## THE REWARD OF OBEDIENCE.

A LEGEND.

On a steep, low range of Alban hills,
In a quiet spot, where gurgling rills
Flow rapid down from Tusculum's brow,
Stood in ages past, and stands e'en now,
An abbey, brown as the withered grass
Which sinuous leave where they blighting pass,
'Tis a strange old pile of brick and stone,
The tiles on its roof with moss o'ergrown;
It looks to Rome from its western wall;
South is that sea without rise or fall;
Above, below, is historic ground,
And classic scenes are thick all around.

* * * * *

One summer eve, ages long gone by,
The good monks came from the vineyard nigh
The "Ave" tolled with its soft, soft knell;
Silence and night o'er the abbey fell.
Through a crevice high there dimly shone,
As gleams through the sand a diamond lone,
A ray from the lamp of olive oil
That lights the room for Fra Paolo's toil.
The room is small and its fittings rude
A table, bench, and a cross of wood,
Above a stone that here sloping rose,
A sorry couch for the monk's repose.
Fra Paolo sat near an open book,
And ever and oft his gaze he took
From it to the leaves whereon he wrote,
While the wind sighed round the abbey moat.

Of goodly race was this toiling Friar;
The last to dine, the first in choir.
His noble brow was pensive and high,
The light of genius gleamed from his eye;
His cheeks were pale and the firm lips thin,
Each feature spoke the great soul within.
Like a golden mass 'mid baser ore
Shone his face beneath the cowl he wore.
Heir to a realm, he fled the snares
Of a courtly life and worldly cares;
His purple garments were cast aside,
And all that told of pomp or of pride;
And he, whom erst prelat princes did greet,
Sat a poor monk there with sandaled feet.
In the abbey bell God's voice he heard,
*And never once in obeying erred.*
Dim grew the ray from his lamp of oil,
But yet no end had come to his toil:
'Ere the matin's chime, at midnight hour,
His task must end; his every power
To copy the tome must be employed;
So with failing light he worked and toiled.
Quick glanced the eye of the holy sage,
Swift sped his pen o'er the parchment page;
The moments fly as the work goes on,
And now this page is the last but one.
The moments fly—his right hand grows sore,
The last word is reached—his task is o'er!
The matin chimes sharp on his ear smote;
The pen formed not the half-written word,
*For he ne'er yet in obeying erred.*

With a patient smile he stinzt his lamp,
For he nearly the monks in the hall trump:
First in the choir he ever had been,
First in the choir this night he was seen.
Matins o'er, Paolo sought the Prior
As slow he came from the chapel choir.
With modest mien, aye, on bended knee,
The good Fra Paolo told how that he
Had ended not at the given time,
For he dropped the pen at matin's chime,
And had left half-formed the last, last word
As in the soft bell God's voice he heard.
The Prior keen cast o'er the leaves a gaze,
He started, then spoke with dread amaze:
"It true, O Paolo, the tale just told,
An angel ended the word with gold!
Thou didst leave half writ 'Eternity';
Dost see here in gold N I T Y!"
Paolo saw, and thanked the God he served
*That he ne'er once in obeying erred.*

Indian River, P. E. I. C. O'B.

(Written for the HERALD.)

## LA NEIGE.

### A SKETCH,

BY

MRS. BEATRICE MCGOWAN.

"Prythee, weep, May Lilian!
Gaiety without eclipse
Wearieth me May Lilian,
Through my very heart it thrilleth
When from crimson threaded lips
Silver-treble laughter trilleth
Prythee weep, May Lilian."

So might Gerald Aylmer have sang with the Laureate, as he looks upon the sweet, sparkling face but listens with impatience to her laughter.

"Rose," he says pleadingly, drawing her hand through his arm, as they turn to leave the deck, "we have been engaged over a year. Do you want to prove yourself a modern Rachel?"

"For the proverbial constancy of mankind I should hope not. No, Gerald, even my wildest imagination never offered you a test like that. The days of miracles are past."

"Then like my own dear girl you will marry me when I say" he cries eagerly, "I always knew that you could be sensible if you liked."

*La Neige* laughs merrily; and the mirth in her voice causes others to look at them involuntarily, at the pair so perfectly mated. The tall, strong, well knit figure, and the graceful, *petite* form with a tender, childish grace in every curve.

"Thank you, *Mon Ami*," she says, at last, "You always manage to pay me such very *honest* compliments."

"I pay you the very best that I can," he answers, perhaps a little hurt at her levity, "when I give all of a man's love and the happiness of his life into your hands; and I think that your woman's sense would be but poorly satisfied if it were *not* an honest one."

"That may depend very much upon your own particular standard of the commodity in question, and requires a nice calculation as to where the said commodity may possibly begin and the frivolities end—"

"Rose, will you be my wife when we reach Calcutta?"

"One's inclinations and one's common sense are so apt to disagree, you know, Gerald," she goes on, never heeding the interruption.

"Then your inclination does plead for me?" he asks, eagerly. "Let *it* suffice *La Neige*, and I will never question the other, you may depend."

"But *I* should," he is told, quietly, "and I have a marvellous amount of faith in the truth of old sayings. I should be jealous of the leisure that would give either you or myself time for repentance."

His quick, passionate nature does not understand her banter.

"You certainly flatter my strength of mind and your own power, when you talk in that way," he says, really vexed. "Even the longest engagements are more apt to create, than remove, doubts of that kind."

"Are you afraid of yourself?" They at the door of the saloon now, and *La Neige* draws her hand from under his arm, as she asks the question, knowing how well that no man could ever be that where she was concerned.

"Afraid for myself!" he retorts, passionately, "No, but I am of *you*. What is to prevent our marriage—you love me—you are betrothed to me. My mother is willing, anxious, everything is in our favour. Then why in the—"

"Hush," she interrupts, her hand upon the door, "please don't, I am beginning to see a good many things in materially new lights, but the power of convincing one by the force of strong language, I have yet to learn, Gerald," suddenly; and speaking in quick, low tones, raising her eyes to his, "I know that you love me, and I also know that I love you very dearly, but if I am not worth the waiting for, I am not worth the having; and I mean to have this *one* happy, joyous summer to myself. Perhaps in the fall—but, never mind that now, so good-bye, till dinner time."

"But, *La Neige*—"

"Nay—

'Jamie an' ye dinna wait,
Ye canna marry me.'"

and with the low words ringing in his ears, he finds himself upon one side of the door and Miss St. Arnold upon the other. Taking a cigar from his pocket, he thrusts it between his lips, lights it, and strides off in no amiable mood to his state-room.

While a bright, amber flood of light from the west, fills the decks, and glistens upon the white sails of the *Alert* like a glory.

The day following is like all the other days that come after it.

Breakfast, a saunter on deck, luncheon; back to the deck again, or in the saloon, where Gerald reads aloud while the ladies work, and after dinner the most delicious part of it all. The nights—for the first week or so—were beautifully bright, but even the wierd charms of moonlit hours are apt to be unappreciated, when we may have enjoyed them for fifty or sixty years. Mrs. Aylmer much preferred the society of certain congenial spirits in the saloon, and left her son and his ward to follow the bent of their own wayward will. But then it has grown to be proverbial that love and twenty-two alike, laugh at rheumatism.

Moonlight nights, though cannot last always, and the *Alert* has scarcely made half her passage, when the fair, tropic sky is lit by stars alone.

To Rose St. Arnold's passionate southern nature there is something bewilderingly enchanting in watching the deep, blue expanse overhead, in whose intense darkness the beautiful southern constellations are shining vividly, reflecting their brilliancy in the mid-night sea, like so many sparkling jewels.

She stands to-night, her slight figure and her white hands resting against the sturdy bulwarks, listening dreamily to the rippling sound of the waters as the ship glides through them.

"Gerald," she says, at last, without turning her head, "Wouldn't it be nice if we could sail and sail on like this always. One could appreciate the delicious indolence of an eastern existence, under such a sky as that."

"Yes, with the glass at a hundred and ten in the shade," a voice answers, dryly, "Miss St. Arnold you are inclined to be poetical, fortunately it is of the right kind though. And yet, there will be days in Calcutta when I have little doubt, that even the memory of a cool, delightful hour, such as this, will be like a dream of Paradise."

She has thought it Captain Aylmer who was standing beside her, as he left her but two minutes before to go to his mother. The discovery that it is Lieutenant Hammond is not a pleasant one. He has asked her no question so she does not say anything. In truth she had much rather that he had stayed away altogether. *La Neige* is in a serious mood to-night, and her conversations with Cyril Hammond have invariably been of the trifling and conventional sort, only.

But he is watching her, and he cannot help thinking how perfect her beauty is, outlined against the denseness of sea and sky as she stands, almost unconscious now of his presence.

"Are you studying the stars?" he asks, presently, after waiting some time for her to speak, and acknowledging the—to him mortifying fact that she may have possibly forgotten his existence altogether. "See how fierce *Antares* looks in his crimson light. Looking at him one can almost believe in the cruelty of Juno, and the efficacy with which her edict was accomplished. How infinitely cruel these heathen divinities were, Miss St. Arnold," he adds, turning his dark, handsome face towards her, and almost compelling her to look at him. "And yet is it not a strange anomaly, that they should be perpetuated, or, at least, that their ideality should, in what the devout would call a most sublime study."

Could those who had ever measured Rose St. Arnold by the conventional standard of polite society alone, have caught but the briefest glance of her true nature they would have to own themselves miserably mistaken in their estimate of her. Thoughtless she is sometimes—with all the careless thoughtlessness of a perfectly summer life—but there are moments when the tender gravity, the prompt decision of character, and the patient power of endurance, tried so cruelly in the after time, when, almost unawares, they come to the surface even now

Unconsciously though it were, Cyril Hammond could not have been more happy in his selection of a subject by which—in her present mood—to claim her attention.

She turns to him at once, her eyes sparkling

"I am glad to hear you say that. I am glad that you too experience a regret that it should be so. That while we follow and trace the different constellations with all the reverence that such a study naturally inspires, it is an everlasting pity, that those very stars—God's own work—should be classed into forms and necessarily become associated in our minds with—but few exceptions—all that is revolting in a history of paganism, which in itself is little more than a myth.

"Would it not be more polite than to consider it simply from a classical point of view, and when we do think, think of it only as marking the era of a Homer or a Demosthenes.

"No," she cries, quickly, and looking at him in surprise. "I often think of it—that it is as you say, strange anomaly, but I never think of it like *that*. How could I? I have thought and puzzled over it even at school. How being converted to Christianity ourselves, we should *presume* to retain the attributes of heathenism, in connection with one of the most glorious wonders of the universe, created by the hand of a beneficient Father to beautify the firmament which he had made. When we think of the star that heralded to mankind the birth-place of the Saviour of the world, the star of Bethelem, would it not be little short of sacrilege to think of it as forming part of the constellations of an *Andromeda* or a *Cassiopia*; O!' she continues, earnestly, "I cannot find words to express one half of what I want to say. It is all so clear to myself, yet I am so powerless to make it plain to others. But this I can say—no matter how vague it may sound to you—that I think it a most dangerous blot upon our christianity. We do not believe in the heaven of mythology, in Jove's heaven. We read with very incredulous wonder, indeed, of that classic period, and yet we bring its duties very near us, when we clothe one of the most beautiful studies that God has given to the world in such an ideality."

Her listener shrugs his shoulder as she finishes, but *La Neige* sees neither the movement nor the smile which plays beneath his mustache as he answers her:

"I am sorry, Miss St. Arnold," he says, "but you go quite beyond me. Your's is—excuse me—rather too poetical a version for a practical mind like mine to follow as it deserves."

"I did not me it so, believe me," she replies, quickly; "I only tried to express in very commonplace words, what has long been my own thoughts, and of course I did not expect to find you as sceptical as myself."

"But granted as you say," he returns, only too glad to continue the argument, for the sake of keeping her beside him. "Granted that the origin of astronomy is so hopelessly blended with the mythological, is it quite improbable that mythology itself may not to a certain extent be founded upon facts. Nay, do not interrupt me, for I mean to convince you in a measure that it is so."

"I am only surprised that you would endeavor to make the attempt," she cries, warmly, but never heeding the interruption, he goes on—

"It is more than likely that such characters as Jupiter, Apeollo, Hercules and others, really existed, and that in their vague histories there is as much fact as fiction. They are reckoned as gods, it is true, but so also—later on—were Hector and Ulyssus, and we read that the ancients counted no less than three hundred Jupiters alone. That in itself seems preposterous, but not so incredible when we consider everything, according to the most learned writers—the people who had lost all knowledge of God, were only too ready to turn their adoration to other objects. They deified men because they were grateful for what those men had done for them and for their country. Esculapius excelled in medicine, while Bacchus was a vine grower, and so with the others. Men deified them and their natural yearning after the marvellous did the rest; then what more natural, being ignorant—as you would say—of all diviner promptings than that they should eventually perpetuate the semblance of their deities in such a form, as would alike appeal to their love of the wonderful and the instincts of their worship."

Could the officers belonging to the mess room of the 62nd but here him now, the invincible Cyril might be accorded another laurel. *La Neige* stands looking at him, her hands clasped.

"But still I do not see," she says, slowly; "that you have said anything to cause me to change my own opinion. I say that having been converted to Christianity, enlightened, taught to despise all that is false and idolatrous. Why did they not change this also? Of course I only reason as a woman reasons, I do not attempt to go beyond my depths; but I do think that we have had men clever enough and good enough—astronomers—men of genius, that if they had tried, once felt it a moral obligation, we might have had a different basis for our astronomy of to-day, than that of a heathen origin."

Hammond smiles incredulously.

"Miss St. Arnold, you talk as all women talk," and some how Rose does not like the tone, "very prettily, of course, but extremely impracticable. Might not everything have been so perfect that it were a pity—pagan though were the minds that had classed them—to disturb the fitness of things. We need not admire any the less, the beautiful cluster of stars yonder, because we know that the celestial globes designate them, Orion."

"O! hush," she says, impatiently, "I have talked very poorly, indeed, if I have failed to make you understand me no better than this."

She does not know that Captain Aylmer is standing directly behind her, and has consequently heard all of her last words; but the other does, and perhaps he has a shrewd suspicion of the cause of Gerald's ominous silence, for he says, carelessly—

"Miss St. Arnold and I have been discussing astronomy, Aylmer. You will find that she has some very peculiar views concerning it; perhaps you may be more fortunate than I, in convincing her of their thorough impractibility. Good night."

When they are alone Gerald speaks never a word, although they saunter side by side along the deck—almost deserted where they two are—for more than half an hour.

At last *La Neige* grows tired of this very unusual silence, and says, gaily.

(To be continued.)

## IRISH ABILITY.

TESTED AGAINST ENGLISHMEN AND SCOTCHMEN.—THE IRISH PROVE THEIR INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY NOTWITHSTANDING THEIR DISADVANTAGES.

[*From the Earl of Granard's Speech at the Dublin Meeting.*]

Lord Granard, who was loudly applauded, said:—The resolution which I shall have the honor to propose relates to intermediate education—a most important branch of the question, and one in which it cannot but be admitted that the Catholic youth of Ireland is placed at a great disadvantage, the whole endowments for intermediate education being, as is shown by the Endowed Schools Commission Report, entirely in the hands of Protestants. This being so, it will at once be seen how unfairly Catholic students are handicapped with those students who possess those educational advantages from which they are excluded—a position which is the more irksome and difficult to bear at a time when all the prizes, whether of the civil or military services, must be obtained by open competition; and it is on this account that I hail with satisfaction the announcement that this state of things has attracted the attention of her Majesty's Government, and that they have shaped the intention to bring in a bill on this very important subject (applause). I was very much struck by what his Grace the Lord Lieutenant said at the Lord Mayor's banquet, in February, in reference to this subject, as showing in figures of the most remarkable and convincing nature, that

WHERE THE IRISH PEOPLE HAD FAIR PLAY

in the domain of intellectual competition that they were *able to exhibit a wonderful superiority over their competitors from their sister kingdoms* (applause). In intermediate university education the Catholics of Ireland are admittedly most unfairly treated, and his Grace did not give any statistics as to the higher appointments in the public service, though he stated that, in spite of the disadvantage under which they labor, Irishmen fairly held their ground (applause). The point, however, in his Grace's interesting statement which is of real importance is that during the operation of Civil Service competitions for the last seven years, since open competition has been in force, in those competitions in which the curriculum of the primary schools comprehends the scope of three examinations, and which is mainly identical in the kingdoms, *the Irish candidates have completely eclipsed the English and Scotch.* The competitions in which this gratifying result is obtained are from the Customs and Excise (applause). Since open competition was inaugurated the statistics I am quoting show that there have been 1,968 places competed for in the Excise and Customs by 11,371 candidates. Of these Ireland sent in 48 per cent.—4,853—whilst England and Scotland combined sent in 6,518. But what is still more extraordinary, Ireland won 56 per cent. of the places; in other words, 1,099; England and Scotland only 869. The most remarkable fact, however, in his Grace's statistics is not *that Ireland*, which is only about a sixth of the population of the three kingdoms, *won more than half the places*, but that the Irish candidates, taking them man by man with the English and Scotch, were

INVARIABLY THE BEST QUALIFIED.

Of every 100 Scotch examined 9 only succeeded; of every 100 English examined 14 succeeded; of every 100 Irish examined 22 succeeded (applause). It is important to dwell on these numbers—9, 14, 22. Let Dr. Lyon Playfair and their Scotchmen, who are prone to disparage the fruits of primary education in this country, explain these figures if they can. The figures I quote show that Scotland sent in 11 per cent. of the candidates, though Scotland is only 10½ per cent. of the population of the three kingdoms. Consequently more than her full quota of candidates were sent in, and won, as his Grace has shown, only 6 per cent of the places (applause). Now it is to be borne in mind that for centuries Scotland has had her parochial system of education; and that as the audience I am addressing knows but too well, at the time that Scotland's system was in full vigor, it was penal for a Catholic teacher to instruct his fellow Catholics; that under that infamous system everything was done to crush and blunt the intellect of Catholics. Yet now, with Christian Brothers' schools and National schools, which have not yet a half century of existence, look at the satisfactory results arrived at. Whilst Ireland, with such antecedents in every 100 shows 22 successful candidates,

SCOTLAND WITH ALL THE ADVANTAGES

of a long established system, can only, in the very curriculum of primary education, point to 9 successful candidates to every 100 (applause). What, therefore, may we not expect will be done if a truly liberal scheme of intermediate education be introduced? I believe the same results will be arrived at by Irish students as have been obtained in the competitions for the minor prizes of the Civil Service, and that we shall find Ireland obtaining more than her share of the great prizes of the public service, such as those of the Indian establishment, through the industry and in elligence of her sons (applause). I trust, therefore, that the promised bill may remedy this portion of our educational grievances, and having great confidence in the integrity of our purpose of the excellent nobleman who so worthily represents her Majesty in this country, I cannot but hope that through his wise counsel such a bill may be presented to Parliament as will be acceptable to the Catholics of Ireland, and be an instalment of justice to their long-deferred claims.

The statement of the bank of Montreal showing the result of the business for the year ending April 30th, was issued to day and is as follows: Balance of profit and loss 30th, April, 1877, $199,081.84; profits for the year ending 30th April, 1878, $1,430,903.23; total $1,629,987.06. Dividend of twelve per cent for the year, $1,439,803; balance of profit and loss, $190,177.07; total, $1,629,985.07. It will be seen from the above statement that the bank made within 88,904 of the actual divided declared. This statement shows to far greater advantage than that of 1877. The increase in the bank's earnings in 1878 exceeds that of 1877 by $250,495.


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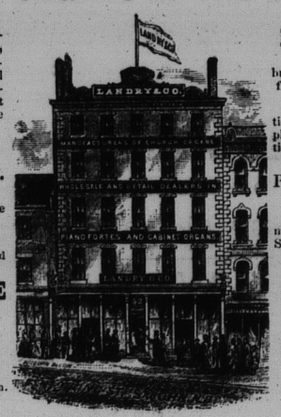

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No. 2—Lot on Carmarthen street adjoining No. 1, 35 feet frontage, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in the rear. Rental $70 per annum.
No. 3. Lot on Carmarthen street adjoining Lot No. 2, 35 feet frontage, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in rear. Rental $70 per annum.
This whole property has a frontage of 190 feet on Carmarthen street and 80 feet on Brittain street. Total area 8,000 feet.
By order,
ROBERT MARSHALL,
ob23 Treasurer Protestant Orphan Asylum.

**CANDAGE BROS.,**
Dealers in
**Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c**
14 CANTERBURY ST.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
B. W. Candage. C. A. Candage
feb23

**HAWKES BROTHERS,**
Dealers in
**Ales, Wines and Liquors,**
48 GERMAIN STREET,
AND COR. KING SQUARE & SYDNEY STS.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
nov3

**NEW HATS,**
SPRING STYLES FOR 1878.
HAVING received our new Spring style of
**SILK HAT BOCKS,**
we are now prepared to finish the Broadway Style of Silk Hat, and orders for the same will be executed with despatch.
—ALSO—
Just received 4 cases of new and desirable Styles of American Soft and Stiff Fur and Felt Hats, in Black and Seal Brown Colors, fine and Medium qualities.
BARDSLEY BROS.,
22 Charlotte street,
mar2 and cor. Brussels and Richmond sts

**HAVANA CIGARS.**
Just received from New York:
THIRTY-FIVE M. Lafitel, LaUnion, El Horeon and Moses CIGARS, in Regalia Fina de Reinas, Princesas, Infantas and Londres.
Daily expected from New York:
45 M. Republica Espanolas and L. Union CIGARS in CONCHAS and REYSNITAS.
The above lots I will sell very low to the trade.
M. A. FINN,
nov71 Hazen Building.

NEW WHOLESALE & RETAIL
**WINE STORE.**
**M. & H. GALLAGHER,**
No. 83 [illegible] Street,
BEG to inform their friends and the public at large that they have opened the Store next to the one at present occupied by them for Groceries, where they will be most happy to have all their old friends, and as many new ones, give them a call.
By strict attention to business, and keeping the Choicest and Best
**Wines, Brandies, &c.,**
on hand, they hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
M & H. GALLAGHER
une2 8 and 12 Charlotte street

**STEAM BRICK & TILE WORKS;**
Legrange Yards, Little River,
LEE BROTHERS have constantly on hand large supply of
**PATENT MACHINE BRICKS,**
Common and Pressed
DRAINING TILES From 2 to 6 Inches in the Bore
For land and other purposes.
Also, PAN TILES, for flooring purposes.
Orders filled by addressing L. B., P. O. Box 559 John, N. B.

**SPRING, 1878.**
—o—
**NEW GOODS**
—o—
ex S.S. "Scandinavia" and Allan Line.
—o—
WE ask the attention of our Customers and Public to the large and varied assortment
**IN EVERY DEPARTMENT,**
FOR SALE LOW.
W. G. LAWTON
48 KING ST. & 61 CLEMAIN ST.

**JAMES CAMPBELL,**
**Plumber & Gas-Fitter,**
has removed to his shop, Hunter's Building,
**NO. 86 PRINCESS STREET,**
where all orders entrusted to him will receive immediate attention. may18