

Les Cloches De Limerick

LEGENDE

Jadis, un jeune Italien se reposait après une tâche bien accomplie. Il avait fondé une série de cloches, au timbre doux et harmonieux, et il éprouvait le sentiment d'avoir accompli une œuvre parfaite.

Pendant de nombreuses années, il refusa de se séparer de ses chères cloches; elles lui semblaient des créatures vivantes. "Les vendre, disait-il, me ferait l'effet de vendre mes propres enfants."

La dure nécessité le contraignit à la fin, de céder celles-ci. Le saint prieur d'un monastère, situé sur le lac de Côme, devint leur heureux acquéreur. On paya au jeune homme une somme assez considérable, et, pour ne pas s'éloigner de ses bien-aimées cloches, avec cet argent il se fit construire une petite villa dans le voisinage du monastère. De sa demeure, le midi et le soir, il entendait "l'Angelus... Le doux carillon le ravissait de joie, son âme pure s'élevait vers Dieu, et il priait le ciel de lui permettre de passer ses jours dans cet endroit béni, partageant son temps entre le travail et la prière.

Mais, hélas! combien rarement en ce bas monde nos plus légitimes projets sont exaucés!... Une terrible guerre féodale ravagea l'Italie, et le jeune homme, bien contre son gré, se trouva engagé dans la lutte.

La paix rétablie, il reconnut qu'un changement complet s'était opéré autour de lui. Les membres de sa famille avaient émigré, ses amis étaient morts, son argent disparu, et sa gentille villa des bords du Côme ne lui appartenait plus. Une circonstance affligea particulièrement: le couvent détruit de fond en comble dans les combats, n'existait plus, et les cloches, il l'avait apprises plus tard, avaient été transportées au loin dans une terre étrangère. Alors l'artiste, car dans son genre ce jeune homme était aussi artiste que celui qui produit des toiles merveilleuses faisant l'objet de l'admiration universelle, abandonna l'endroit témoin de son bonheur passé, et devint un voyageur errant sur la terre.

Il visita de nombreux pays à la recherche de ses cloches dont le souvenir ne le quittait jamais. Pendant le jour, il s'imaginait entendre leur son s'élever au-dessus de la fumée des villes; la nuit, leur carillon remplissait ses rêves.

Souvent on le considérait comme un vagabond, et les enfants, effrayés fuyaient à son approche. Il marchait appuyé sur un bâton, ses cheveux avaient blanchi, sa taille s'était courbée; mais sur sa physionomie noble et belle se lisait une expression tout à la fois de bonneté et de douleur.

On le surnomma le "Questionneur", car toujours et partout il s'informait de son trésor perdu. Il demandait: "Où sont mes cloches?"

Personne ne savait lui donner une réponse satisfaisante, et il continuait à errer.

Un jour, un matelot lui raconta qu'en Irlande on pouvait entendre le plus merveilleux carillon qui eût jamais retenti en ce monde.

"Alors, ce sont mes cloches qui ont été transportées là-bas, s'écria l'artiste, et j'irai les trouver."

Après de longs délais et bien des épreuves, il atteignit l'embarcadere du Shannon et s'enquit d'un petit bateau pour le

conduire à Limerick.... Le batelier, au premier abord, le crut fou, et il hésitait à l'embarquer. Mais quand le brave homme eut connu les malheurs du pauvre voyageur il ne ressentit qu'une profonde pitié.... Lorsque l'artiste approcha de l'antique cité, il vit se dessiner le clocher de l'église Sainte-Marie.... Il éprouva alors le sentiment d'avoir atteint le but de ses pérégrinations, et, profondément ému, il se mit à prier.

L'air était doux et suave, les eaux de la rivière ondulaient avec grâce, et les lumières de la ville se reflétaient dans l'onde pure. Soudain, des tours de l'église s'élevèrent le son de "l'Angelus", et, après les trois coups, resonna la musique du carillon argentin.

Le batelier arrêta le léger esquif et se mit à écouter. Des larmes de joie remplissaient les yeux du voyageur, il avait atteint l'objet de ses ardents desirs... Dans cette clameur des cloches, il reconnaissait la voix de ses morts bien aimés, et, dans quelques moments délicieux, il vécut l'espace d'une longue vie. Dans son extase, il ne prononça pas un seul mot, mais ses lèvres murmuraient les prières de l'Angelus; son cœur parlait quoique sa bouche restât muette.

Quand les rameurs levèrent les yeux, le vieillard était mort, le visage illuminé du plus beau sourire qu'on eût jamais contemplé. L'Angelus avait sonné du temps à l'éternité.

Donahoe's Magazine

The December issue of Donahoe's Magazine is a Christmas number from cover to cover. In the opening article, "The Outlook from Bethlehem," the Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., contrasts the observance of the season fifty years ago with its observance to-day, when "at Christmastide we might fancy from what we see on all sides of us, that every one was going in spirit to Bethlehem, that the whole world was Christian."

From this evidence of belief in the Christ Child, Father Pardow passes to the consideration of the Christmas truths, and of the attitude of those, who while professing belief accept only part of Christ's teachings, making their selection according to the promptings of worldly interests. The fatality of "religion without creed," and the preservation of the family as necessary to the preservation of the State, the energizing truth of the real Christmas celebration are some of the salient points to which the writer calls the attention of the thinking public.

Rev. J. T. Toche makes a strong appeal for "The Foreign Missions" and the little children in our own land.

A newspaper publisher in the Klondike, John L. Rees, contributes an entertaining description of life in that region as studied from the vantage ground of a newspaper office. A large number of engravings from photographs, never before published, will aid the reader to better knowledge of this new Eldorado.

Other illustrated papers of marked interest are, "In the Sheshaquoah Valley," by Frank H. Sweet; "War Time Hospitality," by Frank Clark; "A Season of Sharp Contrasts," by Herbert M. Sylvester; and "People in Print," by William Hopkins.

Among the papers dealing with the issue of the age is one of particular import to Irish and Irish American readers. It is "Shall Noblesse Oblige Prevail

ni Ireland?" The proponent of the question, John J. O'Shea, answers his own query, and in so doing reviews the events leading up to the inauguration of the new councils, dwells upon the gratifying conduct of affairs by these councils, and suggests measures that should be adopted to obtain a wider control of Irish interests. It is to be hoped that Mr O'Shea's stirring appeal to the landed class will prove effective in making them remember that "the hour calls upon them to be up and doing like men—to remember at last that they, too, have a country."

A beautiful Christmas phantasy, "St. Catherine of Boston," by S. L. Emery accentuates the lesson of the season.

A very pathetic story is "The Child That Never Grew Up," by Katharine Tynan Hinkson, written with the delicacy of touch and depth of feeling characteristic of all Mrs. Hinkson's work.

The "Book Reviews" and "Question Box" contribute their share towards completing this Christmas number, and the illustrations are in themselves a story of the joyous season.

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Have you been smoking a good deal lately and feel an occasional twinge of pain round your heart. Are you short of breath, nerves unbalanced, sensation of pins and needles going through your arms and fingers? Better take a box or two of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and get cured before things become too serious. Here's what Mr. John James, of Caledonia, Ont., has to say about them: "I have had serious heart trouble for four years, caused by excessive use of tobacco. At times my heart would beat very rapidly and then seemed to stop beating only to commence again with unnatural rapidity. This unhealthy action of my heart caused shortness of breath, weakness and debility. I tried many medicines and spent a great deal of money but could not get any help. Last November, however, I read of a man, afflicted like myself, being cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I went to Roper's drug store and bought a box. When I had finished taking it I was so much better I bought another box and this completed the cure. My heart has not bothered me since, and I strongly recommend all sufferers from heart and nerve trouble, caused by excessive use of tobacco, to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a fair and faithful trial."

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A. H. O.

(ALBERTON HEADQUARTERS)

WOOL SEASON 1899

We are in the market to buy wool as soon as the clip is ready. We bought a great deal last year, and those who sold to us were well satisfied. We want to handle an increased quantity this season, and would be glad to have the offerings of all who read this. We promise the highest possible price, and in exchange an assortment of goods of all kinds, that is not equalled—or even approached—in any other store in the Riding.

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