A PERSON once writing a letter from Ireland to a friend in Canada, in answer to the question, "how old is the Irish language?" said in humorous style, "it is older than the round towers, for it was old when Cicero spoke in the forum, when Demosthenes was learning his Greek letters, when Noah floated in the ark, aye, it was old when Adam courted Eve in the garden of Paradise."

How often even to-day, in well-educated circles do we hear such questions as the following asked:—*Is there anything to be read in the Irish language?* It can scarcely be believed that the literature could be so buried. If we look back to the period of the revival of learning in Europe, we shall find a case somewhat parallel. The Greek and Latin literature is now universally cultivated and esteemed—but there was a time when this lore was as profoundly buried as the lore of Ireland to-day. Those conversant with the history of the middle ages, are well aware of the mere accidents by which our now most valued classic works were discovered—and of the hair-breadth accidents by which they escaped.

The above individuals who ask the above question would be surprised, if told that the Irish literature, *extant at the present day*, surpasses that which has descended to us from ancient Greece.

As in the East, so in Ireland, princes, kings etc., were historians, and the custodians of the nations annals. Hence so many *local historical books*. These books are generally known by the name of the place where they were written, or by the color of their covers, or by some such mark. Thus we have the "Book of Ballymote," the "Book of Leacon," the "Book of Glendalaugh," the "Book of Meath," the "Book of Oriall," the "Book of Cluan-Mac-Noise," the "Psalter of Cashel," the "Psalter of Tara," the "Annals of Ulster," the "Annals of Munster," the "Annals of Cavan," the "Annals of Connaught," the "Annals of Donegal,"

the "Speckled Book" (from the color of cover), and a multitude of others.

The style of *prose* works in Irish is very superior. There is a strength and richness scarcely equalled by the Greek. Metre often creeps into the prose. At three different eras the Irish literature was destroyed to a great extent. 1st. Many pagan Irish works were burned by St. Patrick when converting the Island to Christianity. 2nd. By the ravages of the Danes others passed away, and 3rd, by the equally barbaric ravages of English governors, under the reigns of Elizabeth, James, etc.

To answer the question *is there anything to be read in the Irish language?* We will here give from Barron's Works a list of some of the principal works to be found to-day, and a synopsis of their contents. Mr. Barron made a special study of Irish literature and having the advantage of a splendid knowledge of the language, he did much to revive the Irish tongue and restore Irish literature.

1st.—*The Psalter of Tara*. A collection of chronicles, authenticated in a solemn convention of the states of Ireland, in the reign of King Leary. This venerable record has disappeared for many centuries, with the exception of a few fragments.

2nd.—*The Psalter of Tara*. This was written by Cormac, MacCuillinan, king and bishop of Castel, or Munster, A. D. 900; it was extant when bishop Nicholson wrote his "Irish historical library," in 1723; but there is now no perfect copy in Ireland; it is said there are two in England, one of which the Rev. Dr. O'Connor met with in his researches there.

The Psalter-na-rawan was written by Oengus O'Calide, one of the Culdees; it contains a catalogue of kings from Heremon, A. M., 2935, to Brian Boru, who was killed at the noted battle of Clontarf. This book is mentioned by bishop Nicholson, but it does not appear that there are any remains of it now in Ireland except extracts from in other works. Edmund

Burke observes :—"Histories of the middle ages found in other countries, have been published and I do not see why the *Psalter of Cashel* should not be printed as well as Robert of Gloster."

3rd.—*The Annals of Tier-nagh*. These annals were commenced by Tiernagh, an Eranach of Clan-mac-noise, and carried down to the time of his death in 1088. They were continued at irregular intervals, by other hands to 1395. Messrs Macnamara and O'Reilly, members of the Gaelic or Hiberno-Celtic Society, had transcripts of these on vellum and paper.

4th.—*The Annals of Ulster*. These were written in Irish and Latin, and treat of Ulla or Ulster. They commence A.D. 444, and end in 1541. They are called *Annals Senatenses*, by Colgan, who says they were written by Cahal McGuire, of Senat-mac-magnus County Fermanagh.

5th.—*Analaih Muth Earnain*, or, the Annals of Multifernum. The monastery whence they are called is in Westmeath. They commence in the year 45 and end in 1272.

6th.—*Aanalaih Junis-fail-line*, or the Annals of Junisfallen. So called from a monastery on an island, in Loch Leana, County Kerry, where they were written. They run from 250 to 1215.

7th.—*Analaih Thuu-muin*, or the annals of Thomond. This is the country of the O'Briens.

8th.—*Analaih Chavain*, or the Annals of Cavan, contain an account of the O'Reilly dynasty in Cavan, and continue to the revolution in 1692.

9th.—*Analaih Dun-na-n'garwl*, or the Annals of Donegall. These are called the Annals of the four Masters from Michael O'Cleary, Cuhicrihe O'Cleary, Cuhicrihe O'Duignan and Fearfeasa O'Conory. Some copies are in the Trinity College library, Dublin, one in the hands of the Marquis of Buckingham at Storr, where Dr. O'Conor deposited his grand-father's Irish manuscripts.

10th.—*Leawar Benin or na Garth*. The Book of Benin or St. Benignus who was Bishop of Armagh.

11th.—*Leawar Gavawolo*, or the Book of Invasions, that closes with the reign of Charles I.

12th.—*Leawar Baile-an-votha*, or the Book of Ballymote. This contains genealogies of ancient families, a treatise on education, the art of writing in the char-

acters of the Ogham, history of Troy and the Argonauts, and many other things. It was purchased by black Hugh O'Donnell for 140 cows. It passed into the hands of chevalier O'Gorman of the Irish Brigade. He presented it to the Royal Irish Academy in 1785.

13th.—*Leawar Breac Vic Owen*. This called the *Speckled Book* and sometimes the *Red Book*. It was written over 400 years ago. The present copy was found near Nenagh, County Tipperary, in the hands of a school master named Michael Longan and brought to Dr. J. O'Brien, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cloyne; he sent it to the Royal Irish Academy.

14th.—*Leawar Leacani*. (Of this book of Leacan we will give a full history in a future essay.)

15th.—*Leawar Glean-da-locha*, or the Book of Glendalough. The word Glendalough or Glendalagh means the "glen of the two lakes." There are two lakes in this glen; it is in the County of Wicklow, and is famous for its "seven churches." It was formerly the seat of piety and learning. Moore has created for this place a feeling of interest by one of his melodies:—

"By that lake whose gloomy shore,
Sky-lark never warbles o'er, &c."

But this feeling must be mingled with one of melancholy, when we reflect that this valley, which is now so still, so desolate, so deserted, once echoed to the loud anthem of the sacred choirs, and up to heaven the commingled orisons of thousands. The Book of Glendalough is a remnant and a relic of past learning. St. Kevin, the patron of Glendalough, lived in the seventh century. The book contains an account of the assembly of Drom-Keath (590), at which St. Columkill attended.

16th.—*Leawar Mui-he*, or the Book of Meath. It gives all the monarchs of Meath and their histories.

17th.—*Leawar Oirghial, Oriel*.

18th.—*Leawar Na-naov*. The book of the Isle of Saints. This was compiled by Augustine McGraidon of the Isle of Saints in the River Shannon, in 1405.

19th.—*Leawar Chluian Vic-naois*, or the Annals of Clanmacnoise. It is found in the Book of the Four Masters.

20th.—*Leawar Fear-muihe*. The Book of Fermoy in prose and verse, tells the history of the Roaches of Fermoy.

21st.—*Leawar Chuidin-an-muilion*, is a transcript of great antiquity.

22nd.—*Leawar nac-cuige*. The Book of the Provinces. Formerly Ireland was in five provinces. Meath the royal province made the fifth.

23rd.—*An Reim Riogra*, or the Royal Roll.

24th.—*Leawar Chean na-nus*. This is the "Book of Kells."

25th.—*Leawar Druim Sneach-ta*. The White Book contains the early history of Ireland.

26.—*Leawar Maol-chon-ary*. This is a genealogical tract written by Conan O'Mael Conray. It commences in 428 and ends in 1014.

28th.—*Leawar nic Pharholain*. (Barron does not tell what it is).

29th.—*Leawar na Gearth*. A book of Fiscal Rights.

30th.—*Chroinic na Scuih*, the *Chronicon Scotorum*, or Chronicle of the Scots.

31st.—*Fom-ar vahna M-bard*, or the contention of the bards. In the 15th century an emulation was excited between the bards of the north and south to celebrate their respective lines of kings. The contest was in *verse*.

32nd.—*Din-Seneachais Eirion*, or a Topographical Description of Ireland.

33rd.—*Eochy O'Floing*, or Eochy O'Flin's Historical Tracts. He was a poet and antiquary of note who sang the adventures of the Milesians and sons of Partholanus.

34th.—*Duan - Ghiol-la Chas-vain*. Giolla Caovain was a celebrated poet who composed an account of the Milesians in Egypt.

35th.—*Duan Eigish*. He was a bard of the fourth century. He described the

interment of the kings in the royal cemetery of *Rilig-na-Ri* near Coreaghan, in Connaught.

36th.—*Duan-air-eni Garo*. This book contains 214 folio pages, 168 of which are historic, moral, genealogic, and comic poems, collected by Michael Feargal Duv O'Gara, a friar of the Augustinian order in 1688.

37th.—*Fuirhead Seain ui Chonnel*. A poem on the history of Ireland.

38th.—*Feilire Aonguis*, an account of festival celebrations down to the ninth century.

39th.—*Duan Fir laha ui Ghniob*. Fear Flaha O'Gniv was hereditary bard of O'Neil of Claneboy in time of Elizabeth. He is mentioned with great applause in Campbell's Philosophical Survey of Ireland.

40th.—*Awra Choluim-ehilli*. Poems of great antiquity, written in the 6th century by Dallan Forgaill chief poet of Hugh Mor. It was his business to examine the candidate for poetic orders. *He established a poet of learning in the family of every great lord in the kingdom.*

The above forty books taken from Barron's list should suffice to show how rich in real Irish works the national literature is. In another essay I will continue the subject, and speak of the different histories of battles, the works on Jurisprudence, philological, romantic, and dramatic tracts or books, and give a synopsis of the famous book of Deacan, which in itself, casts a flood of light upon the history of Ireland. Some may find little interest in these pages, yet many and many will no doubt be pleased and amused to read them.

Green Park, Aylmer Que.

DULL BOYS.—Don't be discouraged. Slow growth is often sure growth. Some minds are like Norwegian pines—they are slow in their growth but they are striking their roots deep. Some of the greatest men have been dull boys. Dryden and Swift were dull, as boys; so were Goldsmith and Sir Walter Scott. Napoleon at school, had so much diffi-

culty in studying Latin that the master said it would need a gimlet to get a word into his head. Douglas Jerrold was so backward in his boyhood that at nine he was scarcely able to read.

Two children looking through colored glasses: one said: the world is blue." And the other said: "It is bright."

THE THREE WISHES.

A RACY SKETCH.

THE Eastern origin of this tale seems evident; had it been originally composed in a northern land, it is probable that the king would have been represented as dethroned by means of bribes obtained from his own treasury. In an Eastern country the story-teller who invented such a just termination of his narrative would, most likely, have experienced the fate intended for his hero, as a warning to others how they suggested such treasonable ideas. Herr Simrock, however, says it is a German tale; but it may have had its origin in the East for all that. Nothing is more difficult, indeed, than to trace a popular tale to its source. Cinderella, for example, belongs to nearly all nations; even among the Chinese, a people so different to all European nations, there is a popular story which reads almost exactly like it. Here is the tale of the Three Wishes.

There was once a wise emperor who made a law that to every stranger who came to his court a fried fish should be served. The servants were directed to take notice if, when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other side. If he did, he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death. But, by a great stretch of imperial clemency, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the emperor pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when, one day, a count and his young son presented themselves at court. The fish was served as usual, and when the count had removed all the fish from one side, he turned it over, and was about to commence on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approaching doom. Sorrow-stricken, the count's young son besought the emperor to allow him to die in the room of his father; a favor which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The count was accordingly released from prison, and his son was thrown into his cell in his stead. As soon as this had been

done, the young man said to his gaolers—"You know I have the right to make three demands before I die; go and tell the emperor to send me his daughter, and a priest to marry us." This first demand was not much to the emperor's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with his request, to which the princess on due consideration had no objection. This occurred in the times when kings kept their treasures in a cave, or in a tower set apart for that purpose, like the Emperor of Morocco in these days; and on the second of his imprisonment the young man demanded the king's treasures. If his first demand was a bold one, the second was not less so; still, an emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it: and the treasures of gold and silver and jewels were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them, he distributed them profusely among the courtiers, and soon he had made a host of friends by his liberality.

The emperor began now to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went, with fear in his heart, to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to his prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be granted at once, and you may be hung out of hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sire," answered the prisoner, "I have but one more favor to request of your majesty, which, when you have granted, I shall die content. It is merely that you will cause the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over to be put out."

"Very good," replied the emperor, "your demand is but natural, and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

"I, sire!" cried the chamberlain; "I did not see anything—it was the steward."

"Let the steward be seized, then," said the king.

But the steward protested with tears in

his eyes that he had not witnessed anything of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter, and it must have been one of the valets. But they protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the count; in short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the count commit the offence, upon which the princess said:

"I appeal to you, my father, as to an-

other Solomon. If nobody saw the offence committed, the count cannot be guilty, and my husband is innocent."

The emperor frowned, and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then he smiled, and immediately their visages became radiant.

"Let it be so," said his majesty; "let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offence than his. But if he is not hung, he is married. Justice has been done."

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

It is not our design in the following pages to enter into the discussion of the importance of education in a general sense; neither is it our intention to utter a single word against any particular system now prevalent in the land. We propose simply to offer to Catholic parents a few reflections on a subject which vitally concerns their own household, namely—the religious instruction of their children. When we consider the noble zeal and energy which have heretofore marked the conduct of the Catholics of this country in the cause of education; when we reflect on the many sacrifices to which they have subjected themselves in establishing and maintaining their own schools, it would seem almost entirely unnecessary to say a single word to them on a subject in which they have already manifested so deep an interest. Nevertheless, there may be those who have not appreciated as thoroughly as they should, the importance of giving their children a religious education, and if such there be, to them our remarks may not prove wholly unproductive of fruit. And as the sound of the bugle heard on the battle field nerves the arms and inspires the souls of the combatants to renewed deeds of valor, so also the task we have assumed may serve to awaken new energy in the minds of those who have lent their aid and their influence in favor of Catholic education, and to inspire them to make still further and greater exertions in a cause so worthy of their generous efforts.

Education is usually classed under two heads, namely, *religious* and *secular*. Religious education or instruction is that which tends to enlighten the mind and regulate our conduct in reference to a higher state of being; from it we derive a knowledge of God, and of his infinite perfections; that to attain the abode of endless bliss, we must perform certain duties in this life; and that God has revealed to us certain truths and imposed upon us certain obligations—this is purely religious education. Secular education is that which imparts a knowledge of objects, which relates to the world in which we live. We shall, therefore, consider these subdivisions of education in their relation to each other, and in relation to man.

That we may clearly understand the importance of a religious education, we have only to inquire the object of man's sojourn on earth. Why was he placed in this world? Was it to enjoy pleasure; to eat and drink and pass away like the brute creation? Was it to debase his noble form and the far more nobler qualities of his soul, by the indulgence of his passions? Was it to amass wealth and to acquire a name that should live after him, when his remains shall have mouldered in the tomb? Vain speculations! Man was destined for a nobler end. His perishable frame arose from the dust of the earth, to dust it will descend, but his immortal spirit emanated from God, and to God it must return. This earth is but the passage to eternity. Mankind are

pressing forward in rapid succession to that land from which no traveller returns. God has created us for heaven; he has promised us a crown of unfading glory in his own kingdom, as the reward of our fidelity in his service during our progress through this land of probation; he has permitted us to enjoy the fruit and gather the flowers of the garden through which we are journeying, and as we fold our garments to commence our pilgrimage, we hear his paternal voice admonishing us, lest we should forget our destiny: *Seek first the kingdom of Heaven!*

To obtain heaven then, is man's first and great object on earth. To serve God and save his immortal soul is paramount to every other duty. If, therefore, the affair of salvation be first in the decalogue of man's earthly duties, what are his obligations to those around him? What are the obligations of the parent to his children? To this important inquiry we reply, that his first, his great and most imperative duty is early to impress upon their tender minds those sublime lessons, which relate to heaven and to God. That the first duty of the parent is to take his children, while their hearts are pure and undefiled, to the altar and dedicate them to the service of God and religion; to instil into their hearts the principles of their holy faith; to watch over them with ceaseless vigilance, and guard them against every contaminating influence that might endanger that sacred deposit: in a word, that it is his duty to give them a *religious education*. This is first; secular knowledge is of secondary importance. In vain will we have taught our children; in vain will they have explored the depths of the earth, or scanned the heights of heaven, if they have neglected the science of salvation. In vain will parents have lived, if they have neglected to impress upon the minds of their children the love, the reverence, and the fear of God. It will not therefore be considered a superfluous task, if we dwell for a few moments on the importance of religious instruction.

If ever there were a period in history of our country when we ought to invoke the aid of religion with more than usual fervor, that period is the present. Look abroad upon the community and behold the deplorable state of morals by which we are surrounded. Impiety, immorality, in-

fidelity, and an open contempt for God and religion, stalk forth even at noon-day. We see these marks of the evident decay of the moral principle, in the countenance, in the conduct, and in the dress, and hear them in the language of the thoughtless multitudes. that crowd our public thoroughfares. They enter with bold front the halls of Justice: they contaminate the sanctity of the jury-box, and are even proclaimed as virtues by some who style themselves ministers of God. Secret societies, the scourge of nations, like an ingenious net-work, overspread the land, diffusing everywhere the venom of their pernicious principles and poisoning the very atmosphere in which we live.

How, we ask, shall the faith and morals of Catholic youth be preserved amidst these countless seductions? How shall they avoid the snares which are laid to beguile them, to corrupt their innocence, to seduce them from the path of virtue, and to lead them into the labyrinth of crime? Oh! Catholic parents, would you learn the antidote to all these evils—seek it in the religious education of your children. If you wish them to be virtuous, you must sow deeply in their youthful minds the seeds of virtue. If you wish to see them useful members of society, an honour to their religion and a source of consolation to you in your declining years, early instruct them in the principles and obligations of their holy faith.

Parents being once convinced of the importance and of the imperative obligation resting on them, relative to the religious education of their children, may anxiously inquire, how they shall enter upon the discharge of this sacred duty, that their efforts may be crowned with success. To this inquiry, we answer—begin at home. In the family circle, the religious instruction of your children must be commenced; in the school-room it must be continued and completed. The first lessons of religious truth should be taught to children while yet they cling fondly to the parent's bosom. The mother is by nature their first teacher, having in her voice, her looks, and even in her fondest caresses, a holy power to mould to virtue the minds of her tender offspring. It is then beneath the paternal roof, that the work of religious instruction must commence, if we hope to see its happy fruits realized in after life.

But as children advance in years, they

require more attention to be paid to their religious tuition than parents can generally find time to bestow. A thousand circumstances arise which prevent fathers and mothers from attending to this sacred and solemn duty, and they find it necessary to commit the religious training of their children to other hands. But where will they find those, who will discharge this duty with a parent's care? Where will they find institutions, which will secure for their children this greatest of earthly blessings? In answer to this important inquiry, we would simply ask (and take the idea from the writings of one who has labored long and zealously in the cause of religious education):— If a father should desire to have his son educated in the military profession, would he send that son to a law or medical school, or would he place him in a mercantile house? Most certainly not. The parent would naturally say, I want my son to study mathematics and military tactics; I wish him to learn to wield the sword and cutlass, to use the rifle, and to become enured to the hardships of the camp. What benefit would Coke or Blackstone be to him on the battle-field? I desire to fit him for the army, and therefore I will send him to a school where he may learn those branches that appertain to his future profession. Such a parent reasons correctly. Therefore, we say to Catholic parents, if they desire to give their children a Catholic education, send them to Catholic schools. If they desire to prepare their children for the high and exalted profession of Catholicity, send them to those schools where they will be taught in connection with the secular sciences, the tenets of their faith, and those sublime lessons of morality, which are only to be found within the teaching of the Catholic Church.

Parents will more clearly understand the importance of religious schools by reflecting on the nature and character of children. We know from experience, that the minds of the young are susceptible of almost any training, and will reflect the exact mould in which they are cast. If the mould be perfect, the impression will be faultless; if the mould be defective, the image will reflect its imperfections. If the school wherein the future character of the child is moulded, be perfect, be Catholic, the character will be

virtuous. For it cannot be denied that the schoolroom has a powerful influence over the minds of children. With the lessons of history, rhetoric and philosophy, they imbibe principles which in after life exert upon their minds an irresistible influence. The teachers, too, often exert an extraordinary influence over the minds of their pupils. They fashion the will and the tendency to the very thought of those under their charge; they impart to their minds a manly or effeminate cast infuse into them high-toned principles of morality and virtue, or instil into their very souls the poison of irreligion, skepticism and infidelity. If therefore the school be religious; if the sacred science of religion and the tenets of Catholicity be imparted in connection with their secular studies; if the child be taught with the class-book in one hand and his catechism in the other; if the teacher be a man of God; if he be a man, who endeavors by word and example to impress upon the minds of those under his charge, their duty to heaven, to their parents, and to society, oh! how sacred, how salutary, will be the influence, which such a school will produce upon the minds of its pupils! How bright, how pure the image, which it will reflect! But on the other hand, if the school be imperfect, if it be irreligious and infidel, it will reflect its impression in doleful colors upon the minds of its pupils.

But in order to demonstrate the advantage of having Catholic teachers for Catholic children, let' us suppose the teacher to be a Protestant. He may desire not to interfere in the remotest degree with the religious principles of his Catholic pupil; he may even endeavor to act fairly and honorably, but his mind is altogether unacquainted with the beauty of Catholic faith and the sublimity of Catholic institutions; his heart is incapable of understanding the teachings of the Catholic Church, or of appreciating the most familiar impressions which it makes upon those who are members of its fold. He is beyond the portals of the temple, and can neither feel the warmth, nor see the light that burns therein. Moreover, we well know the decided tendency of Protestantism; its vagueness of principle, its want of centre of unity, its positive rejection of the principle of authority, its exaltation of individual reason, and its right of private judgment. Beyond a few leading dogmas

of Christianity the whole system is left in doubt and uncertainty. Few indeed among Protestants have any fixed form of belief. They hold what they term the morality of the Gospel; with some of them the morally upright man is secure of divine favor no matter what form of Christianity he may profess. Now it is evident, that a mind thus constituted is incapable from its very nature to impart instruction to a Catholic child. In the field of general education, innumerable ideas will arise, which to the mind of the Catholic are of vital moment and intimately connected with the tenderest and deepest of his religious emotions. These such a teacher will pass by unheeded, or trample them under his feet, little aware perhaps of the beauty, which perishes beneath his tread. Add to this, that which is most to be regretted, that the whole course of scientific knowledge will be imparted without reference to religious principles. On the other hand let a Catholic professor occupy the academic chair, and how changed is every department of literature to the minds of his pupils? The great and noble deeds of our Catholic ancestors receive new lustre from his words. The whole circle of institutions, which flourished during the Middle Ages, is contemplated with mingled feelings of pleasure and admiration, when when seen by the torch of history in the hands of the Catholic teacher. He infuses a spirit of religion into every lecture; he introduces those occasional hints and observations, which may be necessary to explain the apparent inconsistencies of several of the facts of secular knowledge with the Catholic religion, or with revelation in general; he turns the discoveries of science into evidences of religion; he endeavors to elevate the minds of his pupils in their progress through science to the throne of the Deity: in a word he makes science what it should be, the handmaid of religion.

The very position which Catholics occupy in this country renders the religious education of their children a work of paramount importance. In a community like that in which we live, made up as it is of so many different religious persuasions; of so many shades of religious belief; so

many nice distinctions of theory and practice, how important it is for the Catholic to understand the dogmas of his own creed. Catholic youth will associate with those of their age, and mingle with those who differ from them in faith. They meet in the work-shop, the counting room, and in places of amusement. Whenever religion is mentioned, Catholicity is generally turned into ridicule; a sneer is thrown out against some dogma of Catholic belief; the most unblushing falsehoods and misrepresentations are uttered against the most cherished institutions of the Catholic Church; her ministers are traduced, her religious orders are maligned. How, we ask, will the Catholic youth under these circumstances be able to preserve his soul free from the contagion by which he is surrounded, unless he be thoroughly instructed in the principles of his holy faith and confirmed in the practice of the precepts of his Church. Without being thus fully instructed, he will yield to human respect, which will beat upon his soul like a blighting storm: he will become liberal minded on the score of religion, he will begin gradually to disregard its precepts and neglect its practices, he will not become Protestant, but he will become infidel! Where are the hundreds of young men who were baptized in the Catholic Church, who learned the sweet accents of Catholic prayers in early childhood, who were taught the rudiments of the faith from the lips of a devoted mother? Where are they now? Alas! they have wandered from the practice of their faith. Trace back the cause to its source, and almost in every instance, you will find that it was owing to the fact, that they had not been thoroughly instructed in the duties of their religion, that their religious education was neglected.

From what we have said in the foregoing pages, two things are apparent. First: That Catholic parents are bound under the most solemn obligation to heaven, to attend assiduously to the religious education of their children. Secondly: That Catholic schools are the best, if not the only institutions, where such an education can be obtained.

TALES FOR THE YOUNG.

LESSON FOR LIFE.—VIII.

Our story opens in a sweet, quite convent in the "sunny South," where the flowers crown even Winter's brow, and laugh defiance at his cold caresses. The kind nuns were, indeed, gentle and tender in their guidance; like fragrant lilies, the perfume of their sanctity sweetened the surrounding atmosphere; but "home love" is still the deepest, and the groups of girls chatting here and there at the recess hours were all talking of the coming Christmas holidays, which most of them would enjoy in their own homes.

"Mamma is going to send for me," said one; "and for me, too," added a second; "and I am going home also," said another; and so the gay crowd chimed in,—all but Amy Hilton, who had only joined them a few minutes before. She was a very intelligent looking girl of about twelve years of age. Her highly arched brow gleamed bright and smooth amid the brown ringlets, and her soft blue eye held rather a sweet dreaminess than anything of childish brightness.

"And what about you, Amy,—aint you going home?" asked one of them, curiously, as she observed her companion's silence.

"I don't know," answered Amy; "that is, I am not quite positive, but I think so; it all depends—"

"On what?" interrupted half a dozen merry voices.

"On my record. If I haven't any errors in deportment for this month, papa has promised to take me home, and, I reckon, as we've only a few days more, I can keep good, for I haven't one bad mark yet—not one."

"And I hope you won't get any, Amy," observed one of her companions; "but I think if your mamma was living she wouldn't be so particular. My mother says she couldn't spend a Christmas without me."

"It will be a terrible, terrible disappointment to me if I don't go home," said Amy, thoughtfully: "I do so love my papa."

"Of course you won't get an error these

two or three days," remarked another in a very decided tone; "so don't worry over imaginary trouble, but let us all have a game of hide-and-go-seek; come, girls."

Suddenly the soft bells of the noon-day Angelus rang out, and the girls hushed their talk, and the sound of laughter ceased, and the bright eyes were drooped as they recited the Angels' words; and then they started to play, little thinking of the wonderful work that moment of prayer had wrought in their souls, little knowing the beautiful graces those whispered words had won for them from God, through their Virgin Mother's hands.

Ah, those happy days of childhood's prayer! how golden they gleamed in the after years, set as they were in the dark frame of the future's sorrows! How many of those happy girls looked backward to them, and rested their breaking hearts upon their holy sweetnesses!

But another girl had joined the gay party, Ruth Lenore, a pretty burnette, with a clustering array of black, glossy curls, and with pretty, rosy lips, the curvings of which formed a lovely, but haughty mouth.

As Ruth joined them there was a somewhat uneasy look in her eyes, but the wild, frolicsome glee of the game soon banished it.

To soon, to the gay young merry-makers, came the school-bell announcing the round of lessons to be resumed. But there was no disobeying it; so, with the impetuosity so natural to youth, each raced swiftly into the school-room, determined to be first in her place.

But this day there was a rather stern look on Sister Angela's face as she called them to order, a rather sad tone in her voice as she began what even the light hearted girls knew was the beginning of a reprimand.

"Children," she said very gravely, "I am so pained to have to reproach you, but one among your number has certainly been guilty of prying into the school records; one amongst you have seen examining the papers in my desk. Now,

girls, you are certainly aware that this is a most serious breach of *honorable* behaviour, and three errors in deportment will be the penalty. But if the culprit acknowledges her fault, I will be lenient, and remit two of the marks; for you know girls, "a fault confessed is half redressed."

There was a breathless silence; the girls peered into each other's faces, but no one arose to avow the misbehavior.

"Very well, children" said the Sister, after a pause; "I must tell you I saw the girl, and recognized her by the peculiar shawl she wore, which, however, was thrown around her head, so that I could not see her face. It was soon after recess began, and I was on my way to chapel, or I should have stopped. I am sorry, very sorry, but Amy the fault is yours. I had thought you too high-spirited to wait to be condemned."

In a moment the color left Amy's cheeks and her lips grew very pale as she thought of her father's promise.

"I did not do it, Sister," she replied, rising up; "and I can't say I did"

"But, my child, it was your shawl, your height, and everything; still, if you can bring any proofs, of course I will believe you. Tell me, did you leave the room with your companions?"

"Not exactly; I stayed to look over my letter to papa."

"Did no one else stay?"

"No; I was all alone."

"As I saw you. Were not all your companions to the play-ground?"

"All except Ruth Lenore; she went to the music-room."

"And that is all you have to say?"

"Yes, Sister; but I did *not* do it."

"I wish everything was not so much against you; but hard as it is, I must punish you; three errors! Poor child, it will destroy your chance of going home."

Amy's eyes filled up as if she was going to cry, but the little girl had a proud heart and so she forced the tears back, while Ruth knit her brow in a puzzled frown; but neither girls made any comment.

And thus it all came about; and poor little Amy was deprived of her long anticipated pleasure.

She kept back the bitter tears for a long while, though she did cry in secret many a time in the days that followed; but when the girls had started homeward, when Ruth, the last loiterer, who was going to

Amy's own town, had come back, again and again, to kiss her good-by, then the little frame shook with its violent burst of weeping, while dear Sister Angela strove to comfort the little heart it had been her duty to wound.

But Amy could not be cheered; and through the long night hours she sobbed and sobbed, soaking her pillow with the salt tears of loneliness and disappointment. At last when morning dawned, she tried to banish her sadness, and feeling it was wrong to make herself sick with repining, she sought to regain her cheerfulness.

Little did the girls going to their beloved homes think of her, though Amy followed each one of them with sorrowful thoughts, picturing to herself all the joy she was denied.

And yet one among them did remember her, Ruth Lenore; and somehow all the Christmas joys seemed shadowed for her by her school-mates's sorrow.

Mrs. Lenore noticed her quiet, absent ways, and worried, fretful moods, but could find no reason for them. Often she would fling aside the dainties before her, and walk up and down the galleries by herself in deep thought, and often too, the mother would trace the track of tears upon her daughter's pillow.

Ruth was not a selfish nor light-hearted child. If she had been either, she would not have suffered anything to torment her thus, but fortunately she had a loving heart and sensitive nature. Knowing her child's temperment, Mrs. Lenore begged her to tell her what was troubling her, but Ruth parried her questions, and would give no explanation.

Christmas night came, and the little family were gathered in the parlors playing games. Her brothers and sisters were all joyous and mirthful, but Ruth could not feign the happiness she did not feel, and so sat looking very pre-occupied and pensive into the blazing fire.

Her father perceiving her, laid aside his papers, saying:

"You didn't tell us about Amy Hilton, Ruth?"

"What about her?" questioned Ruth, timidly.

"That she didn't come home with you. I met her father to-day, and he was telling me about it, and the reason of it. He feels very sorry, but he says he won't go back on his word. Poor little Amy seems

to feel it a great deal. He showed me a letter from her he received to-day. It is too bad."

"Papa!" cried Ruth, tremulously, and she buried her face for a moment in her hands, and then flung herself at her mother's feet, exclaiming:

"Oh mamma! Mamma, take me to Amy! I must ask her forgiveness I did it. It was all my fault! Oh, mamma!"

"What is it, Ruth?" asked her mother, gently. "My precious child," she continued, "you are trembling with excitement. How could you have deprived her of her visit?"

"But I did, mamma. I let her get the errors. It was I who peeped into Sister Angela's desk; I was so curious. I had Amy's shawl on, just to see how it looked over my brown dress, and I put it over my head when I saw somebody coming; and Sister Angela took me for Amy, and, and—she was punished."

"Ruth!"

"Yes, mamma; don't scold me. I'll tell you all about it. I had gone to the music-room at recess, leaving Amy alone in the school-room; and when I came back she was gone, and it was then I did it, and then I got frightened, and went back through the music-room, so the girls wouldn't see me come out of the class-room door. It was mean to do, I know it, and I did so hate that anybody should suffer for me; but I hadn't courage to confess it before everybody."

"My poor Ruth!" said her mother, pityingly; "and yet you have done it now before us all; how much easier it would have been then, and how much you might have spared Amy!"

"I know it, mamma; and oh! it's been almost killing me all the time I was here, to think of poor Amy being kept at school, and I couldn't be happy and know she was miserable; please take me to her,—I'll tell her, I'll tell Sister Angela, I'll tell everybody."

Ruth was weeping now, and her father kindly stroking her curls, comforted her by the assurance that he would take her in the morning. "But," he continued, "my little girl must promise me to own up always to a fault; above all, never to let another be blamed: and my Ruth will, I trust, never again do a thing so dishonorable as to look into secret papers. And when school begins, you must acknowledge your fault before your class mates. It is hard, Ruth, but is right. My child must learn moral bravery."

"I'll promise, papa. Oh, if I could only have had Amy home before! If she will only forgive me!"

And Amy did forgive her; she was too fervent a little Catholic to do otherwise; and Mr. Lenore and Sister Angela pardoned Ruth because of her penitence. Ruth never forgot how her cowardice had poisoned her Christmas joys, and ever afterwards she was a true *moral heroine*.
—*Youth's Cabinet*.

FENELON, the distinguished Archbishop of Cambrai, was in the habit of visiting frequently the cottages of the poor, and of relieving and consoling them in their distress. During a time of warfare in France he received the homeless, the sick, and the wounded, in his own palace, and provided them with everything needed for their relief. And when this same palace was burned, and all his books and precious manuscripts were destroyed by the fire, he simply but grandly said: "It is better all these should be burned than the cottage of one poor family." And yet it is such men as Fenelon that the French infidels of to day would, if they could, expel from France.

WHY are cowardly soldiers like butter? Because, when exposed to fire they "run."

It may happen that a nail, even though it has a good head, gives way and bends, but it is not on that account utterly useless. It can be straightened and used again. It may also happen that, in consequence of unforeseen difficulties, our good will and strong resolutions are at first ineffectual; but we should not lose courage on that account. We should endeavor to amend the fault committed, and cheerfully begin anew. Upon a second attempt we often act with more energy, charity and prudence, and thus succeed.
—*Father Wentinger's Photographic Views*.

THE "HARP."

HAMILTON, ONT., JUNE, 1882.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

ALL CANADA IS NOW passing through the excitement of a general election. There is one objectionable feature that has hitherto been strongly marked on these occasions, but which we trust will date its obliteration from the present election, and that is the peculiar manner in which the agents of both political parties and their respective organs, as a rule, approach the Catholic electors. Any honest means of securing support is certainly allowable, but why should there be a special appeal for the "Catholic vote?" Why cannot we be approached on general principles, as inhabitants of Canada, and allowed to form our opinions and cast our votes as we may think best for the good of the country at large? It is painful to hear each political orator, editor, or canvasser boasting how much more than the other his party has done or will do for Catholics, and claiming their support on that account. If we are in possession of all the rights and privileges that justly belong to us, is it not an insult to our intelligence to ask us purely as Catholics to vote for either party? On the other hand, if, after laboring under peculiar disabilities, one government or the other gives us equal rights with our fellow-citizens, what credit can be claimed for an act of simple justice?

When there is a public question at issue antagonistic to our faith and morals, our duty is plain—to demand with a unanimous voice that the obnoxious features be removed, and if not, apply the remedy at

the polls. But when the great questions of the day bear upon the general interests of the country, then we have a perfect right to be Reformers or Conservatives just as we see fit. In the former case we are perfectly able to decide for ourselves, what is best to be done without any aid from the professional politician who knows, little and cares less about our religion; in the latter, the man who approaches us with an appeal to our Catholic sentiments should be treated in the manner that brazen-faced impudence deserves.

Our duty at present is that of citizens of Canada. The interests of this great Dominion are common to all its people irrespective of creed, color or nationality. Its prosperity is the general benefit; its misfortunes the general loss. In a word its weal or woe concerns us all. All its citizens should take pride in the increase of its population, the development of its resources, the extension of its commerce, the activity of its manufactures, the maintenance of law and order, and the preservation of their own rights and privileges. No other motives than these and their kindred should influence Canadians in their choice of government administration, and we trust the day will never come when any other consideration will become necessary.

THE HARP does not support the cry of electing or appointing Catholics to any position merely because they are Catholics.

Every man should stand mainly upon his own merits, that is, advocate his claims for office or place chiefly on the score of ability to discharge its duties honestly and faithfully. But if the government of a country or a province in the distribution of public appointments, systematically ignore a class of people on account of their religion; or if for the same reason the electors of a constituency defeat a good and competent man, then there are just grounds of complaint. In such cases, the government lays itself open to the charge of unfairness, and the constituency to that of bigotry, while the position of both will suffer at least moral injury in comparison with that of the ignored class or rejected individual. But; in the absence of good evidence to this effect, it is very bad taste, not to say bad policy, to raise a hue-and cry on the score of religion, and endeavor to shew with violent language that the great cause of a candidate's non-success, was antagonism to his system of belief. Such a course generally serves to make matters worse. A man's own dignity suffers by it, and the cause which he claims to advocate becomes prejudiced. Because the respectable portion of the community looks coldly on him who makes religion his plea for position; and bigotry, which under ordinary circumstances, might be induced to view the aspirant's faith with complacency, becomes inflamed by his intemperate course, and makes his future prospects more difficult to be realized.

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS form the great topic of the day, creating intense excitement and straining the public mind to an alarming extent. Experience teaches that such an event as this is a civil war on a small scale. Neighbors, friends and relatives array themselves in opposing camps and by that feeling which contrary discussions constantly persisted in always generates, they become uncordial towards

one another if not actually estranged. Add to this the discomforts and annoyances caused by meetings and canvassers, as well as the absence of anything readable in the newspapers, and one almost wishes that elections occurred but once in a lifetime. Nevertheless, we Canadians, in view of the possession of representative government with responsible ministers can willingly bear with the evil. There is no rose without its thorn.

THE ruffians who murdered Lord Cavendish and his secretary, grievously wounded the Irish nation at the same time; and Ireland in mourning the cruel fate of the slaughtered gentlemen, laments the injury done to herself. It is a matter of consolation (even if only simple justice) to know that the intelligent world exonerates the Irish people from all blame in the crime. It would be superfluous for Irishmen themselves to disclaim the deed; the fervent, sincere, and universal cry of horror and indignation that went up from the Irish people both at home and abroad, is sufficient to prove the innocence of the nation. If anything else were wanting to complete the proof, it could be supplied by considering the cowardly, cruel, and treacherous manner in which the deed was done—altogether foreign to the manly spirit of the average Irishman.

NATIONAL irresponsibility for the Dublin assassination being fully established, there was certainly insufficient warrant for the re-introduction of coercive measures binding the whole country. The American government did not proclaim martial law when its president was shot, neither did the British government pass a coercion bill for England when the queen was fired at, then why should the Irish people be subjected to the hardships of ultra juridical measures on account of the deed of one or two wretches acting on their own

responsibility? It is hoped that British sense of fair play and love for constitutional principles will eventually triumph over momentary passion, and that the ordinary course of law, justly executed, will be found sufficient to settle all existing difficulties. Just before the assassination the government had begun to act towards Ireland in a kind and liberal spirit, and everything promised an early settlement of all vexed questions, and we trust that the government will recognize the wisdom of a speedy return to that policy. It seems to us that a satisfactory condition of things could be sooner obtained by attempts at conciliation rather than coercion.

THE IRISH QUESTION has attracted the earnest attention of the continental press, but their knowledge of the subject is very peculiar. *La Republique Francaise* is astonished to think that after practising for three hundred years a combined policy of "seduction and violence" England has not yet succeeded in satisfying Ireland. There is nothing strange in the matter whatever. Ireland is too virtuous to sacrifice her honor, and to fond of liberty to tamely submit to violence. She simply wants *justice*,—the right of self-government
—HOME RULE.

THE French government have voted religion a bore, and kicked it out of the school doors. Strange conduct to find in the land of St. Louis, and among the sons of the Crusaders! The government of a country once the greatest champion of the Cross is now among its greatest enemies, fostering a spirit of infidelity, infinitely more pernicious than the designs of the infidel hosts who fled from stout Charles Martel, at Tours, or from the noble Godfrey, on the plains of Palestine.

THEY have buried Darwin in Westmin-

ster Abbey. This is certainly a very good evidence of the "Descent of Man." They began by burying saints—the friends and servants of God—in that one-time sacred edifice; at length they have placed there a man who believed himself the lineal descendant of a monkey! Westminster Abbey has become an aristocratic Potters' field.

How would it do for Mr. Gladstone to pay the "Arrears of Rent" out of the funds of the late Irish Church Establishment? Millions upon millions of pounds were obtained under false pretences from the Catholics of Ireland by that institution during the three hundred years of its existence, and the disgorging of a few millions now for the benefit of the mass of the population would be a very slight act of restitution.

THE tenth official bulletin of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America says that the general condition of the organization continues to improve. Sixteen new societies have been added since the date of the last bulletin.

ITALY is said to be secretly arming against France. Should a collision come, Italy must go down, and then the world would behold the anomalous spectacle of the nation that was the chief cause of "United Italy" breaking it up into its original fragments—for that would likely be the result of the defeat of the Italian armies.

L'Opinions, the Italian "Liberal" organ, is alarmed at the increasing influence of Vatican, and wildly calls upon the anti-clerical party to redouble their efforts to secure victory at the ensuing elections. In the fear that has taken the place of bravado, we see the shadow that precedes the downfall of despotism.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"CLONTARE," an historical play in three acts, for male characters, by A. J. O'Hara, M. A. Published by Stephen Mearns, 73 Barclay Street, New York.

"DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE" for June, is as usual replete with interesting and instructive matter. Published by T. B. Noonan & Co., Boston, Mass. Price, \$2.00 a year.

"THE CATHOLIC FIRESIDE" for May, 40 pages monthly, one dollar a year. Published by J. P. Dunne & Co., 5 Barclay Street, New York.

"THE ANGELUS"—a new Catholic illustrated weekly for Sunday Schools and families. Published by Wm. E. Savage, 44 West Larned Street, Detroit, Mich. Price, one dollar a year. Liberal reduction to clubs.

"MCGEE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY."—First number of the 15th volume—very interesting—the usual sixteen pages. Published at 15 Park Place, New York. Price \$3 a year.

"AVE MARIA" for May, containing as usual a choice selection of literary articles, poems, tales, essays, and the valuable Youths' Department. Price \$2.50 per annum. Address Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Indiana.

THE SCHOLASTIC of Notre Dame, Indiana, and the SPECTATOR of St. Laurent College, Montreal, are both smart lively college journals.

THE CANADIAN SPECTATOR is a journal of more than ordinary ability, but rather prejudiced in religious matters.

THE HILLS AND THE BIRDS.

"WHAT brought you here?" said the Hills to the Birds, as they settled on them.

"We saw you afar off, and we thought you were made of the sky, you looked so blue and soft; and we thought we should like to have you for our home," said the Birds.

"Are we as you expected to find us?" asked the Hills.

"No," said the Birds; we see now it was not *you* that we gazed on, but yonder fair hills in the west: we go to seek them!" and they flew away, and the Hills laughed.

"What brought you here?" asked the Hills in the west, as the birds settled on them, weary with their flight.

"We saw you afar off, and we thought you were fair and soft as the summer sky, and we came that we might dwell on you," said the Birds.

"Are we what you expected to find us?" asked the Hills in the west.

"No," said the Birds, with disappoint-

ment, "that you are not, but rugged and bare; so that we are sure you were not what we delighted to gaze on; and see—*there*—there are our hills, brighter than ever; beautiful, deep blue and gold shining on their heads." And away they flew, and the Hills laughed.

"What brought you here?" asked the Rocks, as the Birds sunk wearily on their craggy tops.

"Alas cried the Birds, "We saw you from afar, in our own pleasant home, and we thought you were made of the sky and crowned with gold; and we hoped to live upon you, and enjoy your glory and beauty."

"What do you find?" asked the Rocks. "Hard, gloomy, barren crags, with neither softness to nestle in nor food to rejoice in; and yonder is the sun, sinking into the broad, hopeless sea; and there is nothing beyond!" And they perished on the rocks.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

TRUST a man to be good, and, even if he is not, your trust may make him such.

PREJUDICE and self-sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind.

A TRULY good man had rather be deceived than be suspicious, and rather forego his own right than run the venture of doing even a hard thing.

LIFE must be measured by action, not by time; for a man may die old at thirty, and young at eighty; nay, the one lives after death, and the other perished before he died.

It is the temper of a blade that must be the proof of a good sword, and not the gilding of the hilt, or the richness of the scabbard; so it is not his grandeur and possessions that make a man considerable, but intrinsic merit.

A MOTHER was speaking of our Saviour to her little child, who stood before her eagerly listening to what she said. "Oh, mamma?" he exclaimed; "how I should like to have been with Him!"

"And what could you, a little child like you, have done for Him," said his mother.

"Why, mother," said he, earnestly, "I would have done his errands."

That is precisely what we should all feel bound to do.

"WHY do larks sing up in the sky?" said a Magpie to a Rook who was busy building his nest.

"Can't say," said the Rook.

"Why do cuckoos lay eggs in other folks' nests?" said the Magpie again.

"Don't know," said the Rook.

"Why have the swallows forked tails?" asked the Magpie.

The Rook couldn't answer without dropping the stick in his back, and, seeing he could never get on while he was so interrupted, turned round and cried, "I'll answer your question when you tell me why magpies chatter."

OPPORTUNITIES are very sensitive things, If you slight them on their first visit, they seldom come again.

A GOOD conscience is a marvellous restorative. One soon learns to look with hope to the future when one can feel justified in turning with pride to the past.

THE most influential man, in a free country at least, is the man who has the ability as well as the courage to speak what he thinks when occasion may require it.

DO YOUR duty, and not be uneasy about the future. When God deprives you of any blessing He can replace it. The very stones can in his hands become the children of Abraham. He who has fed you to-day will take care of you to-morrow.—*Fenelon.*

NOT scholarship alone, but scholarship impregnated with religion, tells on the great mass of society. We have no faith in the efficacy of mechanics' institutes, or even of primary and elementary schools for building up a virtuous and well-conditioned peasantry, so long as they stand dissevered from the lessons of Christian piety.

CAUSES OF CONJUGAL QUARREL.—For Pope's exquisite good sense take the following, which is a masterpiece: "Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but mere vanity—a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell readily to what pitch it amounts to." Thousands of homes would be happy to-morrow if this passage were written in letters of gold over the mantle-piece, and the offenders could have the courage to apply it to themselves.

WIT AND WISDOM.

FASHIONABLE young ladies, like letters, require stamps, or the males reject them.

A TRAVELER says he was lately presented with a sample of tea from Fiji. He thinks it makes him Fiji-tea.

A DULL old lady, being told that a certain lawyer was lying at the point of death, exclaimed: "Dear me! won't even death stop that man's lying?"

"JOHN," said a farmer to his servant as he was taking dinner, "do you know how many pancakes you've eaten?" "No." "Why you've eaten fourteen." "Well," said John, "you count and I'll eat."

ALPHONSE KARR said: "You can prove nothing to women. They believe only with their hearts or their imaginations." Alphonse had evidently been trying to make his wife believe that the billiard chalk on his coat was whitewash from the office wall.

A LITTLE girl of seven exhibited much disquiet at hearing of a new exploring expedition. When she was asked why she should care about it, she said: "If they discover any countries that will add to the geography I have to study. There are countries enough in it now."

NAT M— was a queer genius. A neighbor found him one day at work at an enormous wood pile, sawing away for dear life with an intolerably dull saw. "Why don't you sharpen your saw, Nat?" asked the neighbor. Looking up with an imitably droll expression, "I should think I had work enough to do to saw up this wood pile, without stopping to sharpen saws."

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

AN editor out west says if time is money, he is willing to exchange a little of his for cash.

"SHE isn't all that fancy painted her," bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; "and worse than that, she isn't all she painted herself."

A TAVERN boaster, the other day, vaunting his knowledge of the world, was asked by a wag at his elbow if he had been in Algebra. "Oh yes," said he, "I once passed through it on top of a stage."

A COUNTRYMAN walking along the streets found his progress stopped by a close barricade of wood. "What's this for?" said he to a person in the street. "Oh, that's to stop the yellow fever." "Ah! I've often heard of the Board of Health, but I never saw it before."

"WHAT are you doing here?" said old Sobersides to a tramp who was lying on his front stoop, gazing at the moon. "What am I doing here?" echoed the lazy rascal, endeavoring to suppress another gape, "why I'm studying æsthetics." "How so?" queried the curious proprietor. "Oh," replied the loafer, "I'm yawning after the unattainable."

During a dense fog, a Mississippi steamboat took a landing. A traveller, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel, and asked why the boat stopped. "Too much fog; can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead?" "Yes," replied the urbane pilot. "but until the biler bursts, we ain't going that way." The passenger went to bed satisfied.

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