

## SHE COULDN'T GIVE UP THE BABY.

Poor Mrs. Anna Walsh, of No. 56 South Fifth Avenue, New York, called on Superintendent Walling last week for relief. She was crying bitterly, and wringing her hands:—"I was in the office of the Pennsylvania Railroad, corner of Spring street and Broadway, about an hour ago, sir; I want there to ax for ere a job of washing or-scrubbing, if they had any; my baby was in my arms, and—!" (with a fresh outbreak), "it was a darlint! the purtiest baby you ever see, sir. What'll I do at all, at all! Well, sir, a gentleman axed me, in fun like, av I'd give him my baby. Sure I thought he was only humbugging, and wid that he gev the little crathur a cint and put it in her hand himself. Thin he ax'd me to give him the child and I gev it to him, thinking he only wanted to hold it for a minit. But before I knew what he was about he walked straight out iv the place and was up the street a piece before I kem to me sines enough to folly him. Thin I saw him making his way through the crowd, an' he was gone before I could overtake him. Oh, wirra! wirra! what'll I do? What'll I do at all!"

"What on earth did you give the man your child for?" said the Superintendent.

"Arrah, sure, I thought he was only foolin'." The poor foolish creature sobbed more bitterly than ever.

"What had I better do about it?" asked Captain Copeland.

"Send out a general alarm at once and get a description of the man. Go with that gentleman, my good woman, and he will do his best for you."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! How will I face home widout my baby? What'll my mother and thim all say to me or think of me?" said Anna, as clapping her hands frantically again and again she followed Captain Copeland out.

Investigation showed that the man who took the child was tall, slender, with gray hair and whiskers, dark clothes, and a tall silk hat. He bought a ticket for Mobile.

There was a rather serious sequel to this story. On the same evening a gentleman of prepossessing appearance and benevolent countenance presented himself at headquarters, and, on being introduced to Inspector McDermott, said that he was the stranger from Mobile who had carried off Anna Walsh's child.

"I will be frank about the matter," said he. "I am a man of family. I have six children, but every soul of them is dark-complexioned. They have jet black eyes, and the raven's plumage that you hear so many things likened to is not a circumstance to their hair. Well, I'll admit it's a curious fancy, but somehow I wanted a light-haired, blue-eyed child. To-day I was in the office of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, when a ragged, unkempt woman came in, who had in her arms the very embodiment of what I wanted. There was an infant with a chubby face, flaxen hair, and eyes as blue as the sky, but covered with tatters, and, I may add, with a layer of dirt about half an inch deep spread over its winsome countenance. I saw the woman was poor, and I asked her in downright earnest if she would part with the child. She consented, I thought seriously, and so away I carried it. I went to my hotel, presented it to my wife, and now you wouldn't know that little creature in the new suit and the other fixings they have put on it. I really intended to adopt it, but I have no idea of carrying it away against its mother's will. I heard about her complaint here, and so I came to see about the matter."

While the stranger was speaking, Detective Jerry Wood entered the office, bringing with him a tearful, dishevelled woman, who seemed a very blustering Niobe, indeed, the moment she caught sight of the Inspector's companion.

"There he is," she shrieked, rather than cried, "that's the man that stole my darling! I want justice upon him here, and I'll have it."

The woman was calmed, and, indeed, was no other than Mrs. Anna Walsh, the missing child's mother. The stranger's desire to adopt her little one was explained to her, and he himself pressed her to go with him to his hotel and see it in its new clothing. The mother, somewhat mollified, in fact, hesitating about what answer she would give, now that a future far beyond her expectations presented itself to her little one, wavered and faltered, and at last went off with the strange gentleman to his hotel, with her mother's desire to have the infant under her eyes struggling with her wish to see its comfort and its well being insured.

At the hotel the mother was shown her child arrayed in apparel the like of which it had never worn before, but the sight only brought out her maternal instincts afresh, and, clasping the little one in her arms, she claimed it for her own, and indignantly repudiated any advances on the part of its self-constituted parent. The upshot of the affair was that both mother and baby repaired to their obscure lodgings, the latter, however, somewhat the better for clothing than it had been on leaving that abode.—*Pilot*.

## THE LAW ON CLERICAL ABUSES.

HERE is the first article of the law as first presented:—The minister of a religion who, abusing the acts of his proper ministry, disturbs the public conscience and the peace of families, is punished with imprisonment from four months to two years, and with a fine which may rise to 1,000 lire.

This article was amended before the passage of the bill by striking out "the acts of," in order that the penalty might be incurred also by omissions.

Article 2: The minister of a religion who, in the exercise of his ministry, with a discourse proffered or read in a public meeting, or with writings otherwise published, expresses censure, or with any other public act insults the institutions or the laws of the state, a royal decree, or any other act whatever of public authority, is punished with imprisonment of three months and fine to 1,000 lire.

If the writing or the act are directed to provoke disobedience to the laws of the state, or to acts of public authority, the transgressor is punished with imprisonment of from four months to two years, and a fine up to 2,000 lire.

If the provocation is followed by resistance or violence to the public authority, or by any other crime, the author of the provocation, when that does not constitute complicity, is punished with the full imprisonment of two years and a full fine of 2,000 lire, extensible to 3,000.

Those who publish and diffuse these writings and discourses are punishable in the same degree.

The article which the *Unità Cattolica* considers the most cruel of all is the following: The minister of a religion who performs an act of *exterior worship* against the provision of the Government is punished with imprisonment up to three months, and fined up to 2,000 lire.

This article, says the *Unità*, may make punishable even the saying of a Mass or the giving of a benediction.

The articles given, and the fact that the law has passed the Chamber of Deputies, will show what the discussion must have been; but few, perhaps, were prepared for the blasphemies, the insults to the Holy Father, and the open avowels of disbelief, which rendered the assembly which holds in its hands the present destinies of "regenerated Italy" worse than a parliament of pagans. However, they have merely justified the constant denunciations of the Holy Father, and expressed by many voices, in a legislative assembly, what has already been elsewhere expressed by single voices. In 1867 Miceli asked of the Parliament: "What is to be done with the Papacy except demolish it?" The *Diritto*, now the ministerial paper, said: "To destroy the priestly hierarchy is a necessity of our existence."

One of the present deputies, Filippo Abignente, an ex-priest, exclaims, "The Church is in its agony."

During the discussion of this law Petrucci della Gattina, apostrophizing the Holy Father, whom, amid the laughter of the Assembly, he called repeatedly "the Caliph of the West," and "the Caliph of the Vatican," said: "You, like your ancestor, St. Peter, lie, lie, lie! St. Peter denied his Master; you deny your country." To which there was a response of, "Very good!"—*Cor. N.Y. Tablet*.

## MISSIONARY LIFE IN THE NORTHWEST.

A RECENT traveller in the Kootenay country gives the following elaborate description of the successful labours of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, under whose charge the district of Kootenay is placed. The happy life of those Indians under the charge of Catholic missionaries, when compared with the degraded position of the Indian tribes under the "peace policy," presents a contrast that proves at once the beneficent influence of truly Christian missionaries in civilising and saving the remnant of the Indian race. This evidence is from a Protestant gentleman, whose impartial views will be read with great interest. Alluding to the Oblate Fathers he says:—

The Indians in this scattered district are "the wildest red men in this province;" but they are friendly to the whites, thanks to the mission fathers, who are indefatigable toilers in the vineyard of the Lord. What these men suffer and endure for the sake of the savage is almost incredible. Attending sick calls in a parish the size of Ireland is no child's play. When one of the fathers in the month of April or May attends a call by the Columbian lakes or in some place more remote, he carries with him a few pounds of potatoes, and plants three or four in each place where he may hope to find a dinner in harvest when he returns on the path of duty. Fish-hooks and lines are very useful to the men; they are often compelled to fish for a dinner, and find it or fast. When they return to the mission, it is not to rest, but to work—picking potatoes, cooking, ploughing. They are the only men I ever saw who could enjoy the pleasure produced by working eighteen hours a day. Their influence over the Indian tribes is not at all surprising. I attended Mass on the 2nd of November, All Souls' day. In the centre of the chapel there was an empty coffin covered with black cloth, and decorated with a white cross; twenty candles were lighted and placed round the coffin, and outside this circle the Indians on their knees prayed with the priest for the souls of the dead. Mass over, the whole tribe, males and females, followed the priest to the grave-yard. He was preceded by the chief bearing a crucifix, and two Indian boys bearing lighted candles. They marched all around the graves singing the litanies. I did not understand a word of their language, but it electrified me. I followed the procession to see the sport and to laugh at the performance, but when I saw that crowd of savage men halt before the cross in the wilderness and kneel down to pray, I took off my hat and knelt down with them and prayed in earnest; and I can tell you that praying in earnest was new to me, and beautiful. It was a solemn scene. They returned in silence to the village, the chief leading and followed by the priest and procession. At night the Indian village was a picture of domestic peace. No whiskey, no noise, no rudeness. There was good humor smiling on their faces, and there was the laugh that was musical because it was the echo of mirth. Who are the savages, ourselves or the Indians?

A young French Catholic, Count Gabriel de Caix de Saint Aymour, has presented to the Pope a complete altar service of unheard-of richness. The vessels are incrustated with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, topazes, and all sorts of precious stones. It is said Pius IX. has accepted the offering on one condition, namely: that if the Queen of England should ever turn to the Catholic faith, she should be considered worthy of being presented with this altar service.