

WALSH'S MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1896.

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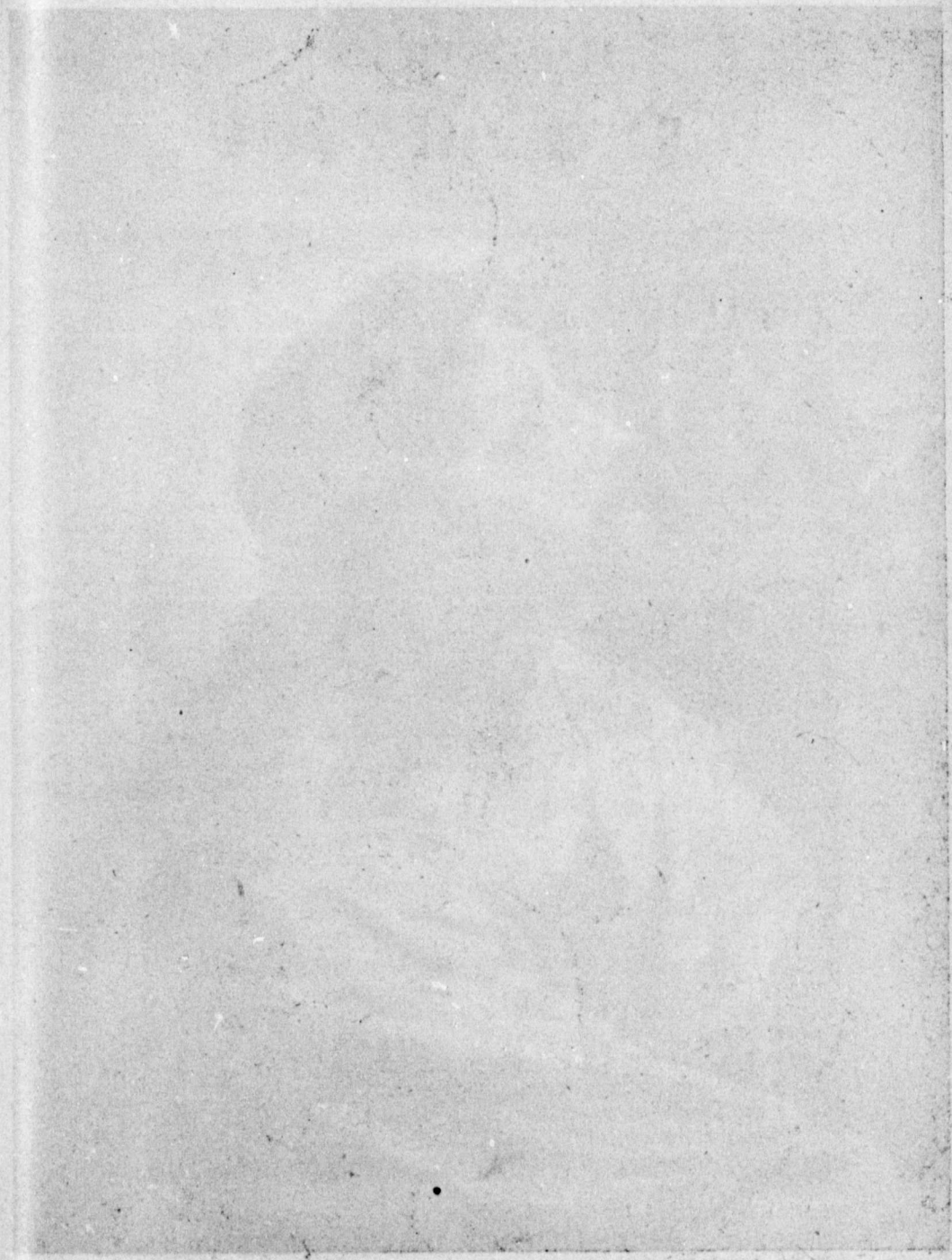
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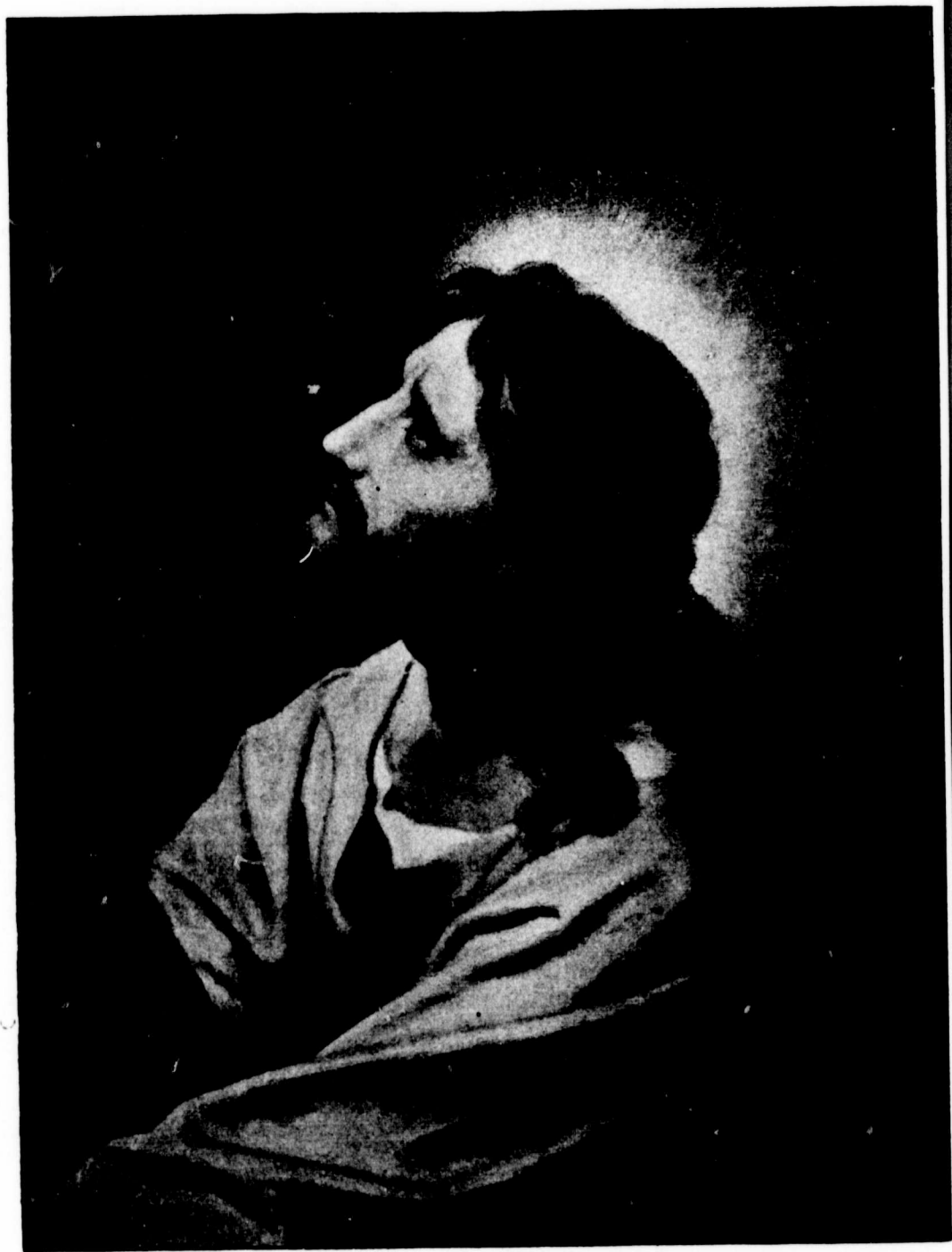


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1917



CHRIST.

From the Painting by Hoffman.

WALSH'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1896.

No. 4.

A NEW HISTORY OF ACADIA.*

By J. A. J. McKenna.

Mr. Edouard Richard set himself no easy task when he determined to give the world the whole truth concerning the deportation of his ancestors from their happy homes in l'Acadie. Those who planned the dispersion first had the archives of the Acadians carried off; and, still fearful of the verdict of history, they or their descendants must have done away with colonial records which militated against themselves, for many papers have disappeared from the archives at Halifax. The report on the most effectual method of deporting the Acadians which Provincial Surveyor Morris drew up early in 1755 for Governor Lawrence—a work which brought Morris a judgeship—has vanished; and this invaluable document, which makes it evident that the decision to deport the Acadians was not forced upon the authorities as the last and only means of securing the country to the crown, but was coldly and deliberately designed to some other end, would be lost to history had not the Reverend Andrew Brown, to use his own words, "found this paper among the coun-

cil fyles" (where it no longer remains) and had a transcript of it made. This clergyman set out to write a history of Nova Scotia. Unfortunately he never accomplished his design; but his manuscripts (which are in the British Museum, and of which Mr. Richard fully availed himself) containing his unfinished work and accumulated material, afford most valuable data on a subject of abiding interest. A Protestant minister, he could have had no prejudice in favor of the Acadians. He lived at Halifax as a contemporary, not only of witnesses of the tragedy, but of actors in it; and having attained a chair in the University of Edinburgh, he must have had the intellectual discipline necessary for the proper winnowing of the information which he gathered. Yet the Historical Society of Halifax had only a partial copy made of the Brown MSS., and the student who consults the Society's collection will find an emasculated transcript of Brown's copy of Morris' report in which nothing is touched on but topography. All along there seems to have been interested persons at work shutting off the light.

It is true that for upwards of a

*Acadia: Missing Links in a Lost Chapter of American History. By Edouard Richard, an Acadian, ex-member of the House of Commons of Canada. New York: Home Book Company.

hundred years they met with scant success. Writers viewed the tragic event from like standpoints, and their conclusion as to the lack of justification for the act and the cruelty which characterized it ran with pretty general concurrence. Raynal's Gallic fancy made him somewhat idealize the lives led by the Acadians in the days before the dispersion; but Thomas Chandler Haliburton, a descendent of a loyalist grandfather, a lawyer devoid of predisposing influences

Scotia," which contains the matter referred to in a note to "Evangeline," in the Edinburgh edition (1888) of Longfellow's works, as throwing "much light" upon the history of the Acadians, whose "disloyalty led to their dispossession and dispersion." This volume begat Hanny's history. It prepared the way for Parkman, who, in his "Montcalm and Wolfe," so glozes the cruel incidents of the event as to make Longfellow's greatest work appear to be builded on the slimmest



Larolle.

"Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name and pasture to flocks without number."

making in favor of the dispersed people—writing near the scene and not so far removed from the time as to be unable to obtain information from those in a good position to afford it—substantiated in the main the first historian of the Acadians.

There appeared, however, in 1869, an official publication, entitled "Selections from the Public Documents of the Province of Nova

foundation of fact; for, in the ninety pages which he devotes to the subject, there is such an artful air of candor, such an array of authorities and so nice a welding of the material furnished by the governmental publication as constrains the unwary reader to agree with him that "New England humanitarianism, melting into sentimentality at a tale of woe, has been unjust to its own." One would have thought

that Parkman had reduced the affair to the smallest possible proportions; but Kingsford appeared with his history of Canada and so hacked away the slight foundation left by Parkman as to make the poet's work seem as insubstantial as the "baseless fabric of a vision," and his "pictures of the people, and of the priests as well," to borrow the phraseology of an Ontario school text book, as "utterly fictitious." And then what sounded like the last word—the final judgment—came, with much appropriateness, from Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, in his "Canada and the School Question," imperiously dismissed the matter by declaring that "Lieutenant Governor Adams Archibald, Mr. Parkman and Dr. Kingsford have completely disposed of this fiction." Doubtless we would next be gravely informed by some editor of Longfellow that "Evangeline" was based on a Nova Scotia nursery fable, had not Mr. Richard by his exhaustive researches, his careful collating and lucid interpretation of official documents, shed so clear a light upon the history of the deportation as makes the poet's pictures fall far short of the sad reality.

The volume of selections came to be regarded as the great repository of the facts of the case. Its official status made it extremely difficult for an author to set aside its authority; and the use made of it by Parkman, who devoted a lifetime to the study of American history, gave the work a sanction that made its testimony seem unimpeachable. But Mr. Richard has succeeded in making it abundantly evident that the volume was compiled rather with a view to the defence of the administrators of the colony than in the interest of truth, and that the compiler's mutilation

of official documents was further mutilated by Parkman in his overweening desire as a New Englander to do what he was pleased to consider justice to those whom he regarded as his own. Mr. Philip H. Smith, in his "Acadia—A Lost Chapter of American History," essayed to give a true and connected account of the deportation; he made excellent use of the material he had, but it was insufficient. Mr. Richard obtained access to the documents that were wanting, and with them he has filled in the gaps. The title of his two volumes, "Acadia:—Missing Links in a Lost Chapter," is apt and refreshingly modest, but, nevertheless, very misleading, for Mr. Richard gives us a consecutive narrative into which he has so skilfully worked, without any particle of fiction, the documents bearing on the subject, as to make most instructive and interesting reading out of the dry bones of public records. He is quite within the mark when he states in his introductory pages that he undertook a work that had never been done before; and the manner in which he has accomplished it makes one rejoice that he turned from the making of laws to the writing of history.

The early history of the French settlement in Acadia is as stormy as interesting, and the Bay of Fundy, as our author remarks, evokes almost as many memories as the Ægean Sea. England and France might be at peace; but, in spite of international "ententes cordiales," Boston and Acadia waged war at pleasure. The French settlement was a menace—and frequently an active one—to the commerce of New England; and Acadia, separated from Canada by immense stretches of impenetrable forest and neglected by France, was

an easy prey to colonial marauders. The environment was not favorable to the growth of an agricultural community or to the development of those traits which mark the successful tiller of the soil. Yet when by the Treaty of Utrecht the country passed to the British crown, the marshes of the Bay of Fundy had been transformed into orchards and gardens and cornfields, and were possessed by a people that enjoyed a measure of prosperity which Lincoln in his youth would have considered almost luxury.

True, Parkman relates that "French officials described their dwellings as wretched wooden boxes, without ornaments or conveniences, and scarcely supplied with the necessary furniture." The "French officials," however, turn out to have been two officers who were stationed at Quebec, and Mr. Richard was unable to find that they wrote with personal knowledge. But apart from this, what would be regarded as "wretched wooden boxes" by fastidious French "militairies" would even today be reckoned tolerably comfortable dwellings by many American husbandmen. Winslow, who superintended the deportation of the Acadians of the district of Mines, is a better authority than either of Parkman's "officials"; and this is his testimony: "I found it a fine country and full of inhabitants, a beautiful Church, abundance of the goods of this world, and provisions of all kinds in great plenty." Even Parkman does not charge them with lacking industry until they had experienced a large measure of what he was pleased to term "the lenity and sweet of English rule." That, in spite of interminable discouragements and annoyances, they continued frugal and persevered in labor is evident by Cornwallis, who

thus addressed them not long before the dire event that made outcasts of those honest toilers: "Your lands produce grain and nourish cattle sufficient for the whole colony. We are well aware of your temperance, and that you are not addicted to any vice or debauchery." And the sturdy Anglo-Americans who possessed themselves of the lands and improvements of the exiles petitioned, in 1765, to be allowed to avail themselves of the services of the few Acadian peasants who drifted about the scene of their loves and their labors, confessing that without "their assistance" they could not plow or sow or maintain the dikes that kept back the ocean.

There can be little doubt that writers who make Acadia synonymous with Arcadia go beyond the strict bounds of genuine history; but he who indulges in unwarranted censure of a people sins more grievously against historic truth than does he who in bestowing deserved praise breaks into idealizing. It is true that the Acadians were a simple, and, speaking generally, an ignorant or rather an illiterate people. Simplicity can scarcely be considered an offence; and in their illiteracy they were not singular in their day, though a less prejudiced writer than Parkman would have found in their peculiar situation an excuse for their lagging behind similar classes in more favored countries. The descendants of forty-seven men who hewed down the forest and drove back the tide, making for themselves a home in the wilderness, would not in the nature of things feel for many decades the spur which urges to that sort of progress which the New England historian was shocked to find wanting in Acadia. Mr. Richard has avoided extremes; but the

pictures which he gives us of the Acadians, "left to themselves . . . self-supporting and locally self-governing, dispensing with courts of justice, policemen and bailiffs, regulating the public business of each parish in common, settling their disputes by arbitration," make us wish that in this our day, when education is widespread and progress is the watchword, more of the world's toilers were in the enjoyment of as great a measure of social happiness as brightened the lives of the dwellers in l'Acadie. By a paradox as daring as Froude ever uttered, Parkman would have us believe that they were "contumacious even towards the cure," and at the same time so "enfeebled by hereditary mental subjection" that to the priest "their submission,

compounded of love and fear, was commonly without bounds." Surely the truth must lie between. The record shows that they loved liberty while prizing peace; and whatever may have been the nature and extent of the priestly influence to which they were subjected, murder or theft or indecency is not so much as mentioned. How they contrasted with the men who composed an expedition that came from Massachusetts in a campaign against "popery" may be learned by comparing the official reports respecting them with this description of the New England crusaders as given by Admiral Knowles, Governor of Louisbourg, to the Duke of Newcastle: "All those I found here, from the generals down to the corporals, were sellers of rum. The



Mayan.

"Breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth."

soldiers are lazy, dirty, obstinate ; I rejoice at getting rid of them, and I pity Warren who had to deal with them." Nor do the Acadians suffer from a comparison with the first settlers of Halifax. Six months after the foundation of that city, when twenty-nine liquor licences had been issued, and ten thousand gallons of rum had been distributed by the government, forty persons were arraigned for selling liquor illicitly. Writing to the Reverend Ezra Stiles a decade later, Hon. Alexander Grant gave this picture of Halifax : " We have upwards of one hundred licensed houses, and perhaps as many more which retail spirituous liquors without license ; so that the business of one-half the town is to sell rum and the other half to drink it. You may, from this single circumstance, judge of our morals, and naturally infer that we are not enthusiastic in religion." We have an order of Governor Cornwallis, in which it is recited that the dead were unattended to burial by relatives, friends or neighbors, and that it was difficult even to obtain the services of carriers ; and justices of the peace are therein directed to summon, upon the death of a settler, twelve persons from the vicinity of his last place of abode " to attend his funeral and carry his corpse to the grave."

Some confusion has resulted from confounding the fall of Port Royal in October, 1710, with the passing of Acadia to the Crown of Britain. With the Fort there went but a radius of three miles. The war continued and the rest of Acadia remained French territory until by the Treaty of Utrecht it was ceded to England with this proviso : The Acadians were to be at " liberty to remove themselves within a year to any other place . . .

with all their movable effects," and those who remained were " to enjoy the full exercise of their religion." But Queen Anne, in order to testify her kindly appreciation of the compliance of " the Most Christian King " with her desire in releasing " from imprisonment on board his galleys such of his subjects as were detained there on account of their professing the Protestant religion " (so the royal warrant runs), amplified this proviso by commanding, on the 23rd June, 1713, the Governor of Nova Scotia to permit such of His Majesty's subjects as " have lands or tenements . . . in the place yielded by virtue of the late treaty of peace and are willing to continue our subjects, to retain and enjoy their said lands and tenements without any molestation, as fully and as freely as other of our subjects do or may possess their lands or estates, or to sell the same if they rather choose to remove elsewhere." It is made manifest by the documents quoted by Mr. Richard that the Acadians determined to remove, and would have removed had the local authorities obeyed the royal command or even acted in accordance with the bare words of the treaty. But obstacles were interposed by Colonel Vetch, and the policy of impeding their withdrawal was continued by Governor after Governor. Vetch, as Lieutenant-Governor, would not allow them to remove until Nicholson returned ; and Governor Nicholson arriving at the close of the year of grace, required a decision by the Queen on certain points before he would concur in their departure. They were refused permission to leave in English vessels and prohibited from embarking in ships belonging to France. They were forbidden to procure rigging from Louisbourg for bottoms of

their own making; and when they turned to Boston they were met by a like prohibition. Cut off from the possibility of departing by water they decided on going by land, but when they set to work to open a road through the wilderness a prohibitory ukase again confronted them. Those of them who were found at Beausejour when that fort fell were regarded as rebellious subjects of Great Britain, while those who remained within the British dominions were upbraided with being subjects of France.

At the first blush it seems incredible that the powers that eventually resorted to so harsh a measure in order to rid the country of the Acadians, should have so persistently intervened to prevent their peaceful withdrawal. But the official records clearly expose the motives of this paradoxical policy. The Treaty of Utrecht ceded Acadia to Britain, but what constituted Acadia was long an open question. More than one-half the peninsula was claimed by France, and, "according to the political ethics adopted at the time," to use Parkman's phrase, "it would be legal for France to reclaim it by force." The Anglo-American authorities, therefore, determined to retain it by fraud. Cape Breton had reverted to France, and she asserted her right to New Brunswick; Louisbourg and Beausejour flanked the British possessions, and the fleur-de-lis waved over the fertile isle of St. John. The French population of Acadia, numbering upwards of two thousand at the cession, grew apace, until by 1747, it showed a six-fold increase; while the English colonists made not a baker's dozen. Left to themselves they would have had scant means of defence and yet scantier means of subsistence. With the departure

of the ancient inhabitants the land would lie fallow. Their allies gone, no influence would remain to restrain the Indian hordes—the vowed and immemorial enemies of the English—from wreaking vengeance on the colony. And worse than all—for those evils might be escaped—with this contingency; the waning power of France in the Gulf of St. Lawrence would be so recuperated by the migration of the Acadians to her territory as to become a mighty menace to British rule and British commerce.

Eight months after Nicholson's promise to extend by a year the time allowed by the treaty for removal, Governor Vetch wrote to the Board of Trade in London, "unless some speedy orders are sent to prevent the Acadians' removal with their cattle and effects to Cape Britton as it will wholly strip and Ruine Nova Scotia, so it will at once make Cape Britton a populace and well-stocked colony." And again he dilated on the consequences of a withdrawal and the advantages accruing to the Crown from the presence of the Acadians, urging that Nova Scotia would be ruined entirely "unless supplied with a British colony, which could not be done in several years." A report of his successor runs thus: "In case ye Acadians quit us, we shall never be able to protect our English family's from ye insults of ye Indians, ye worst enemies, which ye Acadians by their staying will in a great measure ward off for their own sakes. Your Lordships will see by ye stock of cattell they have at this time that in two or three years, we may be furnished with everything within ourselves." It was likewise reported officially to the Trade Lords that the accession of the Acadians would, on account of "their skill in the fishery

as well as the cultivating of the soil, make of Cape Breton the most powerful colony the French have in America, and of the greatest danger and damage to all the British colonies as well as the universal trade of Great Britain." Phillips, who had further extended the time in which they might withdraw under the terms of the treaty, wrote:—"We need them to erect

contrary opinion It seems very difficult to drive all the Acadians out of Acadia. This would strengthen the French considerably and would make the reclaiming of the Indians impracticable." He had another plan. It was "to interpose Protestant settlements among them," to grant "small privileges and immunities for the encouragement of those who should



"Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded."

Fleury.

our fortifications and to provision our forts till the English are powerful enough themselves to go on." And Shirley, the admired of Parkman, after remarking that he had learned that Admiral Knowles had advised that "it would be necessary to drive all the Acadians out of Acadia," thus informed the Duke of Newcastle in a despatch of the 21st November, 1746: "I am of a

come over to the Protestant communion"; to remove the "Romish priests," and to introduce "Protestant English schools and French Protestant ministers." These are possibly what Parkman would have us regard as resources of patience and persuasion.

In 1730 the Acadians were allowed to take a restricted oath of allegiance, and they were known

thereafter as the French Neutrals. They swore fealty to the British crown, with the condition that they should not be required to bear arms against their old friends, the Indians or their kinsmen, the French. That they refused to do; just as the loyalists who succeeded them declined, not many years later, "to march in arms against" their "friends and relations" of the revolting colonies. When Halifax was founded the local authorities considered themselves sufficiently well entrenched to declare a conditional oath worthless. When Beausejour had fallen and Halifax had grown lustily, and the British had become "powerful enough of themselves to go on," the administrators of the colony felt at liberty to dispense with the Acadians—but not with their cattle; and, with a diabolical ingenuity which would be the envy of a Turk, they elaborated a systematic scheme for the attainment of their purpose, whereby these simple people were first deprived of their boats and their arms, and then, formed in herds, regardless alike of human ties and human feelings, were driven at the bayonet's point, to a fate of which, notwithstanding Parkman's assertion, they had no previous warning, and of which they could have never dreamed. The great deportation took place in 1755; but the cruel work continued until 1763. It is estimated that out of a population of eighteen thousand, scattered over Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island and that part of New Brunswick about Shediac, only four thousand escaped; and that of the fourteen thousand dispersed, eight thousand perished.

It has been charged that, spurred by the priests, and especially by the Indian missionary, Pere Le Loutre (whom Parkman erroneously

styles Vicar General of Acadia), the Acadians were restive and disloyal. Mr. Richard produces evidence that makes it impossible to admit the allegation. Governor Mascarene testified in 1744 that, to the aid from Massachusetts and the refusal of the French inhabitants to take up arms against the Indians, the colony owed its preservation. Three years later he reported: "Though the enemy brought near two thousand men in arms in the midst of them, and used all the means of cajoling and threatening to make them take up arms, having brought spare ones to that end, they could not prevail upon above twenty to join them." And after the war, on June 15th, 1748, he wrote the Duke of Bedford: "Notwithstanding the means they have used to entice or force into open rebellion, the Acadians, who are all of French extraction and papists, they have not been able to prevail except upon a few of them; and, after having entered this province three different times with forces far superior to what could be opposed to them, they were at last obliged to retire." The articles of capitulation show that the Acadians found in Fort Beausejour "were forced to bear arms under pain of death" by the French. Shirley, who thought so much of the Acadians that he longed to rescue them from the errors of Rome, offered some years earlier, this argument in their favor: "Some allowance may likewise be made for their bad situation between Canadians, Indians and English, the ravages of all which they have felt by turns in the course of the war; during which they seem to have been placed between two fires, the force and menaces of the Canadians and Indians plundering them of whatever they wanted and deterring them in the strongest

manner from having any communication with His Majesty's garrison on the one hand, and the resentment of the garrison for their withholding their intelligence and supplies on the other, though at the same time it was not able to protect them from the enemy." The Indians were evidently becoming disgusted with Acadian forbearance; and, reading the record at this distance, one cannot help feeling that the red men had reason to be weary of the policy of peace without profit.

Mr. Richard exonerates the home authorities, and lays the whole

blame on Governor Lawrence and his councillors. He adduces a despatch of a Secretary of State of England, and other documents, to prove that when Winslow stated to the Acadians gathered for deportation that he held in his hand "the King's instructions" and was conveying to them "the peremptory orders of His Majesty," he deliberately lied. The designers and perpetrators of the outrage aggravated their crime by prostituting the royal name and the royal authority. It has been left to an Acadian to remove from the Imperial escutcheon the blot put upon it by Englishmen.

LORETTO AND THE HOLY HOUSE.

A Leaf from a Student's Note Book.

A student's trip with Rome as a starting point is bound to be entertaining and instructive. It was upon such a journey the writer saw Loretto and the Holy House of the Blessed Virgin. From Ancona the drive of ten miles in a railway carriage was made in general silence, it seeming that all were busy meditating upon the sight they were soon to behold. In itself the village is nothing, but derives all its importance from possessing the habitation wherein Our Divine Lord lived, moved, and had his being.

As is the case with most Italian towns, Loretto is built on an eminence which permits a view of a great area of surrounding country. To the east lies the Adriatic, beyond the vast vineyard-covered plains; to the west are the plains of Racanati and the battlefield where the Papal troops were overpowered by

the teeming thousands of red-shirted Garibaldians, and died the death of the brave fighting for the Church and for the beloved Pontiff. Beside the field of his victory there now stands a monument to Garibaldi himself.

Testimonies of the faith still existent in Europe abound at Loretto. Gifts from all the world enrich the sanctuary dear to the heart of the pilgrim. Around the walls of the convent are written the names of the countries whose generosity has contributed to the honor of the Holy House and it was with not a little of pride I saw the modest "Irlanda."

To say his mass in the little House of Nazareth is an ambition that fills the heart of the young priest, and thousands of young priests, and old ones too, for the matter of that, from Rome, from Italy, and from every other part of

the earth, throng to Loretto to offer on the altar the sacrifice of the Lamb slain for the sins of men. To-day, the beadle told me that eighty-three masses had been celebrated in the Holy House, and it was not until 11.30 that my companion could obtain the privilege in his turn. It is indeed a mighty inspiration to receive the Bread of Life in the same House wherein Our Blessed Lord received His daily sustenance. It was a strange and picturesque sight to witness the groups of poor peasant women, barefooted or with light sandal slippers, devoutly telling their beads, and after every "pater" kissing the floor or walls of the little house where their Lord had passed from infancy to childhood; where He was subject to Mary and Joseph; where He had helped His foster-father at the humble carpenter's trade, going forth only to do the will of His Heavenly Father.

The House is so very small and simple that there need be little difficulty in forming an accurate idea of its appearance. Picture a stone structure twenty to twenty-five feet in length by about eleven in width and with walls rising to the height of about twelve feet. One door now facing the south, and one window to the west are the only openings. The fireplace on the left is wide and commodious. The roof has evidently undergone some change, having doubtless been originally flat after the manner of the time, the House having been at one time occupied by Blessed Joachim and Anna, and by them left to their daughter the Blessed Virgin.

The Holy Family must have lived in the two rooms, one of which served as kitchen and Joseph's workshop, and the other as the living chamber of the little family. Here in this little cabin, with the vines of Nazareth growing about the portals, Our Divine Lord lived for thirty years with His mother and His foster-father. There is still preserved in the "Sacra Casa" the little plate of wood out of which the Word made Flesh took His food, as well as a little block of cedar found in the fireplace when the Holy House was deposited by angel hands in the village of Loretto.

In the latter years of the thirteenth century the Holy Land was in the hands of the Saracens, and visits or pilgrimages to Bethlehem, Nazareth and Jerusalem were impossible. In 1291 the people of Nazareth woke up one morning to find the Holy House no longer in its place. At the same time at Fiume in Dalmatia a house of Oriental design was found to be where it had never been before. Pious pilgrims recognized it as the House of Nazareth. In 1294 it was again mysteriously removed to Loretto where it was again recognized by persons from Nazareth and Dalmatia.

Pope Sixtus V. ordered, with what Louis Veuillot calls "the holy rashness of faith," the inscription "House of the Mother of God." Leo. XIII has also commended the devotion of the faithful in venerating this shrine.

The next day after our arrival we returned to Ancona to await the steamer for Venice.



LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

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

It was back some time in the eighties when the strong and artistic work of Louise Imogen Guiney, poet, essayist and dramatist, first attracted my attention. John Boyle O'Reilly, of generous heart and unerring judgment, was then training through the columns of the Boston Pilot a nest of songsters whose notes were full rounded and rich with a distinctive sweetness all their own, and one of this group of gifted singers is the subject of this sketch. How much Catholic readers in this country owe to the Pilot for having introduced to them through its columns such charming poets as W. B. Yeats, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Dora and Hester Sigerson, Mrs. Blake, Katharine E. Conway and Louise Imogen Guiney, cannot be estimated. O'Reilly instinctively recognized a note of true inspiration and nurtured and guided it with words of praise and wisdom. It is not to be wondered then that the strong individual and purposeful verse of Miss Guiney won at once the ear and favor of the kindly chief and master who loved truth, honor, sincerity and every ennobling sentiment, but hated everything that bore the impress of sham in literature, life and art.

Seldom has any woman writer in America achieved so early in life the success that has fallen to Miss Guiney. This may be accounted for in two ways. Our author did not begin to write until she had something to say, nor has she allowed fame to lull her into a sense

of self-sufficiency and conceit. Miss Guiney is an earnest and hard-toiling student as well as a conscientious artist.

She was born in Boston in 1861 as the blood-stained clouds of war began to gather ominously over her native country. Her young and patriotic father, General Patrick Guiney, went forth from home and kindred to share in the fortunes and vicissitudes of that long and unhappy civil strife which ushered in a wider freedom for man and a new era for American letters.

Miss Guiney's education was carefully provided for. She studied successively at Notre Dame Convent, Everett Grammar School, Boston, and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Elmhurst, Providence, R.I., graduating at the last named school. But the fuel that has kept the fire of her genius burning with a bright and steady flame has not been gathered along the narrow and dull path of a school curriculum. She has made excursions into realms quite unknown to the everyday literary worker, and has lovingly trodden the humanized soil of centuries ago.

Poets are great and gifted not because of any school or college which they may have attended, but through loyal devotion to the whisperings of a divinity within. More gifted minds have been cramped and dwarfed in the lecture halls of universities than along the dusty ways neglected of men. The law of growth does not obtain in every school of to-day.

Miss Guiney's first essay in literature was a book of poems entitled "Songs at the Start" which appeared in 1884. This was fol-

lows with the fanciful name of "White-Sail"; in 1888 a book of "Stories for Children"; in 1892 "Monsieur Henri, a Foot-Note to



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lowed in 1885 by a charming volume of essays bearing the quaint title of "Goose Quill Papers." In 1887 appeared a second book of

French History;" and in 1893 a volume of poems bearing the title, "A Wayside Harp."

The nineteenth century has been

called the cycle of woman because of the share which she has taken in the moral and intellectual activities of life and the advancement towards a higher and nobler civilization. In literature woman has grown to be, especially here in America, a factor of great power and influence. Such names as Louise Chandler Moulton, Edith M. Thomas, Helen Gray Cone, Margaret Deland, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Edna Dean Proctor, Katharine E. Conway, Celia Thaxter and Louise Imogen Guiney, stand for much that is best in American letters of to-day. It is not too much to say however that there is not another woman poet in America, save it be Edith M. Thomas, who has within her the same promise and power as Miss Guiney. She has well nigh every gift in her favor. For as Harriet Prescott Spofford said recently in reviewing her last volume of poems: "To her belong youth, health, power, apprehension of beauty, of romance, of heroism, love of music and laughter, store of curious learning, and the temperament of a creature made of fire and dew and of imagination all compact."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning did her best work, the composition of *Aurora Leigh* and *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, between the ages of forty and fifty. When it is remembered that Miss Guiney is yet but thirty-four and that she has already published three volumes packed full of genuine poetry, it is not too much to hazard the opinion that in literary achievement she is destined to lead the women of our time.

Now what is the order of her gifts? It is indeed difficult to assign them a place of precedence so richly is Miss Guiney dowered with all the essentials of a true poet.

She has color, music and passion to an unusual degree. It seems as if she had caught up in the wings of her genius the lyrical sweetness and felicities of the Elizabethan poets the spirit of color, form and beauty that pervades the work of that other young modern Greek, John Keats, the gift of suggestive and throbbing epithet of which Tennyson is so consummate a master, something of the strong but restrained passion of Browning and all that wealth of sweet tenderness and pathos, that is her right divine by kinship with the poets of Erin.

One other element in the work of this gifted young author, which is unhappily wanting in many of the women poets of to-day, remains to be noted. It is the strong vitality and wholesomeness of her muse. No mawkish or sickly sentiment ever degrades her pen. She does not carry on a war with the constituted order of things. Like every well poised being, she is on speaking terms with the laws which hold society together, and murmurs not because it has been her lot to be born here rather than in the planet Mars.

She evidently holds too, the joys of physical life to be dear, for her lines pulse with the blood and vigor of a nature fresh and vital as the breath of a Grecian grove. It is this robustness of nature, this splendid equilibrium of life that guards the genius of Miss Guiney against that inarticulate mysticism which has grown to be a fad in our day.

Well might this full-toned and virile singer of Aburndale speak in the words of Browning in his monologue "At the Mermaid" wherein he represents Shakespeare as speaking:—

"Have you found your life distasteful?
My life did and does smack sweet.
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
Mine I save and hold complete.

" Do your joys with age diminish ?
When mine fail me, I'll complain.
Must in death your daylight finish ?
My sun sets to rise again.

" I find earth not gray but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
Do I stoop ? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare ? All's blue."

Douglas Sladen in his *Younger American Poets* singles out for praise Miss Guiney's fine poem, "The Wild Ride," adding that it shows genuine inspiration. Mr. Sladen ranks our young author with a quartette of whom the other three are Helen Gray Cone, Danske Dandridge and Margaret Deland, any one of whom he remarks may at any time take a leading position among the women singers of America.

The reader will notice the rhythmic energy and compactness as well as strength of imagination that mark these truly inspired lines :

THE WILD RIDE.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day the commotion of sinewy mane-tossing
horses ;
All night, from their cells, the importunate
tramping and neighing.

Cowards and laggards fall back ; but alert to
the saddle,
Straight, grim, and abreast, vault our weather-
worn, galloping legion :
With a stirrup-cup each to the one gracious
woman that loves him.

The road is thro' dolour and dread, o'er crags
and morasses ;
There are shapes by the way, there are things
to appal or entice us :
What odds ? We are Knights, and our souls are
but bent on the riding !

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, the commotion of sinewy, mane-toss-
ing horses ;
All night, from their cells, the importunate
tramping and neighing.

We spur to a land of no name, out-racing the
storm-wind ;
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks
from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God ! All's well with Thy
troopers that follow.

But it is as the poet of patriotism that Miss Guiney is perhaps at her best. She was born an heir to war with all its glory and splendor of array. As Miss Spofford aptly says, drum-beat and sword-flash are a part of her very being. Her fine Horatian Ode on Sherman well reveals this martial impulse and high chivalrous emprise, worthy indeed of the soldier-father who was wounded well nigh to death in the battle of the Wilderness.

The production of a martial ode or war poem calls for a certain fire, passion, vehemence and intensity which give to the very letter something of the spirit and atmosphere of the battlefield. George Parsons Lathrop, I think, is the best war poet in the North, while to Father Abram J. Ryan belongs this honor in the South. Miss Guiney has every gift requisite for the building up of a stately war ode, and the success that has already crowned her efforts in this department is an earnest of what she may accomplish should she choose to enter the lists with her martial brothers.

Like Edith Thomas Miss Guiney writes no love songs. Perhaps she is too sane to spend her time beating her breast and sighing to the moon. The erotic and neurotic poetry of to-day—your glowing sonnets and poems of passion, such as Amelie Rives Chanler and Ella Wheeler Wilcox write—is nothing but the flowering of diseased souls stifled and stunted by the breath of sin, and gasping for a mouthful of the clear air of heaven. Passion when restrained by reason and glorified by virtue is a very gift from God and worthy of a place in His hallowed temple. A diseased condition of literature arises from a diseased condition of faith, for art and life are both one having their roots in the soul. The noblest of

our poets have not disdained to tune their lyre to that "diviner breath of being" we call love, but they never outraged decency and sense by pelting at the boy Cupid great bunches of poisonous weeds, and designating the favor literary bouquets from the gods.

Like her gifted and true friend, James Jeffrey Roche, now editor-in-chief of the Boston Pilot, Miss Guiney has essayed, not without success, ballad writing. Two of these in which she has been very felicitous in her efforts, are entitled, "A Ballad of Kenelm" and "Peter Rugg the Bostonian." The composition of a ballad calls for naturalness, simplicity and directness, and all of these our young author possesses. It is always difficult to give quotations from a poet's work that will adequately set forth his or her gifts as a writer. One, two or three poems may serve to emphasize some particular dominant quality in the verse, but it cannot illustrate fully his or her work as an organic whole. Every note, minor or major, should go to swell the general symphony, and this you cannot get by any system of critical phonography. Here is a lyric from Miss Guiney's last volume, "A Roadside Harp," which does not badly indicate the character of her inspiration and workmanship.

TO A DOG'S MEMORY.

The gusty morns are here,
When all the reeds ride low with level spear;
And on such nights as lured us far of yore,
Down rocky alleys yet, and thro' the pine,
The Hound-star and the pagan Hunter shine;
But I and thou, ah, field-fellow of mine,
Together roam no more.

Soft showers go laden now
With odors of the happy orchard bough,
And brooks begin to brawl along the march;
The late frost steams from hollow sedges high;
The finch is come, the flame-blue dragon fly,
The cowslip's common gold that children spy,
The plume upon the larch.

There is a music fills
The oaks of Belmont and the Wayland hills
Southward to Dewing's little bubbly stream,
The heavenly weather's call! Oh, who alive
Hastes not to start, delays not to arrive,
Having free feet that never felt a gyve
Weigh, even in a dream?

But thou, instead, hast found
The sunless April uplands underground,
And still wherever thou art, I must be.
My beautiful! arise in might and mirth,
For we were tameless travellers from our birth:
Arise against they narrow door of earth,
And keep the watch for me.

Miss Guiney went to Europe accompanied by her mother in the spring of 1889 and remained there two years, residing chiefly in London, but making a brief visit to France in the interest of her work Monsieur Henri. The influence of her sojourn abroad is evident in her later work. Strong and artistic as is all the work of Miss Guiney in verse, the poem into which she has breathed the full tide and inspiration of her Celtic nature will be for many a reader—especially those holding kinship with Erin—her sweetest and truest effort. I have rarely read any Irish poem so full of heart-hunger and pathos as the following lines. Neither Keats nor Shelley nor Lovelace nor Herrick could have any share in such a genuine Irish gem. It welled up from a heart nurtured by the tears and smiles of centuries. Here is the exquisite lyric which William Black, the novelist, quotes in his "Highland Cousins."

AN IRISH PEASANT SONG.

I try to knead and spin, but my life is low the while;
Oh, I long to be alone, and walk abroad a mile;
Yet when I walk alone, and think of naught at all,
Why from me that's young should the wild tears fall?

The shower stricken earth, the earth-colored streams,
They breathe on me awake, and moan to me in dreams;
And yonder ivy fondling the broken castle wall,
It pulls my foolish heart, till the wild tears fall.

The cabin-door looks down a furze-lighted hill,
 And far as Leighlin cross the fields are green
 and still ;
 But once I hear a blackbird in Leighlin
 hedges call,
 The foolishness is on me and the wild tears fall!

I will not speak of Miss Guiney's
 personality nor paint for the reader
 the color of her hair or the "liquid
 glory" in her eyes. Such trivial
 gossip has to do with the vanity

and emptiness of society, not the
 high task and serious purpose of
 literary appraisal. It is enough
 to say that her nature and character
 are as true and divinely keyed as
 her poetry, and that her place in
 the Catholic literature of to-day is
 that of the most highly gifted
 Catholic woman writer in Amer-
 ica.

 THE TRUE REALISM.

Frank Waters.

Thou call'st me fond idealist ;
 And I make answer—Surely, no!
 'Tis thou, my friend, whose eyes have missed
 The lofty Real in the low.

Is vice the sole reality?
 Are man and woman merely, then,
 Fair animals, and can it be
 That naught of Godhead dwells with men?

Thou lookest on the baser part,
 And to the nobler standest blind ;
 Thine art of vice is not an Art,
 But solely handicraft in kind.

Thou art a slavish copyist,
 The devil's journeyman—no more ;
 While I, the truer realist,
 Have learnt of God a larger lore.

I picture things as they should be,
 And in the essence as they are
 Not blind to evil, more I see
 The good and glory thou dost mar.

I do not love to paint a vice
 And spoil a beauty ; and I deem
 That more the truths of Paradise
 Are worthy of an artist's dream.

For the true artist's dream is such,
 That, through the things we feel and see,
 And think, it places man in touch
 With God, the full Reality.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

By K of L.

III.

"Our lives are of a mingled yarn,
The good and evil intermixed."

Thinking of these words of the great bard of Avon while walking along King street east, and noticing the many different people I met, in all conditions of life, some well clad in furs and rich garments, and other in their "looped and windowed raggedness," I caught sight through a rather dingy store window of a tailor hard at work on his board. I stepped inside to interview him.

After a few every-day remarks I asked him if he worked for the wholesale clothiers? "No, sir," with peculiar emphasis, "I used to, but it got so I could not make a living. I cannot get much of a living now; the business is getting so badly cut that I cannot see what things are coming to. For coats that should be worth between \$5 and \$6, to be made right, the wholesale men will only pay about \$1.50 or \$1.25." Asked what he considered the cause of the trouble he replied:—"Oh, it's the fault of these German and Jew contractors, and the women who take the work from the warehouses to their homes. You can see them go by here day after day by the scores. There goes one now," directing my attention to a poorly dressed woman going down the street, with a big bundle in her arms and a little boy clinging to her dress by her side.

He gave me the address of a young girl who worked for

the wholesalers, and I left him. Going to the place directed, I found she boarded over a store where a man was working at another business. While waiting for the young woman to put in an appearance, I started a conversation with the man, touching the object of my mission. He immediately convinced me that he held decided opinions on the matter, and proceeded to denounce the system vigorously.

"Why it's frightful," he said. "Why don't the ministers take it up and talk about it from their pulpits? and the papers; why don't some of them show it up? But they won't," he added, with supreme disgust, and turned to re-light his pipe. By this time the young woman had come down stairs. She told me she made men's trousers. This branch of the business is the worst paid of all.

"Of course," she said, "it is very hard work, and the prices are so low, but I should not care so much if the work was more regular. It's hard to get it to do at all now at any price. Sometimes though it is better, and I have plenty to do then."

"How many hours do you work," "I asked, "when you have it to do?"

"Oh! in busy times I begin work about half-past five in the morning, and work on till eight or nine o'clock at night."

"How much can you make in a

week when you work the long hours you mention?"

"I can't possibly make more than four dollars a week, mostly not quite so much."

"Are they very particular over the work you take in?" I asked.

"Particular?" she replied, as though surprised at the question. "Why, I should say they are particular. The work must be perfect, just as though it were ordered goods, or else they won't have it."

"Do you have any turned back?"

"Well, I have had, but I don't give them much chance."

"Are the people you work for civil in their dealings with you?"

"Yes, they are civil enough for that matter."

"What price do you get?"

"I generally get the 15 cent work, though I have had some for less."

"Do you make, press and finish the trousers complete for 15 cents?"

"Why yes, of course I do, everything."

This young woman bore unmistakable traces of this incessant grinding hard work. Probably from childhood she has known no other kind of life. She spoke of everything in a matter-of-course sort of way, as though she had never thought things could possibly be any different. She is naturally a strong active little body, but is being slowly killed by this cruel system of white slavery.

I next visited several women who take in work at their homes. One of them only took some in occasionally just to fill in her time a bit, and earn an extra dollar or so. Her daughters and husband were away from home all day, and she liked to have a little of that sort of work to do. She never bothered about doing more than a dozen in a week. These were boys trousers,

or "nickers," for which she got \$1.50 per dozen.

She rather liked the work and took a pride in doing it well, because she was not obliged to hurry over it. In fact, if she had to work very hard at it she could not do it, for she not strong.

This woman while not blessed with a superabundance of the good things of life, still appeared to be in tolerably comfortable circumstances. She is most kindly and motherly in her manner, evidently a well disposed woman, to whom the thought had never occurred that she was helping to set a low price for good work, at which many another poor woman was compelled from force of less favorable circumstances to spend a life of ceaseless drudgery and toil for the means of a bare subsistence.

I called on another woman to whom the work was evidently a more serious business. She also made boy's trousers. The prices she got were 13 cents per pair. One firm only gave 11 cents per pair. She found it very hard work to make a living and had to work long hours. Another woman was visited who works at the trouser making, and who generally employs three or four girls; more in very busy times. She is an intelligent woman, and gave her opinion freely on all matters connected with the trade. She has others depending on her for their living, and her life is one of ceaseless toil and striving. She had large experience in the business and has worked for all the firms, and knew them and their ways perfectly.

One man who is well-known she described as the worst man in the business "to euchre a woman out of her proper pay."

She had made trousers herself and had known others to do the

same, for this man, which they knew were ordered trousers, and for which they expected to receive the regular price for this work, 50 cents. In some stores for order trousers they pay as high as \$1.

When they took the work in, above referred to, they were to use her own expression, shoved off with only 25 cents a pair, being told that the work was not "ordered" but was stock goods.

"One of the bosses I work for will sometimes send up an expressman before the work is done. And I have to pay the 25 cents even if the wagon goes back empty.

"I like some of the men in the firms I work for very well, but others are—well not so nice. One man in particular of whom I have spoken before—well I would just as soon break stones—before I would work for him again.

"I pay my girls by the piece, as I think it is fairer. I know many pay them \$2 by the week and get all the work they can out of them, but I share more equally with my girls. Say that I get 15 cents per pair; I pay 5 cents each to two girls and allow 5 cents for myself, so that doing the work between us we all get the same proportion."

"What hours do you work?"

"I work all the hours I possibly can myself; the girls generally work regular hours, but I have to work longer—I must for there are several of us to live out of my work. I often, more often than not, begin work very early in the morning and keep on till late at night."

"How much can you make in a week?"

"Well, when working by myself—and it's only when I have plenty of work that I can employ any girls—but working alone, I cannot possibly make more than \$4.50 or \$5 a week, and to do that I have to

work very long hours, and I am very quick at the work."

"Do you ever work on the Sunday?" I then asked.

"Not at the sewing, but Sunday is generally the hardest day in the week, as although my own girl helps me very much in the housework, still I have a lot to do she cannot do. I sometimes have to do all my washing on Sundays. I do not like to do it, but when I have plenty of the other work to do I am obliged to leave house-work or washing for Sunday." When asked what she thought were the causes for the present condition of affairs, this poor woman gave opinions freely, in the course of which she did not spare certain classes of citizens.

My next visit was to the business place of one of the contractors or middlemen who does quite a business, and the information he gave me went to show that there is a great deal of difference between the methods adopted by some of the wholesalers. In one place in particular, everything is done to keep up the price to a living rate, and to deal with civility and some consideration for the comfort and convenience of their employees.

In one case this consideration is not strikingly apparent. Tired women, both old and young, after carrying a big bundle of clothing a long distance through the streets, for in most cases they cannot afford to pay street car fares, are obliged to ascend a long flight of steps, right up to the top floor of a high building.

I took a trip up those stairs; I counted seventy-one steps. In these days of hoists and elevators, such a toilsome journey for tired, overworked and underpaid women, does seem to me needlessly cruel.

In conversation with an old lady

one day on the sweating system I incidentally asked her if she took work from Mr.———. "Oh no; I used to do it at one time, but those stairs were killing me. I could not get up there now, I'm too old. By the time I got to the top I had scarcely any breath left, and it tired me more than my journey from home." I was positively assured by several who have been eye-witnesses, that scenes similar to those so graphically described by Walter Besant in his romance, "The Children of Gideon," are of frequent occurrence at this place in real life.

After working hard to get their work done, and after carrying their bundles long distances in all sorts

of weather, the sweltering heat of summer, or the piercing cold of winter, and dragging themselves to the top of those terrible stairs, they not unfrequently have to pass through a final ordeal more trying and vexing than all the rest. Many of the more timid ones deposit their bundles with fear and trembling. The work is searchingly examined by an individual who has made for himself a none too enviable reputation for amiability, which certainly his looks and manner do not belie; and often for some trivial fault, that same bundle has to be wearily carried back over the same dreary journey; and back again, before the miserable and hard-earned pay is tardily handed to the needy toiler.

THE YOUTH OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

By Eugene Davis.

Daniel O'Connell was born in Carhen House, a residence of his father, Morgan O'Connell, near the town of Cahirciveen in the county of Kerry. The O'Connell family is an old stock. By letters mandatory issued in the reign of James I., dated the first day of the month of April, 1635, Daniel Geoffrey O'Connell of Aghart was made High Sheriff of Kerry. It also appears from the Dublin records that Maurice and Morgan O'Connell each contributed ten pounds to the tax levied by Charles II. in 1667.

O'Connell's uncle Maurice was familiarly known as "Old Hunting Cap," and as he had no children young Dan was the heir to his estates. In the writing desk used by The Hunting Cap, which still occupies a place in the veneration of all

about Darrynane Abbey, there were found certain letters addressed to the old gentleman by his nephews which contain an account of their school life at St. Omer's, and subsequently at Douai.

The lad's first schooling, however, was received at the hands of one of those hedge masters who travelled about Ireland in those days. It was not uncommon in that time to find large classes of children receiving instruction in caves by the sea, dimly lighted by primitive candles. Eventually, however, he developed aspirations for a course of higher education. This, unfortunately, he could not secure in his own land, as Catholic colleges were then unknown in Ireland. It was consequently necessary for such Irish Catholic youth as desired a

higher education to leave their own country for France, there often enough to find professors of their race. The year 1792 found young Dan established at St. Omer's College, and his proud relatives received the welcome assurance of his being the cleverest boy of the class. Prophecies were, at this time, freely made that he would in time make a name for himself in public life, and these by men who were qualified to form an estimate.

St. Omer is situated in the Department of Pas de Calais and is rather a redoubtable fortress—its fortifications being two miles in a circuit, while the ramparts are planted with elm trees, and look somewhat picturesque. It is a quiet old town, and although its streets are broad, and its general prospect is comparatively pleasing, it looks somehow or another as if it had seen better days. And, if all accounts be true, it was at one time a French Clonmacnoise; for here stood the celebrated Abbey, the richest of the Benedictine Order—where Childeric, the last of Merovingian monarchs passed away—flanked by twenty-five convents where learning was much patronised in the Mediæval epoch.

The population of St. Omer now numbers 20,000, a genial and unassuming muster of citizens and citizenesses, the flower of whom meet twice a week in the pleasant summer evenings in the square, under the shadow of tall gray brick houses, to hear the inspiring music of the local orchestra, as it discusses a variety of airs from Rouget de Lisle's "Marseillaise" down to Offenbach's "Gendarmes." Outside the town peasant proprietors work bravely and manfully against many difficulties. They cultivate a broad extent of marshes, which were drained by their stalwart forefath-

ers, the draining having been effected by ditches forming—so to speak—a labyrinth isolating every field. Each of the farmers has a boat of his own in which he carries his agricultural tools and produce. This district looks to the travelled eye like a rural Venice in miniature, while the floating islands lend it an air of a fairy-like aspect. One of few spots worth visiting in the town is the Rue de St. Bertin, where one can still see the mouldering remains of the famous Abbey already referred to, which was once the noblest Gothic structures in French Flanders. This was suppressed at the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1793. The Convention, curiously enough, spared the edifice, but the officials of the Directory sold it for materials, having unroofed it and stripped it of its wood-work, while leaving the walls uninjured. Somewhere in the fifties of this century the magistrates of the town displayed their vandal instincts by ordering that these walls should be razed to the ground on the trumpety plea that some unemployed workingmen in their district could get something to do. The only fragment that escaped destruction was a stately tower dating from the sixteenth century, in which Becket sought an asylum when a fugitive from England.

By assiduously studying French, O'Connell soon became as proficient in that language as any pupil in the establishment. In one of his letters to his Darrynane uncle he says: "In this Colledge (sic) are taught the Latin and Greek authors, English, and Geography, besides lessons given during the recreation hours in music, dancing, fencing and drawing." In another communication he writes: "I got second prize in Latin, Greek and Eng-

lish." Off and on the pupils assembled in a large hall of the college, improvised into a theatre for the occasion, to hold private theatricals, in which we may presume the Irish boy took no unimportant part. For a few weeks each summer the pupils who did not return home for their holidays were lodged in the country house, situated in a pleasant valley scarcely six leagues from the town.

O'Connell was not a very assiduous letter writer at this epoch. There are various reasons why he should not have been. Firstly a letter from St. Omer to Kerry cost the recipient six shillings' postage in those days; and, secondly, there was no possibility of having an answer to one's note for forty days after it had been posted. The college where O'Connell studied was founded by Father Parsons for English refugee priests. This institution is referred to as having been the educational nursery of some of Queen Elizabeth's future opponents, and of some daring spirits who afterwards took part in the Gunpowder Plot. Murray states—I do not know on what authority—that Daniel O'Connell was trained here for the priesthood; it is certain that just then the establishment was open to lay and ecclesiastical students from England and Ireland. With the Revolution of 1793 the college was suppressed, only to start up, so to speak, like a phoenix bird from its ashes in 1802, under the name of "Le College Communal," which became later on the Lyceum of St. Omer. The Lyceum still maintains no small amount of its former prestige, although the number of English and Irish students within its precincts is not so large as it was in the last century. The educational curriculum is all that could be desired in the Ly-

ceum, and the Irish traditions of the institution are not forgotten.

In the morning of the 18th of August, 1792, O'Connell left St. Omer, and on the evening of the same day reached the neighboring town of Douai, where he was received as a student in the English College. Some writers fall into the error of asserting that O'Connell was an alumnus of the Jesuit College of Douai; but I have it on the authority of the keeper of the municipal archives of St. Omer, that there was no such college in existence throughout that district in 1792, nor had there been any for a generation previous. The statement of this gentleman is furthermore confirmed by an eminent Douai clergyman, the Rev. Father Fossato, O.S.B., who wrote a letter to me to the effect that it was at the English College of that town O'Connell studied. By a strange freak of fate the college has been a military barracks since 1793. O'Connell, in one of his letters from Douai, dated September 14th, 1792, to his Darrynane uncle says:—"The pension here is twenty-five guineas a year; but we get very small portions at dinner." The young boy's appetite was dissatisfied with the viands that are usually served on continental tables. Variety of dishes may tickle the jaded palate; but the average Irish man, particularly if he be young, prefers a fine substantial joint to tit-bits of the longest menu of the first of Parisian cooks.

However that may be, young O'Connell was not quite happy in the College of Douai; when the rumblings of the great Revolution grew more and more menacing, and when, owing to England's hostility to France, the lives of British subjects in the latter country were

hardly worth a month's lease, Daniel took advantage of the opportunity offered him to write to his uncle, asking permission to return to England. Just as the letter containing this permission arrived the college was confiscated by the members of the municipal council of Douai, who seized on all the plate and furniture, and turned the professors and students out of doors. O'Connell's violin was included in the general spoliation

— a circumstance which may have contributed to the intense dislike of France and Frenchmen, which was then, as it was afterwards one of his salient characteristics. The entire circumstances under which he departed from the country, must have gone very far towards moulding his mind in what may now be looked on as a decidedly conservative cast. The blood shed in Place De La Revolution made him shudder even at the word "Revolution."

A VILLAGE HEROINE.

By Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton).

The Grays lived on the outskirts of a little lake-side village. Their house was a rough-cast one, with deep-set, narrow windows and clumsy wooden shutters which had never been painted. The old couple would not agree upon a color, so they had been hung unpainted, and that was seventeen years ago. The house faced the lake and around it lay the ten acres of their little fruit farm, planted with orchard and small fruits for the most part, though directly in front lay a large garden. A path ran through the patches of onions and carrots and cucumbers to the edge of the lake bank, and leaning over the fence you could look up and down the curving lake shore. For a little there was a straight stretch. The storms in their abating had terraced the stones into broad slanted steps. Between the breakwaters which jutted out here and there, the shore line was nibbled into curves till it looked like a child's ginger-bread. In the summer days the waves danced lightly to shore to the music

of a merry wind, or, swollen, by the paddle-beats of passing steamers, flung themselves down with restless cries. The gulls hung over the water, idle, and broad-winged in the sunshine, swiftly coursing and crying, when a storm was coming. Pleasure boats dotted the blue surface when the water was calm, but they rarely came as far as the Grays' place. Old John Gray was feared by every boy who had ever gone nutting, and his wife had been known to pursue trespassers with a gun, without taking the pains to explain whether it was loaded or not.

In the autumn the waves ran higher and higher up the beach, the wild ducks southward bound swung in waving lines over the gloomy water. Then the colder weather came. The lake steamed. Great white fog clouds hung over it. The waves writhed through the mist and their foam crusted on the stones at the edge. The crust grew. Each morning there was more; each night the waves were driven further

back. Sometimes the ice-banks stretched far out into the lake, builded with castles, piled into mountains rent into valleys and gorges, while underneath the flow and ebb of the waves bored dungeons and dismal caves. Beyond the ice-banks a coating of ice came for a day or two, but the last storms tore it into jagged floes, some of which were tossed up on the ice-banks to build them all the firmer with Jack Frost for mason.

The situation of the little house, perched up there on the hill was dreary enough, yet John Gray and his wife were drearier. The only bit of brightness was their daughter Eve. She was nineteen now—a slim girl with steady brown eyes, and a skin tanned with exposure and glowing with health. It was a rough childhood poor Eve had. She had learned early to work in the garden, in the orchard, in the house, beginning as soon as she was big enough to keep the chickens out of the garden patch. She had gone to school a little, but only when her mother had been over-borne in the matter by outside advice. A couple of years ago her school days had come to an abrupt end. "I need her home to work," the mother had said. "I ain't so strong as I used to be, and he," jerking towards her husband, "he never wuz no good."

So Eve's bright school days were over. They were the joy of her life, while they lasted. She had waded through snow and trudged over the sodden grass in the rain, happy to escape from her wretched home to the lessons hours which were task hours to others, but never to her.

Mrs. Gray was a coarse-featured woman with a bushy mop of hair hanging over her brow and shoulders. Her cheeks were sunken and her one long tooth lay out on her under

lip when she spoke. She had always over-mastered her husband, for her will was strong, and his the weak output of a cowardly heart. Her nature had grown harsher with her victories, until now she was that repulsive, half-human thing, a woman without womanliness. Every kind of man's hardest work she could do, digging, ploughing, pruning, planting. Her husband always worked too—she drove him to it, but he labored at her side and under her guidance.

One day in the late fall, Eve was standing on the lake bank, looking down towards the village. She did not hear her mother approaching till the rough voice assailed her.

"What yer lookin' at, down there—ain't anybody so's I kin see. I thought mebber yer young man—rascal wuz snoopin' round. I'll broomstick him agin ef I ketch him. Come in an' git the tea—I'm drug out pitchin' back that hay."

"Here's Eve," she shrilled out to her husband, pushing the girl inside the door, "ef she wuzn't moonin' down there by the lake. I toted down to see ef the fine young chap wuz in sight, but he wuzn't—he's scared o' my ole broom." She tittered an irritating scorn, moving her yellow tooth over her lip with each breath.

Eve set her mouth hard to stop its quivering and began laying the table for a meagre meal.

"He wuzn't there, wuz he?" queried the father softly as the girl passed near him.

She shook her head.

"Stop nonsensing with her now," cried the old woman. "You've no call to fuss. I'll tend to the both of 'em. Aint ye got yer knives sharpened yet? Yee haven't—well git at 'em—to-morrer's pig stickin' day. Sech a lazy pack as the two ef ye are. Ye'd neither larn yer

eatin' ef ye wuzn't druv to't." She vanished into the shed and the squealing of the pigs told her errand. She was separating them into two lots.

"There I've swilled them young ones," she said presently emerging from the darkness beyond the kitchen door, with a candle in her hand, the others must starve ready for the killin' to-morrer. Git them knives sharpened. Well git yer tea now so's the work can be done up, but mind ye finish them afore you bed yersel'."

Since Eve's school days had ended, a boyish-faced lad had hung around the Gray place. Sometimes he wandered along the beach and whistled softly. Sometimes he met Eve on her little journeys up-town. She always took a basket filled with chicken or eggs, chestnuts or fruit and brought back the scanty allowance of groceries which they paid for. Young Harvey Bray carried the basket unmindful of the jests of his friends, and, a couple of weeks before Eve was "moonin'" down by the lake, he had ventured quite to the door with her.

"Don't come," the young girl pled. "Mother's a little queer you know—really the basket isn't heavy—I'm so afraid she'll say something to you."

"She can't frighten me," maintained Harvey stoutly, for he had just turned twenty-one. So he pushed on. At the door they paused. Eve had a thought of asking him to enter, and they talked in half-whispers, both lingering, loth to part. Suddenly the door flew open. Eve and the basket were roughly jerked inside. "What yer doin' here—where ye aint wanted," cried the old woman, glaring at Harvey, her evil eyes burning through shreds of

tangled gray hair, her ugly tooth moving to the quick time of her impetuous speech.

"I came to carry Eve's basket—it's fer too heavy fer her," answered Harvey. He flushed hotly but did not move. His fearlessness angered the old woman. "Take that then an will ye go?" she cried belaboring him with a broom handle. He started back to escape the blows, and the door was swung to in his face. Then the bolt was shot and the young man smarting with pain and rage was staring blankly at a white wall with a closed door, and a tightly-shuttered attic window in it.

He made his way back to the village still seeing Eve as she stood behind her mother, her poor face white with dread and shame, her brown eyes strained and shining with tears.

After that he still managed to see her by stealth, though at Eve's earnest plea he never ventured into the lane again.

"Couldn't you run away Eve," he had urged so often in the last six months. But Eve always shook her head. "I couldn't leave father—poor father he's not well, and mother 'd made him do all my work. He's not strong—father isn't. He wouldn't live long if I went."

The winter passed away, the spring-time came and still matters were much the same at the Gray house. Eve stole out to meet her lover. The whole village knew it and wondered what she would do, and so did Harvey Bray. He urged and pled, but the girl was firm. She could not leave her poor old father. No one knew what a temptation her young lover's pictured home was to her, for her home-life jarred upon her at every step. She could see her father every day, Harvey urged, and she

could bring him comforts which her mother denied him.

But one hot afternoon in the summer, the old man dropped dead in the little potato patch. He had been driven to work by his wife, and they found him lying across his hoe. Eve saw him first. Her screams of terror brought two men who were working in the adjoining land and they carried him in.

"Just like him," said the widow, "to go and die before he'd done out his row," and the old creature seized the hoe and hilled the potatoes till she reached the top of the patch.

When the funeral was over, Harvey came boldly into the awful presence of Eve's mother and told her that he and Eve were going to be married.

"No you're not," retorted the old woman. "She's going to stay here with me. I'd shoot her first, and you'd better clear or I'll get down the old blunderbuss to you." He tried to reason, argue, explain, threaten, but she drew down such torrents of abuse upon Eve and himself that he yielded to Eve's pleading eyes and retreated.

A week after, they were standing together—Eve with her head bowed on the fence, Harvey whispering hotly at her ear. "You used to say it was your father—now it's your mother. I tell you I won't stand it. You've kept me dangling like a puppy on a string these four years now—ever since we went to school. It's got to come to an end somehow."

The young man's face was ghastly in the moonlight. Eve looked at him, and then she looked away.

"I can't go Harvey. I can't leave my poor old mother. Sometimes I think she's not right in her head. She wouldn't act so, if she was."

"She's right enough in her head," was the short reply.

"If anything should happen to her, I wouldn't feel right. Won't you wait a little longer Harvey. I cannot seem to make up my mind."

"No, I won't, Eve. I'm the laughing-stock of the whole place. Everybody's heard about the broomstick, and the blunderbuss too. You didn't tell anybody?"

"No; mother told Jack Bolton, where he brought the hay."

Then there was a long silence.

"Well, will you come, Eve?"

Harvey's voice was hard with determination, but there was a tenderness in his face that unnerved the girl for a moment.

"I can't Harvey, it wouldn't be right."

He turned away, climbed the fence, swung himself over the edge of the hill and she heard the stones rattling under his feet. Presently he moved along on the fine sand and the moonlight shone full on him. Then he was gone

* * * *

Two years passed. Eve's mother grew harsher and more unreasonable with her failing strength. The girl lived her duty into her daily life, and cared for the half-helpless woman with a tenderness she had never rightly won. One day the news came that Harvey Bray was to marry a girl up in the village. Eve set her teeth hard and did two days' work in one. The old woman tormented and wheedled her by turns. In one of her maudlin attempts at comfort she said:

"Don't you mind, deary. I've got money enough hid away to buy the nicest man goin'. When I'm dead an' it gits around, they'll come 'round you thick as bees in honey. But you be careful," with a crafty leer, "don't you git one like Har-

vey Bray—he wuz no kind of a man. He had a dolly face an' softy hands."

Eve turned away, but the old woman mumbled on.

A few days afterwards a wounded gull fluttered to the beach, all draggled, half dead from pain and fright. Eve carried it to the house, fed and tended it and never owned to herself why she prized its dumb fondness so. It was lying just at the curve where she had seen the last of Harvey the night he went away.

"Well I've done for that ugly bird o' yourn—eatin' its head off an' keepin' you runnin' after it," said Eve's mother, tottering into the kitchen one night.

"What have you done?"

"Wrung its ole neck."

And then the spirit of the girl broke all bounds. She seized her mother by the arm, and terrified her with her passionate words. Cowed, trembling the old woman shrunk down into her seat. The daughter had mastered her. Her old spirit of domination was broken and she sunk into a half-idiocy, mumbling, muttering, crooning to herself as she bent her lean, withered body

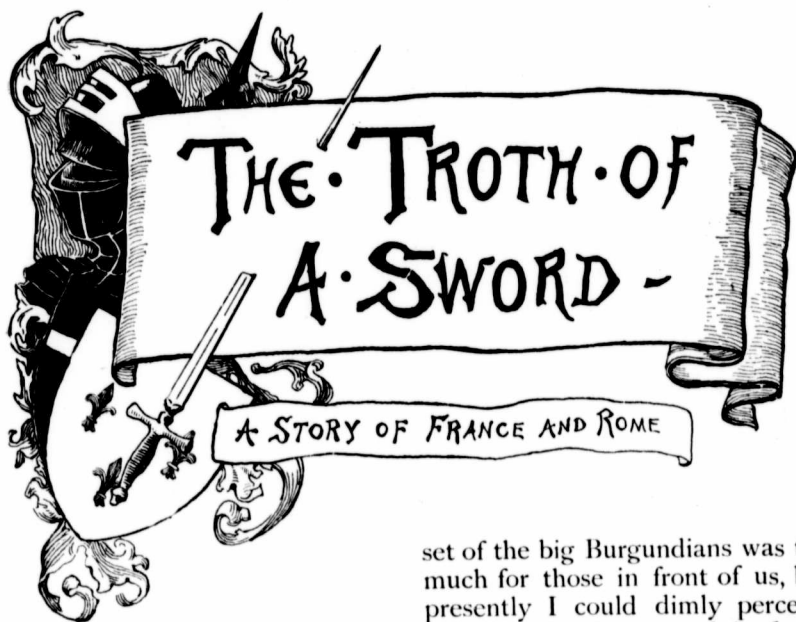
nearer and nearer to the fire. A year she lived her poor old remnant of life out, and then one winter morning she passed away in her sleep. Hidden in her bed was money—the savings of all those years, and Eve was free at last.

But Harvey was married—his little child toddled after him in the streets and poor Eve was an old woman, old in sorrow, with no happy hope in the future and her thirtieth birthday yet to come.

The town was agog with gossip and speculation. Mrs. Gray's death had revived all the old tales of Harvey and Eve. Some spoke harshly of Harvey—"he might have waited," they said. Others considered Eve to blame. "Why couldn't she take a good man while she could get him?" they asked each other with much concern. A few pitied them both, and many exhausted themselves explaining what they would have done if placed in the position of either.

But many a voice softened in speaking of Eve, many a heart said "honor thy father and thy mother," as the lonely girl passed up the village street.





I.

On twenty fields of battle Henri of Aulnac had ridden in the front of the fight. Honor and renown were his in the day of his youth the like whereof many a man covets, but growing old has failed to possess. In point of years he was no older than myself, and yet in a hundred ways and a hundred times a day I saw wherein he was wiser and braver and nobler. I was a mere lad that day when, a troop of Burgundian dragoons, we fell out of ambush, and bore down upon the little convoy guard of which he was the leader. Mother of battles! Never will I forget that rush of horse and the brave sight of the little band of men standing up against us. I, who have more scars with me than I have years behind me, that day felt the first fear and plunge and excitement of conflict. Straight past the wagons we went, and in a moment were fighting, slashing and stabbing, and I as madly as any of the others, many of whom knew the business these twenty years. For a time the on-

set of the big Burgundians was too much for those in front of us, but presently I could dimly perceive over the side of my sword the figure of one whose blade played like lightning about his head. Where he came our ranks opened to him, or perhaps, it is but justice to brave men to say he made his way clear by the might of his own arm. Down before him went the pride of our troop and as he fought his way onward, pressing back the marauders, I, harrassed though I now was by more blades than one, perceived that his course lay straight towards me. A sudden yielding of men at my right was followed by a leap of a horse, a flash of a sword, and then for a minute my blade matched his, and for the first time I met the attack of one as strong as myself. A light flamed in his eyes as dashing aside my heartiest blows he thrust and thrust again seeking to pierce my guard. This momentary check gave new courage to the breaking Burgundians, and again for a time the fight became general. Little more I knew, for a blow from the side coming straight upon my helmet sent me senseless from the saddle. It seems from what I

learnt afterwards that this timely blow, withdrawing as it did the only real check the young Frenchman had yet met, was in a measure, the salvation of the convoy. It was not long before the attack had turned into a rout, and the handful of men, tired from the long fight and the short pursuit returned to look over the field and care for their wounded.

It was the mercy and good sense shown by Henri upon this occasion that brought me to his side thereafter; for when some of his men would have given me short shrift of it enough, their leader came among them with merry face asking what was the advantage of putting a strong arm out of the way when they had lost so many already.

"Will you not fight as hard with us as late you did against us?" said he. And I, for I loved not the Burgundian swaggerers and liked a stouter arm than my own when I met it, willingly agreed to what he proposed.

"And what is your name?" he continued, and I replied,

"Martin, an't please you."

Then, though he must have remarked that I gave him less of information than he might expect, he bade me to my station as simply and with as small concern as he had known me for years.

When he had brought the convoy to the army that was restless for our coming there elapsed little time before I had again to feel the shock of battle. My head was still sore from that unlucky stroke, and one or two wounds had been the better of another month's rest. But one morning when I awoke there was a mist about the camp, and there was noiseless passing of messengers. And the hour came when the mist lifted, and in the plain before us I saw as fine an

army as these eyes have ever looked upon.

Then my young leader rode up to me and passing his gloved hand across my saddle cried out:

"Do thou ride close to me this day, that I may care for that big head of thine and guard it on one side at least."

And with that his visor snapped into its place and he and I rode to where the fight looked thickening. Twenty times have we ridden thus into battle, but never was fighting so fierce in all my time as on that day. When the night came down many a brave fellow who had marched in our company for weeks lay staring with sightless orbs into the sky, and many a youth whose laughing lips had made the camp-fire merry was missing ever after from the bivouac.

II.

The day when peace came to the army of France, long and anxiously as we had looked for it, was for all not so happy a one as we had expected it to be. To be sure we had enough of seeing our friends fall by our sides to rise no more, enough of marches and counter-marches, of moving by night and fighting by day, of burning and pillaging the homes of those poor people who had small share of blame upon them for all they suffered the most. No, it was not that we ached for more war, although for one I like a season of fighting, but in the tent of Henri of Aulnac there was a new dread, and there was pain and anxiety visible on that brow which even in the hardest fight never showed the trace of worry.

Just as we rose from breakfast that morning a messenger rode through the camp all dust begrimed as one who had ridden far

and fast. At the tent of Aulnac he stopped short, sprang from the saddle and handed a sealed message to Henri. After reading the despatch Henri turned to me saying:

"Martin, do thou have horses

stipulated hour he had arranged all his affairs, secured his permission to depart, and as the trumpets sounded for drill he and I with no farther escort whatever, set out upon the long ride to Aulnac.

The day passed almost in si-



"AS MUCH STARTLED AS MYSELF."

saddled and ready for us two within an hour. By then we leave for Aulnac."

And at once he walked over to the commanding general for leave to retire at once for a short time from the army. At the end of the

lence. Shortly after we set out my companion relapsed somewhat from his moodiness, and under the bracing influence of the quick ride in the light breeze, revived sufficiently to acquaint me with the cause of our journey. It was not otherwise

than I suspected. The old Duke of Aulnac had been for years unable through stress of illness to take his place as head of his house in the field, and now at last the weight of his illness had come home upon him, and there were fears that every day would be his last. So those who were about him had sent for his son, that the war being over, devotion to his country's service might no longer withdraw him from the fading sight of his parent.

"I cannot hope my father will recover this stroke," said my companion. "It is much to be thankful for that he has been spared thus long, for now may I yet hope to meet him living whom I thought I had seen for the last time three years ago."

"You, Martin, I have asked to accompany me hither, first because you never speak of a home elsewhere, and second because in the time that may come there will be need of your arm and your head on the estates of Aulnac."

And after that there was no more said until we rested on the banks of a stream for luncheon and then nothing that need be set down here.

It was dusk, and the dark was rising from the east when at last we saw the huge towers of Aulnac rise above the horizon. As we drew nearer the wind arose and the clouds coming swiftly up shut out the moon and stars. From the forest that skirted the roadway, there came the plaintive wail of the night wind. At sound of its first mournful tones my companion struck deep his spurs into his horses' flanks, and the tired beast, rousing for one last effort, raced madly for the last mile or more of our journey.

A little more and we were before the castle wall, the drawbridge was

quickly dropped, and we, passing as quickly over, were soon out of the saddles, and nothing loth.

It chanced that I was delayed a minute more than he could bring himself to remain, and when I think now of the consequences of that momentary desertion I marvel at the importance of little things and the tremendous consequences that may follow upon a single thoughtless act.

When at last I stepped within the great door that led from the courtyard I found myself in a hallway larger than any I had ever entered. Long and wide and high beyond anything I knew of the kind, I was for a time so taken up with admiring its proportions as not to have remarked, what was obvious enough, that I was alone. No other person was about, and presently it came to me, with a sensitive rush, the like of which I had not felt these many years, that this discourtesy, while well enough on the field of battle, was a vastly different thing in a manor. In the days before the chateau of Tourville was laid waste by a crowned robber and a favorite captain made possessor of the fair estates, such had not been the reception of any guest, and though the heir to that estate in blood and right was now unknown and a servant, the memory of times that were surged up impetuously and my eyes glared back the light of the flambeaux that fastened to the immense pillars gave light and flickering shadows along the vast dim corridor.

Thus angered I must have paced the whole length of the hall some half dozen times, going rapidly and unthinkingly from one end to the other. I marvel now that in such length of time a stranger in the place should have observed so

little, but in truth I saw not even a door leading anywhere, but only the light of the flambeaux beating down upon the flooring. So that it was with a start of surprise that on a sudden I found myself in a flood of light, and for a moment I was too much dazzled to know what had happened.

III.

When my eyes at length recovered from the blaze of light, I marvelled to see, standing before me in the open doorway of a chapel, the figure of a woman who was from appearances as much startled as myself at the occurrence. It was a sight that comes only once to a man in a lifetime, this vision of a woman that appeared to me in that moment. And it may as well be set down here, once for all, that no matter how much my spirit may have chafed and suffered in the times that followed, something there was in the memory of that first meeting that seemed as balm to the feelings, a never-failing comfort in the days when comforts were few and when shame and despair seemed all that were left of life. The first start of amazement at seeing a stranger thus thrusting himself upon her was succeeded by a look of pleasure, as it came to her mind what my presence meant, the arrival of her brother for whose speedy return she had even now been praying. And yet, though she knew that her long-hoped-for brother was at that moment by his father's side, and knew too, the moments yet given to that parent were numbered among men and the tale was nigh told, yet I say I bear the memory of it, that she could spare a short moment to speak the forgotten welcome, and by a word to allay the anger that had risen up within me against her house.

To my astonishment the matter did not end here, for as I would have stepped aside to let her pass, she lifted her hand, beseeching that I should walk with her to the end of the corridor; and there to my greater mystification at my own stupidity appeared another door, through which, again leaving me to myself, she disappeared.

A moment I stood there trying to gather a fuller memory of what had so quickly passed. Then I returned to where the chapel door still stood open and, strange as it may seem to those who know the habit of soldiers, knelt there long enough to put up more than one heart-felt petition to the Father of Mercies.

"Well, well," broke in a voice upon me, whereat I sprang sharply up.

"And so our gallant has turned monk already."

The jeer of such a speech tuned ill with my mood of thought, and utterly at a loss, I looked about for him who spoke. My eyes were full of the light of the chapel, and it was some time before I saw in the shadow of one of the great pillars, the figure of a man.

"And pray," I answered when I saw more clearly, "by what right am I thus questioned?"

"By a right that few have questioned," quoth he, and with the words tapped quietly the hilt of the blade hanging at his side.

"Faith then" I answered back, "that right may better look to itself, for now it is much doubted," and so saying, and my blood being up, I drew my own sword and fell into guard without more ado.

His laugh at this boyish conduct gave me but little reason to part from my intention, so there I stood waiting for him to open, but without regarding my attitude in the

smallest he stood there and his laugh continued.

"Put up your sword," he said at last; "I fight not with such as you. It would seem ill of me to kill the servant of my host. Play the squire to your master as justly as you may, but mark me," lowering his tone, and laying his hand upon my arm, "leave the escort of the lady, his sister, to such as are befitting the honor of her notice."

"Now by my sword," I shouted back, stung by wounds he knew not he had inflicted, "if that be Henri of Aulnac's sister, or be she who she may, I will never ask thy leave to do her bidding, and if my manner suits not the occasion I am ever as ready to answer for it as now."

And with that, seeing he had no intent to match his bantering words, and my blood being hot with indignation, and my temper the worse for a day's fatigues, and the habit of fighting being not yet downed within me, I smote him sharply upon the cheek with open palm and saw the blaze flash and glitter in his deep black eyes.

Faith, then there looked to be as much of fighting as a true knight might hope for in a lady's honor. Deeply as I hated the man from that hour to the hour of his death, it would be a wrong, such as I would not wilfully do any man, to say he was other than a brave knight and a hardy soldier. The leap of his blade was as swift, and its challenge when it met mine was as true as any might be, swifter and truer than any that ever crossed mine, save only that of Henri of Aulnac, when he was a youth and I a Burgundian trooper.

But before the struggle could go forward there was the voice of Henri himself heard across the

hallway, and deeply though it crossed me to do so, and with me the matter was less than with the other, our blades were loosened, and as Henri came up he found my antagonist sullen and wrathful, and for myself I fear I looked shamefaced enough.

"What Rimini! What Martin?" he cried, and then blazing up and addressing me, "Could I not leave you for so short a space but you must be at your breaking of heads?"

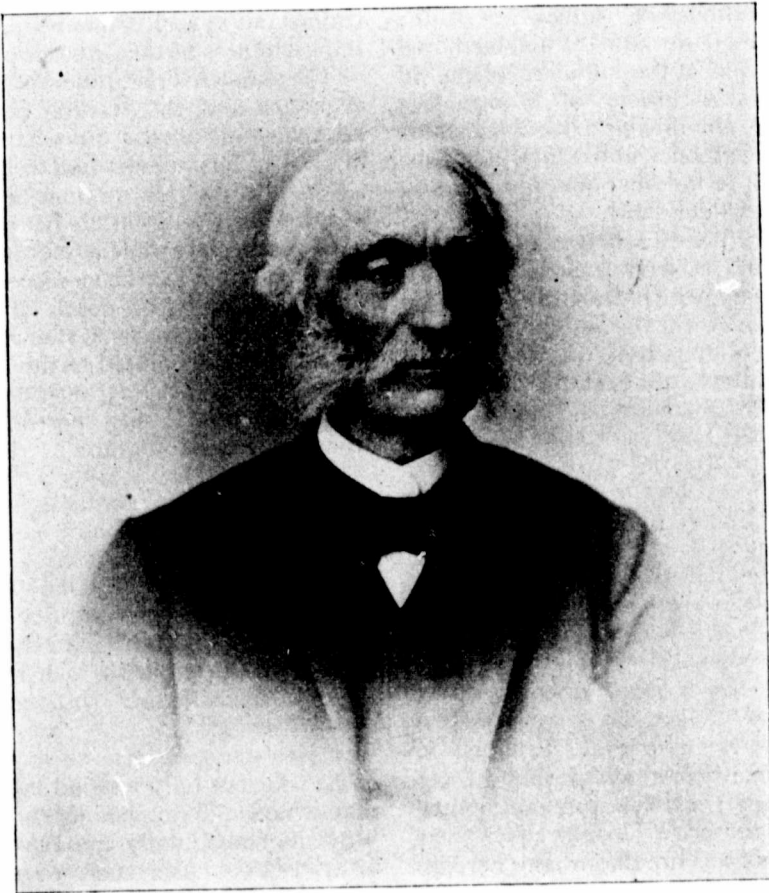
"My Lord of Aulnac, your father, would send this man back to his tent," said Rimini softly, and strange though it be, in that moment I feared his cunning Italian brain more than ever I did his sword.

"You remind me," said Henri sadly, "the Lord of Aulnac, my gracious father, is now no more. Come Martin, we have business to attend."

And thus it was that Henri of Aulnac, mighty as was his part afterwards in the affairs of France, entered upon the stormy current of events which began at his succession to his title with a quarrel upon his hands which was in time to involve Emperors and Popes, and which was not at an end when he who provoked it was no more.

Leaving De Rimini, one of the three most powerful of Italian nobles of that day as everyone knows, standing where he was, Henri and I went off about the affairs of the castle. And as on going out I threw a curious and spiteful glance across my shoulder, I saw him there yet, motionless and apparently reflective, a sinister figure bathed about by the heavy red light from the sanctuary.

(To be continued.)



THE LATE SENATOR MURPHY.

THE LATE SENATOR MURPHY.

The sudden death of Senator Edward Murphy, of Montreal, removed from public life in Canada a man who by the sheer force of his own exertions raised his name to an enviable prominence in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen. He was born on July 26, 1818, in the County of Carlow, Ireland, coming to Montreal with his parents in 1824. At the age of fourteen he began his business career as a clerk in a hardware store. In this busi-

ness he continued always to have an interest, having in the course of years become a partner in the firm.

The life of the deceased Senator was one of varied usefulness. He was a prominent advocate of temperance and was several times president of a local total abstinence society. Upon several occasions he had the gratification of receiving convincing evidence of the respect and esteem in which he was held

by people who sympathised in the temperance movement. He was an enthusiastic advocate of the cause of the land of his birth and was one of the founders of the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal, a body comprising both Protestants and Catholics, and which has done much to keep in honor the memory of the olden land.

The present writer on one occasion received a note from Mr. Murphy which, though written by a man with the snows of many winters upon him, was as full of an enthusiastic desire to be of service in upholding the name of his Mother Isle, as could have been

were he but a youth. He was always interested in the work of education and in any efforts to further the usefulness of the Catholic press.

The known rectitude of his character and the sterling ability he always displayed in whatever matters of business he had in hand led to his holding a number of positions of a semi-public nature at various times. It was therefore only what was to have been expected when, following the death of the late Hon. Thomas Ryan, Mr. Murphy was appointed to the Senate of Canada, May 13, 1889.

The accompanying portrait is from a recent photograph.

LOOBY.

A FRAGMENT.

By Wm. Emmett.

When I first saw Lobby he was stealing; and he won my sympathies at once.

This was not due to any hereditary looseness of morals on my part, nor that I have acquired the habit of regarding even the most trivial violation of our statutes with levity or indifference; far from it. You, although, I am sure, one of the most exemplary and law-respecting of citizens, would have sympathized also had you seen him; unless indeed it should happen that you belong to that unco-righteous class, whose hide-bound respectability is impervious to the influence of palpable, radiating, contagious enjoyment, in its most guileless condition. And this brings me to a statement which will, I am afraid, aggravate the enormity of Looby's

crime; for not only was he taking that which did not belong to him—but he was actually smiling over it. . . . And such a smile! I question if you have ever seen its like! It went through me like music.

Was it any wonder that just then a bad, unprincipled drop, which had been latent, possibly, for many generations in the family arteries, should have cropped up and made itself instantly patent in a spontaneous, answering—nay, even approving—contraction of my facial muscles, as Looby's eyes caught mine and comprehended me in their quaint, compelling radiancy? Yes, I smiled back at Looby! Then I stood and watched him speeding along until he disappeared around a distant corner, and in the deeps of that usually imperturbable ma-

chine, which represents my vital organ, there stirred from some rare-visited nook an unfamiliar feeling, a feeling which, after much effort, I found too elusive to be clearly analyzed. The only tangible consciousness I could deduce from it was a vague sensation of envy. Yes, envy of Looby! Not of that particular form of amusement to which his merry little soul had yielded on this occasion,—for I don't fancy I should have cared for it, even if there had been no other consideration—but of the whole-hearted completeness of his joy—and the un-mixed delight of his indulgence in it.

And what a picture he made! What a fantastical blending of extremes! as he balanced picturesquely on the rear axletree of the fashionable equipage, his long voluminous skirts floating gracefully on the breeze, and the easy, irresponsible gladness of his bearing, contrasting indescribably with the haughty pose of the richly clad woman and the gorgeous arrogance of her flunkeys.

On his head—or rather over it—was a hat which had undoubtedly seen better days, but which, like the bountiful garment that draped his diminutive form, was intended, presumably, to see very many more, and was built on a scale to admit of an amazing amount of growth before the wearer could be capable of filling them, while from his shoulders, by a leather strap, hung a capacious basket which danced airily from side to side with the motion of the vehicle.

And this is what Looby was stealing that afternoon, when he flashed so briefly on me for the first time, with his grotesque little figure, and the breezy, irresistable grin, that haunted me from time to time for months afterwards, and which

I never saw in my mind's eye without an answering smile.

My next meeting with Looby was a more protracted one, and we became acquainted. It was in the spring of the following year that he walked into my office one evening, with an assortment of daily papers and comic weeklies in the basket at his side.

Being engrossed with some writing, I did not look up as he entered, but in answer to his cry of "Papers, Sir!" named a couple. As he placed them on the desk beside me, I felt in my pocket and finding no coin, glanced at him as I asked if he could change a bill. For the moment, in my abstraction, I did not recognize him, and the quaint little face puzzled me by its familiarity. But as the quick, refulgent smile answered my look, his identity came back to me at once, and the following dialogue ensued:—

"I ain't got no change, sir,—leastways I can't give it you, 'cos it wouldn't leave me none. But it's ali right, y' know, (reassuringly) ye're good for it. And I'll bring ye de papers every night, (beaming persuasively) eh?" Who could resist it? In spite of myself the corners of my mouth twitched with risible emotion.

"All right, my boy! (with forced gravity) see that you come every night!"

"Don't be afeared, mister! I al-lus keeps me bisness ingagements." (with great dignity).

"Oh, indeed, what is your name?"

"Looby!"

"What?"

"Looby!"

"Oh, Reuby!"

"No,—Loo-oo-by!"

"Um, how do you spell it?"

A pause, during which Looby looks solemn and hitches uneasily

one leg of a huge pair of trousers, with a liberal English turn-up.

"Well, y' see—it ain't got no spellin'—I ain't made up how to spell it yet (with the air of a prime minister). It ain't no common name, mine ain't. None o' the boys got no sich a name." (Beaming again).

"I should think not! What's your other name?"

"Wot other name?"

"Your family name. Don't the other boys usually have two names?"

"Oh, me fambly name!" (reflectively). Well I ain't got no fambly, y' know! But I guess Farren's me oder name. Dat's me aunt's name—Mrs. Farren. I axed her oncet if it was my name, too—but she plugged a stick o' wood at me an' wanted to know if it wasn't good enough for me. Gee, ye can't monkey wit her! I didn't ax her no more, 'cos I guess Farren's good enough."

"Your father and mother are not living then, Looby?"

"I dunno! I never seed dem—I been livin' wit' de ole woman long as I remember. She aint de kind wot tells ye much of yer fambly hist'ry. She don't say much—but she's a hustler—she is!"

"Yes, what does she do?"

"She's a 'cleaner,' takes care o' de rooms y' know, in our buildin' over on little Jamie's street. Say (suddenly) ain't ye goin' to take no oder paper from me—go on, you got lots o' money. Here's one, (producing one of the half-dime 'dreadfuls'). Gee, dere's some daisy stories in it. You'll like 'em—pon me word, I read dem meself—I don't read very well y' know 'cos I only started learnin' last year—but I can read dem stories, and say d'ere fine!"

Looby placed the paper he com-

mended so highly, beside the others, and favored me with a diffusive beam that would have wheedled the birds from the trees. Then he counted carefully on his stubby fingers, informed me that I was his debtor to the extent of seven cents, warned me against "takin' de papers from no oder boy"—hitched his trousers cheerfully fixed me with a parting glance of his twinkling eyes and toddled briskly away, whistling, as happy and careless as a lark, if not so musical.

The next evening, and very many evenings afterwards, Looby came at the appointed time with his smiles and his papers, until I learned unconsciously to look for the coming of the ludicrous little figure, and to welcome it as one does a stray beam of sunshine in a gloomy place.

Always about the same hour, his noisy footsteps and his discordant whistle would herald his approach, and presently, when I swung around in my chair, he would be standing before me in his favorite posture—balanced on one foot and with the other scratching his shin caressingly, his hands thrust behind him, beneath the ridiculous coat tails, and his tiny impish visage wreathed in transcendent good humor.

"Well Looby, my man, and how are you this evening?"

"Fust rate, thank ye—mister! An how's yerself?" would be the not too respectful reply.

Several months passed, and the October winds were stripping the trees, when one evening Looby brought me word that his visits were to cease. He told me in his cheery, childish way—and with not a little pride—that he had secured a position as newsboy for the Railway News Co., but he did not yet

know on which train he was to be placed.

When he had done, a silence fell between us. The little chap began to look a trifle solemn, and he fidgetted uneasily from one foot to the other, and scratched each leg with grave impartiality. It was the first time I had seen Looby's face without its sunshine, and it pleased me then, and often since, (though perhaps his solemnity was no more than a reflection of my own) to trace it to regret at our parting.

Presently I held out my hand and saying, "Goodbye Looby, and good luck to you, my man!" left a bank bill in the tiny palm. Looby looked from the bill to me and back again to the bill. Then the quick light leaped to his face. "Is

it for me?"—he said hesitatingly and half doubtfully—and as I nodded, the pudgy fist was doubled over it with eagerness.

As he turned to go I asked him to come and let me know on which train he was to begin his new duties, and he gave me his promise.

Looby did not keep his word; and my gloomy office knew his radiance no more. But often as the evening drew on and the shadows began to gather, I would turn towards the door and see him again, looking back from the threshold—as he did that night—and flashing his wonderful smile on me, before he slipped into the darkness and with a—"Goodbye, mister!"—was gone.





Drawn by W. H. Markle.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



THE HUSH BEFORE THE DAWN.

By Fidele H. Holland.

Just when the night is waning,
There comes a chill in the air
Ere dawn, the curtain lifting
That hides her face so fair,
Looks out on the hills and valleys
And lights the torch of day ;
When all things dark and gruesome
Take wing, and fly away.

'Tis then that many a sufferer
Finds rest from all his pain ;
'Tis then that many a watcher
Will never wait again
Beside a loved one's bedside ;
'Tis then the angels go
From sky to earth unseen,
Silently to, and fro ;
A silence falls on nature,
A hush is everywhere
As high on snow-white pinions
Many a soul they bear.

Then eyes that are weary with weeping
Shall be closed for evermore ;
Hands that are worn and wrinkled,
Hearts that are heavy and sore,
Shall cease from their toil, and trouble,
For labor and tears are gone
When the angels come so softly
In the hush that precedes the dawn.

A QUESTION OF FOUL PLAY.

A STORY OF PIONEER DAYS.

By *W. H. Higgins.*

"FOUL PLAY SUSPECTED!!!"

"TWO HORSES FOUND KILLED!!!"

"Whereas two dead Horses have been found in a swamp, on Lot 17, 6th Con. of the Township of Whitby, which have apparently been shot. One of a dark brown or black color, both fore feet and nigh hind foot white and white stripe on the face,—and the other a bright bay, with star on forehead, black mane and tail, nigh hind foot white.

The Horses were both well shod, and in apparent good order when shot or killed, and probably about nine or ten years old. They have the appearance of having been there since the beginning of February. It is generally supposed that the Horses belonged to a Pedlar, as no clue to the owner has yet been found, nor can it be ascertained for what cause the Horses were secretly killed and placed there.—And whereas the Council of the Township of Whitby have instructed me to make investigation, and receive such evidence as will lead, if possible, to unravel this mysterious affair. Therefore any person that may know the Horses, or their owner, or any other information which might lead to a discovery of the same, will be thankfully received by the undersigned.

"JAMES DRYDEN,
Reeve."

"Brooklin, April 15th, 1857.

"Editors of papers may forward the ends of justice by noticing the above."

Mr. James Dryden, the (then) reeve of the Township of Whitby, in the County of Ontario, (father of the present Provincial Minister of Agriculture), handed the manuscript for publication to the editor of the "Chronicle." A good deal of conversation naturally took place as to the strange circumstance, the subject of the advertisement, and many were the conjectures as to what led to the destruction of the horses.

Mr. Dryden, who had been an old resident of the county, and to whom was intimately known the history of all the localities round about, was not without his own suspicions, and had much informa-

tion to give as to the members of "The Markham Gang" and some of their more noted doings. The "gang" had been in existence for some years previous to the opening of our story. They were the terror of the district. Their depredations extended far and near. But in the adjoining counties of Ontario, York, Peel and Simcoe, and as far east as Durham and Northumberland, in the front, and the County of Victoria, northward, with Lake Scugog sometimes for a base of operation, they were known to be particularly active—more especially in the stealing and "trading off" of horses. Rightly or wrongly, suspicion had attached itself to several men of doubtful early antecedents, in their own immediate neighborhood, as having once been connected with the dreaded "Markham Gang." And even some of those who had soberly "settled down" to one calling and another came to be looked at askance, and were as much as possible without giving open offence, discreetly avoided by the more sedate members of the community in which they lived. In their case, as in that of so many others, the whispered suspicion of bad companionship led to their being regarded with distrust. Men who kept small, shabby taverns, in out-of-the-way places, where no adequate support from public travel could have been expected, were set down as in league with the gang; and not in-

frequently, as afterwards became well-known, were these "shebeen" resorts mainly kept for the purpose of concealing and assisting the more prominent desperadoes in their unlawful enterprises. It was told how stolen horses were, through the agency of these places, conveyed from one place to another for disposal, after having been trimmed and painted and "made up," in order to escape recognition. In those early days, the reader is reminded, there was no telegraphic communication, and, of course, no means for phonographic "calling up," such as the world at large is blessed with at the present time, so that escape with, and sale and concealment of plunder was not so difficult.

The stories of the tricks employed in "trading off" stolen, painted and "fixed up" horses were something incredible, and the causes which gave rise to them of daily occurrence. I well remember how a certain livery stable keeper, an acquaintance of mine used to tell how he had been "taken in and done for" in a "trade." One morning quite early, about the end of June, an honest looking young farmer, who represented himself as a member of a well-known family in Brock, made his appearance at the livery yard, mounted on a fine spirited young horse of a remarkably deep brown color. There was no mistaking that the horse was young—an examination of the animal's mouth showed that,—giving the marks and signs of a six-year old. And further examination made it clear that the gelding, for such he was, was sound in wind and limb, and altogether an excellent specimen of the improved saddle and roadster. The mane and tail were long and black; but with the exception of a small white star on the

forehead, there was no other mark on the almost complete, unusually brown coat—a little soiled and muddy-looking in places, as if the dust of the road had got into the hair. As if in answer to, and divining the livery man's puzzled expression as to this, the young farmer remarked in a careless sort of a way—"There's a power o' dust on the road this dry weather. I covered the forty miles from beyant Manilla in less'n 4.30. The critter's a little soft, and the moisture has sucked in that darned road-dust summat."

"Did you say you wanted a trade?" asked the livery man.

"Trade, or sell, as best may suit—I was thinkin' o' tryin' the city, an' sellin' there for a smart figger. If ye want a good un—thirty pound, currency—say \$120, will buy him."

After some haggling, the livery man first offering \$100 and increasing the bid to \$110, a sale was effected at the latter figure, and an adjournment made to the tavern across the way where the money was paid over and the new purchase placed in the stable.

The young countryman appeared very anxious to find out at what hour Weller's stage for the west passed through, and being informed that it was just then due, and was to be seen coming up the road, he got on and away on the stage as quickly as possible. Before reaching Duffin's Creek, some six miles west, he made an excuse for getting off, and turning up a side-road to the north, that was the last seen of him on Weller's stage upon that occasion. The livery man, who was regarded as one of the sharpest of his class, was boasting to his friend, the tavern-keeper, and a few thirsty souls, who came into the bar after the stage leaving

of his advantageous purchase. "The horse," said he, "is well worth a dead \$150 of any man's money. He is every bit as good as the grey I sold to Dr. F—— a few days ago for \$165. What a spanking matched team the two would make, barrin' the color!" There were two or three treats over the bar, as was the custom upon such occasions, after which two special cronies, who had the reputation of being knowing horsemen, accompanied the liveryman to the stable to have a look at his great bargain.

"Stands up well," says one.

"Curious color!" exclaims the second crony.

"That hoss 'pears to know the stable, Master," observed an hostler, coming up. "He's all the ways an' actions o' the grey sold the doctor, an' only for the differ in the color, I'd swear 'twas the same hoss."

Just at this moment, Dr. F—— himself, who lived at a distance of only five miles north of the town, appeared on the scene. "The grey is gone!" he began excitedly, "the stable door was opened during the night and the horse silently carried off!"

"Ye're in the nick of time, doctor; here's a mate for the grey," chimed in the liveryman, cheerfully. "Look."

"Yes—look!"—joined in crony No. two, (who had taken up a curry comb, and had been using it so effectively upon the hide of the brown colored steed as to expose patches of dirty whity-brown all over the quarters of the animal)—"the horse is painted!"

Great was the consternation not unmingled with uproarious merriment, which succeeded, for further examination but completed the discovery—a double discovery—it was the stolen grey that had been

painted and re-sold to the original owner!

In less than five minutes, the liveryman had mounted a fast nag and was off in pursuit of the stage, which was only overhauled at Alick Thompson's tavern, between the Rouge and the city, and where he was informed of the escape of the honest-looking countryman, who was none other than a disguised horse-thief belonging to the "Markham Gang."

The wayside tavern of those "good old days" was very different from the hostelry of to-day. Licenses were granted by the municipalities to individuals, without much enquiry as to the character of the individual applicant or the accommodation afforded the public. There was no legal limit to the number as there is now, and they might be kept open day and night without fear of an official visit from the inspector. Liquor was also sold plentifully in unlicensed grogeries. The latter were often kept by women as well as men, and were winked at by the municipal authorities, if not, indeed, in some cases, secretly countenanced and patronised by the "good fellows" of the council. And whiskey was cheap then. A dollar would buy a five gallon keg of good Canadian whiskey, and it seldom cost more than a "quarter"—twenty-five cents—to "treat the crowd" at the bar. Strong drink was habitually indulged in by the great bulk of the people, publicly and privately, and was served and partaken of, as a matter of course, upon all public occasions. The man who did not "drink his glass" and "stand treat," "like a man," was looked down upon as a poor mean creature, void of good fellowship and undeserving of social friendship. The consequences to those who yielded to the tempta-

tion were, of course, neglect of business, improvident habits, bad example, insensibility to the comforts of home, and, in too many instances, sudden and premature death. A very great change indeed, for the better, in the drinking customs of the people has taken place in the years that have since passed over. And the people of the noble Province of Ontario have good cause for congratulation and thankfulness in the beneficial results that have been accomplished. But, to our story:—

Numbers of people visited "lot 17 in the 6th," where the dead horses were found. And a lonesome, gruesome looking spot it was, as it then appeared. The place of the swamp is situated a short distance off the concession line, and about midway between the villages of Brooklin and Columbus, and a little over six miles north of the county town of Whitby. It was remote from public travel, and most unlikely to be visited at all in the winter. Since then, it has been partially drained and reclaimed. A small creek, which takes its rise south of the "Ridges," runs through it. And instead of the uninviting scene of desolation which the place presented in the month of April, nearly forty years ago, smiling meadow lands and well tilled fields now occupy the whole of the fertile locality.

The many visitors to the scene found a convenient place of rest and refreshment at the "Globe hotel," Brooklin, and its proprietor, "Joby" Wilkinson, was by no means averse to giving his "views," on "the very strangest kind of occurrence that ever did come to light in these parts," to all who sought the bar, and cared to listen to him. He generally wound up his "views" with the advice and assurance,

both together—"But you ask 'Ben'—he can tell you more than me."

Ben, (he was never known, or at least, none of the frequenters of the Globe knew him to be ever called, by any other name, was the hostler—the "Boss ostler"—as he liked to hear himself spoken of—of the Globe. He was "a character," full of "conceits and quirks," and generally acted according to his own supreme pleasure in "putting up" the "rigs" of the guests and stowing away and feeding "the cattle," as he always called the horses. If Joby wished to have a favored guest specially accommodated, he had to take Ben in the humor; and upon these occasions, he invariably prefaced his request with "Benjamin, will you please," or "Benjamin, here's your old friend, Mr. So-and-So." Thus addressed, and being invited to "name his poison," by way of saying what he would have to drink, Ben could be mollified to do "anything in reason," as he said himself. One evening, after the appearance of the advertisement, the bar room was more than usually well filled, and Ben having been referred to by Joby, with the usual addition of—"he can tell you more than me"—when the mystery of the dead horses was discussed, Ben, who had been pretty well "mollified" by a fair share of invitations during the day, to "name his pizen," was nothing loth in taking up the subject.

"'T were a cold, frosty night, last Christmas eve, as mebber most o' ye remembers. There was a smart snow storm, too, part o' the time. Folks was comin' an' goin' more 'n usual, till about midnight. And, I mind well, about the last man at the bar that night was Frinchy, the peddler. 'Cause why:—Frinchy says—says he, 'Come, Ben, an' have

a Christmas drink ; a certain quantity o' good licker never does no man no harm.' 'Right you are,' says I, 'a sartain quantity never does, by no manner o' manes ; oh, no, 'tis the onsartain quantity that does the job.' Well, is there anything to laugh at in that?—one would think there was, from yer sniggerin' Caleb Grimshaw."

The individual thus singled out came originally from Vermont, in the United States, and was nicknamed "the Yank," and "Yankee Grimshaw." He was of the characteristic tall and lanky build, but with powerful limbs, and would "take no back-seat to no one," when it "cum to 'argifyin'" or upholding his opinions, and although rather a favorite at the tavern had never been able to dispel the black shadow which hung over him of being one of the Markham Gang.

"Continer yer yarn, Ben," replied Caleb ; "yer a gen-u-wine anteek, Ben ; that's what yer air. But 'praps the subject is too fateegin."

"Mebbe," rejoined the hostler, "the fateeg wudn't be so great for them as is more used to dark lanterns to throw light on dark subjects." A malignant scowl passed momentarily over Grimshaw's usually imperturbable countenance ; but strangers as this moment arriving, Ben was called for in haste and left the bar room. Caleb soon followed the hostler, and then those remaining, warmed up now by Joby's "hot scotch," appeared to find themselves more at liberty to give free rein to their tongues.

"It was just as well that ere call for Ben come so suddint," observed Zeph. Beer, with authoritative voice ; "the Yank had an ugly look."

"Yis," answered Jabez Beard, as if he were speaking for himself and

and the rest of the company present—"he was gettin' riled. He's a cool one enough, but Ben alluses his dander when he lugs in allusions to the doings o' the old gang. That's twittin' too much on facks to be pleasant."

"Ye remimber the time of the thrial for the murdher of the ould peddler," interjected Pat Flynn, the droll Irishman of the company, "Begarries, Caleb cum near gettin' his neck stretched that time, an' I've heerd Ben throw it up to him often enough."

"I mind weel the nicht he was taken tae Whitby jail. The constables let him have a wee drap here, an' waur afterwards inveegled into havin' a wee drap o'er muckle theirsels, an' the consequence was that instead o' their bringin' him in, 'twas he that brocht in twa drucken constables. This was ane o' the things that towld in his favor in coort, for as the judge said, he had not taken the advantage tae rin"—was answered by Sandy McGivern, otherwise called "Scot-tie," a well-known local oracle and boozy companion at Joby's bar.

"By gosh, the tavern were tuk up an' were near swingin' any way," joined Joshua Begosh. (He was nicknamed Begosh, because of his habitual use of the asseveration). "The evidence was pat and plain enough that the peddler, with his horse and wagon, were seen going in the direction of the tavern on a Saturday night, and that he was in the habit of stopping there. He was never seen by living man from that night out. Two weeks after, the remains of a burnt wagon were found in the bush, and two witnesses, and John Keogh, the blacksmith, swore that the iron and fittings belonged to the rig of the peddler ; and it was n't denied nayther—no, by gosh ! that the

Yankee and two other members of the Markham Gang were at the tavern that night, and were met on Monday morning early, going west towards the Rouge, and that they were leading a horse like that belonging to the peddler."

"There was terrible bad work done that night, by all accounts. And what became of all the money that the peddler was known to have?" was asked by one of the eager listeners.

"And the horse—what became of the horse?" asked another.

"Carried off and painted, like Dr. F——'s wast'otherday, and kept hid away for awhile, and then sold, back of Lindsay, to where it was traced. And the Yank and the tavern keepers, who were ever so hard up before, were known to be flush shortly after that."

"But they all got off, for all that, didn't they?"

"Yes," answered Begosh, "but how?" (To be continued.)

ST. ANTHONY AND THE SOCIAL QUESTION

By Charles Robinson.

That the literature of the social question is immense is well known. And it is growing rapidly every day. Herr Hamhammer in his "Bibliographie des Socialismus" enumerates some five hundred thousand works more or less immediately dealing with it. Nor is this list by any means complete. Words! There were storms of words on the very subject long before the French Revolution. Theories are very well: we may combat Henry George and we may quote passages from Albertus Magnus down to Leo Taxil, but in this century mere theorizing never brought about any reform.

All sorts of social laws, theories and solutions of the great problem of modern nations have come to grief since 1853 when Frederick Ozanam, one of the very greatest of all Frenchmen died and left his prescription of a personal ministration by the prosperous to the needy a well ordered and active legacy to the Church and Chris-

tianity. The work inaugurated by the St. Vincent de Paul Society, bids fair to be carried on more broadly and deeply through the medium of the recently founded charitable project known as "St. Anthony's Bread," which, although primarily a local religious conception is rapidly assuming the proportions of an international economic movement of the first magnitude.

Personal contact between the rich and the poor is the only possible minimizer of the sort of social difficulty that is the bete noir of modern politics, and as such a contact necessitates a great and active unselfishness in the more fortunate class, no motive excites it more readily or sustains it more surely than a religious one. That the devotion of St. Anthony's Bread" serves as a link binding together the rich and the poor is becoming daily more and more manifest.

St. Anthony of Padua procures for the poor who invoke him the

aid of the wealthy and providential blessings, and he obtains for the rich abundant favors spiritual and temporal, but only on condition that they succor the indigent and distressed. And St. Edmund, of Canterbury, in his "Mirror," one of the most popular books in mediæval England lays it down with startling plainness that the rich can be saved only by the poor since the poor are they of whom it is said that theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven, and only through them can the rich enter it. Dives has had his consolation here, the hereafter belongs to Lazarus; the rich man must share with the beggar in this world if he would have fellowship and portion with him in the next.

This, as Mr. W. S. Lilly points out in a recent article* was the contribution of Christianity to what we now call the "Social Problem." and Christian charities like "St. Anthony's Bread" which have for their aim the care of the poor and the unfortunate, furnish the most effective means for the solution of that problem.

The origin of the devotion now known as "St. Anthony's Bread" the fame of which is spreading rapidly throughout the whole world may be briefly detailed: One morning in November 1892, Mlle. Bouffier, a store-keeper of Toulon, in France, found it impossible to open her shop door. The safety lock seemed broken and she called in a locksmith. After trying all the keys on his ring he gave up in despair, saying, that there was no resource but to break open the door. While the locksmith went in search of other tools, the shop-keeper prayed fervently to St. Anthony that the door might be opened without violence, promising

in the event of her request being granted to distribute a certain number of loaves among the poor in his honor. She then begged the locksmith to make another effort with his keys and taking one at random, the door flew open without the slightest difficulty.

After this simple evidence of St. Anthony's power, his clients increased so rapidly in Toulon that Mlle Bouffier, with the assistance of her friends, founded a work of charity called the "Bread of St. Anthony." In the room behind the shop they placed a statue of the Saint with a lamp burning before it and under the lamp two boxes—one to receive the written requests and promises made to St. Anthony and the other to receive money to buy bread for the poor. To quote the words of a recent writer:

"From the beginning large crowds flocked to this humble oratory. Soldiers and officers knelt to pray; and naval captains, before setting out for a long cruise, came to recommend themselves and their ships. Mothers came to beg health for their children or other favors for grown sons and daughters. Many came to implore the conversion of a soul dear to them, while servants or workwomen without employment came to beg the Saint's protection."

In the fulness of time rumors of the wonders wrought by St. Anthony at Toulon reached Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and other large centres, and many chapels in these cities very soon contained the two boxes for the offerings which have now become well nigh universal throughout France.

The present writer has had the privilege of discussing this noble charity in its various phases with one of the holy and energetic men under whose guidance it has attained such signal success in Paris, and after listening to the calm, confident manner in which he spoke of future triumphs, all his calculations being based on past victories,

* "Communism and Christianity," *New Review*, Dec. 1894.

one could not help being animated with the same faith and hope as himself. Indeed it will be surprising if "St. Anthony's Bread" does not result in the complete regeneration of the French working classes, who are not really bad but simply ignorant and "led astray" by those who have an interest in keeping them estranged from God and His Ministers. The great object to be attained is to "awaken the slumbering convictions" in their hearts. Until this is done nothing can be accomplished. For as the present enlightened Pontiff has well remarked: "A Christian government requires a Christian people to uphold it. To expect to see a Christian France without having converted the French is to hope to gather fruit without planting the tree."

L'Abbe Gariner whose words, by reason of his great work through France in connection with the League of the Catholic Social Movement, are entitled to special weight in this regard, recently declared that "the recourse of the faithful to St. Anthony of Padua has been followed by signal graces, by veritable miracles. This means of timely assistance was 'brusquely' revealed and has been propagated with unparalleled rapidity throughout the Catholic world and this diffusion is, humanly speaking, quite inexplicable."

It is pleasant to add the testimony of this truly apostolic priest to the long list of similar utterances as to the wonderful spread especially during the last two years of this beautiful devotion to St. Anthony as well as of the practical imitation of his two great virtues—personal mortification and charity to his neighbor.

"St. Anthony's Bread" was first established on this side of the At-

lantic in Canada having been inaugurated at the Cathedral at Montreal, on Sunday, May 26, 1894, when the Very Rev. Canon Racicot preached a sermon on the subject. This good work is gaining new adherents every day throughout the Dominion, especially in Quebec. This is due largely to the popular literature spread in the interest of St. Anthony and his poor, to which the clergy and laity have lent their earnest endeavors. The Rev. Fr. Desire, O.S.F., lately asserted that "St. Anthony's Bread" was the means of sustaining entire families during the past winter in different parts of Canada, and that without this source of assistance they must have inevitably gone without food or shelter. This zealous missionary was largely responsible for the success which crowned the establishment of "St. Anthony's Bread" in Montreal. In the United States, the Revs. Godfrey Schilling and Philip Rothman of the same order have done much to encourage the propagation of this beautiful work, at New York and Cincinnati respectively. In the former city, St. Francis' church was the first one to set up the two boxes for "St. Anthony's Bread." It had already been introduced into Brooklyn with most successful results by the devoted pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Rev. P. F. O'Hare, who has lately issued a neat brochure on the subject and in a variety of ways helped to make "St. Anthony's Bread" widely known.

It is to be hoped that this charitable project will extend to all the large cities of the United States. If "St. Anthony's Bread" were generally established throughout the country, the vast amount of poverty and suffering that exists on every side would be considerably

alleviated. Those participating in this devotion would be performing not only an act of piety but also an act of charity. "St. Anthony's Bread" ought to have a place in every parish. It is certain to bring down spiritual graces and temporal blessings from the miracle-worker of Padua.

"St. Anthony's Bread" is obtained in a simple way. All a member of any congregation has to do is to write his or her request on a piece of paper, adding a promise that if by the expiration of a given time the Saint should secure the fulfilment of such request a certain sum of money will be placed in the collection box to buy bread for the poor. These written requests may be either of a spiritual or a temporal character. They may properly include requests for success in any legitimate enterprise, the grace to overcome proneness to commit a certain sin, the conversion of a relative or friend to the True Faith, etc., etc. The request may have reference to the writer only or to relatives, friends or even strangers. When the favor is obtained the sum of money promised is to be deposited in the box. This money is devoted to purchasing and distributing "St. Anthony's Bread." But this latter is understood as meaning not only food, but also clothing and medical attendance—it includes in fact everything necessary for the relief of the poor in general and of the suffering poor in particular.

In France the promoters of this charity wisely hold with that Sister of Charity who once declared that with the poor, one should always "make the good God visible." Thus they ascertain the wants of the workmen in the various parishes, and help them to procure employment when necessary, quite

irrespective of their religious belief or want of religious belief. Orphans are sent to school, old people are happily settled with the Little Sisters of the Poor; the blind, deaf and dumb are placed in special establishments, letters are written for those who are themselves unable to write, advice procured from either doctor or solicitor when needed; and professional beggars are exposed, while the deserving poor are sought out and comforted.

There may be, and doubtless are some labor organizations which afford much aid to all who are members of them, but they do not include and provide for the vast numbers who are not members, and besides, at the very highest estimate, are not the organizations and all the state efforts in the same direction intended to advance merely the temporal and material interests of men? They may be cunningly devised to reconcile those interests, but in common with such brilliant schemes for state assumption of all industrial enterprises and public establishments as that outlined by Mr. Bellamy in "Looking Backward," they must fail to accomplish the great end of human society, because they do not embody the divine principle of charity.

"St. Anthony's Bread" is based upon that principle, and it is for this reason that it bids fair to do more towards bringing about a solution of the Social Problem than all the congresses and conferences that have been held, and all the books and articles that have been written, with that end in view.

But man does not live by bread alone, and the promoters of "St. Anthony's Bread," do not labor merely to solve the Social Problem, important though that work un-

doubtedly is. Poverty and misery are generally the result of somebody's sin; and in effecting social amelioration the Church does it indirectly, by purifying men's hearts and by making them more sober and industrious. The corporal necessities of the poor are relieved through the medium of "St. Anthony's Bread," only on the condition that their spiritual duties are not neglected. The conditions imposed upon the workmen in France in this regard are, of necessity, extremely light. In friendly conferences held at stated intervals, they

are taught the lesson of mutual help and sympathy, and if the interest of the audience seems to flag, small crucifixes are distributed among them with the simple admonition: "Here is the image of One who suffered even more than you."

This is practical Christianity. It is the true spirit of Him who "had compassion on the multitude," and it is the most conclusive answer to infidels and skeptics who would rob the poor of their only consolation—that which comes from belief in Christ and from the sense of fellowship in His poverty.

ST. KEVIN.

It has long appeared that the authors of popular Irish ballads on St. Kevin were guilty of much misrepresentation—if not downright irreverence—towards the good and holy saint bearing that name.

Moore is certainly the greatest offender in this respect. As the acknowledged national poet, his Irish melodies have been unquestioningly accepted everywhere as depicting historical truth. And his very pathetic account of the saint,

"With rude, repulsive shock,
Hurling the "gentle Kathleen"
From the beetling rock,"

would make out the saint to be, not only stern and cruel hearted, but actually guilty of a most cruel murder. The people dwelling,

"By that lake whose gloomy shore,
Skylark never warbled o'er,"

have many curious traditions concerning St. Kevin, or "Saint Kevin," as they pronounce the name, besides that upon which Moore has founded the ballad of the young saint having stolen to sleep,

"Where the cliff hangs high and steep,"
and where he,

"Dreamt of heaven, nor thought that e'er
Woman's smile could haunt him there."

A vulgar doggerel has it that,

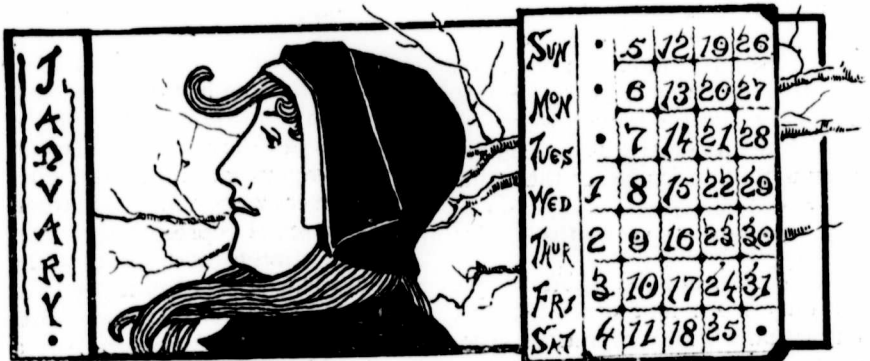
"As King O'Toole was thravellin'
Through a place called Glendalough,
He met with good St. Kevin
And axed him for a shaugh?"

As Glendalough and its "gloomy caves" are in the country of the O'Tooles of Wicklow, there would be nothing wonderful in the king and saint having met. But when the monarch is represented as asking the saint for "a bast of the pipe"—which is meant by the word "shaugh"—it shows that some irreverent rhymester had a hand at the bellows in the manufacture of the doggerel. There are some dozen or more verses of the vile stuff, in which the king is described as having made a bargain with the saint that if the latter would cure his sick gander, the saint might have "all the land the gander would fly round." And that

the cure having been effected, the king's pet bird flew all around Glendalough and the valley of the "Seven Churches"—which, thereupon were erected by St. Kevin.

The legend of St. Kevin and Kathleen, as it has been sung by Moore, and more recently by Gerald Griffin, is totally void of foundation in fact. Not to speak of the absurdity of the Saint's qualifying for canonization by committing murder, there is no trace of such a tale in any ecclesiastical MS., Latin or Irish, that has survived our times. This, at least, is the opinion of all from whom we have sought for information on the subject, and amongst whom not a few were antiquarians and erudite clergymen. In particular the reverend priests of Glendalough, to whom the legends of the lakes are as familiar as their shadows,

avouch that the whole story which tries to prove that "Saints have cruel hearts," is a recent invention and finds no echo by the fireside of the glens. Tradition authorizes and poesy loves to contemplate the grouping of St. Kevin and Kathleen in the same picture. But beyond their names we have no certain data. We are therefore inclined to follow the more natural and simple version, as rendered by Williams, that Kevin and Kathleen were betrothed in early youth. Beyond this, we do not travel. Whether Kathleen died young or retired to the neighboring convent of Luggelaw, where it is easy to suppose Kevin's pious sister may have been also, we do not know. Great shadows must have fallen before he gained the strength that reared the churches so wonderfully and made him in the end a saint.





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Drawn by W. H. Markle.

JANUARY.

DICK DURDLE'S PHANTOM.

By Thomas Swift.

When Dick Durdle was fourteen years old, he was of the belief that, if he had not sufficient learning to carry him through life, he had at least enough of it to carry through life. So he left school to help his father on the farm. At twenty-one he had changed his opinion, and, like many another young fellow, determined to attend school again through the winter.

School section No. 3, of Sari-possa, boasted a well-to-do lot of farmers, who could easily afford to pay a handsome salary for a live teacher and maintain a good school.

The customary advertisements in the big Toronto papers' Saturday issues brought to hand a goodly number of applications from teachers of both sexes, and the trustees had considerable difficulty in making a choice.

One of the ladies, with a face-tiousness not understood by wise Farmer Deane, but with an innate modesty which went far to capture the good-will of the other school-guardians, signed herself simply "A Gold Medallist." Whether it was the golden chink of the signature as read by the secretary lingered pleasantly in his ears, or that he was merely caught by the strangeness of the name, will never be known; but Farmer Deane suddenly and decisively said:

"Supposing we try this 'A Gold Medallist.'" A laugh followed, the propriety of which did not appeal to Farmer Deane's sense of dignity; but his advice was none the less

acted upon. "A Gold Medallist's application was unanimously accepted. On such a trifle does a teacher's career sometimes depend.

Now, in view of Dick Durdle's honesty of purpose, it is only fair to state that, when he determined to resume his school-work, he was entirely ignorant that a lady had been selected to take charge of School No. 3. No ulterior motive, therefore, can be attributed to him, when, after learning this fact, he persisted in his pre-formed resolution.

So one bright, crisp morning Dick, spruced up for the occasion, with his clean-shaven, wholesome face, looking young enough for a handsome lad of sixteen, betook himself to the unpretentious little temple of learning.

Some forty children of various ages had already assembled in the clean, bright school-room; and the new-comer, under a few stray glances of surprise, glided with becoming modesty into a back seat, opened his reader and tried to persuade himself that he was a school-boy again.

"I say, Mike, ain't she just nice?" came in a whisper from a rosy-cheeked urchin in the seat in front of him.

"You bet. She's just immense. She looks too good for anything. Guess she won't whip much," was the ready reply.

Whereupon Dick Durdle looked up from his book, and in a moment to him the whole school-room

seemed flooded with a dazzling brightness.

Standing by the side of the desk on the platform, with the soft, slanting rays of the winter sun falling upon her face and hair, stood the new school-mistress, a perfect vision of all that is lovely in maidenhood. Fair and straight and comely, she was in sober truth a splendid type of a sweet Canadian girl. But to Dick Durdle she was more than this; and long before the lessons were done he had arrived at various wonderful conclusions concerning her personal appearance, which did infinite credit to his powers of observation. Her hair was like a field of ripe wheat when the sun was setting; her cheeks vied with the soft purity of new milk with a dash of the red rose thrown in; her eyes were like the twin stars that shone of nights over his father's barn; her lips were like two rose-buds kissing each other; and her figure from the proud, well-set head to the dainty feet on the platform could not, he was quite sure, be matched on earth. When she recited the Lord's prayer the tones of her voice were music to his ear; and when he went up to have his name inscribed in the register, he felt the warmth of her nearer presence as palpably as he felt the heat of his mother's kitchen stove on a cold day. She stooped to kiss a wee tot, and Dick sighed to think he was no longer a child. She placed her hand in kindness on a boy's head, and Dick's head ached at the sight. But it was during the course of the arithmetic lesson that Dick's feelings reached a climax.

He was struggling hard with a complex fraction which refused to simplify, when down came the goddess from her throne and stood beside him. She bent over his

shoulder. The warmth of her breath was on his cheek and a loose tress touched his temple and made him feel dizzy with a new-born bliss, so that the sum dauced before his eyes. Pluses became minuses and minuses pluses; the figures multiplied themselves; and he was lost in the ocean of perplexity and sweetness in which the perfume of wild violets predominated.

Then came the literature lesson, and the first words read by the teacher ran riot in his brain.

"She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight."

"What is 'a phantom of delight'—Richard Durdle?" sweetly questioned she.

Dick blushed, and grew hot and cold by turns and could answer not a word.

"Don't you know?" she persisted.

Did he not know? Was not the beautiful thing dancing through his brain and before his very eyes.

"Yes, I know, Ma'am," came at last slowly from his lips.

"What is it, then?" she again asked with pretty insistence.

"I cannot tell you, Ma'am," was all he could say.

"Well. Tom Kennedy?" she said, turning to a lad with his hand beating the air.

"It's a kind of a nice ghost," said Tom triumphantly; and Dick felt inclined to cuff the stupid youngster's ears for uttering such profanity.

"A kind of a nice ghost,"—and she standing before their eyes, a living, breathing example of the thing!

During supper that evening Dick Durdle was unusually silent. After the table had been cleared he proceeded to do his homework. After awhile he turned with an expres-

sion of disgust from the dry sums and opened his reader at "She was a phantom of delight." Yes; he would be quite sure. He had not many books of reference at his command; but there was one poor, little, dog-eared Webster's abridged on the shelf. It would do. He turned to the word "phantom."

"Phantom"—"a spectre, a ghost."

He could scarcely believe his eyes. Then Tom Kennedy was right and he was wrong. He was strangely disappointed but not discouraged; and Webster was not much of an authority anyway. He retackled his sums; but the figures would not behave fairly. The ciphers threatened to grow into human faces, all of which revealed the same features of his fair teacher; the threes became figures of female beauty and ever assumed the same form—the form of Miss Moorland. Finally, by way of experiment, he capped a three with a cipher, and his mistress stood before him, as she had stood that morning with the sunshine over and around her.

"Well, Dick, and how do you like the school-missis?" asked his mother.

Like her? He worshipped—he adored her.

He answered very quietly, "Oh, she's right enough. But I wish I could make these figures do their work better. They don't act properly with me, and how I am to make this lot come out one is beyond me."

"You are too impatient, my boy. But what did you learn to-day?" inquired the mother, looking up from her knitting, fondly at her son.

"Not much, I am afraid, mother," laughed Dick. "I did a little arithmetic—at least I tried to

do it, and a little grammar, and—there was a literature lesson which I thought I understood, but I fear I was at sea there, too. So, altogether, I have learnt very little the first day."

Poor Dick! He did not do himself justice. He had learnt one mighty lesson and learned it perfectly, and the unbidden knowledge had fixed itself so firmly in his soul that time or circumstance was powerless to eradicate it. A sweet, uneasy, dimly comprehensible yet all-pervading influence had crept into his life, which he was utterly unable to resist.

During the next few days, the teacher and pupils of School No. 3 got down to solid work. Under Miss Moorland's magic sway and irresistible charm of manner, the daily round of tasks became a pleasing recreation. All her pupils, especially the boys, became her willing slaves, and Dick Durdle the most abject slave of all. Nay, he was foolish in his blind idolatry as the following incident plainly shows.

One of the little girls had with much care brought a scarlet geranium for her teacher, who with a smile that shed its radiance around the room, pinned it to her bosom. As she swept past Dick in the narrow aisle, one of the petals of the flower fell fluttering to the floor. The youngster nearest picked it up and was about to commence upon it an object lesson in botany, when Dick, with a deft movement, rescued it from destruction and placed it between the leaves of his book. Then the foolish fellow, watching his opportunity bent his head and tenderly kissed the frail thing that had rested on his mistress's breast. And sweet Maimie Moorland, who prided herself on her knowledge of child-nature, saw

not the secret mischief she was working in the heart of her biggest pupil. But of all the lessons, Dick liked literature and writing the best; the first, because he felt that, in some incomprehensible way, some inner part of himself was communing with the soul of his teacher; the second, because it brought her to his side. And as time went on the silly boy would with aforethought mis-shape his letters, that he might prolong her presence near him.

One day after school Dick so timed his movements as to meet his teacher at the school gate. Their homes lay in the same direction, and he dared to walk by her side.

It was bitterly cold, but Dick felt enough warmth in his heart to thaw the whole ridge of packed snow that lay between their paths. Miss Moorland was pleasant, and Dick was in the seventh heaven.

After proceeding a little way in silence, the pupil turned to the teacher and said, "Miss Moorland, I would like to ask you to explain a little difficulty for me. Will you?"

"Certainly, Richard," answered the teacher with just a suspicion of the school-room, which Dick would rather had been absent.

"Why do you always call me Richard, Miss Moorland? You call all the other chaps Tom and Jack and Harry. Why don't you call me Dick? Everybody else does," he persisted.

The teacher laughed ever so gently. Maimie Moorland could never be cold to any one.

"I call you Richard, because—because you are such a very big pupil for a little woman like me to have. And I thought you would prefer it," she returned.

"I wish you would call me Dick. It sounds warmer like."

This was conclusive, so Miss Moorland replied with a smile that caused Dick to lose his head altogether.

"Very well. Henceforth, I shall call you Dick.

"Now, what was your difficulty, Dick?" she continued.

"On the first day of school," he replied a little shyly, "You asked me if I knew what a 'phantom of delight' was."

"Yes, and you said you did know, but couldn't tell me. Wasn't that, it Dick?"

"Yes ma'am; and I thought I did know then, but now I am not so sure about it. For, I looked in Webster's dictionary, and Tom Kennedy seems to have been right. He said it was 'a kind of a nice ghost,' and I was so confused at the time that I did not catch what you said it was, and I have been thinking of it ever since."

He stopped.

"Well, what did you think a 'phantom of delight' was, Dick?" asked the teacher encouragingly.

"I thought it was you,"—and, as he looked at the lovely, rosy face and the eyes turned upon his own, he added with the utmost sincerity, "And, I think so, still, Miss Moorland."

Maimie Moorland smiled again and sweetly said, "That is very nice of you, Dick,"—and deep in her heart a something stirred that sent a thrill through her whole being.

"I like that piece of poetry," went on Dick, innocently, "I repeat it to myself many times every day, because it always reminds me of you."

"That is right, Dick. It is a beautiful, little poem—one of the sweetest ever written." She spoke evasively, but Dick was not thus to be put off.

"Yes, but I should never have seen any beauty in it, if it had not been for you. I had read it many a time before, but I never understood what it meant until I saw you, and then it all flashed on me in a moment. You are a wonderful teacher, Miss Moorland, and it is no wonder that all your pupils love you."

Miss Moorland felt warm in spite of the cold, and began to think that in the appreciation of poetry the pupil stood in advance of the teacher.

Now it must not be thought that Maimie Moorland was a coquette, and it must be remembered that she was entitled to all the privileges of the teacher over a pupil. It is the sweetest incense that can be offered to a teacher, and a woman at that, to tell her that she is beloved by her pupils, and Maimie was no exception to the rule. Besides she was a tender-hearted young maiden.

"Do all my pupils really love me, Dick?" she asked very softly.

"Every one of them. How can they help it!" was the fervent response.

"Do you love me, too, Dick?" she asked more softly still, and a little wistfully.

Dick stopped abruptly, and his fair companion turned and raised her down-cast eyes to his face. And thus they stood in their snowy furrows, with only the hard ridge of snow, peculiar to country roads, between them.

The low, sweet tones of the girl's voice seemed to linger in the tingling stillness of the winter evening and her form to be surrounded by a heavenly light, and Dick, half unconsciously, murmured to himself,

"I saw her upon nearer view
A spirit, yet a woman too."

Had he heard aright? "Do you love me, too, Dick?" The

words were floating around him still, and his soul gave answer.

"Love you, Miss Moorland?" he said, "I love the very ground you walk on. I have kissed your foot-prints in the snow. I think of you by day. I dream of you by night. Your voice to me is sweetest music. I am only happy, when——"

"Oh, hush Dick!" interrupted Maimie, startled at the passion she had evoked. "I did not mean it in that way."

But Dick continued with tender humility. "Do not say that, Ma'am. Let me love you. It is happiness to be near you and misery to be away from you. But I shall be wretched indeed if you do not let me love you." The girl's whole soul was shaken to its depths by this frank avowal of a simple passion, great in its simplicity and intensity.

"Come, Dick," she said in a strained voice, "It grows colder and we are near home." They moved on in silence and at the gate of the house at which Maimie stayed they parted; but not before Dick had said very humbly,

"I haven't offended you, have I, Miss Moorland?"

"No, no, Dick," she replied with a little choking sob, as she turned and fled to the friendly door.

All through the winter and away into the spring Dick Durdle went to school, and Miss Moorland taught and was loved. The startling little episode became a thing of the past and was never alluded to by her pupil.

The young man was most exemplary. He worked and studied as if never a word of love had been spoken between them, and he made all her ways smooth and pleasant for her, without ever unnecessarily intruding himself upon her. So well

guarded was his passion for his lovely teacher that neither the children of the school nor Dick's parents ever suspected its existence. Only he knew—and she. For in a hundred little ways, all unobservable by others, he made his love felt.

The school stove was well supplied with wood, the windows were opened and shut for her and the room kept ventilated. Dick, as the senior pupil, set the example and the other lads vied with one another for the privilege of doing their teacher's bidding or of anticipating her wishes.

Miss Moorland was passionately fond of flowers. And when the first warm days of early summer came, Dick, remembering the scent of sweet violets which her presence had shed around on the first day of school, hunted the moist sunny spots in the woods, and never rested until he had found what he sought; and a lovely little bunch of white violets, deftly arranged so as to preserve their fleeting freshness greeted her at her desk morning after morning. She knew how they had come there and wore them on her bosom, and Dick Durdle was happy—happy beyond all expression.

But the blow came at last.

One day a handsome young fellow, with the stamp of the city upon him, walked into the school-room. Miss Moorland, with flushing cheeks and smiling face, stepped down to greet him. The warmth and pretty tenderness of the meeting were unmistakable, and Dick Durdle's face grew ashen-grey with pain. He saw through it all, and some chord of his life seemed to snap within him. The sun ceased to shine and all things grew black before

him. But through the dim obscurity into which he had been plunged, he seemed to see, flaming on the blackboard like the hand-writing on the wall, the words:—

“A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament.” :

That afternoon he went home, mechanically performed a few chores and then, without a word, betook himself to the bridge over the river. It was a favorite spot, whither he had often gone to whisper his love to the running stream and the sighing pines around, or perchance to recite the verses he had learnt to love so well.

He leaned over the bridge and gazed on the gliding waters, yet saw them not. But his thoughts ran in a stream as swift and dark as the river itself.

He was only a big, ignorant country lad; and she, an angel. She could not love him any more than she could dislike him. She loved this proud city-bred gentleman who loved her. What more natural? How could he but love her! But none loved her as he did. Nobody could. And yet he had lost her. Life for him was at an end. For the four past months he had dwelt in a heaven—every day in the sunshine of her presence. Yes; she was a phantom. He knew the meaning of the word at last. She was a beautiful thing that had eluded his grasp. She had slipped away from him, taking the better part of his life with her. Was the wretched remainder worth the preserving? The water under the bridge was deep and the tempter was at his ear. A spring, a splash, a gurgle in his ears and then to lie quiet and at peace.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEA.

THE man who "carries [everything before him."—The waiter.

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HEALTH.—Another word for temperance and exercise.

∴

EPICURE.—One who lives to eat, instead of eating to live.

∴

GOOD BREEDING.—The key to good breeding.—B natural.

∴

DREAMS.—Invisible visions to which we are awake in our sleep.

∴

ANCESTRY.—The boast of those who have nothing else to boast of.

∴

COFFIN.—The cradle in which our second childhood is laid to sleep.

∴

BOOK.—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside.

∴

THE LITTLE DIFFERENCE.—There is a little difference between a pinch and a punch; it consists of the difference only between "u" and "i."

∴

"SIRE, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request for the brevet of lieutenant. "If you say two," answered the king, "I will have you hanged." "Sign," replied the soldier. The king stared, whistled, and signed.

RICH HERBS.—"Time is money," is a sage saying. Thyme may be money, but the mint produces it. Shakespeare tells us of "a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." A sweet time a man would have in trying to get money out of that bank! Bah! Time is a very good thing to be allowed when a bill falls due; but, after all, we would rather have a mint of money, and we should then be sure of having a good time.

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MAKING A CHICKEN COOP OF HIMSELF.—I happened to be dining at a friend's house upon one occasion, and amongst the other guests were Dr. Tucker and a country patient of his, to whom he had recommended a diet of chicken. The principle dish was stewed fowl, and as the doctor's patient sat on the right of the host, the platter was passed to him first. The man helped himself very freely—more so than politeness allowed—not only to the annoyance of the host, but also of the doctor, who happened to sit at the far end of the table, and who began to think his chance was slim of getting any. Gazing for a moment at the contents of the patient's plate, the blunt doctor asked, in a tone of half rebuke, half ridicule,—"Hello, Jones, what are you doing?" "Why, doctor, you told me I must eat chicken," the patient replied. "Yes, I know I did, but I didn't tell you to make a chicken coop of yourself," retorted the man of physic, amid the laughter of all at the table.

NOTES.

Dean Harris' article on trashy novels has called forth a great deal of comment, among other communications received being the one I have much pleasure in re-producing here :

The valuable paper by Dean Harris on "Infectious Novels" which appeared in your magazine for December, is interesting and instructive. The late head master of Rugby, Dr. Thomas Arnold, one of the greatest educators of his day, says :—"As I believe that the English universities are the best places in the world for those who can profit by them, so I think for the idle and self-indulgent, they are about the very worst ; and I would rather prefer to send a boy to Van Dieman's Land, where he must work for his bread, than to send him to Oxford to live in luxury, without any desire in his mind to avail himself of its advantages. Childishness in boys even of good abilities seems to me to be a growing fault, and I do not know to what to ascribe it except to the great numbers of exciting books of amusement, like *Pickwick* and *Nickleby*, *Bentley's Magazine*, etc. These completely satisfy all the intellectual appetite of a boy, which is rarely very voracious, and leave him totally palled, not only for his regular work, which I could excuse in comparison, but for all good literature of all sorts, even for history and poetry."

Most unhappily the reading referred to by Dr. Arnold is not limited in its application to the colleges of England, nor indeed, to any age or sex. Multitudes make their

reading of such books in the shape of light reading, periodicals without morals and novels without sense. You can hardly abuse the mind more than to make it feed upon such trash. It would starve the most vigorous intellect, and create a morbid appetite for fiction the most impossible, adventures the most marvellous and unnatural, and scenes the most revolting. The increase of and increasing demand for publications of the character referred to is a most important and alarming feature of the day in which we live. When some years ago, the class of publication known as the "Seaside Library" came into notice, cheap literature furnished to the people was a sensation in book-making. The book counters in the large stores, at the railway stations, the railroads, street cars and ferry boats are all supplied with such publications. Of course those who make such publications their chief reading can have no relish for solid or serious reading. No one can take pleasure in dwelling upon characters and scenes wherein religion appears only as the subject of a jest or a sneer. Coleridge says: "Readers may be divided into four classes. The first may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand ; it runs in and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resemble a sponge, which imbibes everything and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The

fourth may be compared to the slave in the diamond mines in Golconda, who casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gem."

There can be no doubt that the reading of dime novels and sensational detective stories has a damaging and pernicious influence over the mind. Two-thirds of the books taken out of the public libraries are novels, and that is the case in all the cities of Europe and America. All classes of society, religious and irreligious, indulge in novel reading. Only a generation ago it was considered improper for anybody professing to be a Christian to read novels. And there are those who even yet look upon all novel readers as persons given over to dissipation. Who among the great men of the world have not read the Arabian Nights, Scott, Dickens, Disraeli, Thackeray, Hawthorne, and other celebrated novelists? The studies of some clergymen have not all been in the line of homiletics or theology. "We must agree that a novel is good for us now and then," said a clergyman. "We read them to secure entertainment, to relieve the mind of difficult study, and to adjust the imagination, both in its expansion and chastening." In these respects the novel has a real usefulness, and some most devoted clergymen and profound theologians employ it as a recreation and pleasure. Forty years ago I was preaching on Sunday in the city of Boston, U.S. Referring to the immortality of the soul, I gave a passage from one of Bulwer's novels, without mentioning the name of Bulwer; the next

day the bishop said to me: "Some ladies told me that part of your sermon yesterday was from one of Bulwer's novels; was it so?"

I said "Yes, the ladies appear to be quite conversant with Bulwer's novels." I brought the MS. sermon to the bishop and read the passage from Bulwer to him. He said it was very beautiful and very appropriate, and here it is:

"It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our heart are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon our faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever."

No
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TO KEEP A TRUE LENT



IS THIS A FAST TO KEEP
THE LARDER LEAN,
AND CLEAN
FROM FAT OF VEALS AND SHEEP?

IS IT TO FAST AN HOUR,
OR RAGG'D TO GO,
OR SHOW
A DOWNCAST LOOK, AND SOUR?

NO: 'TIS A FAST TO DOLE
THY SHEAF OF WHEAT
AND MEAT
UNTO THE HUNGRY SOUL.

IT IS TO FAST FROM STRIFE,
FROM OLD DEBATE
AND HATE;

TO CIRCUMCISE THY LIFE.

TO SHOW A HEART GRIEF-RENT;
TO STARVE THY SIN,
NOT BIN;

AND THAT'S TO KEEP THY LENT.

R HERRICK